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THE
POETICAL WORKS
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THE
Poetical Works
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS
MEMORIALS OF VARIOUS TOURS
POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL
INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY
THE EGYPTIAN MAID
THE RIVER DUDDON SERIES
THE WHITE DOE AND OTHER
NARRATIVE POEMS
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

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

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PREFACE

WHEN he died, in May 1943, Professor de Selincourt left the copy for the last three volumes of this edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works in a state substantially ready for publication, with injunctions that I should see it through the press. Since his habit has been to send me his work in manuscript and proof, as it proceeded, and since I have recently had free access to the manuscripts in the Dove Cottage Collection, I have been able with some confidence to undertake the final revision of his copy for publication. I have made corrections and additions where necessary, and have, in a few places only, inserted matter which I had not discussed with him.

This, the third volume, contains the bulk of Wordsworth's Sonnets: *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the *River Duddon Series*; *Memorials* of various Tours; *The White Doe* and other narrative poems. The Appendix adds Sonnets (some hitherto unpublished) which did not appear in Wordsworth's final edition of 1849-50; and *Pelayo*, an unpublished fragment, of which the subject is closely related to *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*. An unpublished Sonnet which should have been included here, "A plain youth, lady, and a simple lover" (Wordsworth's translation of Milton's Italian Sonnet, "Giovane piano e semplicitto amante") I discovered while the text was in the press: it will be found on page 577.

Professor de Selincourt would wish me to reiterate his thanks to Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein for kindly sending him his collation of the *Longman* manuscript of *Poems of 1807*.

I am very grateful to Sir Owen Morshead, the King's Librarian, for letting me examine the annotated copy of Wordsworth's Poetical Works 1836-7, cited by Professor Knight as C. With his kind permission I have been able to insert a few variants not quoted by Professor Knight, as well as to correct some of the latter's errors in transcription. Here and there a correction noted by Wordsworth in these volumes has enabled me to rectify a reading of his final text.¹ Finally, I tender my warm thanks to Mr. J. C. Smith, true friend and interpreter of Wordsworth, for his lynx-eyed scrutiny of the text of this volume in proof.

HELEN DARBISHIRE

GRASMERE,
December 1945.

¹ E.g. reverent for reverend, *Misc. Sonnets* XVI, 1. 6.

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

- W. or W. W. William Wordsworth.
D. W. Dorothy Wordsworth.
Dora W. Dora Wordsworth.
M. H. or M. W. Mary Wordsworth.
S. H. Sara Hutehinson.
H. C. R. Henry Crabb Robinson.
M. *Memoirs of W. W.*, by Christopher Wordsworth.
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* (1806-1820),
2 vols. Oxford, 1937.
L.Y. *The Letters of W. W. and D. W. Later Years* (1821-50), 3
vols. Oxford, 1939.
C.E. *The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the
Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Edith J. Morley, 1927.
I. F. The notes dictated by W. W. to Isabella Fenwick in 1843.
0 E.1). *The Oxford English Dictionary*.
K. Professor William Knight, editor of *W. W.'s Poetical Works*,
8 vols. 1896.
Dowden. Professor Edward Dowden, editor of *W. W.'s Poetical
Works*, 7 vols. 1892-3.
Hutehinson. Mr Thomas Hutehinson, editor of the Oxford
Wordsworth, *The Lyrical Ballads* (1798) 1898, and the *Poems
in Two Volumes* (1807) 1897.
Longman MSS. Manuscripts of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800-5) and
of *Poems in Two Volumes*, 1807, formerly in the possession of
Mr. T. Norton Longman.
C. Variants from a copy of *W.'s Poetical Works*, 1836-7, for-
merly 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. M. A manuscript of *Poems* included for the most part in
Poems in Two Volumes, 1807, transcribed probably in March,
1804, v. E. de S., *The Prelude*, p. xx.
MS. W. A manuscript containing copies by D. W. of twelve son-
nets written 1802-4 in versions which are earlier than those
of MS. M. Subsequently, W. used it for rough drafts of *The
Prelude*, Feb.-March, 1804, v. E. de S., *The Prelude*, p. xxiii.
The printing of the present volume had already proceeded too
far when I found the interesting early readings of the Sonnets '

in this MS. to allow of their being included in the *Apparatus Criticus*: they have therefore been inserted in the Notes at the end of the volume.

MS. 101. A large folio note-book in use from 1820 onwards, in which poems have been transcribed by D. W., M. W., S. H., and Dora W., and in which W. himself has written drafts of poems in process of composition. It has been possible to deduce identity of date for certain poems on the same or adjacent pages from similarity of ink and handwriting and the placing and sequence of drafts.

MS. 92. A quarto note-book containing transcriptions of Poems intended for the *Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years*, published in 1842.

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

Words enclosed in [] represent a reading from another MS. or printed text: words enclosed in () a reading from the same MS.

17/18 lines found in a manuscript or printed text between line 17 and line 18.

CONTENTS

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS, ETC., USED IN THE <i>Apparatus Criticus</i> AND NOTES	vi

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

Dedication. To	1
PART I:	
I. Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room	1
II. Admonition	2
III. "Beloved Vale!" I said, "when I shall con	2
IV. At Applethwaite, near Keswick	3
V. Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side	3
VI. There is a little unpretending Rill	4
VII. Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat	5
VIII. The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade	5
IX. Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture	6
X. Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—	6
XI. Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow	7
XII. T o Sleep	7
XIII. T o Sleep	8
XIV. T o Sleep	8
XV. The Wild Duck's Nest	9
XVI. Written upon a Blank Leaf in 'The Complete Angler'	9
XVII. T o the Poet, John Dyer	10
XVIII. On the Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem	11
XIX. Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend	11
XX. To S. H.	12
XXI. Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday	12
XXII. Decay of Piety	13
XXIII. Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere, 1812	14
XXIV. From the Italian of Michael Angelo	14
XXV. From the same	15
XXVI. From the same. To the Supreme Being	15
XXVII. Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind	16
XXVIII. Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne	16
XXIX. November, 1836	17
XXX. It is a beautiful evening, calm and free	17

XXXI. Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ? .	18
XXXII. With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh .	18
XXXIII. The world is too much with us; late and soon .	18
XXXIV. A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found .	19
XXXV. "Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind .	19
XXXVI. To the Memory of Raisley Calvert . . .	20

PART II:

I. Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned .	20
II. How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks .	21
III. T o B . R . Haydon	21
IV. From the dark chambers of dejection freed .	22
V. Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild .	22
VI. I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret	22
VII. I heard (alas! 'twas only in, a dream)	23
VIII. Retirement	23
IX. Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell .	24
X. Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose	24
XI. Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire	25
XII. Those words were uttered as in pensive mood .	26
XIII. September, 1815	26
XIV. November 1	27
XV. Composed during a Storm	27
XVI. T o a Snowdrop	28
XVII. To the Lady Mary Lowther	28
XVIII. T o Lady Beaumont	29
XIX. <i>There is a pleasure in poetic pains</i>	29
XX. The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said .	30
XXI. When haughty expectations prostrate he .	30
XXII. Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour! .	31
XXIII. With how sad steps, O Moon, them climb'st the sky	31
XXIV. Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress .	32
XXV. The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand .	32
XXVI. Desponding Father! mark this altered bough .	33
XXVII. Captivity.—Mary Queen of Scots.	33
XXVIII. St. Catherine of Ledbury.	34
XXIX. Though narrow be that old man's cares, and near	34
XXX. Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein	35
XXXI. Brook! whose society the Poet seeks	35
XXXII. Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream .	36

CONTENTS

xi

XXXIII. Suggested by Mr. W. Westall's Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire	36
XXXIV. Suggested by Mr. W. Westall's Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire. Malham Cove	37
XXXV. Suggested by Mr. W. Westall's Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire. Gordale	37
XXXVI. Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802	38
XXXVII. Conclusion. To —————.	38

PART III:

I. Though the bold wings of Poesy affect	39
II. Oxford, May 30, 1820	39
III. Oxford, May 30, 1820	39
IV. Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry the Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge	40
V. On the Death of His Majesty (George the Third)	40
VI. June, 1820	41
VII. A Parsonage in Oxfordshire	41
VIII. Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales	42
IX. To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.	42
X. To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824	43
XI. In the Woods of Rydal	43
XII. When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle	44
XIII. While Anna's peers and early playmates tread	44
XIV. To the Cuckoo	45
XV. To —.	45
XVI. The Infant M——M——	46
XVII. To——, in her Seventieth Year	46
XVIII. To RothaQ———.	47
XIX. A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral	48
XX. Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire	48
XXI. 1830	49
XXII. A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire	49
XXIII. Filial Piety	50
XXIV. To the Author's Portrait	50
XXV. Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant	51
XXVI. To B. R. Haydon, on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena	51

XXVII. <i>A Poet!</i> —He hath put his heart to school . . .	52
XXVIII. The most alluring clouds that mount the sky . . .	52
XXIX. On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon	53
XXX. Composed on a May Morning, 1838	53
XXXI. Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance . . .	54
XXXII. T o a Painter	54
XXXIII. O n the same Subject	55
XXXIV. Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest . . .	56
XXXV. 'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain . . .	56
XXXVI. Oh what a Wreek! how changed in mien and speech!	56
XXXVII. Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake . .	57
XXXVIII. A Plea for Authors, May 1838	58
XXXIX. Valedictory Sonnet	58
XL. To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School	59
XLI. To the Planet Venus	59
XLII. Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot . . .	60
XLIII. While beams of orient light shoot wide and high . .	60
XLIV. In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud	61
XLV. On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway . .	61
XLVI. Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old . .	62
XLVII. A t Furness Abbey	62
XLVIII. A t Furness Abbey	63

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

I. Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, August 1803	64
II. At the Grave of Burns, 1803. Seven Years after his death.	65
III. Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence	67
IV. To the Sons of Burns after visiting the Grave of their Father	69
V. Ellen Irwin: or, The Braes of Kirtle	71
VI. To a Highland Girl, at Iiiversiieyde, upon Loch Lomond	73
VII. Glen Almain: or, The Narrow Glen	75
VIII. Stepping Westward	76
IX. The Solitary Reaper	77
X. Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe	78

CONTENTS

xiii

XI. Rob Roy's Grave	79
XII. Sonnet. Composed at——Castle	83
XIII. Yarrow Unvisited	83
XIV. Sonnet. In the Pass of Killicranky	85
XV. The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband	85
XVI. Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!	88
XVII. The Blind Highland Boy. A Tale told by the Fire-side, after returning to the Vale of Grasmere	88

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814

I. Suggested by a Beautiful Ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch Lomond, a Place chosen for the Retreat of a solitary Individual, from whom this Habitation acquired the Name of The Brownie's Cell	97
II. Composed at Cora Linn in Sight of Wallace's Tower	100
III. Effusion in the Pleasure-ground on the Banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld	102
IV. Yarrow Visited September, 1814	106

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY

PART I:

I. Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August, 1802	109
II. Calais, August, 1802	109
III. Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802	110
IV. 1801	110
V. Calais, August 15, 1802	111
VI. On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	111
VII. The King of Sweden	112
VIII. To Toussaint l'Ouverture	112
IX. September 1, 1802	113
X. Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the Day of Landing	114
XI. September, 1802, near Dover	114
XII. Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	115
XIII. Written in London, September, 1802	115
XIV. London, 1802	116
XV. Great men have been among us; hands that penned	116
XVI. It is not to be thought of that the Flood	117
XVII. When I have borne in memory what has tamed	117

XVIII.	October, 1803	118
XIX.	There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear .	118
XX.	October, 1803	119
XXI.	England! the time is come when thou should'st wean	119
XXII.	October, 1803	119
XXIII.	To the Men of Kent, October, 1803	120
XXIV.	What if our numbers barely could defy	120
XXV.	Lines on the Expected Invasion. 1803	121
XXVI.	Anticipation. October, 1803	122
XXVII.	November, 1806	122
XXVIII.	Ode	123

PART II:

I.	On a celebrated Event in Ancient History	125
II.	Upon the same Event	125
III.	To Thomas Clarkson, on the final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, March, 1807	126
IV.	A Prophecy. February, 1807	120
V.	Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake	127
VI.	Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes	127
VII.	Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra	128
VIII.	Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion	128
IX.	Hofer	129
X.	Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground.	129
XI.	Feelings of the Tyrolese	130
XII.	Alas! what boots the long laborious quest	130
XIII.	And is it among rude untutored Dales	131
XIV.	O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain	131
XV.	On the final Submission of the Tyroleso	131
XVI.	Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye	132
XVII.	Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense	132
XVIII.	The martial courage of a day is vain	133
XIX.	Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight	133
XX.	Call not the royal Swede unfortunate	133
XXI.	Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid	134
XXII.	Is there a power that can sustain and cheer	134
XXIII.	1810	135
XXIV.	In due observance of an ancient rite	135

XXV. Feelings of a noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals. 1810	136
XXVI. The Oak of Guernica. Supposed Address to the same. 1810	130
XXVII. Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard. 1810	137
XXVIII. Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind	137
XXIX. 1810	138
XXX. The French and the Spanish Guerillas	138
XXXI. Spanish Guerillas. 1811	139
XXXII. 1811	139
XXXIII. 1811	140
XXXIV. The French Army in Russia. 1812 13	140
XXXV. O n the same Occasion	141
XXXVI. By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze	142
XXXVII. The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim	142
XXXVIII. November, 1813	143
XXXIX. Ode. 1814	143
XL. Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien	149
XLI. Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February, 1816	149
XLII. Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski, February, 1816	150
XLIII. Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February, 1816	150
XLIV. Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung	151
XLV. Ode. 1815	151
XLVI. Ode. The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816	155
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT. 1820	
Dedication (sent with these Poems, in MS., to——)	164
1. Fish-women.—On landing at Calais	164
II. Brugès	165
III. Brugès	165
IV. Incident a t Bruges	166
V. After visiting the Field of Waterloo	167
VI. Between Namur and Liege	167
VII. Aix-la-Chapello	168
VIII. In the Cathedral at Cologne	168
IX. In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine	169
X, Hymn for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg	169

XL	The Source of the Danube	170
XII.	On approaching the Staub-Bach, Lauterbrunnen .	171
XIII.	The Fall of the Aar—Handee	171
XIV.	Memorial near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun. <i>"Dem Andenken meines Freundes Aloys Reding. MDCCCXVIII"</i>	172
XV.	Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons.	173
XVI.	After-Thought	174
XVII.	Scene on the Lake of Brientz	174
XVIII.	Engelborg, the Hill of Angels	174
XIX.	Our Lady o f the Snow	175
XX.	Effusion in the Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, a t Altorf	176
XXI.	The Town o f Schwytz	177
XXII.	On hearing the 'Ranz des Vaches' on the Top of the Pass o f St. Gothard	178
XXIII.	Fort Fuentes	178
XXIV.	The Church of San Salvador seen from the Lake o f Lugano	179
XXV.	The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd	181
XXVI.	The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Re- fectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia, Milan	183
XXVII.	The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820	184
XXVIII.	The Three Cottage Girls	186
XXIX.	The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Trium- phal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the Way-side in the Simplon Pass	189
XXX.	Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass	189
XXXI.	Echo, upon the Gemini	190
XXXII.	Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale o f Chamouny	191
XXXIII.	Elegiac Stanzas	193
XXXIV.	Sky-Prospect—from the Plain of Franco	196
XXXV.	On being stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne	197
XXXVI.	After landing—the Valley of Dover, November, 1820	197
XXXVII.	A t Dover	198
XXXVIII.	Desultory Stanzas upon receiving the Preceding Sheets from the Press	198

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

T o Henry Crabb Robinson	202
I. Musings near Aquapendente. April, 1837	202

II. The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome	212
III. A t Rome.	213
IV. At Rome.—Regrets.—In Allusion to Niebuhr, and other Modern Historians	213
V. Continued	214
VI. Plea for the Historian	214
VII. A t Rome.	215
VIII. Near Rome, in Sight of St. Peter's	215
IX. A t Albano	216
X. Near Amo's stream I spied a gentle Dove	216
XI. From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome	217
XII. Near the Lake of Thrasymene	217
XIII. Near the same Lake	218
XIV. The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837	218
XV. At the Convent of Camaldoli	222
XVI. Continued	222
XVII. At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli	223
XVIII. A t Vallombrosa	223
XIX. A t Florence	225
XX. Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery a t Florence	225
XXI. At Florence.—From Michael Angelo	226
XXII. At Florenca.—From Michael Angelo	226
XXIII. Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines.	227
XXIV. I n Lombardy	227
XXV. After leaving Italy	228
XXVI. Continued	228
XXVII. Composed at Rydal on May Morning, 1838	229
XXVIII. The Pillar o f Trajan	229
THE ÉGYPTIAN MAID; or, The Romance of the Water Lily	232

THE RIVER DUDDON. A Series of Sonnets:

To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth (with the Sonnets to the River Duddon, and other Poems in this Collection), 1820	244
I. Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw	246
II. Child of the clouds! remote from every taint	246
III. How shall I paint thee ?—Be this naked stone	247
IV. Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take	247
V. Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played	248
VI. Flowers	248

VII. "Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"	248
VIII. What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled .	249
IX. The Stepping-stones	249
X. The same Subject	250
XI. The Faery Chasm	250
XII. Hints for the Fancy	251
XIII. Open Prospect	251
XIV. O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot	251
XV. From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play	252
XVI. American Tradition	252
XVII. Return	253
XVIII. Seathwaite Chapel	253
XIX. Tributary Stream	254
XX. The Plain of Donnerdale	254
XXI. Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart	255
XXII. Tradition	255
XXIII. Sheep-washing	255
XXIV. The Resting-place	256
XXV. Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat . .	256
XXVI. Return, Content! for fondly I pursued .	257
XXVII. Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap .	257
XXVIII. Journey Renewed	258
XXIX. No record tells of lance opposed to lance .	258
XXX. Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce .	259
XXXI. The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye .	259
XXXII. Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep .	260
XXXIII. Conclusion	260
XXXIV. After-thought	261

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS. Composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831. To Samuel Rogers, Esq., as a Testimony of Friendship and Acknowledgment of Intel- lectual Obligations, these Memorials are affectionately inscribed. Rydal Mount, <i>December 11, 1834</i>	262
I. Yarrow Revisited	262
II. On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbots- ford, for Naples	265
III. A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland .	265
IV. On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland.	266

CONTENTS

xix

V. Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm	266
VI. The Trosachs	267
VII. The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute	267
VIII. Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive	268
IX. Eagles	268
X. In the Sound of Mull	269
XI. Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm	269
XII. The Earl of Breadalbane's ruined Mansion, and Family Burial-place, near Killin	270
XIII. 'Rest and be Thankful.' At the Head of Glencroe	270
XIV. Highland Hut	271
XV. The Highland Broach	271
XVI. The Brownie	274
XVII. To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star	274
XVIII. Bothwell Castle	275
XIX. Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace	275
XX. The Avon	276
XXI. Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest	276
XXII. Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith	277
XXIII. Fancy and Tradition	277
XXIV. Countess' Pillar	278
XXV. Roman Antiquities	278
XXVI. Apology	279

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; or, The Fate of the Nortons	281
Advertisement	281
Dedication	281
Canto First	283
Canto Second	293
Canto Third	301
Canto Fourth	311
Canto Fifth	318
Canto Sixth	324
Canto Seventh	331

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS. In Series	341

PART I. From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion	341
I. Introduction	341
II. Conjectures	342

III. Trepidation of the Druids	342
IV. Druidical Excommunication	343
V. Uncertainty	343
VI. Persecution	344
VII. Recovery	345
VIII. Temptations from Roman Refinements	345
IX. Dissensions	346
X. Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians	346
XI. Saxon Conquest	346
XII. Monastery of Old Bangor	347
XIII. Casual Incitement	347
XIV. Glad Tidings	348
XV. Paulinus	348
XVI. Persuasion	349
XVII. Conversion	350
XVIII. Apology	350
XIX. Primitive Saxon Clergy	350
XX. Other Influences	351
XXI. Seclusion.	351
XXII. Continued	352
XXIII. Reproof	352
XXIV. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion	353
XXV. Missions and Travels	353
XXVI. Alfred	354
XXVII. His Descendants	354
XXVIII. Influence abused	355
XXIX. Danish Conquests	355
XXX. Canute	356
XXXI. The Norman Conquest	356
XXXII. Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered	357
XXXIII. The Council of Clermont	357
XXXIV. Crusades	358
XXXV. Richard I	358
XXXVI. An Interdict	358
XXXVII. Papal Abuses	359
XXXVIII. Scene in Venice	360
XXXIX. Papal Dominion	360
PART II. To the Close of the Troubles in the Reign of Charles I	361
1. How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—	361

CONTENTS

xxi

II. From false assumption rose, and fondly hail'd .	362
III. Cistercian Monastery	363
IV. Deplorable his lot who tills the ground . .	363
V. Monks and Schoolmen	364
VI. Other Benefits	364
VII. Continued	365
VIII. Crusaders	365
IX. As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest .	365
X. Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root .	366
XI. Transubstantiation	366
XII. The Vaudois	367
XIII. Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs	367
XIV. Waldenses	368
XV. Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V .	368
XVI. Wars of York and Lancaster	369
XVII. Wicliffe	369
XVIII. Corruptions of the Higher Clergy . .	370
XIX. Abuse of Monastic Power	370
XX. Monastic Voluptuousness.	371
XXI. Dissolution of the Monasteries	371
XXII. The same Subject	372
XXIII. Continued	372
XXIV. Saints	373
XXV. The Virgin	373
XXVI. Apology	373
XXVII. Imaginative Regrets	374
XXVIII. Reflections	374
XXIX. Translation o f the Bible	375
XXX. The Point a t Issue	375
XXXI. Edward V I	376
XXXII. Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan o f Kent	376
XXXIII. Revival o f Popery	377
XXXIV. Latimer and Ridley	377
XXXV. Cranmer	378
XXXVI. General View of the Troubles of the Reformation.	378
XXXVII. English Reformers in Exile	379
XXXVIII. Elizabeth	380
XXXIX. Eminent Reformers	380
XL. The Same	381

XLI. Distractions	381
XLII. The Gunpowder Plot	382
XLIII. Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen	382
XLIV. Troubles of Charles the First	383
XLV. Laud	384
XLVI. Afflictions o f England	384
PART III. From the Restoration to the Present Times	385
I. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid	385
II. Patriotic Sympathies	385
III. Charles the Second	386
IV. Latitudinarianism	386
V. Walton's Book o f Lives	387
VI. Clerical Integrity.	387
VII. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters	387
VIII. Acquittal o f the Bishops	388
IX. William the Third	388
X. Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty	389
XI. Sacheverel	389
XII. Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design	390
XIII. Aspects of Christianity in America: I. The Pilgrim Fathers	390
XIV. Aspects of Christianity in America: II. Continued	391
XV. Aspects of Christianity in America: III. Concluded.—American Episcopacy	391
XVI. Bishops and Priests blessed are ye, if deep	392
XVII. Places o f Worship	392
XVIII. Pastoral Character	393
XIX. The Liturgy	393
XX. Baptism	394
XXI. Sponsors	394
XXII. Catechising	395
XXIII. Confirmation	395
XXIV. Confirmation continued	396
XXV. Sacrament	396
XXVI. The Marriage Ceremony	397
XXVII. Thanksgiving after Childbirth	397
XXVIII. Visitation o f the Sick	398
XXIX. The Commination Service	398
XXX. Forms o f Prayer a t Sea	399

CONTENTS

xxiii

XXXI. Funeral Service	399
XXXII. Rural Ceremony	400
XXXIII. Regrets	400
XXXIV. Mutability	401
XXXV. Old Abbeys	401
XXXVI. Emigrant French Clergy	402
XXXVII. Congratulation	402
XXXVIII. New Churches	403
XXXIX. Church to be erected	403
XL. Continued	403
XLI. New Church-yard	404
XLII. Cathedrals, etc.	404
XLIII. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	405
XLIV. The same	405
XLV. Continued	406
XLVI. Ejaculation	406
XLVII. Conclusion	407

APPENDIX :

A. SONNETS, ETC., NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITION OF 1849-50; SOME OF THEM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED	408
I. I find it written of Simonides	408
II. From the Italian of Michael Angelo	408
III. On Milton "	409
IV. Through Cumbrian Wilds	409
V. Author's Voyage down the Rhine (Thirty Years ago)	409
VI. The Modern Athens	410
VII. A Poet to his Grandchild. Sequel to 'A Plea for Authors'	410
VIII. Protest against the Ballot (1838)	411
IX. On a Portrait of I.F. painted by Margaret Gillies	411
X. To I.F.	412
XI. [On a Portrait of I.F. ?]	412
XII. When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown	413
XIII. <i>Conjecturally assigned to Wordsworth.</i> Written in a Grotto	413
XIV. Just Vengeance claims thy Soul for Rights invaded	414
B . PELAYO	414
NOTES	417
INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES	578

ERRATA

- p. 133, line 4 •
for October or November 1809 *read* 1810
- p. 431, line 3 from bottom of page
for *Thurson* read *Thomson*
and for oars *read* oar

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

DEDICATION

TO —

[Composed 1826(?).—Published 1827.]

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown
 In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
 Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
 For summer pastime into wanton air;
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone 5
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
 That tempted first to gather it. That here,
 O chief of Friends! such feelings I present 10
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
 Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content!

PART I

I

[Composed?—Published 1807.]

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
 And hermits are contented with their cells;
 And students with their pensive citadels;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom, 5
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
 . In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound 10
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;

DEDICATION. TO—. 8 those moist gleams 1838 *only*
 9-14 so 1837: O chief

Of Friends! such feelings if I here present,
 Such thoughts, with others mixed less fortunate;
 Then smile into my heart a fond belief
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
 Receiv'st the gift for more *etc.* 1827-32

9-12 If here

O Friend! such feelings sometimes I present
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
 Then let a hope spring up my heart to cheer 1838 *only*

I. *For early version v. notes.* I. 9 for 1849: to MS.-1845
 917-17 III B

Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

II

ADMONITION

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

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!
 The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
 Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
 Its own small pasture, almost, its own sky!
 But covet not the Abode;—forb'ear to sigh, 5
 As many do, repining while they look;
 Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
 This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
 Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
 Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door, 10
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
 The roses to the porch which they entwine:
 Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
 On which it should be touched, would melt away.

III

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

"BELOVED VALE!" I said, "when I shall con
 Those many records of my childish years,
 Remembrance of myself and of my peers
 Will press me down: to think of what is gone
 Will be an awful thought, if life have one." 5
 But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
 Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
 Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.

14 brief 1827: short MS.-1820

II. 1 so 1837: Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye! 1807-32 5
 forbear to 1827: O do not 1807-20 7 so 1827: Sighing a wish to tear
 from *etc.* 1807-20 8 precious 1827: blissful 1807-20 harsh 1815:
 worst 1807 14 would melt 1838: would melt, and melt 1807-37

III. 7 so 1827: I look'd round, I shed MS.-1820 8 dread remem-
 brance, had I 1837: awful vision, I had MS.-1820; had I 1827

By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost
 I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall; 10
 So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!
 A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed;
 I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
 The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

IV

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK

[Composed 1804.—Published 1842.]

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear
 A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
 On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell
 In neighbourhood witji One to me most dear,
 That undivided we from year to year 5
 Might work in our high Calling—a bright hope
 To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
 Till checked by some necessities severe.
 And should these slacken, honoured BEAUMONT! still
 Even then we may perhaps in vain implore 10
 Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
 Whether this boon be granted us or not,
 Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
 With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

V

[Composed?—Published 1815.]

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
 Together in immortal books enrolled:
 His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
 And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
 Into two ample horns his forehead wide," 5

9-11 so 1827: By thousand petty fancies I was cross'd,
 To see the Trees, which I had thought so tall,
 Mere dwarfs: the Brooks so narrow, Fields so small MS.—
 1820.

IV. 2 this sunny] a chosen MSS. 3 This didst thou plan for me, that
 I might dwell MSS. 6-8 . . . And full well Such hope might please
 us both, which we must quell Alas! through *etc.* MSS.

II wishes] pleasure MSS.

13-14 Old Skiddaw will be proud, and that same spot
 Bo dear unto the Muses evermore MSS.

V. 2 immortal] illustrious MS. 4 Parnassus, famous Hill that *etc.* MS.

Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
 While not an English Mountain we behold
 By the celestial Muses glorified.
 Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds :
 What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee, 10
 Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty
 Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
 His double front among Atlantic clouds,
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

VI

[Composed 1802 (?).—Published 1820.]

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
 Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
 That ever among Men or Naiads sought
 Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
 Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will; 5
 Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
 Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
 Of private recollection sweet and still!
 Months perish with their moons; year treads on year;
 But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say 10

7-9 Will he not live for ever ? We behold

Nothing in England that is half so bold. "

We have no Mountains that are glorified. MS.

12 nobler 1837: fairer MS.-1832 13 so 1827: His double-pointed
 [-fronted 1815-20] head in higher clouds, MS.-1820

VI. 1-2 There is a trickling [tiny] water, neither rill,
 Fountain, or brook, or rivulet, nor aught MSS.

4 quivers] totters MS. 1; trickles MS. 2

6-6 So feebly, quite forlorn of power or will;

Yet, nameless thing, it to my mind *etc.* MS. 1; Yet to my heart the
 nameless thing MS. 2

7-14 so 1827: Oftener than mightiest Floods, whose path is wrought

Through wastes of sand, and forests dark and chill.

Do thou, even thou, O faithful Anna! say

Why this small Streamlet is to me so dear;

Thou know'st, that while enjoyments disappear

And sweet remembrances like flowers decay, *etc. as text but*
 upon its marge *for* beside that Rill 1820

9-14 For on that day, now seven years back [gone MS. 2] when first

Two glad Foot-Travellers through sun and shower,

My Love and I came hither, while thanks burst

Out of our hearts to God [Heaven MS. 2] for that good hour

Eating a traveller's [our noontide MS. 2] meal in shady Bower

We from that blessed water slaked our thirst MSS.

That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
 And flies their memory fast almost as they;
 The immortal Spirit of one happy day
 Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VII

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
 Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
 With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
 And the glad Muse at liberty to note
 All that to each is precious, as we float 5
 Gently along; regardless who shall chide
 If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
 Happy Associates breathing air remote
 From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
 Why have I crowded this small bark with you 10
 And others of your kind, ideal crew!
 While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
 To flesh and blood; no Goddess from above,
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love ?

VIII

[Composed 1812.—Published 1815.]

THE fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
 The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
 O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
 Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
 Such strains of rapture as¹ the Genius played 5
 In his still haunt of Bagdad's summit high;
 He who stood visible to Marza's eye,
 Never before to human sight betrayed.
 Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
 The visionary Arches are not there, 10
 Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;
 Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
 Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

¹ See the "Vision of Mirza" in the "Spectator".

IX

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,

Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

[Composed August, 1811.—Published 1815.]

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay
 Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
 Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
 Which stopped that band of travellers on their way, 5
 Ere they were lost within the shady wood ;
 And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
 Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noontide, Even,
 Do serve with all their changeful pageantry; 10
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
 To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

X

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar ? "
 "Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
 From its own country, and forgive the strings."
 A simple answer! but even so forth springs, 5
 From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
 The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
 Divine of words quickening insensate things.

IX. 9 whom 1838: which 1815-37; which noontide, morn and even MS.

X. "What ails thy Harp, O Minstrel, that it rings
 Bereft of all sweet concord ? " (With such discordant measures ? ") He
 replied
 "Think, gentle Knight, how far from Shannon's side
 We wander, and forgive its tuneless strings."
 A simple answer, but to memory clings
 The unaffected language of the heart
 Which, suffering in herself, bestows a part
 Of her own nature upon lifeless things.
 From the bare neck of innocence recoils
 The axe, the sword of Valour sickens, when
 Summoned to stain its edge in civil broils;
 Droops in the mourner's hand the silent pen,

From the submissive necks of guiltless men
 Stretched on the block the glittering axe recoils; 10
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils
 Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then
 That the poor Harp distempered music yields
 To its sad Lord, far from his native fields ?

XI

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
 From this low threshold daily meets my sight;
 When I step forth to hail the morning light;
 Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—how
 Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow ? 5
 How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest ?
 —By planting on thy naked head the crest
 Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
 Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
 That doth presume no more than to supply 10
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
 Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
 Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a gleam
 Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

XII

TO SLEEP

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee,
 These twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,

And the poor Irish harp feels sympathy
 With its sad lord, "far from his own countree". MS. 1; ll. 6-8 *corr. to*
 The language in which natural hearts confide
 Aided by urgent Fancy to divide
 Their own emotions with insensate things.

*II. 9-10 corr. to text I. 11 corr. to The Sword of Valour shrinks from civil
 broils ll. 13-14 corr. to text but And for That. MS. 2 has 1-4 as MS. 1,
 6-10 as text, 11-14 as MS. 1 corr.*

7 that 1827: that 1832. 13 That 1837: If 1827-32

*XI. 3 step 1827: look MS. 1819 4 Or of the stars take a last farewell
 —how MS. a 1837: not in 1819-32*

5-7 Shall I discharge to thee a grateful vow ?

By planting on thy head (in verse, at least,

As I have often done in thought) the crest MS.-1819

9 Innocent] Innocuous MS.

A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me 5
 A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
 Now on the water vexed with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a child: 10
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
 O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XIII

TO SLEEP

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
 The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
 Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep 5
 In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
 All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
 I surely not a man ungently made, 10
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost ?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

XIV

TO SLEEP

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;

XIII. 2 had thy store of] oft been called by MS. 3 so 1837: The very sweetest words that Fancy frames, MS.-1832

XIV. 5 so 1845 and C: I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie MS.-1820; By turns have all been thought of; yet I lie 1827-32; I thought of all by turns and yet I lie 1837, 1840; I have thought *etc.* 1838

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth: 10
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

XV

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

[Composed not later than 1817.—Published 1819.]

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
 Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
 Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
 As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring 5
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
 And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
 And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown 10
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
 Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow;
 I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
 For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

XVI

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
 Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!

13 between 1832: betwixt MS.-1827

XV. 1-4 Imperial Consort. . . . Thy "favourite home (albeit a bright cell
 With emerald roofed) is not so fair a thing MS.

10-14 The Nest a hollow diadem composed
 Of russet leaves and down where lie enclosed
 The tenderest cares that earthly laws allow.
 I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside
 Humanity, weak slave *etc.* MS.

13-14 so 1837: 1819-32 as MS. *supra*.

XVI. 1-4 Yon earnest Follower of a silent sport
 Perchance is tutored by that Sage benign
 Who on the mysteries *etc.*
 Fondly intent did not in vain exhort MS.

2 the name of 1819-32, 1845: thy name, meek 1837-43

Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
 Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
 To reverent watching of each still report 5
 That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
 Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
 He found the longest summer day too short,
 To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
 Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook— 10
 Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
 The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
 And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
 Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

XVII

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER

[Composed 1811.—Published 1820.]

BAUD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
 That work a living landscape fair and bright;
 Nor hallowed less with musical delight
 Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
 Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep embayed, 5
 With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled;"
 Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still, 10
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
 Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
 O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

5 reverent] 1838, 1840 and C: reverend 1837, 1846-9 6 By Nature
 uttered MS. 7 so 1827-32, 1845: O nobly versed MS., 1819-20,
 1837-43 8 so 1827-32, 1845: Meek, thankful soul! the vernal day
 how short MS.; day too short 1819—20; Who found'st the longest summer
 day 1837-43 (*with thyfor his in I. 9*) 12 The cowslip bank MS.-1832,
 1845: Are cowslip-bank 1837-8

XVII. 6 With . . . with 1827: By ... by 1820

7-8 Grieve not that Fame whose wreaths in haste are culled
 Full oft for worthless brows C

XVIII

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION
OF A CERTAIN POEM

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon',"

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER BELL ;
Not negligent the style;—the matter ?—good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well, 5
Nor heat, at Tarn o' Shanter's name, their blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice, 10
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

XIX

[Composed not later than 1815.—Published 1819.]

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lend, 5
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate 10
On those revolving motions did await

XIX. 8 throbbing pulse] panting breast MS. 1
9-14 And Fancy prized the murmuring spinning wheel
For sympathies inexplicably fine
Instilled a confidence—how sweet to feel!
That ever in the night calm, when the sheep
Upon their grassy beds lay couched in sleep,
The quickening spindle drew a trustier line. MS. 1

Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

XX

TO S. H.

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—tho' near,
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear, 5
When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.
Even She who toils to spin our vital thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven protect 10
Its own; though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

XXI

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON
EASTER SUNDAY

[Composed not later than 1815.—Published 1819.]

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame

12—14 MS. 2 *as text, corr.* to Too poor is life to spare a single stay
Nor does that solace rank among the least
That innocently speeds the livelong day.

XX. 6 darken 1837: bedim 1827-32 7 so 1840: She who was feigned
to spin etc. 1827-38 8. so 1837: Might smile, O Lady! on a task once
dear 1827-32

11-13 so 1837: . . . not left without a guiding chart,
If Rulers, trusting with undue respect
To ... 1827-32

14 Heed not 1837: Sanction 1827-32

XXI. 1 Erewhile to celebrate this MS.

2-3 That saw the unvanquished Saviour of mankind
Rise from the grave, the Matron and the Hind MS.

Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn:
 Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn, 5
 And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,
 In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
 Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
 A blest estate when piety sublime
 These humble props disdained not! O green dales! 10
 Sad may / be who heard your sabbath chime
 When Art's abused inventions were unknown;
 Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;
 And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

XXII

DECAY OF PIETY

[Composed 1821-2.—Published 1827.]

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
 Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call
 Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
 Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek:
 By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak 5
 Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
 They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
 But with one fervour of devotion meek.
 I see the places where they once were known,
 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds, 10
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
 Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won
 Their pensive light from a departed sun!

6-6 Fair cloth of home-bred wool which *he* had shorn
 Her "hands had spun, culling the daintiest fleece MS. 1
 Her husband's hands . . . Which she had spun, culling *etc.* MS. 2
 7 Such reverence paid they to MS. 1

10-14 . . . art thou flown,
 Banished for aye, from Britain's hills and vales
 Extinct, or lingering in a happier clime
 Where our abused inventions are unknown,
 And benefits are *etc.* MS. 1

XXII. 1-2 A gleam of joy upon my furrowed cheek
 I think of those who *etc.*

4 High converse in the House *etc.* MS. *corr.*

5-6 Such my youth saw, [*corr.*] by blasts of Ember week,
 By Christmas snows [*corr. to* Easter rains] MS.

8 fervour] spirit MS. *corr.* 9 see] seek MS.

XXIII

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN THE
VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812

[Composed 1812.—Published 1815.]

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display 5
Even for such promise:—serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife: 10
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

I

[Composed 1805.—Published 1806. (R.Duppa's *Life of M. Angela*); ed. 1807.]

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea 5
Love cannot have than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies 10
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXIII. 5-6 so 1827: Even for such omen would the Bride display
No mirthful gladness MS.-1820

13 From wrong: for that discovery etc. MS.

XXIV. 3 finds 1849: find 1807-45

XXV

FROM THE SAME

II

[Composed probably 1805.—Published 1806. (R. Duppa's *Life of M. Angelo*); ed. 1807.]

No mortal object did these eyes behold
 When first they met the placid light of thine,
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold; 5
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
 In that which perishes: nor will he lend 10
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
 Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
 That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.

XXVI

FROM THE SAME. TO THE SUPREME BEING

III

[Composed 1805.—Published 1806. (R. Duppa's *Life of M. Angelo*); ed. 1807.]

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of its native self can nothing feed:
 Of good and pious works Thou art the seed, 5
 That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
 Unless Thou shew to us thine own true way
 No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred 10
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

XXVII

[Composed later than June 1812.—Published 1815.]

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
 I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind— 5
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore, 10
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

XXVIII

I

[Composed?—Published 1807.]

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne
 Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud—
 Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;
 But all the steps and ground about were strown
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone 5
 Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
 "Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan."
 Those steps I clomb; the mists before me gave
 Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one 10
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
 With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
 A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

XXVII. 2 turned 1820: wished 1815 3 deep 1820: long 1815

XXVIII. 3 who might sit 1815: him who sate MS., 1807

9 50 1845: I seem'd to mount those steps: the vapours gave MS.-1832

Those steps I mounted while [as 1837] the vapours gave 1838

Those steps I clomb; the opening vapours gave 1840

XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1836

II

[Composed November, 1836.—Published 1837.]

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
 The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen
 Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
 When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride:
 No trace of pain or languor could abide 5
 That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold
 Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
 A loveliness to living youth denied.
 Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
 The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn; 10
 Then may that heaven revealing smile of thine,
 The bright assurance, visibly return:
 And let my spirit in that power divine
 Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

XXX

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea: 5
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought, 10
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom, all the year;
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

XXX. 1 so MS.-1832, 1845: Air sleeps,—from strife or stir the clouds are free, 1837-8

A fairer face of Evening cannot be, 1840

6 broods o'er 1836: is with MS.M: is on 1807-1832

6 Listen

MS.-1832, 1840; But list 1837-8

9-10 so 1807-32, 1840 (*but appear'st*), 1845.

Dear Child! dear happy Girl! if thou appear

Heedless—untouch'd with awe or serious thought 1837

So 1838 *but* Heedless—unawed, untouch'd with *etc.*

10-11 Thou dost not seem to heed these things one jot,

I see it, nor is this a grief of mine; MS.

XXXI

[Composed before March, 1804.—Published 1807.]

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
 What boots the inquiry ?—Neither friend nor foe 5
 She cares for; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare, 10
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
 Crossing the waters) doubt,, and something dark,
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

XXXII

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
 Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
 A goodly Vessel did I then espy 5
 Come like a giant from a haven broad;
 And lustily along the bay she strode,
 Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
 This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
 Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look; 10
 This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:
 When will she turn, and whither ? She will brook
 No tarrying; where She comes the winds must stir:
 On went She, and due north her journey took.

XXXIII

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

XXXI. 1 must 1807: would MS. 2-3 so 1837: MS.-1832 transpose
 lines and read As vigorous as a Lark at break of day

19

5
10

[Composed?—Published 1823 (Joanna Baillie's *Collection of Poems*); ed. 1827.]

5
10

[Composed probably 1815.—Published 1815.]

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"

XXXIV. 3-10

nests of clay,
Work cunningly devis'd, and seeming sound;
But quickly from its airy hold unbound
By its own weight, or wash'd, or blown away
With silent imperceptible decay.
If man must build admit him to thy ground,
O Truth!—to work within the eternal ring,
When the stars etc. 1823

12 Where 1827: When 1823

Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days 5
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
 Imagination is that sacred power,
 Imagination lofty and refined: 10
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

XXXVI

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT

[Composed ?—[Published 1807.]

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them
 Who may respect my name that I to thee
 Owed many years of early liberty.
 This care was thine when sickness did condemn
 Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem— 5
 That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
 Where'er I liked; and finally array
 My temples with the Muse's diadem.
 Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
 If there be aught of pure, or good, or great, 10
 In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays
 Of higher mood, which now I meditate;—
 It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived, Youth!
 To think how much of this will be thy praise.

PART II

I

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound; 5
 With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

XXXVI. 1 unheard] unknown MS.

PART II. I. 6 so 1837: Camodns soothed with it 1827-32

His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land 10
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

II

[Composed ?—Published 1807.]

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
 The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!
 An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;
 And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks, 5
 Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
 At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—
 When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks
 The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
 Such place to me is sometimes like a dream 10
 Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
 Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
 And leap at once from the delicious stream.

III

TO B. R. HAYDON

[Composed December, 1815.—Published February 4, 1816 (*The Champion*);
 March 31, 1816 (*The Examiner*); vol. of 1816.]

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part, 5
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
 And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress, 10
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

II. 6 so 1827: Like to a bonny Lass, who plays her pranks MS.-1820

IV

[Composed 1814.—Published 1815.]

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
 Rise, GILLIES, rise: the gales of youth shall bear
 Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed 5
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then droop not thou, 10
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

V

[Composed 1826 (?)—Published 1827.]

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
 For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-tilled 5
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
 Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due;
 Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper heart; 10
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
 And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

VI

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;

But now the horizon's rocky parapet 5
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
 Then pays submissively the appointed debt
 To the flying moments, and is seen no more.
 Angels and gods! We struggle with our fate, 10
 While health, power, glory, from their height decline,
 Depressed; and then extinguished: and our state,
 In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
 That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

VII

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
 Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
 By waking ears have sometimes been received
 Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
 A most melodious requiem, a supreme 5
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
 By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
 For is she not the votary of Apollo?
 And knows she not, singing as he inspires, 10
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow¹
 Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
 Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
 She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

VIII

RETIREMENT

[Composed 1826 (?)—Published 1827.]

IF the whole weight of what we think and feel,
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend
 With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!

¹ See the "Phaedo" of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

VI. 7 dusky 1837: sullen MS.-1832 8 so 1837: That droops and
 dwindles; and the *etc.* MS.-1832 9 and is 1837: paid, is MS.-1832
 11 from their height 1837: pitifully MS.-1832
 VII. 3 waking] living MS.

From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
 But to promote and fortify the weal 5
 Of her own Being is her paramount end;
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
 Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:
 Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake, 10
 And startled only by the rustling brake,
 Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind,
 By some weak aims at services assigned
 To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

IX

[Composed?—Published 1823 (Joanna Bailie's *Collection of Poems*); ed. 1827.]

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
 Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—
 Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell, 5
 There also is the Muse not loth to range,
 Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
 Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
 Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
 And sage content, and placid melancholy; 10
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—
 Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
 Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

X

[Composed ?—Published 1815.]

MARK the centred hazels that enclose
 Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
 Of noontide suns:—and even the beams that play

IX. 1-3 And must we having left behind the swell
 Of war and conflict and the wrecks of change
 And Duty *etc.* MS.

4 Henceforth to silence doom the chorded shell MS. 5 Unworthy
 thought where peace *etc.* MS. 7 so 1837: hut *for* cot 1838; Watching the
 blue smoke of the elmy grange 1823-32: She loves the blue smoke from a
 chimney . . . MS. 8 woody 1837: twilight 1823-32 9 Meek]
 Mute MS. 11 Her eyes delight to brood upon a river MS. 13
 charm 1837: please MS., 1823

And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows 5
 Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
 The very image framing of a Tomb,
 In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye trees!
 And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep 10
 Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
 For more than Fancy to the influence bends
 When solitary Nature condescends
 To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

XI

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS,
 YORKSHIRE

[Composed October 4, 1802.—Published 1807.]

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell;
 The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour
 When little could be gained from that rich dower
 Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
 Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power 5
 Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
 Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower
 Substantially expressed—a place for bell
 Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,
 With groves that never were imagined, lay 10
 'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye
 Of silent rapture; but we felt the while

XI. HAMBLETON 1832: HAMILTON MS.—1827

1-3 50 1837: Ere we had reach'd the wish'd-for place, night fell;
 We were too late at least by one dark hour,
 And nothing could we see of all that power MS., 1807
 1-2 *as text* but late the hour, 1815-20 3 And little could we see
 of all that power 1816-20: And little could be gained from all that dower
 1827-32
 6—12 *so* 1827: *but* in all its *for* with marvellous
 The western sky did recompence us well
 With Grecian Temple, Minaret, and Bower;
 And, in one part, a Minster with its Tower
 Substantially distinct [expressed 1815-20]; a place for Bell
 Or Clock to toll from. Many a glorious pile
 Did we behold, sights that might well repay [fair sights that might repay
 1816-20]
 All disappointment! and, as such, the eye
 Delighted in them *etc.* MS.-1820

We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

XII

[Composed before March 1804.—Published 1807.]

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

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!
But now upon this thought I cannot brood; 5
It is unstable as a dream of night;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure, 10
Find in the heart of man no natural home:
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1815

[Composed December, 1815.—Published February 11, 1816 (*The Examiner*);
vol. of 1816.]

WHILE not a leaf seems faded ; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter yields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields 5
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare

XII. 1 Those 1838: These MS.-1837 as in 1827: in a MS.-1820 2 so
1827: Even while mine eyes were on *etc.* MS., 1807; Mine eyes yet lingering
on *etc.* 1815-20 3 A silent counterpart of *etc.* MS. 5 But on this
thought to-day *etc.* MS. 6 as a dream of night 1827: and deserts me
quite MS.-1820 9 so 1827: The Grove, the sky-built Temple, and the
Dome MS.-1820

13-14 Where these are not, 'twill stir about and roam
Feeling itself forlorn and insecure. MS.

XIII. 2 harvest 1820: harvests MS., 1816

Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
 For me, who under kindlier laws belong
 To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry 10
 Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
 Announce a season potent to renew,
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
 And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

XIV

NOVEMBER 1

[Composed December, 1815.—Published January 28, 1816 (*The Examiner*);
 vol. of 1816.]

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
 Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night, 5
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,
 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers 10
 Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
 Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
 Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

XV

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

[Composed February, 1819.—Published in *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
 Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowled
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growled; 5

9-10 For me, a lone enthusiast not untrue

To service long endeared, *etc.* MS.

11 leaves yet green 1827: the green leaves MS.-1820 13-14 ... poetic
 ecstasy, Joys nobler far than *etc.* MS.

XIV. 3 so 1837: as smooth as Heaven MS.-1827: smooth as the heaven
 1832 14 Has 1838: Have MS.-1837

XV. COMPOSED DURING A STORM 1827: COMPOSED DURING ONE OF THE
 MOST AWFUL OF THE LATE STORMS, FEB. 1819 MS., 1819 ; COMPOSED DURING
 A SEVERE STORM 1820

While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
 The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
 And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
 As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
 Soul-smitten; for, that instant did appear 10
 Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
 An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;
 Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

XVI

TO A SNOWDROP

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
 Like an unbidden guest. Though, day by day,
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay 5
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
 Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing 10
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
 Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

XVII

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea; and
 extracts of similar character from other Writers; transcribed by a female
friend.

[Composed December 21, 1819.—Published 1820.]

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
 (But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
 And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store

9-10 so 1827 ... he lifted high His head—and in a moment *etc.* MS.-1820
 12 disc 1838: orb MS.-1837

XVI. 2-4 so 1827: . . . though modestly thou bend

Thy front—as if *suck* presence could offend!

Who guards thy slender stalk, while, day by day,
 MS.-1820

6 descend; 1827: descend? MS.-1820 7 so 1827: O take the greeting
 that befits a friend MS.: Accept the *etc.* 1819-20 11 frolic] wanton MS.
 12 as 1827: Yet will I not thy gentle *etc.* MS.-1820 14 fleeting] flying MS.

Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
 The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave 5
 Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
 Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
 Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
 To female hands the treasures were resigned;
 And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and clear 10
 From stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
 May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
 Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
 To holy musing, it may enter here.

XVIII

TO LADY BEAUMONT

[Composed February, 1807.—Published 1807.]

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the grove
 While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,
 And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,
 And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove 5
 The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,
 A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom 10
 Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XIX

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—'twas rightly said;
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains ?
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains, 5
 How oft the malice of one luckless word
 Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains!

XVII. 13 Or 1820: And MS. 14 musing 1820: musings MS.

XVIII. TO LADY BEAUMONT 1820: *To the*—1807: TO THE LADY
 —1815 2 shaping 1827: framing 1807-20 for 1815: of 1807

Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
 At last, of hindrance and obscurity, 10
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
 Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
 The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

XX

[Composed ?—Published 1815.]

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
 "Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
 Forthwith that little cloud, in ether spread
 And penetrated all with tender light,
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent head 5
 Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder's sight
 As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
 Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
 Went floating from her, darkening as it went; 10
 And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
 Approached this glory of the firmament;
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content
 With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

XXI

[Composed not later than 1819.—Published 1820.]

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
 Mature release, in fair society
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try; 5
 Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
 Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
 May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand 10
 The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
 And so the bright immortal Theban band,
 Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
 Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

XXI, 1-3 To human brotherhood though heaven deny
 The peace of stars in ether clustering,
 Yet oft the earthly weak *etc.* MS.

XXII

[Composed ?—Published 1815.]

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
 Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
 But studious only to remove from sight
 Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!
 Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower, 5
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
 Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
 On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
 The self-same Vision which we now behold, 10
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
 These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
 The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
 As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

XXIII

[Composed probably before March, 1804.—Published 1807.]

"WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!"
 Where art thou ? Thou so often seen on high
 Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race!
 Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh 5
 Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!
 The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,
 Must blow to-night his bugle, horn. Had I
 The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be:
 And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven, 10
 Should sally forth, to keep thee company,

XXII. 13 flood 1837: floods 1815-32

XXIII. 1-2 "With . . . How . . . face!" 1807-15: With . . . How . . . face!
 1820-32: With . . . "How . . . face!" 1837-50 3 so 1837: . . . Thou
 whom I have seen on high 1807-32 5-6 Unhappy Nuns . . . they
 .. . move] A cloistered Nun .. she ... moves MS. 10 so 1837: And
 all the Stars now shrouded up in heaven MS.-1815: And the keen stars,
 fast as the clouds were riven 1820-32 11 to keep thee MS.-1815, 1837:
 an emulous company 1820-32: —in emulous company C and 1838.

Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue heaven;
 But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given,
 Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

XXIV

[Composed ?—Published 1815.]

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
 Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
 Sullenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
 So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
 Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless: 5
 The lake below reflects it not; the sky
 Muffled in clouds, affords no company
 To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
 Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
 Which sends so far its melancholy light, 10
 Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
 A gay society with faces bright,
 Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they sing,
 While hearts and voices in the song unite.

XXV

[Composed ?—Published 1820.]

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
 And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
 Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
 Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
 A habitation marvellously planned, 5
 For life to occupy in love and rest;
 All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
 Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.

12 so 1840: What strife would then be yours, fair creatures, driv'n
 Now up, now down, and sparkling in your glee! MS.-1815
 Sparkling, and hurrying through the clear blue heaven 1820-7,
 1838

All hurrying with thee through *etc.* 1832

In that keen sport along the plain of heaven 1837

XXIV. 3 Sullenly 1815-20, 1838: Suddenly 1827-37, 1840-9 4 a 1827:
 its 1815-20

XXV. 2 50 1820, 1840: The Sun, perchance, a Palace where the blest MSS.
 The Sun is peopled; and with spirits blest, 1827—38

3 so 1845: so MSS., 1820, 1840, *but Live for Dwell*: Say, can the gentle
 Moon be unpossessed? 1827-38 4 shows 1827: frames MSS., 1820

8 so 1837: Or fort, erected at her sage command MSS.-1832

Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
 Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart, 10
 'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
 And while the youthful year's prolific art—
 Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
 Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

XXVI

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered bough,
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
 Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
 Invisible ? yet Spring her genial brow 5
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
 Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall 10
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call:
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

XXVII

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

[Composed ?—Published 1819.]

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
 Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,
 Or shining slope where he must never stray; 5
 So joys, remembered without wish or will,
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
 On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
 To fit proportion with my altered state! 10
 Quench those felicities whose light I find
 Reflected in my bosom all too late!—
 O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait;
 And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!"

9 so 1832: Is this a vernal thought ? Even so, the Spring MSS.-1827

XXVII. CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. 1837: CAPTIVITY. 1819-32
 5 slope] field MS. 12 Reflected in 1827: Burning within MS.-1820

XXVIII

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest 5
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,
 And Catherine said, **there 3 set up my rest**
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
 A home that by such miracle of sound 10
 Must be revealed:—she heard it now, or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
 And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

XXIX

[Composed 1807.—Published 1807.]

——" gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,
 The poor old Man is greater than he seems:
 For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
 An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
 Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer; 5
 The region of his inner spirit teems
 With vital sounds and monitory gleams
 Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
 He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,
 Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds, 10
 And counted them: and oftentimes will start—
 For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS,
 Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
 To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

XXVIII. 1-5 Was it the rushing Wind, or Angel Guest
 Of earth (for human touch, as story tells,
 Was wanting) that awaken'd Ledbury Bells
 A supernatural influence to attest ?

A Wanderer caught the tones—and listened, blest MS.

8 set] take MS. 9 Wanderer] Lady MS. 10-11 that... Must]
 which only by that wondrous sound Could MS. 13 saintly anchoress]
 holy Hermitess MS.

XXX

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
 Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
 As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
 Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
 Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain, 5
 All light and lustre. Did no heart reply ?
 Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
 And green vales open out, with grove and field,
 And the fair front of many a happy Home; 10
 Such tempting spots as into vision come
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
 And sick at heart of strifeful Christendom,
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

XXXI

[Composed before March, 1804.—Published 1815.]

BROOK ! whose society the Poet seeks,
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
 And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
 Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
 And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks; 5
 If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
 Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
 Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
 Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be,—
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs: 10
 It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee

XXX. 10-13 And the bright looks of many a happy Home;
 Such tempting spots, such scenes of peaceful life
 As shape themselves, and into Vision come
 While tented Soldiers sick of earthly strife MS.

12-13 so 1837: While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
 Weary, and sick of strifeful Christendom 1835

XXXI. 1-5 Brook that hast been my solace (joy for) days and weeks
 And months, and, let me add, the whole (long) year through,
 I come to thee, thou dost my heart renew;
 O happy Thing! among thy flowery creeks
 And happy, dancing *etc.* MSS.

6 so 1827: If I some type of thee did wish to view MSS.-1820 8 Artists]
 Poets MSS. 10 limbs] wings MSS.

With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
 And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

XXXII

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

[Composed ?—Published 1820.]

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
 Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
 Press the point home, or falter and demur,
 Checked in your course by many a teasing burr; 5
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood
 Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the flood
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur
 Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
 Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams 10
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
 Welter and flash, a synod might detain
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

XXXIII

THIS AND THE TWO FOLLOWING WERE SUGGESTED BY MR. W.
 WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN YORKSHIRE

[Composed 1818.—Published January, 1819 (*Blackwood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
 Rise into life and in thy train appear:
 And, through the sunny portion of the year, 5
 Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
 And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
 And hart and hind and hunter with his spear
 Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
 In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign; 10
 And, haply, far within the marble belt

13 safer 1845: better MSS.-1843 14 The joy of fleshly life etc. MSS.
 XXXII. 9 The lighter functions flagging etc. MS. 10 gleams] beams MS.

Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
 For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
 Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine.¹

XXXIV

MALHAM COVE

[Composed 1818.—Published January, 1819 (*Blackwood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
 Tier under tier, this semicirque profound ?
 (Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)— 5
 O, had this vast theatric structure wound
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,
 No mightier work had gained the plausible smile
 Of all-beholding Phoebus! But, alas,
 Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid 10
 In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and WAS,
 Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
 Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
 Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

XXXV

GORDALE

[Composed 1818.—Published January, 1819 (*Blackwood's Magazine*); *Peter Bell* vol., 1819.]

AT early dawn, or rather when the air
 Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve
 Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
 Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
 To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair 5
 Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave
 Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
 The local Deity, with oozy hair
 And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
 Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides 10
 His lineaments by day, yet there presides,

¹ Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
 Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
 And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!

XXXVI

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802
 [Composed July 31, or September 3 ?, 1802.—Published 1807.]

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

XXXVII

CONCLUSION

TO——

[Composed probably 1827.—Published 1827.]

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
 That animates the scenes of public life¹
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart 5
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears;
 Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
 Breathed from eternity; for as a dart
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel 10
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

¹ This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

PART III

I

[Composed ?—Published 1842.]

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
 Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect 5
 The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,
 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent 10
 Her simplest fancies ? Should that fear be thine,
 Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

II

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
 Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
 The air of liberty, the light of truth;
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth: 5
 Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
 Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers
 The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range 10
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
 An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

III

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820]

SHAME on this faithless heart! that could allow
 Such transport, though but for a moment's space;
 Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—

I. 2 wheel around] love to sweep MS.

The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough; 5
 But in plain daylight:—She, too, at my side,
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
 Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim; 10
 Take from her brow the withering flowers of eve,
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore;
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

IV

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,
 TRINITY LODGE, 'CAMBRIDGE

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:
 And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side, 5
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-described.
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood V
 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King, 10
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

V

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD)

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

WARD of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering 5

III. 4-5 clove . . . sang 1827: cleaves . . . sings 1820

V. 5 so 1827: Yet haply cheered with some faint glimmering 1820

Of Faith and Hope—if them, by nature's doom,
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
 When thankfulness were best ?—Fresh-flowing tears,
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh, 10
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
 Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
 In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,
 An unexampled voice of awful memory!

VI

JUNE, 1820

[Composed 1820.—Published 1820.]

FAME tells of groves—from England far away—
 Groves¹ that inspire the Nightingale to trill
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay: 5
 For I have heard the quire of Richmond hill
 Chanting with indefatigable bill,
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;
 When, haply under shade of that same wood,
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars 10
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
 Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

VII

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

[Composed July 14, 1820.—Published 1822 (*Ecclesiastical Sketches*, note, p. 121); ed. 1827.]

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
 Is marked by no distinguishable line:
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
 Garden, and that Domain where kindred, friends, 5
 And neighbours rest together, here confound
 Their several features, mingled like the sound
 Of many waters, or as evening blends

¹ Wallachia is the country alluded to.

With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
 Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave; 10
 And while those lofty poplars gently wave
 Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
 Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
 To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

VIII

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES

[Composed probably September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
 Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,
 The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
 Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls
 Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid 5
 His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
 From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
 Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
 Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
 To winds abandoned and the prying stars, 10
 Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine
 Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
 And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
 A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!

IX

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

[Composed September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
 Along the VALE OF MEDITATION¹ flows;
 So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
 In Nature's face the expression of repose;
 Or haply there some pious hermit chose 5
 To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
 To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
 At this late day, its sanctifying name.

¹ Glyn Myrvr.

VII. 11-12 so 1827: Meanwhile between these Poplars, as they wave
 Their lofty summits, comes *etc.* 1822
 And even as those lofty poplars wave
 Their parting summits opens out a sky MS.

GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
 In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot 10
 Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
 On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;
 Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
 Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

X

TO THE TOE-BENT AT THE DEVILS BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824

[Composed September, 1824.—Published 1827.]

How art thou named ? In search of what strange land,
 From what huge height, descending ? Can such force
 Of waters issue from a British source,
 Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
 Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand 5
 Desperate as thine ? Or come the incessant shocks
 From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing rocks,
 Of Viamala ? There I seem to stand,
 As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
 From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods, 10
 In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
 And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
 Such power possess the family of floods
 Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

XI

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
 Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the clay
 Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey, 5
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
 Nor could I let one thought—one motion—slip
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
 For are we not all His without whose care
 Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground ? 10

XI. 1-2 so 1837: Strange Visitation! at *Jemima's* lip
 Thus hadst thou pecked, wild Redbreast, Love might
 say, MS.-1832

Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
 And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
 Then peck or perch, fond Plutterer! nor forbear
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XII

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
 Like a Form sculptured on a monument
 Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent
 Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
 The rigid features of a transient smile, 5
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
 From his lov'd home, and from heroic toil.
 And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
 Grievs to allay which Reason cannot heal; 10
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
 Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

XIII

[Composed after May, 1825.—Published 1827.]

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
 In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
 Or float with music in the festal barge;
 Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
 Her doom it is to press a weary bed— 5
 Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
 More urgent called,,will stretch his wings at large,
 And friends too rarely prop the languid head.

14 musings 1837: vision MS.-1832

XII. 2-3 so 1837: Lay couched; upon that breathless Monument,
 On him,—or on his fearful bow unbent 1827-32

8-9 so 1827: From home affections and heroic toil.

Nor doubt that *etc.* 1827-32

11 Yea, veriest 1837: And very 1827-32.

XIII. 1-2 so 1837: While they, her playmates once, light-hearted tread
 The mountain turf and river's flowery marge; 1827
 While they, who once were Anna's Playmates, tread
etc. as 1827, 1832

5 so 1832: Is Anna doomed to press 1827

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

45

Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

XIV

TO THE CUCKOO

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired, 5
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more 10
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

XV

TO ———

[Composed?—Published 1835.]

"Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed.
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed 5
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,

9 so 1837: Yet Genius is no feeble comforter, 1827-32

XV. 1 this answer] are words which MS. 2-3 took ... her] sate—all
further heed Suspended, while her joyous MS.

6-11 But when her thoughts were from the thralldom freed
Of her own pastime, Lesbia rose and drew

Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
 To old affections, had been heard to plead
 With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain 10
 Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
 And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
 Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

XVI

THE INFANT M——M——

[Composed November 12, 1824.—Published 1827.]

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
 And nought untunes that Infant's voice; no trace 5
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face
 (Which even the placid innocence of death
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright) 10
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light;
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee,

XVII

TO——, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

[Composed 1824.—Published 1827.]

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined

Tow'rd the shut casement where the Favourite, true
 In habits and affections, or through need
 Of shelter, had sought entrance. O the shriek
 Sent from that voice so lately to a strain
 Of harmony attuned—the terror, pain, MS.

XVI. 5-6 so 1837: a trace . . . ne'er bedews her cheek MS., sullies not
 1827-32 8 That one who has been gazing on her face MS. 11 Might
 see, in no unholy mood of faith MS.

XVII. 1-9 Lady, what delicate graces may unite
 In age—so often comfortless and bleak!

By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight, 5
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb 10
 From desolation toward the genial prime;
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
 And filling more and more with crystal light
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XVIII

TO BOTH A Q—

[Composed some years after 1822.—Published 1827.]

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood;
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day 5
 For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil;
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream¹
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear 10
 After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
 For others; for thy future self, a spell
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

¹ The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

Though from thy unenfeebled eye-balls break
 Those saintly emanations of delight,
 A snow-drop let me name thee; pure, chaste, white,
 Too pure for flesh and blood; with smooth, blanch'd cheek,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,
 And not that Time presses with weary weight;
 Hope, Love, and Joy are with thee fresh as fair; MS.

10 That] A MS. 12 with . . . earth's] like ... the MS.

XVIII. 3 reach MS., 1832: reached 1827

11-12 After her throes, whose Name is thine to bear
 Hanging around thee—MS.

XIX

A GRAVESTONE ITPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF
WORCESTER CATHEDRAL[Composed probably 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Keepsake*)-, ed. 1832.]

"MISERRIMUS!" and neither name nor date,
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;
 Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
 That solitary word—to separate
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate 5
 Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph?—Himself alone
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
 And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own 10
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
 That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
 Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

XX

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE,
HEREFORDSHIRE

[Composed?—Published 1835.]

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
 Takes fire:—The men that have been reappear;
 Romans for travel girt, for business gown'd;
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crown'd, 5
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
 As if its hues were of the passing year,
 Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil: 10
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
 Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

XX. 1 poring ... search] curious ... turn MS. 2 Pampering minute
 regards etc. MS.

XXI

1830

[Composed November, 1830.—Published 1835.]

CHATS WORTH ! thy stately mansion, and the pride
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
 To house and home in many a craggy rent
 Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide 5
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire content;
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth
 To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms, 10
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

XXII

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN BARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE

[Composod 1828.—Published 1820 (*The Casket*)-, ed. 1832.]

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil 5
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
 And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again 10
 Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all, Eternity.

- XXI. 1-5 Chatsworth! thy Park, and Mansion spreading wide
 And towering high, strange contrast do present
 To the plain treasures of that craggy Rent
 Which late I saw, where Wey's blue waters glide;
 A Dell whose native occupants abide MS.

13 strenuous to protect] diligent to guard MS.

XXIII

FILIAL PIETY

(On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool.)

[Composed 1828.—Published 1829 (*The Casket*); ed. 1832.]

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old:
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told 5
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
 'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth:
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
 Through reverence, touch it only to repair 10
 Its waste.—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
 In annual renovation thus it stands—
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

XXIV

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. John's College,
Cambridge.

[Composed September, 1832.—Published 1835.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
 And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt 5
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
 And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
 Unrecognised through many a household tear, 10
 More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew
 By morning shed around a flower half-blown;

XXIII. 1 Untouched] Sacred 1838 *only*

8-10 so 1837: Thence to the Son endeared, by such strong hold
 Linked to his Father's memory that his hands
 Preserved the fabric, and do still repair MSS., 1829
 Thence by his Son more prized than aught which gold
 Could purchase—watched, preserved by his own hands,
 That, faithful to the Structure, still repair 1832

XXIV. 6 In the hot crucible of change, wilt seem MS.

Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

XXV

[Composed January 18, 1830.—Published 1835.]

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant— 5
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine, 10
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

XXVI

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON
BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA

[Composed June 11, 1831.—Published 1832.]

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still, 5
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place 10

XXV. 6 so 1845: (As would my deeds have been) with anxious care, MS., 1835-8

9-14 A poor abandoned heart once proud to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
That soft warm heart, is now more dreary-cold
Than a Linnet's nest filled with unmelting snow
Amid a bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, and all other dues will I forego. MS.

XXVI. 8 high on the bare] on the rocky MS. 9 With arms close
folded and averted face MS.

With light reflected from the invisible sun
 Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
 Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,
 And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

XXVII

[Composed?—Published: vol. of 1842.]

A *POET!*—He hath put his heart to school,
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff, 5
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
 Because the lovely little flower is free 10
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
 But from its *own* divine vitality.

XXVIII

[Composed?—Published: vol. of 1842.]

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
 We watch their splendor, shall we covet storms,
 And wish the Lord of day his slow decline 5
 Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?
 Behold, already they forget to shine,
 Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
 Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
 Of pure delight, come whensoever it may, TO

14 And dawn perpetual doth before him run MS.

XXVII. 3 hath lodged within] has put into MS. 6 sip] lap MS.
 stagnant] *corr.* to cistern MS. 7-8 when Critics . . . Have killed him,

Scorn should] some Critic . . . May kill him, and Scorn MS. 10 In
 sooth because the little MS. 11 From [] restraint MS.

12-13 Whence comes the magic of . . . Not from the casting of MS.

XXVIII. 1 alluring] bewitching MS. 4 We watch them, shall we
 therefore covet MS.

Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune
 Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
 And volatile their love of transient bowers,
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.

XXIX

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD
 OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON

[Composed August 31, 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

BY Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand
 On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;
 Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
 Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
 But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side 5
 Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
 Is given to triumph and all human pride!
 Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
 In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
 Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest, 10
 As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
 Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
 In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

XXX

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838

[Composed May 1st, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
 Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
 Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
 And sullenness avoid, as now they shun

13 And volatile] Falsely so called, MS.

- XXIX. 9-12 Since the (that) mighty deed
 Him years have brought (His life is brought) far nearer the
 grave's rest
 As shows that face time-worn. But genuine seed
 Has sowed (He sowed)—that bears we trust *etc.* MS.
 . . . time-worn face. But he such seed
 Hath sown, as yields *etc.* MS.
 Him the mighty deed
 Elates not; neither doth a cloud find rest
 Upon that time worn face; for he *etc.* MS.
- XXX. 1-2 Yon mountain lambs whose life is just begun,
 A guidance know, to Man's grave years denied. MS.

Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun 5
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
 Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,
 Varying its shape wherever he may run.
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
 All turn, and court the shining and the green, 10
 Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
 Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
 And so, His gifts and promises between,
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new ?

XXXI

[Composed ?—Published: vol. of 1842.]

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
 One upward hand, as if she needed rest
 From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
 Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
 But not the less—nay more—that countenance, 5
 While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
 For a sick heart made weary of this life
 By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.
 —Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
 At God's appointed hour to them who tread 10
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
 Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
 For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

XXXII

TO A PAINTER

[Composed 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 6-6 Hollows unlightened by the morning sun,
 On slopes to couch *etc.* MS.
 9-13 As from dull turf hoary with unsunned dew
 They turn, and one and all prefer the green
 To chilly nooks, knolls cheared (warm) with glistening sheen,
 Why may not we a kindred course pursue
 And so, heaven's gifts *etc.* MS.
 XXXI. 3 breast!] chest! MS.
 XXXII. 3 change that Time has made MS.

Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade, 5
 And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
 Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye, 10
 Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whatever to common sight appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

XXXIII

ON THE SAME SUBJECT

[Composed 1840.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
 O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy: 10
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

5 see] a MS. 8 See this, own this, but nothing in its stead MS.
 12 visual . . . Nature] subtle . . . Vision MS.

XXXIII. 2-6 This Portrait, on its features I so long
 Have gazed, allured by new discoveries,
 I now can speak as with another tongue.
 O my Beloved! I have done thee wrong
 As by the Work enlightened I perceive MS. 1

1-6 With disappointment strange I first beheld
 This Portrait, on whose features I so long
 Have gazed, by new discoveries impelled *etc. as* MS. 1, MS. 2

14 Into one vision] { Like glory around
 A gracious spirit round MS. 2

XXXIV

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest. 5
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's chain,
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,
 That we may sing together, if thou wilt, 10
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

Rydal Mount, 1838.

XXXV

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein 5
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune
 His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
 (The balance trembling between night and morn 10
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
 He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,
 And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

XXXVI

[Composed 1837.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

OH what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
 Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin

- XXXIV. 1-3 Hark! 'tis the Thrush, the sun low in the west
 Struggles with twilight premature, in vain;
 Loud roars the wind, but smothers not his strain MS.
- XXXVI. God's will ordained that piteous blight should reach
 Both mind and aspect; but far, far within

Entanglings of the brain; though shadows stretch
 O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far within
 Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin. 5
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
 But delegated Spirits comforts fetch
 To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
 Like Children, She is privileged to hold
 Divine communion; both to live and move, 10
 Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
 Love pitying innocence, not long to last,
 In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

XXXVII

[Composed March 8, 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
 With rival earnestness; far other strife 5
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
 Pains which the World inflicts can she requite ? 10
 Not for an interval however brief;
 The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,
 And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

March 8, 1842

(Tho' warped the brain, tho' clouds appeared to stretch
 Their shadow o'er the sacred heart—Love's Twin
 For sympathy with every human wretch)
 Hers was a holy Being, freed from sin;
 And voiceless powers for her did comfort fetch
 From heavenly heights that reason may not win.
 Such faith was thine, and now to me, dear Friend,
 Whose trouble flows from some mysterious source,
 While o'er my stricken Sister's couch I bend
 Like consolation comes with gentle force,
 So may remembrance of thy patient course
 Long proved, sustain me till my trials end. MS.
 3 of the] for her MS.: for the 1838, 1840

4-5 Over the sacred Heart—Compassion's twin,
 The heart that once could feel for every wretch MS. *alternative*

XXXVIII

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

[Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;
 And social Justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence, 5
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim
 Now and for ever, She, to works that came
 From mind and spirit, grudge a shortlived fence.
 "What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
 "For Books!" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved 10
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
 No public harm that Genius from her course
 Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at *their* source!

XXXIX

VALEDICTORY SONNET

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots,)
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre ;
 Both to allure the casual Loiterer, 5
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
 Studious regard with opportune delight,

XXXVIII. 1-2 When failing one strict measure to dispense To all her
 suitors MS. 3 stript of] by fit MS. 4 Of natural right unswayed
 is but a name MS. 5 Law but a] And Law the MS.

9-14 But no, our sages join in banded force

With Books by right or wrong to glad the Isle.

Say, can this serve the people if the course

Of pure domestic [] be checked the while,

If toilworn Genius want a cheering smile

And streams of (far fetched) Truth be dried up at their (its) source. MS.

XXXIX. 1-2 A lowly Muse's willing Minister,

I have dispensed these Flowrets MS.

5-7 That so, before the studious Loiterer,

My little treasures stand in open sight

With mutual grace for *etc.* MS.

Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
 Reader, farewell! My last words let them be— 10
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art
 Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

XL

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., MASTER
 OF HARROW SCHOOL

After the perusal of his "Theophilus Anglicanus," recently published.
 [Composed December 11, 1843.—Published 1845.]

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand
 Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
 That, in our native isle, and every land,
 The Church, when trusting in divine command 5
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod :
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
 So the bright faces of the young and gay
 Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still; 10
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
 Motions of thought which elevate the will
 And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
 Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.

XLI

TO THE PLANET VENUS,

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January, 1838.
 [Composed January, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

WHAT strong allurements draw, what spirit guides,
 Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
 Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
 Night after night ? True is it Nature hides
 Her treasures less and less.—Man now presides 5
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;

8 Thanks may be due *etc.* MS. 12 If vigorous Nature leagued with
 thoughtful Art MS. 14 crave] ask MS.

Science advances with gigantic strides;
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness ?
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
 More than in humbler times graced human story; 10
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory ?

XLII

[Composed December 24, 1842.—Published 1845.]

WANSFELL!¹ this Household has a favoured lot,
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
 Or when along thy breast serenely float 5
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
 For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone 10
 From every object dear to mortal sight,
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

XLIII

[Composed January 1, 1843.—Published 1845.]

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
 Deep in the vale a little rural Town²
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
 That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy, 5
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares
 Troubles and toils that every day prepares.
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
 Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway,

¹ The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.
² Ambleside.

(Like influence never may my soul reject), 10
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
 With glorious forms in numberless array,
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
 Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

XLIV

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
 Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still;
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed 5
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit divine through forms of human art:
 Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid 10
 Under the grave of things ; Hope had her spire
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
 " Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build."

XLV

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

[Composed October 12, 1844.—Published in *Morning Post* Oct. 16, 1844
 and in pamphlet, *Kendal and Windermere Railway*, ed. 1845.]

Is then no nook of English ground secure
 From rash assault ?¹ Schemes of retirement sown
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
 As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
 Must perish;—how can they this blight endure ? 5

¹ The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them, stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

XLIII. 10 The faith how pure and holy in effect C. 11 Heavens
 . . . their summit C.

And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
 'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown ?
 Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head
 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance: 10
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
 Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
 Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
 And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

October 12, 1844.

XLVI

[Composed December, 1844.—Published in *Morning Post* December 17, 1844, and afterwards along with XLV.]

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
 Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar:
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star, 5
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
 And clear way made for her triumphal car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
 Hear YE that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ? 10
 Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

XLVII

AT FURNESS ABBEY

[Composed probably 1840.—Published 1845.]

HEBE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
 Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,
 A soothing spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin, 5
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
 The flowers in pearly dews their bloom renewing!

XLVII. For early drafts v. notes.

Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile 10
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name!

XLVIII

AT FURNESS ABBEY

[Composed June 21, 1845.—Published 1845.]

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound 5
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace: 10
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
 And by the general reverence God is praised:
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved ?

June 21, 1845.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

I

DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GBASMERE. AUGUST, 1803

[Composed 1811.—Published 1827.]

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap 5
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed there.
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold: 10
O'er Limbo lake with aery flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast, 15
Perchance without one look behind me cast,
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine; 20
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart;—
To cull contentment upon wildest shores, 25
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.
—Then why these lingering steps?—A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true; 30
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

[Composed partly before 1807.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold:
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould 5
 Where Burns is laid.
 And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear ?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain; 10
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.
 Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
 Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
 With chastened feelings would I pay 15
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.
 Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang, his genius "glinted" forth, 20
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.
 The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow, 25
 The struggling heart, where be they now ?—
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave. 30

II. 1 shiver] shudder MS. 5 from out] out of MS.

12/13 But wherefore tremble ? 'tis no place

Of pain and sorrow, but of grace,

Of shelter, and of silent peace,

And "friendly aid";

Grasped is he now in that embrace

For which he prayed. *Longman MS. (but cf. II. 73-8)*

26 struggling] swelling MS.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803 67

Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight!
 Yet one to which is not denied 65
 Some sad delight.
 For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distress; 70
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.
 And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He, who halloweth the place 75
 Where Man is laid,
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed!
 Sighing I turned away; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, 80
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chanted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

III

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH,

NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE

[Finished 1839.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
 That must have followed when his brow
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
 With holly spray,
 He faltered, drifted to and fro, 5
 And passed away.
 Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,
 Over the grave of Burns we hung
 In social grief— 10
 Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

79 but] and MS.

III. 10 In] With MS.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
 And prompt to welcome every gleam 15
 Of good and fair,
 Let us beside the limpid Stream
 Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
 Think rather of those moments bright 20
 When to the consciousness of right
 His course was true,
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight
 And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand, 25
 Freely as in youth's season bland,
 When side by side, his Book in hand,
 We wont to stray,
 Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay. 30

How oft inspired must he have trod
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
 There lurks his home; in that Abode,
 With mirth elate,
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood, 35
 The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
 Before it humbly let us pause,
 And ask of Nature from what cause
 And by what rules 40
 She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
 Are felt the flashes of his pen;
 He rules 'mid winter snows, and when 45
 Bees fill their hives;
 Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime, 50

And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
 Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven 55
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever. 60

But why to Him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
 On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live ?—
 The best of what we do and are, 65
 Just God, forgive!¹

IV

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER

[Stanzas ii, iii, iv, viii composed between June, 1805 and February, 1806,
 and published 1807: Stanzas i, v, vi, vii added 1827.]

"The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with
 melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses
 —'Is there a man whose judgment clear,' etc."—*Extract from the Journal*
of my Fellow-traveller.

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
 Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true;
 And more would grieve, but that it turns 5
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display; 10
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

¹ See Note.

IV. 1-6 not in MS.-1820.

7-8 so 1827: Ye now are panting up life's hill!

'Tis twilight time of good and ill MS.-1820

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!
 But if the Poet's wit ye share, 15
 Like him can speed
 The social hour—of tenfold care
 There will be need;

 For honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake, 20
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue;
 And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

 Far from their noisy haunts retire, 25
 And add your voices to the quire
 That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet;
 There seek the genius of your Sire,
 His spirit greet; 30

 Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
 He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
 Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs 35
 Upturned the soil;

 His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given; 40
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray
 Is light from Heaven."

13-18 *not in* 1820 13 Strong bodied if ye be to bear MS.-1815
 15 the Poet's *so* 1827: your Father's MS.-1816 16-17 *so* 1827 (*but*
for for of 1827-37): Then, then indeed, Ye Sons of Burns! for watchful
 care MS.-1815

19-21 *so* 1827, *but Even for* For 1827-37: For honest men delight will take
 To shew you favor for his sake,
 Will MS.-1815
 For their beloved Poet's sake,
 Even honest men delight will take
 To 1820

25-42 *not in* MS.-1820

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
 Be independent, generous, brave;
 Your Father such example gave, 45
 And such revere;
 But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear!

V

ELLEN IRWIN:

OB

THE BRAES OF KIBTLE¹

[Composed probably 1799 or 1800.—Published 1800.]

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;
 Young Adam Bruce beside her lay, 5
 And there did they beguile the day
 With love and gentle speeches,
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires
 The Bruce had been selected; 10
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,
 By Ellen was rejected.
 Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely, 15
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
 His shattered hopes and crosses,
 To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
 Reclined on flowers and mosses ? 20
 Alas that ever he was born!
 The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,

¹ The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

V. 16 That 1815: The 1800-5

17-20 so 1837: But what is Gordon's beauteous face,
 And what are Gordon's crosses,
 To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes
 Upon the verdant mosses ? 1800-32

Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts 25
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same, 3°
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love, 35
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent. 40

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
So, coming his last help to crave, 45
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave,
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling, 50
May in Kirkconnell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it, 55
And its forlorn Tic jacet!

25 so 1837: Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts 1800-32 27 so
1837: And, starting up, to Bruce's heart 1800-32 30 starting up 1837 :
stepping forth 1800-32
45-6 so 1827: And, coming back across the wave
Without a groan on Ellen's grave 1800-20

VI

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn; 5
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode— 10
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light 15
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers; 20
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace 25
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress, 30
And maidenly shamefacedness:

VI. 5-6 these . . . that . . . Those 1845: these . . . this . . . These MS.~
 1832: those . . . that . . . Those 1837-43 11 so 1827-32, 1845: ye do
 MS.-1820: In truth, unfolding thus, ye seem 1837-43 15-16 *added* 1845
 17 so 1845: Yet dream and [or 1837-43] vision MS.-1843 20 Thee,
 neither know I, 1845:1 neither know Thee, MS.-1843

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a Mountaineer:
 A face with gladness overspread!
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred! 35
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach 40
 Of thy few words of English speech:
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life!
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind— 45
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful ?
 O happy pleasure! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell; 50
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality:
 Thou art to me but as a wave 55
 Of the wild sea; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood.
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
 Thy elder Brother I would be, 60
 Thy Father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense. 65
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
 Then, why should I be loth to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her;
 To give new pleasure like the past, 70
 Continued long as life shall last.

Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold, 75
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

VII

GLEN ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN

[Composed probably 1803.—Published 1807.]

IN this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN ;
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one:
 He sang of battles, and the breath 5
 Of stormy war, and violent death;
 And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
 As by a spirit turbulent; 10
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
 And everything unreconciled;
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet;
 But this is calm; there cannot be 15
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?
 What matters it ?—I blame them not
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot 20
 Was moved; and in such way expressed
 Their notion of its perfect rest.
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell:
 It is not quiet, is not ease; 25
 But something deeper far than these:
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave; and of austere

Yet happy feelings of the dead:
 And, therefore, was it rightly said 30
 That Ossian, last of all his race!
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

VIII

STEPPING WESTWARD

[Composed June 3, 1805.—Published 1807.]

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"

" *WHAT, you are stepping westward?*"—" *Yea.*"

—"Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange Land, and far from home,
 Were in this place the guests of Chance: 5
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
 Though home or shelter he had none,
 With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
 Behind, all gloomy to behold; 10
 And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
 I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
 Of something without place or bound;
 And seemed to give me spiritual right 15
 To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
 Was walking by her native lake:
 The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy: 20
 Its power was felt; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay 25
 Before me in my endless way.

29 Yet 1827: And MS.-1820

VIII. 19 had] was MS., seemed MS.

IX

THE SOLITARY REAPER

[Composed November 5, 1805.—Published 1807.]

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands 10
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago: 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

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

IX. 1 single] singing *Longman MS.* 10 so 1827: So sweetly to reposing bands *MS.-1820* 13 so 1837: No sweeter voice was ever *MS.-1820*: Such thrilling voice was never 1827-32 29 so 1820: I listened till I had my fill *MS.-1815* 30 as *MS.-1815*, 1837: when 1820-32

X

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE

[Composed 11.1-3, August 31, 1803; finished "longafter."—Published 1827.]

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs. 5
 Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire, 10
 Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm;) 15
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
 To reverence, suspends his own; submitting
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
 All that he holds in common with the stars,
 To the memorial majesty of Time 20
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved!
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule 25
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
 To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,
 In willing admiration and respect,
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called 30

Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed Power,
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
 The chronicle were welcome that should call
 Into the compass of distinct regard
 The toils and struggles of thy infant years! 35
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
 To the perception of this Age, appear
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued 40
 And quieted in character—the strife,
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
 Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades I¹

XI

ROB ROY'S GRAVE

[Composed between June, 1805 and February, 1806.—Published 1807.]

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Kettorine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy!
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood;
 She has her brave ROB ROY! 5
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
 And let us chant a passing stave,
 In honour of that Hero brave!
 Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
 And wondrous length and strength of arm: 10
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
 Or keep his friends from harm.
 Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave;
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
 A Poet worthy of Rob Roy 15
 Must scorn a timid song.

¹ The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

35 infant years 1845: infancy 1827-43

XI. 3 has a thief] boasts of one MS. 4 not in MS. 5 brave] own MS.
 7 us chant MS. *corr.*: him have MS. 8 Hero] outlaw MS. 9 dauntless]
 daring MS. 13 was Rob Roy] Robin was MS. 14-17 not in MS.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
 As wise in thought as bold in deed:
 For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed. 20

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
 Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
 They stir us up against our kind;
 And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion—make a law, 25
 Too false to guide us or control!
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
 Distinctions that are plain and few: 30
 These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
 And those that travel on the wind!
 With them no strife can last; they live 35
 In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take, who have the power,
 And they should keep who can. 40

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

"All freakishness of mind is checked; 45
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
 While to the measure of his might
 Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
 By strength of prowess or of wit: 50
 'Tis God's Appointment who must sway,
 And who is to submit.

41 that 1827: which MS.-1820 44 wanton] tyrannous MS. 45 All]
 And MS. 47-8 their might All fashion their MS.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
 And longest life is but a day;
 To have my ends, maintain my rights,
 I'll take the shortest way." 55

And thus among these rocks he lived,
 Through summer heat and winter snow:
 The Eagle, he was lord above,
 And Rob was lord below. 60

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

Or shall we say an age too soon ? 65
 For, were the bold Man living *now*,
 How might he flourish in his pride,
 With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
 Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains, 70
 Would all have seemed but paltry things,
 Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
 To these few meagre Vales confined;
 But thought how wide the world, the times 75
 How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said,
 "Do Thou my sovereign will enact
 From land to land through half the earth!
 Judge thou of law and fact! 80

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

" Of old things all are over old, 85
 Of good things none are good enough:—
 We'll show that we can help to frame
 A world of other stuff.

53 the rule of 1815: said Robin MS.; says Robin, 1807 58 summer...
 winter 1827: summer's ... winter's MS.-1820 69 factors] Land-marks
 MS. 70 Sheriffs and Factors, Lairds and Thanes MS. 87
 We'll ... we] I'll ... I MS.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
 From me the sign of life and death: 90
 Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
 Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
 France would have had her present Boast, 95
 And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
 Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
 Here standing by thy grave. 100

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

And, had it been thy lot to live 105
 With us who now behold the light,
 Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
 And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand; 110
 And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
 Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
 Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
 Alone upon Loch Veol's heights, 115
 And by Loch Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
 Are faces that attest the same;
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
 At sound of ROB ROY'S name. 120

96 own 1827: brave MS.-1820 109 thou wert still 1815: Robin was
 MS., 1807 112 thine at 1815: Robin's to MS., 1807 119 so 1827:
 Kindling with instantaneous fire MS.: And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,
 MS.-1820

XII SONNET

COMPOSED AT——CASTLE

[Composed September 18, 1803.—Published 1807.]

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde, 5
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze 10
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XIII YARROW UNVISITED

[Composed 1803.—Published 1807.]

See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the
Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning—

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford, 5
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."
"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling, 10
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed, 15
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

XII. 1 Ill wishes shall attend the unworthy Lord MS. 2 mere] pure MS.
1—2 Now as I live I pity that great Lord
Whom pure despite etc. *Letter to Scott.*

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

" What 's Yarrow but a river bare, 25
 That glides the dark hills under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder."
 —Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
 My True-love sighed for sorrow; 30
 And looked me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,¹ 35
 But we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
 We'll wander Scotland thorough;
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow!
 We will not see them; will not go, 45
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
 It must, or we shall rue it: 50
 We have a vision of our own;
 Ah! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

35 hangs . . . frae] is ... on MS.

We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair, 55
 'Twill be another Yarrow!
 "If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy; 60
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth hath something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

XIV SONNET

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.
 [Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,
 Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
 Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
 Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind came
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame; 5
 And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
 Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
 Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
 For them whom precept and the pedantry
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave. 10
 O for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave!
 Like conquest would the Men of England see;
 And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

XV THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND

[Composed between 1803 and 1805.—Published 1807.]

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
 And call a train of laughing Hours;
 And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
 And thou, too, mingle in the ring!

Take to thy heart a new delight; 5
 If not, make merry in despite
 That there is One who scorns thy power:—
 But dance! for under Jedborough Tower
 A Matron dwells who, though she bears
 The weight of more than seventy years, 10
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!
 Him who is rooted to his chair!
 Look at him—look again! for he 15
 Hath long been of thy family.
 With legs that move not, if they can,
 And useless arms, a trunk of man,
 He sits, and with a vacant eye;
 A sight to make a stranger sigh! 20
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom:
 His world is in this single room:
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
 Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate 25
 Of him in that forlorn estate!
 He breathes a subterraneous damp;
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp:
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower:
 She jocund as it was of yore, 30
 With all its bravery on; in times
 When all alive with merry chimes,
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
 It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due 35
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true!
 With admiration I behold
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
 The picture of a life well spent: 40

XV. 7 so 1827: That one should breathe who MS.; For there is one who 1807-20
 9-12: 9 so 1827. There liveth in the prime of glee

A Woman, whose years are seventy-three MS.-1820

10 so 1837: Our mortal complement of years 1827, 1832 11 so 1827:
not in MS.-1820 23 mirthful MS., 1827: mirth and 1807-20

This do I see; and something more;
 A strength unthought of heretofore!
 Delighted am I for thy sake;
 And yet a higher joy partake:
 Our Human-nature throws away 45
 Its second twilight, and looks gay;
 A land of promise and of pride
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
 Within himself as seems, composed; 50
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
 The strife of happiness and pain,
 Utterly dead! yet in the guise
 Of little infants, when their eyes
 Begin to follow to and fro 55
 The persons that before them go,
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
 Her buoyant spirit can prevail
 Where common cheerfulness would fail;
 She strikes upon him with the heat 60
 Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
 An animal delight though dim!
 'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er, 65
 Some inward trouble suddenly
 Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
 A remnant of uneasy light,
 A flash of something over-bright!
 Nor long this mystery did detain 70
 My thoughts;—she told in pensive strain

64 so 1827:1 look'd, I scann'd her o'er and o'er MS.-1820 65 so 1827:
 And, looking, wondered more and more MS.; The more I look'd I wondered
 more 1807-20

66-7 so 1837: When suddenly I seemed to espy
 A trouble in her strong black eye MS.-1820
 A moment gave me to espy
 A trouble etc. 1827, 1832

70-71 so 1827: And soon she made this matter plain
 And told me, in a thoughtful [cheerful MS.] strain, MS.-
 1820

That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
 Ill health of body; and had pined
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind. 75

So be it!—but let praise ascend
 To Him who is our lord and friend!
 Who from disease and suffering
 Hath called for thee a second spring;
 Repaid thee for that sore distress 80
 By no untimely joyousness;
 Which makes of thine a blissful state;
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

XVI

[Composed September 25, 1803.—Published 1816.]
 FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!
 Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
 There let a mystery of joy prevail, 5
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not fail:
 And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child— 10
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and wild—
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XVII

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO THE
 VALE OF GRASMERE

[Composed probably December, 1806.—Published 1807.]

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
 Have romped enough, my little Boy!

78/9 As bad almost as Life can bring MS.

XVI. 1 Harbinger, 1837: spirit, fly MS.-1832 Grasmere-dale 1827: Grasmere Vale MS.-1820 3 so 1837: Glad tidings!—spread them over MS.-1832 6 so 1837: The Kitten frolic with unruly might, MS.-1820: The happy Kitten bound with frolic might, 1827-32

XVII. 2 Have 1827: We've 1807-20

Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest;
This corner is your own. 5

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly:
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland Boy. 10

A Highland Boy!—why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived. 15

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child. 20

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know. 25

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love. 30

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her. 35

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide. 40

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
 And thus from house to house would go;
 And all were pleased to hear and see,
 For none made sweeter melody
 Than did the poor blind Boy. 45
 Yet he had many a restless dream;
 Both when he heard the eagles scream,
 And when he heard the torrents roar,
 And heard the water beat the shore
 Near which their cottage stood. 50
 Beside a lake their cottage stood,
 Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
 But one of mighty size, and strange;
 That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
 And stirring in its bed. 55
 For to this lake, by night and day,
 The great Sea-water finds its way
 Through long, long windings of the hills,
 And drinks up all the pretty rills
 And rivers large and strong: 60
 Then hurries back the road it came—
 Returns, on errand still the same;
 This did it when the earth was new;
 And this for evermore will do,
 As long as earth shall last. 65
 And, with the coming of the tide,
 Come boats and ships that safely ride
 Between the woods and lofty rocks;
 And to the shepherds with their flocks
 Bring tales of distant lands. 70
 And of those tales, whatever they were,
 The blind Boy always had his share;
 Whether of mighty towns, or vales
 With warmer suns and softer gales,
 Or wonders of the Deep. 75
 Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
 When from the water-side he heard
 The shouting, and the jolly cheers;
 The bustle of the mariners
 In stillness or in storm. 80

But what do his desires avail ?
 For He must never handle sail;
 Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
 In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
 Upon the rocking waves. 85

His Mother often thought, and said,
 What sin would be upon her head
 If she should suffer this: "My Son,
 Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
 The danger is so great." 90

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
 Still sounding with the sounding tide,
 And heard the billows leap and dance,
 Without a shadow of mischance,
 Till he was ten years old. 95

When one day (and now mark me well,
 Ye soon shall know how this befel)
 He in a vessel of his own
 On the swift flood is hurrying down,
 Down to the mighty Sea. 100

In such a vessel never more
 May human creature leave the shore!
 If this or that way he should stir,
 Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
 For death will be his doom. 105

But say what bears him ?—Ye have seen
 The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,

91 Levin 1807-20

98-9 He in ... flood is 1827: He 'a in ... water 1807-20 100 Down to
 1839: Towards 1807-32 101-2 never more May 1815: ne'er before
 Did 1807

106-60 so 1827: Strong is the current; but be mild,
 Ye waves, and spare the helpless Child!
 If ye in anger fret or chafe,
 A Bee-hive would be ship as safe
 As that in which he sails.

But say, what was it ? Thought of fear!
 Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
 —A Household Tub, like one of those
 Which women use to wash their clothes,
 This carried the blind Boy.

Close to the water he had found
 This Vessel, push'd it from dry ground,

Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
 Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
 Are brought in ships from far. no

Such gifts had those seafaring men
 Spread round that haven in the glen;
 Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
 And to the Boy they all were known—
 He knew and prized them all. 115

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
 Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
 A shell of ample size, and light
 As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
 That sportive dolphins drew. 120

And, as a Coracle that braves
 On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
 This shell upon the deep would swim,
 And gaily lift its fearless brim
 Above the tossing surge. 125

And this the little blind Boy knew;
 And he a story strange yet true
 Had heard, how in a shell like this
 An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
 Had stoutly launched from shore; 130

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian isles, where lay
 His father's ship, and had sailed far—
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful shell. 135

Went into it; and, without dread,
 Following the fancies in his head,
 He paddled up and down. 1807

1815-20 as 1827 *but*, 116-25:

And one, the rarest, was a Shell
 Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
 The Shell of a green Turtle, thin
 And hollow;—you might sit therein,
 It was so wide and deep.

'Twas even the largest of its kind,
 Large, thin, and light as birch-tree rind;
 So light a Shell that it would swim,
 And gaily lift its fearless brim
 Above the tossing waves. 1815

Our Highland Boy oft visited
 The house that held this prize; and, led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred. 140

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind;—
 A bold thought roused him, and he took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head. 145

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair. 150

A while he stood upon his feet;
 He felt the motion—took his seat;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked, and sucked him in. 155

And there he is in face of Heaven.
 How rapidly the Child is driven!
 The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye. 160

But when he was first seen, oh me
 What shrieking and what misery!
 For many saw; among the rest
 His Mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind Boy. 165

145 in his arms 1815-20 and 146-60:

And with the happy burthen hied,
 And pushed it from Loch Levin's side,—
 Stepped into it; and without dread
 Following the fancies in his head,
 He paddled up and down. 1815-20

153-5 80 1827: And dallied thus, till from the shore
 The tide retreating more and more
 Had sucked, etc. 1807-20

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy!
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed. 170

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!
 For, if good Angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This Child will take no harm. 175

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled—all is still. 180

And quickly with a silent crew
 A boat is ready to pursue;
 And from the shore their course they take,
 And swiftly down the running lake
 They follow the blind Boy. 185

But soon they move with softer pace;
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar; 190

Or as the wily sailors crept
 To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
 The hapless creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,
 They steal upon their prey. 195

With sound the least that can be made,
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent. 200

"*Lei-gha—Lei-glia*"—he then cried out,
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout;

186-95 so 1815: *not in 1807* 201-2 so 1837: then did he cry ... most
 eagerly 1807-32

Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was "Keep away,
 And leave me to myself!" 205

Alas! and when he felt their hands—
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air; 210

So all his dreams—that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright—
 All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known. 215

But hark! a gratulating voice,
 With which the very hills rejoice:
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Have watched the event, and now can see
 That he is safe at last. 220

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which, gathering round, did on the banks
 Of that great Water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child. 225

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind Boy's little dog took part;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation. 230

But most of all, his Mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy. 235

She led him home, and wept amain,
 When he was in the house again:
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes;
 She kissed him—how could she chastise?
 She was too happy far. 240

219 Have 1837: Had 1807-32
 or chastise 1807-27

239 so 1832: She could not blame him,

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore. 245

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell;
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved. 250

Note.—It is recorded in Dampier's *Voyages*, that a boy, son of the captain of a *Man-of-War*, seated himself in a *Turtle-shell*, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814

I

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF
LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY
INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME
OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

[Composed perhaps 1814.—Published 1820.]

I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore; 5
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;) 5
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found;
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised. 10

II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle 15
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom! 20

III

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;

1 50 1837: To swampy heath and quaking fen MS.

To barren heath, and quaking fen 1820-32

2 Or depth of] Dark moor and MS. 21-2 Upon . . . When madding]
When on ... Distempered MS.

Whither, at length, a Wretch retired 25
 Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
 He, struggling in the net of pride,
 The future scorned, the past defied;
 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge! 30

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
 Who stood and flourished face to face
 With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
 Brought low a Power, which from its home 35
 Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
 And, taking impulse from the sword,
 And, mocking its own plighted word,
 Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
 Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt! 40

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
 Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
 No right had he but what he made
 To this small spot, his leafy shade;
 But the ground lay within that ring 45
 To which he only dared to cling;
 Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
 The craven few who bowed the head
 Beneath the change; who heard a claim
 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame. 50

31-40 Last of an else extinguished Highland clan,
 Last glimmering spark, was this rude Man;
 Sole remnant of a haughty race,
 Who stood and flourished face to face
 With their perennial hills; but Time
 Brought low a power that could not climb,
 Though from its well defended Home
 When, sword in hand, it chose to roam,
 Its warfare's bourne, its travel's belt
 Was devastation widely dealt. MS.

44 small] lone MS.

47 For less than exiled, worse than dead MS.

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent:
 Till they, who saw his outward frame,
 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
 Him, free from all malicious taint, 55
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
 A pen unwearied—to indite,
 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 The faded glories of his Clan! 60

vii

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
 And stars that in their courses fought;
 Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
 Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
 And beast and bird that from the spell 65
 Of sleep took import terrible;—
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 Of matter for the dawning day! 70

VIII

How disappeared He ?—ask the newt and toad,
 Inheritors of his abode;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene 75
 Of aspect winning and serene;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun!
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight. 80

51 From year to year] In Being's scale MS.

63-8 Till he, half dreaded, half disdained

The title of a *Brownie* gained;

He who to no malicious taint

Was subject—like the Patmos Saint,

His ruling care, his chief delight

To pen by day the dreams of night; MS.

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—
 Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws 85
 His soul into the briar-rose;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den. 90

X

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot
 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
 (High Servant of paternal Love)
 Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie 95
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
 Close-crowding round the infant-god;
 All colours,—and the liveliest streak
 A foil to his celestial cheek! 100

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

[Composed perhaps 1814.—Published 1820.]

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
 All over his dear Country; left the deeds
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
 Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

LOUD of the vale! astounding Flood;
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power;
 The caves reply with hollow moan;
 And vibrates, to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented Tower!

5

85 flaunting] wanton MS.

II. 6 central] corner (*but corr.*) MS.

And yet how fair the rural scene!
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep 10
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
 To look on thee—delight to rove
 Where they thy voice can hear; 15
 And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
 Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
 In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
 Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight; 20
 Or stands, in warlike vest,
 Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
 A Champion worthy of the stream,
 Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide 25
 A Form not doubtfully descried:—
 Their transient mission o'er,
 O say to what blind region flee
 These Shapes of awful phantasy?
 To what untrodden shore? 30

Less than divine command they spurn;
 But this we from the mountains learn,
 And this the valleys show;
 That never will they deign to hold
 Communion where the heart is cold 35
 To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
 Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
 Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
 That still invests the guardian Pass, 40
 Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
 Devoted to the tomb.

7-18 *not in MS.* 19 Along thy banks] 'Tis said that here MS.

20 Sweeps] Glides MS. 21 warlike vest] armour drest MS.

25-6 His voice in desperate battles tried
 Surmounts the thunder of the Clyde; MS.

And let no Slave his head incline,
 Or kneel, before the votive shrine
 By Uri's lake, where Tell 45
 Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
 Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
 That day the Tyrant fell.

III

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR
 DUNKELD

[Composed 1814(?).—Published 1827.]

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT He—who, mid the kindred throng
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,
 Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
 The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!
 What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall, 5
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
 To serve—an unsuspected screen
 For show that must not yet be seen;
 And, when the moment comes, to part
 And vanish by mysterious art; 10
 Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
 For ingress to a world of wonder:
 A gay saloon, with waters dancing
 Upon the sight wherever glancing;
 One loud cascade in front, and lo! 15
 A thousand like it, white as snow—

43-8 so 1845: Nor deem that it can aught avail
 For such to glide with oar or sail
 Beneath the piny wood,
 Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
 His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
 Their thirst in Tyrants' blood. MS.-1837

Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
 As active round the hollow dome,
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors, 20
 That catch the pageant from the flood
 Thundering adown a rocky wood.
 What pains to dazzle and confound!
 What strife of colour, shape and sound
 In this quaint medley, that might seem 25
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,
 When disenchanted from the mood
 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood! 30

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,
 Ever averse to pantomime—
 Thee neither do they know nor us 35
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
 Else verily the sober powers
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
 Exalted by congenial sway
 Of Spirits, and the undying Lay, 40
 And Names that moulder not away,
 Had wakened some redeeming thought
 More worthy of this favoured Spot;
 Recalled some feeling—to set free
 The Bard from such indignity! 45

The Effigies¹ of a valiant Wight
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest
 On tombs, with palms together prest,
 But sculptured out of living stone, 50
 And standing upright and alone,

¹ On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough.

III. 23-6 so 1837: *not in* 1827-32 32 Throughout thy infinite (num-
 berless) transitions C 33 sublime, C: sublime— 1827-49 34
 pantomime— C: pantomime, 1827-49 37 verily 1832: surely had
 1827 42 Had wakened 1832: Awakened 1827

Both hands with rival energy
 Employed in setting his sword free
 From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell; 55
 As if with memory of the affray
 Far distant, when, as legends say,
 The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
 That in their keeping it might lie, 60
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.
 So had they rushed into the grot
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,
 And torn him from his loved retreat,
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat 65
 Still hint that quiet best is found,
 Even by the *Living*, under ground;
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
 Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
 There where you see his Image stand 70
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
 Which lingering NID is proud to show
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise: 75
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,
 Might some aspiring artist dare
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present 80
 Of imitable lineament,
 And give the phantom an array
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
 Then let him hew with patient stroke
 An Ossian out of mural rock, 85
 And leave the figurative Man—
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep;

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814	105
With local sanctities in trust, More precious than a hermit's dust; And virtues through the mass infused, Which old idolatry abused.	90
What though the Granite would deny All fervour to the sightless eye; And touch from rising suns in vain Solicit a Memnonian strain; Yet, in some fit of anger sharp, The wind might force the deep-grooved harp To utter melancholy moans Not unconnected with the tones Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones; While grove and river notes would lend, Less deeply sad, with these to blend!	95 100
Vain pleasures of luxurious life, For ever with yourselves at strife; Through town and country both deranged By affectations interchanged, And all the perishable gauds That heaven-deserted man applauds; When will your hapless patrons learn To watch and ponder—to discern The freshness, the everlasting youth, Of admiration sprung from truth; From beauty infinitely growing Upon a mind with love o'erflowing— To sound the depths of every Art That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?	105 110 115
Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced With baubles of theatric taste, O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers On motley bands of alien flowers In stiff confusion set or sown, Till Nature cannot find her own, Or keep a remnant of the sod Which Caledonian Heroes trod) I mused; and, thirsting for redress, Recoiled into the wilderness.	120 125

IV
YARROW VISITED
SEPTEMBER, 1814

[Composed 1814.—Published 1815.]

(See page 83.)

AND is this—Yarrow ?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream ?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near, 5
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings; 10
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills 15
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness; 20
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower 25
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning, 30
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

IV. 2-3 Of which so long I cherished
A fancy dear to waking thought MS.
6 notes] words MS. 13 With her own depths MS.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove, 35
 The leafy grove that covers:
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow! 40
 But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation:
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread, 45
 A softness still and holy;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.
 That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature, 50
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature;
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a Ruin hoary!
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers, 55
 Renowned in Border story.
 Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in;
 For manhood to enjoy his strength;
 And age to wear away in! 60
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
 A covert for protection
 Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
 The brood of chaste affection.
 How sweet, on this autumnal day, 65
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,
 And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather!

62 A covert for 1820: It promises 1815

 63-4 so 1827: To studious ease and generous cares
 And every chaste affection! MS., 1815
 To all the nestling brood of thoughts
 Sustained by chaste affection. 1820

66 wild-wood 1827: wild-wood's MS.-1820

And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason; 70
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives— 75
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure. 80

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go, 85
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY

PART I

I

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest 5
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot 10
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

II

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

[Composed August, 1802.—Published January 29, 1803 (*Morning Post*);
1807.]

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind, 5
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
⁵Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown 10
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were frown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

POEMS ETC. 1845: SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY 1807-43

I. 10 so 1837: it is England; there it lies MS.-1832

II. 8 «o MS. M, 1807 :Thusfaresitever. Men of prostrate Mind! 1803 (M, P)

III

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES,

AUGUST 7, 1802

[Composed August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

JONES ! as from Calais southward you and I
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day.¹
 When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:
 A homeless sound of joy was in the sky: 5
 From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
 Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, mirth,
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
 And now, sole register that these things were,
 Two solitary greetings have I heard, 10
 "Good morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,
 As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair
 Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
 Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.²

IV

1801

[Composed May 21, 1802.—Published September 6, 1802 (*Morning Post*);
 January 29, 1803 (*Ibid.*); 1807.]

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain
 And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
 Of that Man's mind—what can it be ? what food

July 14, 1790.

² See Note.

III. 1 as 1837: when MS.-1820: while 1820-32

2-4 so 1837: Travell'd on foot together; then this Way,

Which I am pacing now, was like the May

With festivals of new-born Liberty. MS.-1815, *but* MS. Where... walking *for* Which ... pacingUrged our accordant steps, this public way *etc.* as 1837, 1820-326 so 1845: The antiquated Earth, as one might say, MS.-1832: ... hopeful
and gay 1837-8 7 mirth 1845: play MS.-1838

13-14 so 1827: I feel not: happy am I as a bird

Fair seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair MS.-1815; so

1820 *but* jocund as a warbling Bird:IV. 2-4 tenderest mood ... gain 1837: so MS., MS. M, 1807, *but* vital
blood *for* tenderest mood;

for, who aspires

To genuine greatness but from just desires,

And knowledge such as *He* could never gain ? 1815-32; so MS. 2 *but*
pure *for* just

Fed his first hopes ? what knowledge could *he* gain ?
 Tis not in battles that from youth we train 5
 The Governor who must be wise and good,
 And temper with the sternness of the brain
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees :
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk 10
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
 Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
 By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
 True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

V

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802

[Composed August 15, 1802.—Published February 26, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names:
 This is young Buonaparte's natal day,
 And his is henceforth an established sway—
 Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
 Her approbation, and with pomps and games. 5
 Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
 Calais is not: and I have bent my way
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
 His business as he likes. Far other show
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time; 10
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
 Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
 The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

V. 8 coast] shore MS., MS. M

9-10 so 1827:

Another time

That was, when I was here long [twelve MS., MS. M, 1803]
 years ago; MS.-1815:

Far different time

That was, which here I witnessed, long ago; 1820

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free; 5
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay; 10
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

VII

THE KING OF SWEDEN

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THE voice of song from distant lands shall call
 To that great King; shall hail the crowned Youth
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
 By one example hath set forth to all
 How they with dignity may stand; or fall, 5
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?
 And what to him and his shall be the end ?
 That thought is one which neither can appal
 Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede hath done
 The thing which ought to be; is raised *above* 10
 All consequences: work he hath begun
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.¹

VIII

TO TOTSSAINT I/OTTVERTURE

[Composed probably August, 1802.—Published February 2, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

TOTSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—

¹ See Note.

VII. 2 great 1807-43, 1845: bold 1838 10 is raised 1845: He stands 1807-43

VIII. 2-4 so 1827: Whether the rural Milk-maid by her Cow
 Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now
 Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den, MSS.-1807

O miserable Chieftain! where and when 5
 Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies; 10
 There 's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

IX

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

[Composed September 1, 1802.—Published February 11, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
 From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
 A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim 5
 She sate, from notice turning not away,
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay
 A weight of languid speech, or to the same
 No sign of answer made by word or face:

Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
 His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
 Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den, 1815

Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or Thou liest now

Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;— 1820

IX. 1 so 1845: so MS., 1803-20, 1838, *but* fellow/or female
 Driven from the soil of France a Female came 1827—43

2 spotless 1845: gaudy MSS.-1820: brilliant 1827-43 3 A white-
 robed Negro 1845: A Negro Woman MSS.-1843 4 downcast 1827;
 silent MSS.-1820

6 so 1827: Dejected, downcast, meek, and more than tame MSS., 1803
 Dejected, meek, yea pitiaibly tame 1807-20

7 so 1827: But on our proffer'd kindness still did lay MSS.-1820
 8-9 so 1845: or at the same

Was silent, motionless in eyes and face MSS.-1843

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire, 10
 That, burning independent of the mind,
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
 To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind!
 And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

X

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF
 LANDING

[Composed August 30, 1802.—Published 1807.]

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
 Of bells;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;— 5
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
 With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.
 Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free, 10
 My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
 Of England once again, and hear and see,
 With such a dear Companion at my side.

XI

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France—the coast of France how near!

10-12 50 1845: She was a Negro Woman out of (driv'n from 1807-20) France
 Rejected, like all others of that race

Not one of whom may now find footing there; MSS.—1820
 1827-38 as 1845, but Meanwhile those eyes 1827-32, Yet still those eyes
 1837-43

13-14 so 1827: What is the meaning of this ordinance?
 Dishonour'd Despots, tell us if ye dare, 1803
 This the poor Out-cast did to us declare,
 Nor murmur'd at the unfeeling Ordinance MS., 1807-20

So MS. M, but I. 14 Gently, nor murmured at the

X. 1 so 1827: Dear fellow Traveller! here we are once more. MS.-1820
 3 who 1820: that MS.-1815 4-5 and the roar . . . shore 1815: by the
 score, And even this little River's gentle roar MS., 1807 14 at 1807:
 by MS.

Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood 5
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
 A span of waters; yet what power is there!
 What mightiness for evil and for good!
 Even so doth God protect us if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll, 10
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

XII

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

[Composed 1806 or early in 1807.—Published 1807.]

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee 5
 Thou f ought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left; 10
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

XIII

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5

XIII. 1 O Friend!] Coleridge! MSS.: O thou proud City! which way shall I look 1838 *only*

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore: 10
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV

LONDON, 1802

[Composed September, 1802.—Published 1807.]

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV

[Composed probably 1802.—Published 1807.]

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penned
 And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
 These moralists could act and comprehend: 5
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
 In splendour: what strength was, that would not bend
 But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then. 10
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!

XIV. 14 herself 1820: itself 1807-15

XV. 4 Young Vane, and Cyriae Skinner, Milton's Friend MS.

No single volume paramount, no code,
 No master spirit, no determined road;
 But equally a want of books and men!

XVI

[Composed 1802 or 1803.—Published April 16, 1803 (*Morning Post*); 1807.]

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood 5
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old: 10
 We must be free or'die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII

[Composed 1802 or 1803.—Published September 17, 1803 (*Morning Post*);
 1807.]

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed ? 5
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; 10

XVI. 5—6 so 1827: Road by which all might come and go that would,
 And bear out freights of worth to foreign Lands;
 MS. M.-1820

11 be MS. M., 1807: live MS., 1803

XVII. 6 Now 1845: But MS.-1843

9 so 1845: But dearly *etc.* 1807-37 and 1840-3: Most dearly *etc.* 1838: But
 dearly do I prize thee, for I find MS., 1803 10 for 1827: of MS.-1820

And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

XVIII

OCTOBER, 1803

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

ONE might believe that natural miseries
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land
 Unfit for men; and that in one great band
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.
 But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze 5
 Shed gentle favours: rural works are there,
 And ordinary business without care;
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!
 How piteous then that there should be such dearth
 Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite 10
 To work against themselves such fell despite:
 Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth,
 Impatient to put out the only light
 Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

XIX

[Composed 1803(?)—Published 1807.]

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
 Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear 5
 Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he must share
 With Human-nature? Never be it ours
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine, 10
 And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

XVIII. 9 Piteous it is that *etc.* MSS.

XIX. 1 so 1827: There is a bondage which is worse to bear 1807-20

XX

OCTOBER, 1803

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay:
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair :
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day 5
 And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
 Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin 10
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

XXI

[Composed probably 1803.—Published 1807.]

ENGLAND ! the time is come when thou should'st wean
 Thy heart from its emasculating food;
 The truth should now be better understood;
 Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been 5
 But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, thou would'st step between.
 England! all nations in this charge agree:
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate, 10
 Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
 Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee!

XXII

OCTOBER, 1803

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,
 I see one man, of men the meanest too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,

With mighty Nations for his underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings 5
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God! 10
 I measure back the steps which I have trod;
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1807.]

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
 To France be words of invitation sent! 5
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath; 10
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
 No parleying now. In Britain is one breath;
 We all are with you now from shore to shore;—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

XXIV

[Composed 1803 ?—Published 1837.]

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
 The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
 Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
 Striking through English breasts the anarchy
 Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie 5

XXII. 8 a doubt almost 1845: almost a doubt MS.-1843 12 whence
 proceeds 1827: as I do MS.-1820

XXIII. 3 Her 1827: Its MS.-1820: Its haughty forehead 'gainst MS. M
 XXIV. *For early version of this Sonnet v. notes.* 2 must foreign]

shall countless MS. 3-4 Of slaves triumphant over thoughts and
 words Strike into MS.

Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?
 Yields every thing to discipline of swords ?
 Is man as good as man, none low, none high ?—
 Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
 The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout, 10
 When in some great extremity breaks out
 A people, on their own beloved Land
 Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
 Of a just God for liberty and right.

XXV

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION
 1803

[Composed 1803.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
 And, like Moritrose, make Loyalty your pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display 5
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pymms and Miltons of that day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear 10
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
 Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all, 15
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call;
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
 Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
 But British reason and the British sword. 20

10 quell] stem MS.

12-14 A people firm, and with one heart and hand
 Scattering, till God hath clothed in deeds his curse
 Of the Oppressor, scattering man and horse. MS.

XXV. 6 regal] lineal MS., *corr.*

XXVI

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803

[Composed October, 1803.—Published 1803 (*The Poetical Register*, iii. 340);
1804 (*The Anti-Gallican*); 1807.]

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done. 5
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!
Make merry, wives! ye little children, stun
Your grandames' ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine must be 10
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys:—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1806

[Composed 1806.—Published 1807.]

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know 5
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land 10
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

XXVI. 9 grandames' MS. M: grandame's 1807-50: pleasure 1807-50
except transport 1838: transports C 12 so MS. M, 1807: The loss and
e'en the prospect of the slain 1803, 1804, MS. 14 so MS. M, 1807: True
glory, everlasting sanctity 1803, 1804

XXVII. 4 dare 1827: dares 1807-20 12 servile 1820: venal 1807-15

XXVIII

ODE

I

[Composed probably January, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath ?
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!
 But they are ever playing, 5
 And twinkling in the light,
 And, if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite;
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
 And calls a look of love into her face, 10
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
 —Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt I
 But She through many a change of form hath gone, 15
 And stands amidst you now an armed creature,
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
 But the live scales of a portentous nature;
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth! 20

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest:
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
 In many a midnight vision bowed
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld, 25
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
 Seemed to bisect her orbéd shield,
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

19 forced 1845: wrought 1816-43

22-4 so 1827: My soul in many a midnight vision bowed

Before the meanings which her spear expressed; 1816-20

27-8 so 1827: Seemed to bisect the orbit of her shield,

Like to a long blue bar of solid cloud 1816-20

29 so 1845: At evening stretched across the fiery West 1816-20; Across the setting Sun, and through the fiery West 1827-32: . . . sun—and through all the fiery West 1837-43

III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy! 30
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
 —Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell ?
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast 35
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.
 Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—
 Is this the only change that time can show ? 40
 How long shall vengeance sleep ? Ye patient Heavens, how long ?
 —Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might,
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right! 45

IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
 Among the lurking powers 50
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
 That Man may be accomplished for a task
 Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why ?
 If, when that interference hath relieved him, 55
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness—and lie
 Till the caves roar,—and imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived him. 60

V

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
 The course of things, and change the creed
 Which hath been held aloft before men's sight

38/9 Which, when they first received her, she had blest: 1816-20
 61 may'st 1827: might'st 1816-20

Since the first framing of societies,
 Whether, as bards have told in ancient song, 65
 Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
 Or prest together by the appetite,
 And by the power, of wrong.

PART II

I

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY

[Composed ?—Published 1815.]

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,
 And to the people at the Isthmian Games
 Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
 THE LIBERTY or GREECE :—the words rebound
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned; 5
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
 And birds, high flying in the element,
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
 Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
 Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear: 10
 Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear:
 Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!
 A gift of that which is not to be given
 By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

II

UPON THE SAME EVENT

[Composed?—Published 1815.]

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
 The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
 And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
 The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
 " 'Tis known," cried they, "that he, who would adorn 5
 His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
 Must either win, through effort of his own,
 The prize, or be content to see it worn

I. 2 people at 1837: concourse of 1815-32 3 so 1837: He, by his
 Herald's voice, aloud proclaims 1815-32 6-8 was . . . Dropped] is ...
 Drops 1838 *only*
 9-10 so 1837: A melancholy Echo of that noise
 Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear: 1815-32

By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
 Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon, 10
 Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
 As if the wreath of liberty thereon
 Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
 Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

III

TO THOMAS CLABKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL
 FOB THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE. MARCH, 1807

[Composed March, 1807.—Published 1807.]

CLABKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
 How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
 Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
 But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
 Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime, 5
 Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time,
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn! 10
 The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn;
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
 Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!

IV.

A PBOPHECY

FEBRUARY, 1807

[Composed 1807.—Published 1807.]

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!
 Thus in your books the record shall be found,
 "A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—
 ABMINITTS!—all the people quaked like dew
 Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation, true, 5
 True to herself—the mighty Germany,
 She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
 All power was given her in the dreadful trance;

III. 5 that enterprise 1837: this pilgrimage 1807-32 9 so 1837: With
 unabating effort, see, the palm 1807-32 11 blood-stained 1837: bloody
 1807-32 12 wilt 1837: shalt 1807-32

IV. 6 herself 1820: itself 1807-15

Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame." 10
 —Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
 To that Bavarian who could first advance
 His banner in accursed league with France,
 First open traitor to the German name!

V

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GBASMEBE LAKE

[Composed 1807.—Published 1819.]

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
 Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
 A vivid repetition of the stars;
 Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars 5
 Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
 At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
 Is it a mirror?—or the nether Sphere
 Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds 10
 Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice is near;
 Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
 "Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

VI

[Composed 1826?—Published 1827.]

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
 The genuine mien and character would trace
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
 Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise; 5
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
 For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,

12 could 1837: did 1807-32 14 the German 1837: her sacred 1807-15: a sacred 1820-32

V. 1 so 1827: Eve's lingering clouds extend MS.-1820 4 A bright reduplication of the stars MS.

10-11 so 1837: Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds

On the rich shew! MS.-1820: 1827-32 as 1837, but it... its for she... her

VI. 1-2 ... ere disguise Was thought of, ere a mask concealed the face MS. 5 so 1837: See, at her call, etc. MS., 1827-32: Then see the Tower of Babel heavenward rise MS.

Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
 Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
 See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
 For his field-pastime high and absolute,
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

10

VII

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WHITING A
 TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA
 [Composed November or December, 1808.—Published 1816.]

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

5

10

VIII

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION
 [Composed November or December, 1808.—Published 1815.]

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the Wind
 That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost—
 A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
 To the general sense of men by chains confined
 Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
 To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
 Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,

5

9—14 See the first mighty Hunter in pursuit
 Of Man, by armies of his Fellows back'd,
 See those who, while the elements are rack'd
 With spell and glamorous ritual, better mute,
 Hope from the sickly turmoil to extract
 The thing they crave, the obnoxious law uproot. MS.

VII. 13 whence 1827: where 1815-20

Like acceptance from the World will find.
 Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
 A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past; 10
 And to the attendant promise will give heed—
 The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
 Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
 Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

IX

HOFER

[Composed 1809.—Published October 26, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?
 Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
 Returned to animate an age forlorn ?
 He comes like Phoebus through the gates of morn 5
 When dreary darkness is discomfited,
 Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
 O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
 From van to rear—and with one mind would flee, 10
 But half their host is buried:—rock on rock
 Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see!
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X

[Composed 1809.—Published October 26, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1816.]

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
 Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
 Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
 And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound; 5
 Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
 Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
 Cliffs, woods arid caves, her viewless steps resound
 And babble of her pastime!—On, dread Power!
 With such invisible motion speed thy flight, 10
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,

IX. HOFER] Hoffer 1815-50 7 modest 1815:" simple 1809 8 so
 1815: A Heron's feather for a crest 1809 10-11 so 1837: The Murderers
 are aghast; they strive to flee, And 1809-32

Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower—
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

THE Land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die;
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—we must! 5
We read the dictate in the infant's eye;
In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart! 10
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII

[Composed 1809.—Published November 16, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest 5
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say, 10
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

XI. 13 so 1837: With weapons in the fearless hand 1809-32

XII. 3 pains 1815: pain 1809 4 And 1815: Or 1809

XIII

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
 There, and there only, that the heart is true ?
 And, rising to repel or to subdue,
 Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails ?
 Ah no! though Nature's dread protection fails, 5
 There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
 Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
 By Palafox, and many a brave compeer, 10
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
 And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
 The bread which without industry they find.

XIV

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
 A Godhead, like the universal PAN ;
 But more exalted, with a brighter train:
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain, 5
 Showered equally on city and on field,
 And neither hope nor stedfast promise yield
 In these usurping times of fear and pain ?
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws 10
 To which the triumph of all good is given,
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
 Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye
 Of man converse with immortality ?

XV

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE

[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

IT was a *moral* end for which they fought;
 Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
 Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,

A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought; 5
 For in their magnanimity and fame
 Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
 Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
 Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
 We know that ye, beneath the stern control 10
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul:
 And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
 Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
 For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI

[Composed 1809.—Published 1815.]

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
 Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
 These desolate remains are trophies high 5
 Of more than martial courage in the breast
 Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
 Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
 Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved 10
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
 Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
 And law was from necessity received.

XVII

[Composed 1809 ?—Published 1815.]

SAY, what is Honour ?—'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence 5
 Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
 Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
 Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust; 10
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—

XVII. 6 so 1837: A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale 1815-32

A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII

[Composed October or November, 1809.—Published 1816.]

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
 Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain 5
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
 A weight of hostile corses: drenched with gore
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
 Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold! 10
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
 Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
 Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
 To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XIX

[Composed after May, 1809.—Published 1816.]

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night: 5
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
 Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives 10
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX

[Composed 1809.—Published 1816.]

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee;
 Who slighted fear; rejected stedfastly

XIX. 5 crossing a dark 1837: in a darksome 1815-32

Temptation; and whose kingly name and state
 Have "perished by his choice, and not his fate!" 5
 Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared;
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
 He sits a more exalted Potentate,
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
 That this great Servant of a righteous cause 10
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
 Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.¹

XXI

[Composed 1809.—Published 1816.]

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid
 His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel slight
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
 By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed; 5
 And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
 Round which the elements of wordly might
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
 O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate, 10
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
 And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
 Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
 By violent and ignominious death.

XXII

[Composed probably 1809.—Published 1815.]

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom
 Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
 A dungeon dark! where he must waste the year,
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear; 5
 What time his injured country is a stage
 Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage

¹ See note to Sonnet VII, page 112.

Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
 Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
 With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:— 10
 Say can he think of this with mind serene
 And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
 When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII

1810

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

AH ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor pen
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave ?
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
 Of pitying human-nature ? Once again 5
 Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
 And through all Europe cheer desponding men
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right. 10
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
 Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
 On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

XXIV

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright, 5
 They bind the unoffending creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
 Then do a festal company unite
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne 10
 Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed,—her loss

The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn;
 But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued:
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

XXV

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS

1810

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes
 With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
 Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse than vain
 To gather round the bier these festal shows.
 A garland fashioned of the pure white rose 5
 Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
 Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
 These venerable mountains now enclose
 A people sunk in apathy and fear.
 If this endure, farewell, for us, all good! 10
 The awful light of heavenly innocence
 Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
 And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
 Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI

THE OAK OF GUERNICA

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

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

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
 Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
 (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
 Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—
 How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour? 5

11-13 so 1837: . . . her piteous loss The lonesome Mother cannot chuse
 but mourn: Yet soon by 1815-32 14 so 1838: Or joy 1837: And joy
 attends upon her fortitude 1815-32

What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
 Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
 The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?
 Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
 Which should extend thy branches on the ground, 10
 If never more within their shady round
 Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

1810

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,
 Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
 Return us to the dust from which we came;
 Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:
 And we can brook the thought that by his hands 5
 Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
 For his delight, a solemn wilderness
 Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
 Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
 Of benefits, and of a future day 10
 When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
 Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
 That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

XXVIII

[Composed probably 1810.—Published 1815.]

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
 I better like a blunt indifference,
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
 To win me at first sight: and be there joined 5
 Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
 Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;
 Affections which, if put to proof, are kind ;

And piety towards God. Such men of old
 Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain, 10
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such remain:
 Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;
 For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

XXIX

1810

[Composed 1810.—Published 1815.]

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
 On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
 But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health;
 Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
 To the paternal floor; or turn aside, 5
 In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
 As being all unworthy to detain
 A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
 There are who cannot languish in this strife,
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good 10
 Of such high course was felt and understood;
 Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
 Ere while, by solemn consecration, given
 To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.¹

XXX

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS

[Composed 1810 or 1811.—Published 1815.]

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
 From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
 These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,
 The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last, 5
 Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a flight
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
 So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
 With combinations of long-practised art

¹ See Laborde's Character of the Spanish people; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled— 10
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:
 Where now?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart!
 And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
 And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI

SPANISH GUERRILLAS

1811

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes,
 For they have learnt to open and to close
 The ridges of grim war; and at their head 5
 Are captains such as erst their country bred
 Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those
 Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose;
 Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.
 In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life
 Redoubted Viriathus breathes again; 10
 And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
 With that great Leader¹ vies, who, sick of strife
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
 In some green island of the western main.

XXXII

1811

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
 But who the limits of that power shall trace
 Which a brave People into light can bring 5
 Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
 By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
 No eye can follow, to a fatal place
 That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind

¹ Sertorius.

XXXI. 10 Viriathus] Viriatus 1815-50

XXXII. 2 space 1827: place 1815-20 3, 6 shall . . . may 1827: can
. . . can 1815-20

Within its awful caves.—From year to year 10
 Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
 No craft this subtle element can bind,
 Rising like water from the soil, to find
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXIII

1811

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

HEBE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
 In the worst moment of these evil days;
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays, 5
 For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth depart—
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt 10
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

XXXIV

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13

[Composed February, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
 A fond reflection of her own decay,
 Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
 Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain, 5
 As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow
 An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand. 10

XXXIV. 3-5 so 1820: ... like a shrunken, old,
 And close-wrapt Traveller—through the weary
 day-
 Propped on a staff, and limping 1816

These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole 15
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth; 20
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be bold? 25
Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride, 30
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find 35
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

XXXV

ON THE SAME OCCASION

[Composed 1816.—Published 1816.]

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing! 5
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain; 10

Whisper it to the billows of the main,
 And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
 That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

XXXVI

[Composed November or December, 1822.—Published 1827.]

BY Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
 Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
 Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
 The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
 To rob our Human-nature of just praise 5
 For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure
 She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
 Of Providence. But now did the Most High
 Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that Host 10
 Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
 He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
 Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
 "Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"

XXXVII

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

[Composed 1820.—Published 1822 (*Memorials of a Tour*, etc.).]

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the field throughout
 Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
 Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
 With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
 O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout 5
 That through the texture of yon azure dome
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home

XXXVI. 1-2 By self-devoted Moscow—by the blaze
 Of that dread MS.

4 unfeeling] impassive MS. 5 just] her MS.

6-8 Enough was done and suffered to insure

Final deliverance, absolute and pure;

Enough for faith, tracking the beaten ways MS.

10-14 . . . his wrath unshroud,

And lay his justice bare to mortal eye;

He who, of yore, by miracles spake aloud

As openly that purpose here avow'd,

Which only madness ventures to defy. MS.

XXXVII. 7-10 Cleaves . . . gaze 1827: Clove . . . gazed MS., 1822

Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
 The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view, 10
 As if all Germany had felt the shock!
 —Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
 Who have seen—their selves now casting off the yoke—
 The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1813

[Composed November, 1813.—Published 1815.]

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
 Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
 Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold night, 5
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind ensued,
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
 Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace 10
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
 Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
 (Though it were only for a moment's space)
 The triumphs of this hour, for they are THINE !

XXXIX

ODE

1814

[Composed January, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

—————Carmina possumus

Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,

Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis

- 9-12 Between dissevered Clouds of battle smoke
 Their own dear Rhine hath flashed upon the view
 Of men whose arm the Gallic bondage broke,
 Shall aught withstand the charge which they renew MS. *deleted*
 12 Gauls] Host MS. 13 now casting off 1837: delivered from MS.,
 1822-33
 XXXVIII. 6-7 Whose regal mind with matchless fortitude
 Maintained the cause of justice, and ensued MS.
 11 inner] inmost 1838 *only* 12 to embrace 1838-43: embrace MS.-1837

Post mortem ducibus,
 —————clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam—————Pierides; neque,
 Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris.—HOR. Car. 8. Lib. 4.

I

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed, 5
 A landscape more august than happiest skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove; 10
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows! 15
 But not a living creature could be seen
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
 Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the sky
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm, 20
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—

XXXIX. Carmina . . . tuleris etc. 1816, 1827-50, *appears in* 1820 as *Motto to "Thanksgiving Ode"*.

3-4 so 1827: And Fancy in her airy bower kept watch,
 Free to exert some kindly [her kindest 1820] influence 1816,
 1820

4/5 I saw—but little boots it that my verse
 A shadowy visitation should rehearse,
 For to our Shores such glory hath been brought,
 That dreams no brighter are than waking thought—1816, 1820

6 more august than 1827: richer than the 1816, 1820 9 Tower, town,
 and city—and suburban grove 1816, 1820 11-18 *not in* 1816, 1820
 17—18 so 1832: hushed in deep repose

Yea, even to sadness quiet and serene 1827
 19-20 so 1832: And, in a clouded quarter of the sky,
 Through such a portal as with cheerful eye 1816, 1820
 Amid this solitude of earth and sky,
 Through portal clear as loop-hole in a storm 1827

21-22 so 1832 (1827 radiant *for* glorious)

Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be;
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent 25
 He sought the regions of humanity,
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
 City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—
 "Though from my celestial home,
 Like a Champion, armed I come; 30
 On my helm the dragon crest,
 And the red cross on my breast;
 I, the Guardian of this Land,
 Speak not now of toilsome duty;
 Well obeyed was that command— 35
 Whence bright days of festive beauty;
 Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which summer gave
 Have perished in the field;
 But the green thickets plenteously shall yield
 Fit garlands for the brave, 40
 That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
 Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Matrons grave,
 Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
 And gather what ye find
 Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs— 45
 To deck your stern Defenders' modest brows!
 Such simple gifts prepare,
 Though they have gained a worthier meed;
 And in due time shall share
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths 50
 Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
 In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

II

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
 Along the surface of a spacious plain 55

The traveller greets in time of threatened storm,
 Issued, to sudden view, a radiant Form! 1816, 1820
 24 must 1845: may 1816-43 28 so 1827: My patriotic heart; —aloud
 it cried 1816, 1820 29-32 *not in* 1816, 1820 36 Whence bright
 days 1837: Days are come 1816, 1820: Hence bright days 1827, 1832
 39 shall 1820: will 1816

Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands
 Of a fair female train—
 Maids and Matrons, dight
 In robes of dazzling white; 60
 While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
 And a throng of rosy boys
 In loose fashion tell their joys;
 And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported, 65
 Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,
 "Thus strives a grateful Country to display
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay!"

III

Anon before my sight a palace rose
 Built of all precious substances,—so pure 70
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
 Ability like splendour to endure:
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate 75
 The heaven of sable night
 With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
 Upon a princely company below,
 While the vault rang with choral harmony, 80
 Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
 —No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
 Of exultation hung a dirge

60 dazzling 1827: purest 1816, 1820 61, 64, 66 bursts ... tell... look
 ... seem 1827: burst ... told ... looked ... seemed 1816, 1820
 69-83 so 1837 (1827-32, and *for yet in* 77)

Anon, I saw, beneath a dome of state,
 The feast dealt forth with bounty unconfined;
 And while the vaulted roof did emulate
 The starry heavens through splendour of the show,
 It rang with music,—and methought the wind
 Scattered the tuneful largess far and near,
 That they who asked not might partake the cheer,
 Who listened not could hear,
 Where'er the wild winds were allowed to blow!
 —That work reposing, on the verge
 Of busiest exultation hung a dirge, 1816, 1820

Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
 That kindled recollections 85
 Of agonised affections;
 And, though some tears the strain attended,
 The mournful passion ended
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV

But garlands wither; festal shows depart, 90
 Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound—
 (Albeit of effect profound)
 It was—and it is gone!
 Victorious England! bid the silent Art
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade, 95
 Those high achievements; even as she arrayed
 With second life the deed of Marathon
 Upon Athenian walls;
 So may she labour for thy civic halls:
 And be the guardian spaces 100
 Of consecrated places,
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;
 And let imperishable Columns rise
 Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife, 105
 And competent to shed a spark divine
 Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
 Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
 The morning sun may shine
 With gratulation thoroughly benign! 110

V

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
 And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred
 102-3 so 1845: Graced with such gifts as Sculpture can bestow,
 When inspiration guides her patient toil;
 And let imperishable trophies grow 1816, 1820; 1827-43 as
 1845, *but* structures *for* trophies
 105 signals 1827: records 1816, 1820
 108-9 so 1845: Trophies on which the morning sun may shine,
 As changeful ages flow, 1816, 1820; so 1827 *but* Records *for*
 Trophies
 112 And sage Mnemosyne, as mythic lore For not unwise belief proclaimed
 of yore, Ye Muses long debarred C

From your first mansions, exiled all too long
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove, 115
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
 Of never-dying song!
 Now (for, though Truth descending from above
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
 Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move, 120
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love,
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres, 125
 And for a moment meet the soul's desires!
 That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
 What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
 Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
 And give the treasure to our British tongue! 130
 So shall the characters of that proud page
 Support their mighty theme from age to age;
 And, in the desert places of the earth,
 When they to future empires have given birth,
 So shall the people gather and believe 135
 The bold report, transferred to every clime;
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
 And to the like aspiring,
 Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve 140
 As were performed in man's heroic prime;
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
 A corresponding virtue to beguile
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time— 145
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
 By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

114 hallowed 1827: consecrated 1816-20

121 *not in* 1816-37

Spared in transmuted shapes for holier love C

122 *so* 1845: And

exercise unblamed a generous sway 1816-32: godlike sway 1837

120 the 1837: my 1816-32

XL

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF
THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

[Composed 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
 In a blind worship; men perversely bold 5
 Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
 To warn the living; if truth were ever told
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave! 10
 The power of retribution once was given:
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

XLI

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816

[Composed 1816.—Published February 4, 1816 (*The Champion*); vol. of 1816.]

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
 Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
 So many objects to which love is due:
 Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true; 5
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
 When duty bids you bleed in open war:
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
 Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent 10

XL. 6-9 so 1840: . . yet at this hour they quake;
 And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,
 If, to the living, truth was ever told
 By aught surrendered from the hollow grave; 1816-32:1837
 as text, but in I. 8 living, truth for living; if truth,

XLI. Title in 1816: "Inscription for a National Monument in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo."

'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
 Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

XLII

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI

FEBRUARY, 1816

[Composed January, 1816.—Published February 4, 1816 (*The Champion*);
 vol. of 1816.]

O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
 In words like these: "Up, Voice of song! proclaim
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim: 5
 For lo! the Imperial City stands released
 From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
 And Christendom respire; from guilt and shame
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory. 10
 —Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
 The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
 He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM."¹

XLIII

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

FEBRUARY, 1816

[Composed February, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
 Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,

¹ See Filicaia's Ode.

XLII. *Title* SIEGE . . . SOBIESKI 1837: previously "February, 1816"
 1 from 1837: of 1816-32

2-6 so 1837: Which taught the offering of song to rise
 From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,
 Great FILICAIA!—With celestial aim
 It rose,—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,
 Then, when the Imperial City stood released 1816-32

8 respire 1837: respired 1816-32 13 so 1837: —as in Earth and
 Heaven was sung— 1816-32

XLIII. BATTLE OF WATERLOO 1837: (*following XLI*) THE SAME BATTLE
 1816-32

As recognising one Almighty sway:
 He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array 5
 Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—
 Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time¹,
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout 10
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

XLIV

[Composed? (perhaps 1816)—Published 1827.]

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
 How oft above their altars have been hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born, 5
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed 10
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve !
 Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

XLV

ODE

1815

[Composed 1816.—Published: volume of 1816.]

I

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride

¹ "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil."—SPENSER.

8 whose 1820: whence 1816 13-14 so 1837: Which the blest Angels,
 . . . Beholding, welcomed 1816-32

XLIV. 11 80 1832: Your Thrones, from duty Princes! fear to swerve, 1827

XLV. ODE 1815 until 1845 formed part of XLVI, v. note.

From all that martial feats could yield
 To her desires, or to her hopes present—
 Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field 5
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
 And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may claim!
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight! 10
 —Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
 That landward stretches from the sea,
 The morning's splendours to devour;
 But this swift travel scorns the company 15
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—*
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
 Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North— 20

It found no barrier on the ridge
 Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its bridge—
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road 25
 Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the West!—
 —Where snakes and lions breed,
 Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er 30
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—

3-6 so 1845: From all that man's performance could present,
 Stoops to that closing deed magnificent, 1816-43

6-7 Stooped to that closing deed magnificent,
 This glory reaped upon a Belgic field
 And with the embrace is satisfied;
 A nobler harvest Victory cannot yield C

7 was 1845: is 1816-43 9 so 1845: Whate'er your means, whatever
 help ye claim, 1816-43 12 so 1837: travelling faster than the shower
 1816-32 14/15 In summer's loveliest hour 1837 *only*

15—16 so 1845: But this appearance scattered extasy,—
 And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power. 1816-32
 But this assurance travelled fraught with glee *etc. but with*
its for the 1837-43

But this swift travel shows no sympathy
 With Darkness, Fear, or aught of saddening power C
 19 so 1837: Such glad assurance suddenly went forth 1816-32

While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
 And in its sparkling progress read 35
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;
 Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
 This messenger of good was launched in air, 40
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

II

O genuine glory, pure renown! 45
 And well might it beseem that mighty Town
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,
 To whom all persecuted men retreat;
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow
 High on the shore of silver Thames—to greet 50
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—there meet
 Dependence infinite, proportion just;
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust 55
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III

But if the valiant of this land
 In reverential modesty demand,
 That all observance, due to them, be paid
 Where their serene progenitors are laid; 60
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saintlike sages,
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages;
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,

36 so 1837: How Virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed! 1816-32
 41 humbled 1845: conquered 1816-43 44/5 *Here in 1816-43 follow*
II. 161—75 of XLVI ODE with inward victories of for internal conquests
made by 1815 (p. 160)
 45-7 so 1845: Yet might it well become that City now,
 Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow, 1816-43
 49 her 1820: its 1816 50 High on 1837: Upon 1816-32 52 Fabric
 1850: distant Fabric 1816-43: peaceful Fabric 1845 56 *not in 1816-20*

Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals; 65
 Commemoration holy that unites
 The living generations with the dead;
 By the deep soul-moving sense
 Of religious eloquence,—
 By visual pomp, and by the tie 70
 Of sweet and threatening harmony;
 Soft notes, awful as the omen
 Of destructive tempests coming,
 And escaping from that sadness
 Into elevated gladness; 75
 While the white-rob'd choir attendant,
 Under mouldering banners pendant,
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
 Songs of victory and praise,
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled 80
 With medicable wounds, or found their graves
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves;
 Or were conducted home in single state,
 And long procession—there to lie,
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity, 85
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
 Such martial service disapprove.
 He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
 Of locusts travels on his breath ; 90
 The region that in hope was ploughed
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink, 95
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine!—
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy courts—
 He hears the word—he flies—
 And navies perish in their ports; 100
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies!
 For these, and mourning for our errors,
 And sins, that point their terrors,
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
 102 mourning 1845, *not in* 1816-37

INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY 155

And magnify Thy name, Almighty God! 105
 But Man is Thy most awful instrument,
 In working out a pure intent;
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
 And for Thy righteous purpose they prevail;
 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts no
 Of them who in Thy laws delight:
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

v

Forbear:—to Thee—
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue, 115
 But in a gentler strain
 Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
 To THEE—To THEE, 120
 Just God of christianised Humanity,
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
 And that we need no second victory!
 Blest, above measure blest, 125
 If on Thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will.

XLVI

ODE

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL
 THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816

[Composed January, 1816.—Published: vol. of 1816.]

I

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
 On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
 106-7 so 1845: But Thy most dreaded instrument,
 In working out a pure intent,
 Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
 —Yea, Carnage is thy daughter! 1816-32:
 so 1837-43 *but* awful *for* dreaded 109 so 1837: by thy just per-
 mission 1816-32 114-19, 121 so 1845: 1837-43 *but* 115-16 With
 fervent thoughts, but in a gentler strain: *not in* 1816—32 122 so 1845:
 On this appointed day shall thanks ascend 1816-43 124 second 1820:
 further 1816 125-8 *not in* 1816-43
 XLVI 1 so 1837: Hail, universal Source of pure delight 1816-32

Whether thy punctual visitations smite
 The haughty towers where monarchs dwell; 5
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
 In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays, 10
 Which even in deepest winter testify
 Thy power and majesty,
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
 —Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace 15
 Submitted to the chains
 That bind thee to the path which God ordains
 That thou shalt trace,
 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains, 20
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
 Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
 Report of storms gone by
 To us who tread below), 25
 Do with the service of this Day accord.
 —Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
 Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
 Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights hast poured
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale; 30
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored
 By pious men of old;
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
 Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail! 35

II

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
 That stream in blithe succession from the throats 40

4 punctual 1837: orient 1816-32 15 modest 1837: timid 1816-32
 16 so 1827: Framed in subjection to the chains 1816-20 30 lustre
 1837: splendour 1816-32

Of birds, in leafy bower,
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
 —There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same, 45
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
 A solid refuge for distress—
 The towers of righteousness; 50
 He knows that from a holier altar came
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
 The current of this matin song;
 That deeper far it lies 55
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III

Have we not conquered?—by the vengeful sword?
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
 That curbed the baser passions, and left free
 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord 60
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,
 Along a track of most unnatural years;
 In execution of heroic deeds
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads, 65
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
 He, who in concert with an earthly string
 Of Britain's acts would sing,
 He with enraptured voice will tell
 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell; 70
 Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye
 Of circumspect humanity;
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill 75
 All martial duties to fulfil;
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;

Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream— 80
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
 That can belong to human story!
 At which they only shall arrive 85
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
 The very humblest are too proud of heart;
 And one brief day is rightly set apart
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe, 90
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
 That less than power unbounded could not tame
 That soul of Evil—which, from Hell let loose, 95
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
 As boundless patience only could endure ?
 —Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
 To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a sigh; 100
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,
 Are but the avowed attire
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind 105
 Against the life of virtue in mankind;
 Assaulting without ruth
 The citadels of truth;
 While the fair gardens of civility,
 By ignorance defaced, 110
 By violence laid waste,
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

79 at midnight 1837: in the night 1816-32 89 For 1837: To 1816-32
 94 unbounded] eternal C 99 Who sees 1837: Who sees, and feels,
 1816-32 109 fair gardens 1837: old forest 1816-20; whole forest
 1827-32 110-11 *not in* 1816-32 112 Is doomed to perish, to the last
 fair tree! 1816-32 C *as text but* for herb or flower or tree

VI

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
 Opposed to hopes that batted upon scorn,
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn 115
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
 And to celerities of lawless force;
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
 What could they gain but shadows of redress ? 120
 —So bad proceeded propagating worse;
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
 When will your trials teach you to be wise ? 125
 —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

VII

No more—the guilt is banished,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanish'd,
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head! 130
 —No more—these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can Gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy ?
 What steps so suitable as those that move 135
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures ?

118 to 1827: the 1816-20

138/9 Land of our fathers! precious unto me
 Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
 When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
 And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed! 1816—32
 Land of our fathers! loved by me Since . . . infancy.
 Loved with a passion since I caught thy praise
 A Listener, at or on some patient knee,
 With an ear fastened to rude ballad lays—
 Or of thy gallant *etc. as* 1816 *but* a sleepless *for* my sleepless 1837-43

VIII

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be 140
 Of all thy progeny
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
 As springs the lion from his den, 145
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
 With all her armed Powers, 150
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field:—there stand:
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
 All States have glorified themselves;—their claims 155
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
 Exalted office, worthily sustained! 160

IX

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
 The memory of Thy favour,
 That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savour!
 139-42 so 1845: O England!—dearer far than life is dear,
 If I forget *etc.* 1816-43
 140-2 If one there be from shore to shore
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more C
 143 that 1845: thy 1816-43
 145-51 so 1845: But how can *He* be faithless to the past,
 Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
 Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,
 That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!
 The Nations strove with puissance;—at length
 Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,
 With *all* her living strength
 With *all* her armed Powers,
 Upon the offensive shores. 1816-43
 158 exterminating] vindicating C 160/1 Imagination . . . sadly
 plausible voice as *previous Ode* 1—44 1816

Lodge it within us!—as the power of light 165

Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,

Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,

So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!

What offering, what transcendent monument

Shall our sincerity to Thee present ?

170

—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach

To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul;

That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,

Upon the internal conquests made by each,

Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

175

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay

The outward service of this day;

Whether the worshippers entreat

Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;

Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend

180

That He has brought our warfare to an end,

And that we need no second victory!——

Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;

And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible;

185

But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,

All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be;

Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity!

Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,

190

Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!

Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,

Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight; 195

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,

When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive

With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For Thy protecting care,

200

176-9 *not in 1816-43: after 175 follows in 1816-43 a passage corresponding closely to 46-124 of previous Ode*

176-82 Yet no one shall gainsay,

The outward service of this day,

The thanks, the praises which to God ascend

That thou hast (He has) brought our warfare *etc.* C

Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
 For tyranny subdued,
 And for the sway of equity renewed,
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

X

But hark—the summons!—down the placid lake 205
 Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells;
 Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake
 The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
 Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
 The drops that tip the melting icicles. 210
O, enter now his temple gate!
 Inviting words—perchance already flung
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
 Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
 From voices into zealous passion stung, 215
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
 And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
 Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
 As if the fretted roof were riven.
 Us, humbler ceremonies now await; 220
 But in the bosom, with devout respect
 The banner of our joy we will erect,
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
 For to a few collected in His name,
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear 225
 Gracious to service hallowed by its aim;—
 Awake! the majesty of God revere!
 Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
 Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
 The Holy One will hear! 230
 And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
 Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
 Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed; 235
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed

210 tip 1827: point 1816-20 218 Forth towards 1837: Towards the
 1816-32 226-6 so 1827: ... his ear, Hallowing himself the service
 which they frame 1816-20

Upon the future advocates of right;
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution, 240
And final retribution,—
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of Grace!

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT 1820

DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO——)

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose 5
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides 10
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *November*, 1821.

I

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whatever on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold, 5
How fearful were it down through opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not:
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel; 10
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

DEDICATION (SENT, ETC.) *not in* 1822-32 2-3 *so* 1837: Presents
to notice ... Hoping ... will 1822-32 8 *so* 1827: She felt too deeply what
her skill must lose. 1822 *November*, 1821. 1837: *January*, 1822. 1822-32
I. 6 *so* 1837: How terrible beneath the 1822-32 10 *so* 1822-32, 1843:
In grace Earth's fairest Daughters they 1837 11 undecaying 1827:
unmolested 1822

II

BRUGÉS

BRUGÉS I saw attired with golden light
 (Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
 The splendour fled; and now the sunless hour,
 That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight 5
 Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
 And sober graces, left her for defence
 Against the injuries of time, the spite
 Of fortune, and the desolating storms
 Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide, 10
 O gentle Power of darkness! these mild hues;
 Obscure not yet these silent avenues
 Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
 Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide!

III

BRUGÉS

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
 In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
 In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
 And with devout solemnities entwined—
 Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind: 5
 Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along,
 Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
 To an harmonious decency confined:
 As if the streets were consecrated ground,
 The city one vast temple, dedicate 10
 To mutual respect in thought and deed;
 To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
 To social cares from jarring passions freed;
 A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

II. 3 50 1837: 'Tis passed away *etc.* 1822-7: 'Tis past; and now the grave
 and sunless hour, 1832 4 making way for 1832: introducing 1822-7
 6 the ... the 1827: her ... her 1822 7 sober 1827, 1837: all the 1822,
 1832 8 injuries] insidiousness MS.

III. 3 *so* 1827: And Tales transmitted [MS., submitted] through the popu-
 lar tongue, 1822 5 Mounts to 1837 Strikes at MS., 1822: Strikes to
 1827-32 6 glide 1827: slide 1822 14 deeper 1837: nobler 1822-32

IV

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS

[Composed after July, 1828.—Published: vol. of 1835.]

IN Brugès town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread. 5
 There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a Convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.
 The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng; 10
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords,
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words 15
 Had fallen upon the ear.
 It was a breezy hour of eve;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire; 20
 But, where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.
 Not always is the heart unwise, 25
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be! 30
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee ?

IV. 8 of thrilling power] like Bird's in bower MSS.

14-15 Like them who *think* they hear

We listened still;— MS. 1

15 Yea, passing sweet MS. 2

16 fallen] dropt MSS.

18 And]

When MSS.

25 The restless heart is not unwise MSS.

29-30

. . . imprisoned dove, Whoever thou mayst be MSS.

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole 35
 From the Maiden at my side;
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty ? 40

V

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought
 Of rainbow colours; One whose port was bold,
 Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
 The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought— 5
 Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
 She vanished; leaving prospect blank and cold
 Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
 In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon must disappear ;
 Yet a dread local recompense we found; 10
 While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel
 With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
 And horror breathing from the silent ground!

VI

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose ?
 Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
 War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
 Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew's ?
 The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE, 5
 Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,

- V. 6-12 so 1827: ... All was joyless, blank, and cold;
 But if from wind-swept fields of corn that roll'd
 In dreary billows, from the meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon may disappear,
 Meanings we craved which could not there be found;
 If the wide prospect seemed an envious seal
 Of great exploits; 1822

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
 The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
 Turn from the fortified and threatening hill, 10
 How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
 With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
 That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
 From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VII

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
 That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine ?
 To sweep from many an old romantic strain
 That faith which no devotion may renew! 5
 Why does this puny Church present to view
 Her feeble columns ? and that scanty chair!
 This sword that one of our weak times might wear!
 Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim 10
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,
 And to the enormous labour left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

VIII

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

O FOB the help of Angels to complete
 This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,
 Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat 5
 Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat
 Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
 And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
 But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
 For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
 The midnight virtues of your harmony:— 10
 This vast design might tempt you to repeat

VIII. 3 so z1837: How gloriously pursued by daring Man, 1822-32 5 aspir-
 ing 1837: inspiring 1822-32

Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
 Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
 Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

IX

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE
 AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
 O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
 As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
 Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels 5
 The venerable pageantry of Time,
 Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
 And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
 Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine? 10
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
 Such sweet way-faring—of life's spring the pride,
 Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is mine,
 And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

X

HYMN

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER
 THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
 By the current swept along;
 Loud its threatenings—let them not
 Drown the music of a song
 Breathed thy mercy to implore, 5
 Where these troubled waters roar!
 Saviour, for our warning, seen
 Bleeding on that precious Rood;
 If, while through the meadows green
 Gently wound the peaceful flood, 10

12 Strains 1827: Charms 1822

IX. 11-14 so 1837: Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine

To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:

Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,

May in fit measure bless my later days. 1822-32

X. 7 so 1837: Lord and Saviour! who art seen 1822: Saviour, in thy image,
 seen 1827-32

We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power, 15
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth ; 20
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let Thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
*Miserere Domine!*¹

XI

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life !² The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free 5
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars 10
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—
ABGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

¹ See Note.

² See Note.

17 so 1827: Traveller on the 1822

XI. 7-8 so 1838: Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,

The vast Encincture of that gloomy sea 1822-37; so MS.,
but enclosure for Encincture

9-10 so 1827: Whose rough winds Orpheus soothed; whose waves did greet
So skilfully that they forgot their jars 1822

13 for 1827: by 1822: daring] perilous MS. 14 so 1837: To a conspicuous height among the stars! 1822: To bear in heaven a [her 1832] shape distinct with stars. 1827-32

XII

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LATTTERBRUNNEN

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—designed
 For what strange service, does this concert reach
 Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!
 'Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—
 No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind 5
 Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
 More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
 To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
 Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
 Alas! that from the lips of abject Want 10
 Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
 The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthrall,
 And with regret and useless pity haunt
 This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL!¹

XIII

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
 His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
 Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
 But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
 Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing; 5
 Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink

¹ See Note.

XII. 1-8 so 1837: Tracks let me follow far from human-kind
 Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
 Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
 Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
 No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
 That drives some vessel tow'rds a dangerous beach)
 More thrilling melodies! no caverned Witch
 Chaunting a love-spell, ever intertwined 1822—32
 11 Or 1837: And 1827-32 12 so 1832: They should proceed—enjoy-
 ment to enthrall 1822: The strain should flow—enjoyment *etc.* 1827 14
 bright, this skyborn 1837: pure . . . 1822-32: pure, this sparkling MS.
 XIII. 1 When we behold this Alpine torrent throwing MS. 2 o'er]
 from MS. 4 gradually] high and low MS. 6 espy] descry MS.
 7 his] her MS.

Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
 They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
 Is more benignant than the dewy eve— 10
 Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
 Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pinetrees nod
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
 These humbler adorations will receive.

XIV MEMORIAL

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN

*"DEM
 ANDENKEN
 MEINES FREUNDES
 ALOYS REDING
 MDCCCXVIII."*

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

ABOUND a wild and woody hill
 A gravelled pathway treading,
 We reached a votive Stone that bears
 The name of Aloys Reding.
 Well judged the Friend who placed it there 5
 For silence and protection;
 And haply with a finer care
 Of dutiful affection.
 The Sun regards it from the West;
 And, while in summer glory 10
 He sets, his sinking yields a type
 Of that pathetic story:

XIII. 8-13 Hues ever fresh which to their fellows blowing
 In safer regions nature cannot give
 Freshness and life and motions as of joy
 Sucked from the fearful brink (peril's self), nor doubt that God,
 To whom above the lofty pinetrees (these pines in sign of
 worship) nod

Their heads, while storms are busy to destroy, MS.

XIV. 9 For tho' embowered it fronts the West MS.

10-11 so 1837: Sinking in summer glory;

And, while he sinks, affords a type 1822-32

11 The Sun descends, he tells the rest MS.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
 Amid the grove to linger;
 Till all is dim, save this bright Stone 15
 Touched by his golden finger.

XV

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
 To wet with many a bitter shower,
 It ill befits us to disdain
 The altar, to deride the fane,
 Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust 5
 To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
 Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
 Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss! 10
 And to the chapel far withdrawn,
 That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink
 Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
 Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide, 15
 Whate'er we look on, at our side
 Be Charity!—to bid us think,
 And feel, if we would know.

13-14 We saw him at his evening task
 And could not chuse but linger; MS.

XV. 1-5 so 1837: Short-sighted Children of the dust
 We live and move in sorrow's power;
 Extinguish that unblest disdain
 That scorns the altar, mocks the fane,
 Where patient Sufferers bend *etc.* 1822

1-3 Yet are we doomed our native dust
 To wet with many a fruitless shower,
 And ill it suits us to disdain, 1832

13-17 so 1827: Ye Alps, in many a rugged link
 Far-stretched, and Thou, majestic Po,
 Dimly from yon tall Mount descried,
 Where'er I wander be my Guide
 Sweet Charity!—that bids us think, 1822

XVI

AFTER-THOUGHT

[First Stanza composed 1832.—Published 1832. Second Stanza composed 1837.—Published 1837.]

OH Life! without thy chequered scene
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
 Success and failure, could a ground
 For magnanimity be found;
 For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene ? 5
 Or whence could virtue flow ?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
 Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
 Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
 But, for the bowers of Eden lost, 10
 Mercy has placed within our reach
 A portion of God's peace.

XVII

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ

"WHAT know we of the Blest above
 But that they sing and that they love ? "
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where those harvest Damsels float 5
 Homeward in their rugged Boat,
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled—
 Each slumbering on some mountain's head),
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence is displayed. 10
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
 The rustic Maidens, every hand
 Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple, but a touching, song; 15
 To chant, as Angels do above,
 The melodies of Peace in love!

XVIII

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS¹

FOB gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
 The work of fancy from her willing hands;

¹ See Note.

And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands. 5
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will.
 Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were 10
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent Apparition! if in vain 15
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain.

XIX

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
 Than fairest Star, upon the height
 Of thy own mountain,¹ set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
 What eye can look upon thy shrine 5
 Untroubled at the sight ?
 These crowded offerings as they hang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs, 10
 Of many a deep and cureless pang
 And confidence deceived.
 To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
 As to a common centre, tend
 All sufferers that no more rely 15
 On mortal succour—all who sigh
 And pine, of human hope bereft,
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

¹ Mount Righi.

XVIII. 3 such a 1827: even such 1822

XIX. 15 50 1837: All sufferings that no longer rest 1822-32 16-17 who
sigh And 1837: distress That 1822-32

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
 Though plenteous flowers around thee blow, 20
 Not only from the dreary strife
 Of Winter, but the storms of life,
 Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
 OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here, 25
 But down the irriguous valley hies,
 Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
 O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
 A tender sense of shadowy fear,
 And chastening sympathies! 30

Nor falls that intermingling shade
 To summer-gladsomeness unkind:
 It chastens only to requite
 With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
 While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade, 35
 More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
 A verdant path before us lies;
 Clear shines the glorious sun above;
 Then give free course to joy and love, 40
 Deeming the evil of the day
 Sufficient for the wise.

XX

EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER Or TELL, AT ALTORF

[Probably composed March 1822.]

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
 Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
 On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
 Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
 While narrow cares their limits overflow. 5
 Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,

29-30 so 1832: A holy Shadow soft and dear Of 1822-7
 XX. 2 so 1827: Nor such as did the public meed bestow 1822

Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
 Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold;
 Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!
 And when that calm Spectatress from on high 10
 Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
 Who never gazes but to beautify;
 And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
 Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
 That fosters peace, and gentleness recals; 15
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
 Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
 While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.
 How blest the souls who when their trials come
 Yield not to terror or despondency, 20
 But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
 Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
 Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
 He quakes not like the timid forest game,
 But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free; 25
 Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
 And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

XXI

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ

BY antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
 To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ ! are seen
 The genuine features of the golden mean;
 Equality by Prudence governed,
 Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead; 5
 And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
 As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
 In unambitious compass round thee spread.
 Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
 Holding a central station of command, 10
 Might well be styled this noble body's HEAD ;
 Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments, deep,
 Its HEART ; and ever may the heroic Land
 Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep !¹

¹ Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

24 He quakes not 1832: Not quaking 1822-7

25 But 1832: He 1822-7

XXII

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE
PASS OF ST. GOTHARD

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
 Avails those modulations to detect,
 Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
 With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
 (So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breath'd kine 5
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
 The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain
 Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named 10
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the Music's touching influence;
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

XXIII

FORT FUENTES

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the

XXII. 9-10 by ... this 1837: love this simple Strain, Even here, upon this
 glorious 1822-32 12 reclaimed 1827: are reclaimed 1822 13 Yield to
 1827; And, thro' 1822 14 And 1827: The 1822

explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*¹

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone

So far from the holy enclosure was cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm 5

Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;

And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm

Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)

When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves, 10

Some bird (like our own honoured redbreast) may strew

The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the brave,

Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;

Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave 15

While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent;—

O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,

When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,

Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away! 20

XXIV

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR

SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2,000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

¹ Note added 1827.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
 From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
 Guarded by lone San Salvador;
 Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
 To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice, 5
 But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
 To rest the universal Lord:
 Why leap the fountains from their cells
 Where everlasting Bounty dwells?— 10
 That, while the Creature is sustained,
 His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
 Let all remind the soul of heaven;
 Our slack devotion needs them all; 15
 And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
 While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
 May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
 And all the Poms of this frail "spot 20
 Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
 Associate with the simply meek,
 Religion in the sainted grove,
 And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks, 25
 Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
 Did mighty Tell repair of old—
 A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
 Deliverer of the stedfast rocks
 And of the ancient hills! 30

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
 Who, to recal his daunted peers,
 For victory shaped an open space,
 By gathering with a wide embrace,
 Into his single breast, a sheaf 35
 Of fatal Austrian spears.¹

¹ Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

XXV
THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS
GOATHERD

PART I

I

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
 Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
 The wages of thy travel, joy!
 Whether for London bound—to trill 5
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
 Or on thy head to poise a show
 Of Images in seemly row;
 The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede; 10
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
 The sightless Milton, with his hair
 Around his placid temples curled;
 And Shakespeare at his side—a freight,
 If clay could think and mind were weight, 15
 For him who bore the world!
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
 The wages of thy travel, joy!

II

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
 Though serving sage philosophy), 20
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
 A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
 Whose sentient tube instructs to time
 A purpose to a fickle clime:
 Whether thou choose this useful part, 25
 Or minister to finer art,
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see
 In the proud Isle of liberty! 30
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,
 Recal a Sister's last embrace,

His Mother's neck entwine;
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy 35
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy!

III

My Song, encouraged by the grace
 That beams from his ingenuous face,
 For this Adventurer scruples not
 To prophesy a golden lot; 40
 Due recompense, and safe return
 To COMO'S steeps—his happy bourne!
 Where he, aloft in garden-glade,
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig 45
 That ill supports the luscious fig;
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes. 50
 —Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
 To share his wanderings! him whose look
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
 So touchingly he smiled—
 As with a rapture caught from heaven— 55
 For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II

I

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
 The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
 For Tell's dread archery renowned, 60
 Before the target stood—to claim
 The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
 A startling thunder quick and short!
 But, flying through the heights around, 65
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
 And, if there be a favoured hour

When Heroes are allowed to quit 70
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,
 On their Descendants shedding grace—
 This was the hour, and that the place.

II

But Truth inspired the Bards of old 75
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astrsea from the earth.
 —A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endued, 80
 But seemingly a Thing despised;
 Even by the sun and air unprized;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes, 85
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still. 90
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?
 What liberty ? if no defence
 Be won for feeble Innocence.
 Father of all! though wilful Manhood read
 His punishment in soul-distress, 95
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

XXVI

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY
 OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN¹

THO' searching damp and many an envious flaw
 Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,

¹ See Note.

78 And 1837: That 1822-32 85 so 1822-32, 1840 He to those oft-
 rebounding notes 1837 86 so 1840: Of pleasure by his 1822-7: Sate
 watching by his 1832: Heart-deaf, beside his 1837 86-7 Sate watching
 by his silent goats Apart within C 94 so 1827: if wilful Man must 1822

The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The Elements; as they do melt and thaw 5
 The heart of the Beholder—and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek, 10
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
 A labour worthy of eternal youth!

XXVII

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820

HIGH on her speculative tower
 Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase, 5
 Erewhile, with rites impure.
 Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change, 10
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.
 Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue, .15
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.
 No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
 Cast far or near a murky shroud; 20
 The sky an azure field displayed;
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between, 25
 Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his door,
 And on the mountain's head. 30

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;
 The solemnising veil was drawn
 O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
 To Albogasio's olive bowers, 35
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
 Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of Figures human and divine,¹ 40
 White as the snows of Apennine
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
 That guards the Temple night and day;
 Angels she sees—that might from heaven have flown, 45
 And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
 Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
 Each narrowing above each;—the wings, 50
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips
 The starry zone of sovereign height²—
 All steeped in this portentous light!
 All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught 55
 These perishable spheres have wrought
 May with that issue be compared)
 Throngs of celestial visages,
 Darkening like water in the breeze,
 A holy sadness shared. 60

¹ See Note.

² Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
 His glad deliverance has begun :
 The cypress waves her sombre plume
 More cheerily; and town and tower,
 The vineyard and the olive-bower, 65
 Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
 While in far-distant lands we roam,
 What countenance hath this Day put on for you ?
 While we look round with favoured eyes, 70
 Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
 And mountains from your view ?

Or was it given you to behold
 Like vision, pensive though not cold,
 From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere ? 75
 Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
 Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
 Helvellyn's brow severe ?

I ask in vain—and know far less
 If sickness, sorrow, or distress 80
 Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
 Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
 Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
 And all-controlling power.

XXVIII

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS

I

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
 From Love's uneasy sovereignty—

61 Lo 1827: See 1822 63 her 1832: its 1822-7
 69-71 so 1837: Enquiring thoughts are turned to you;
 Does a clear ether meet your eyes ?
 Or have black vapours hid the skies 1822
 Was such a vision given to you ?
 Or, while we looked with favoured eyes,
 Did sullen mist hide lake and skies 1827
 69-72 What countenance hath this day put on for you ?
 Do clouds surcharged with irksome rain
 Blackening the Eclipse, take hill and plain
 From your benighted view ? 1832

73-8 so 1837: *not in MS.*, 1822, 1827: 1832 *as text, but l. 75* Of gay Winandermere?

Beats with a fancy running high,
 Her simple cares to magnify;
 Whom Labour, never urged to toil, 5
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
 Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
 Whose heaviest sin it is to look
 Askance upon her pretty Self
 Reflected in some crystal brook; 10
 Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
 But in sweet pity; and can hear
 Another's praise from envy clear.

II

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
 That dark unfathomable eye, 15
 Where lurks a Spirit that replies
 To stillest mood of softest skies,
 Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
 Another's first, and then her own ?)
 * Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid, 20
 Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
 Halting beneath the chestnut shade
 To accomplish there her loveliness:
 Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
 A Sister serves with slacker hand; 25
 Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

III

How blest (if truth may entertain
 Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
 The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
 In her light skiff, the tossing waves, 30
 And quits the bosom of the deep
 Only to climb the rugged steep!
 —Say whence that modulated shout!
 From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?
 Or does the greeting to a rout 35
 Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?
 Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
 Resounded—but the voice obeyed
 The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

IV

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood; 40
 Her courage animates the flood;
 Her steps the elastic green-sward meets
 Returning unreluctant sweets;
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
 Aloud, saluted by her voice! 45
 Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins
 The blood of Heroes runs its race!
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
 That, for the virtuous, Life prepares; 50
 The fetters which the Matron wears;
 The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

V

"Sweet HIGHLAND Girl!"¹ a very shower
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes, 55
 Gay vision under sullen skies,
 While Hope and Love around thee played,
 Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd!
 Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
 No breach of promise in the fruit ? 60
 Was joy, in following joy, as keen
 As grief can be in grief's pursuit ?
 When youth had flown did hope still bless
 Thy goings—or the cheerfulness
 Of innocence survive to mitigate distress ? 65

VI

But from our course why turn—to tread
 A way with shadows overspread;
 Where what we gladliest would believe
 Is feared as what may most deceive ?
 Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned 70
 But heath-bells from thy native ground,
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,

¹ See address to a Highland Girl, p. 73.

Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
 For in my Fancy thou dost share
 The gift of immortality; 75
 And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
 The Votaress by Lugano's side;
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep descried!

XXIX

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE
 IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS

AMBITION—following down this far-famed slope
 Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—
 Perchance, in future âges, here may stop;
 Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope 5
 By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
 Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown;
 Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
 In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
 Best where thy course was stayed by Power divine! 10
 The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
 Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
 What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

XXX

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
 To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
 When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;
 To range through the Temples of PAESTUM, to muse 5
 In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth;
 On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues;
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth!
 The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret ? 10
 With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt ?

Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness inurned
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
 Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned 15
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
 Toward the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,
 From the climate of myrtles contented I go. 20
 My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines
 On the steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd the air!
 But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines
 With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear Friends we divide, 25
 Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
 Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
 O joy when the girdle of England appears! 30
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,
 Of love in the heart made more happy by tears ?

XXXI

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover ?
 Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover, 5
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
 In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on

21 Finos 1827: Pine 1822

22 50 1837: Black fringe to a precipice lofty and bare 1822

How black was its hue in the region of air 1827-32

23 so 1827: Which, as from behind the Sun strikes it, doth shine 1822

25 so 1837: Though the burthen of toil 1822-32

25-7 Our toil, though the dearest of Friends may divide,
 Though down the gay vineyard we trip hand in hand,
 Or repose *etc.* MS.

32 50 1837: So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears ? 1822-32

XXXI. 4 so 1837: As e'er did ring 1822-32

Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime 10
 Of aery voices locked in unison,—
 Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!—
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

XXXII

PROCESSIONS

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
 And that the past might have its true intents
 Feelingly told by living monuments— 5
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state 10
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate
 How, when their course they through the desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low; 15
 Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells, 20
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
 Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells 25
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

13 one guilty 1827: a single 1822

XXXII. 18 so 1837: They uttered loud hosannas,—let the trumpets blow!
1822These shout hosannas,—these [those 1832] the start-
ling trumpets blow! 1827-32

Why speak of Roman Pomps ? the haughty claims
 Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
 The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games, 30
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
 The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars
 Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head 35
 Of Cybele was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
 Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries :
 The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies. 40
 Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
 From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
 Enwrap—and winding, between Alpine trees
 Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE. 45

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
 Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
 The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise¹
 For the same service, by mysterious ties; 50
 Numbers exceeding credible account
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam 55
 While they the Church engird with motion slow,
 A product of that awful Mountain seem,
 Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,

¹ See Note.

33 so 1837: Striking with *fury*; and the 1822: Smiting with fury; and the 1827-32

46-9 so 1827: But O the fairest pageant of a dream

Did never equal that which met our eyes!

The glacier Pillars with the living Stream

Of white-robed Shapes, seemed linked in solemn guise 1822

52-3 so 1827: . . . stood like spotless Votaries Prepared to issue 1822

55-6 send . . . engird 1827: sent . . . engirt 1822 57 Mountain 1827:
 Mount did 1822

Not swans descending with the stealthy tide, 60

A livelier sisterly resemblance show

Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,

Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs

Of that licentious craving in the mind 65

To act the God among external things,

To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;

And marvel not that antique Faith inclined

To crowd the world with metamorphosis,

Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned; 70

Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,

Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

XXXIII

ELEGIAC STANZAS

The lamented Youth, whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who wore to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of Our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the Lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Kusunacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may

62-3 so 1827: . . . that on the turf did glide,

To that unmoving band—the Shapes 1822

67 or 1827: and 1822

read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.¹

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen²
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells 5
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown 10
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care— 15
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more! 20
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on ZURICH'S shore!

Oh GODDARD !—what art thou ?—a name— 25
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed. 30

¹ so 1827: On arriving at Lausanne, we heard of the fate of the Young American, whose death is here lamented. He had been our companion for three days; and we separated upon Mount Righi with mutual hope of meeting again in the course of our Tour. GOLDAU, mentioned towards the conclusion of this Piece, is a Village at the foot of Mount Righi, one of those overwhelmed by a mass which fell from the side of the mountain KOSSBBBBG, a few years ago. 1822

² Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

11 as sweetly 1837: sweetly 1822-32
lively care 1822

15 so 1827: All that we knew of

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
 Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
 Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
 A sea-green river, proud to lave,
 With current swift and undefiled, 35
 The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon the solemn ground
 Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;
 But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
 That gives to common pleasures birth; 40
 And nothing in our hearts we found
 That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
 Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
 Herbs moistened by Virginian dew, 45
 A most untimely grave to strew,
 Whose turf may never know the care
 Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
 He left his Transatlantic home: 50
 Europe, a realised romance,
 Had opened on his eager glance;
 What present bliss!—what golden views!
 What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame, 55
 His soul her daily tasks renewed,
 Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
 High poised—or as the wren that sings
 In shady places, to proclaim
 Her modest gratitude. 60

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
 The words of truth's memorial vow
 Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
 From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S ruins bred;
 As evening's fondly-lingering rays, 65
 On RIGHI'S silent brow.

Lamented youth! to thy cold clay
 Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
 And piety shall guard the Stone
 Which hath not left the spot unknown 70
 Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
 And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
 Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
 This tribute from a casual Friend 75
 A not unwelcome aid may lend,
 To feed the tender luxury,
 The rising pang to smother.¹

XXXIV

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
 Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
 The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
 Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
 There, combats a huge crocodile—agape 5
 A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
 And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
 Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
 Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades

¹ The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg—(1837).

67-72 *so* 1827, *but* that stone (69); *not in* 1822

XXXIV. 5 See there a monstrous crocodile MS.

9-14 Mimics of fancy—long my heart has bent

The servile map of history to explore;
 By these wild feats such labour is upbraided.
 Mine eyes were turned away; but when once more
 They looked, so much had disappeared or faded,
 That with my portion I was well content. MS.
 Upon a River I have long been pent,
 And captive holden betwixt shore and shore,
 In shallows oft detained, by joys o'ershaded.
 Mount, fancy, mount! these wonders to explore.
 But quickly some dissolved and others faded,
 And with my portion I was well content. MS.

Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose— 10
 Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
 Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
 That for oblivion take their daily birth
 From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXV

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE¹

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
 Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
 Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
 His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er ?
 Well—let him pace this noted beach once more, 5
 That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
 That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
 Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror!—
 Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
 And proudly think, beside the chafing sea, 10
 Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
 And folly cursed with endless memory:
 These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
 Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXVI

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER,
NOVEMBER, 1820

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
 Which faction breeds ? the turmoil where, that passed
 Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
 And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame ?
 Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim 5
 We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
 To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
 And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
 The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
 Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange delight, 10

¹ See Note.

12—14 As if produced in mockery of the shows

That for oblivion take their hourly birth

From the disorders of the wanton earth. MS.

XXXV. 6 triumphal] triumphant MS. 10 chafing 1837: murmuring
1822-32

While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
 Here only serve a feeling to invite
 That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
 And makes this rural stillness more profound.

XXXVII

AT DOVER

[Composed 1837.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with increase
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,
 Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
 Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace:
 The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown 5
 Their natural utterance: whence this strange release
 From social noise—silence elsewhere unknown?—
 A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free
 Thy sense from pressure of life's common din; 10
 As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea
 Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

XXXVIII

DESULTORY STANZAS,

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS

[Composed March-April, 1822.—Published 1822.]

Is then the final page before me spread,
 Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
 Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read,
 How can I give thee licence to depart?

XXXVII. 2 I have 1845: long I MS., 1838

5—11 so 1845: How strange, thought I, this orderly release
 From social noise, what law elsewhere unknown
 That stillness guards? Then Ocean cried "I drown
 Trivial in solemn sounds; let wonder cease!
 So through his spiritual ear is man set free
 From conscious pressure of life's heaviest din,
 When the *etc.* MS.

How strange, methought, this orderly release
 From social noise—quiet elsewhere unknown!
 A Spirit whispered, "Doth not Ocean drown
 Trivial in solemn sounds? Let wonder cease.
 His overpowering murmur *etc. as text* 1838

13 Deadens the shocks of passion MS.: Deadens—the shocks of tumult
 1838

One tribute more; unbidden feelings start 5
 Forth from their coverts; slighted objects rise;
 My spirit is the scene of such wild art
 As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
 Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view, 10
 All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
 All that I felt this moment doth renew;
 And where the foot with no unmanly fear
 Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—there
 I move at ease; and meet contending themes 15
 That press upon me, crossing the career
 Of recollections vivid as the dreams
 Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
 Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew, 20
 Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and yet
 What are they but a wreck and residue,
 Whose only business is to perish!—true
 To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
 Labour their proper greatness to subdue; 25
 Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
 Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
 Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
 Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge 30
 Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
 Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
 And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
 The aspect I behold of every zone;
 A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale, 35
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS,¹
 Down the main avenue my sight can range:
 And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
 Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange, 40
 For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;

¹ At the head of the Valais. See Note.

Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
 But list! the avalanche—the hush profound
 That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound! 45

Is not the chamois suited to his place ?
 The eagle worthy of her ancestry ?
 —Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
 Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
 Your council-seats beneath the open sky, 50
 On Sarnen's Mount,¹ there judge of fit and right,
 In simple democratic majesty;
 Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the might
 And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE 55
 Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge¹—that cheers
 The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
 An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
 Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
 That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake 60
 Just at the point of issue, where it fears
 The form and motion of a stream to take;
 Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
 This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see, 65
 One after one, its tablets, that unfold
 The whole design of Scripture history;
 From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
 Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
 Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free; 70
 His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
 Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
 —Long may these homely Works devised of old,
 These simple efforts of Helvetian skill, 75
 Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
 The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;

¹ See Notes.

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
 Of servile opportunity to gold;
 Filling the soul with sentiments august— 80
 The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

No more; Time halts not in his noiseless march—
 Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;
 Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
 Of airy workmanship whereon we stood, 85
 Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.
 Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
 Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
 Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
 That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay. 90

82—5 so 1827: And those surrounding Mountains—but no more;
 Time creepeth softly as the liquid flood;
 Life slips from underneath us, like the floor
 Of that wide rainbow-arch whereon we stood, 1822

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY 1837

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

COMPANION ! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *February 14th*, 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL, 1837

[Composed 1841.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds

5

TO H. C. R. 2 In 1845: To 1842

- I. 1-6 Sky-piercing Peaks, and winding shores, and Vales
Deeply embosomed through the length and breadth
Of Apennine, an Islander by birth,
By habit a Mountaineer, might instant power
Descend upon him, would resound your praise
In measure equal to your claims bestowed
By Nature's bounty, or *etc.* MS.

Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it fled
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;—
 Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops 10
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
 Lulling the leisure of that high-perched town,
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
 Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm 15
 Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
 Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
 With fractured summit, no indifferent sight 20
 To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
 These are before me; and the varied scene
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind 25
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given, 30
 Given with a voice and by a look returned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooning hill, 35
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,

7 thought] hope *corr.* to wish MS. it] 'tis MS.

9-10 Where seek amends? what stable substitute

Is left? Yon torrent fall *etc.* *corr.* to

Is left? the question's ready answer find.

Yon snow-white torrent fall *etc.* MS.

12-17 Lulling its neighbour with habitual roar,
 Neighbour, and namesake,—so call (leave unasked
 From topographic page) that high-perched vill
 Aquapendente, Town, and Flood forth flashing
 Bright sunbeams out of its own gloomy chasm,
 The emerald verdure of these slopes bestrewn
 With hoary rocks *etc.* MS.

28 be] stand MS.
 eer MS.

31-2 Given and received, Time counts not minutes

With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous, 40
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan 45
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
 Places forsaken now, though loving still 50
 The Muses, as they loved them in the days
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
 But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
 The simple rapture;—who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share 55
 Or wish to share it ?—One there surely was,
 "The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words 60
 That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
 Where once together, in his day of strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads. 65

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
 Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped 70

41 *not in MS.*

45 Extended, hold in strict embrace the winds

Not stifled, but with threat and mutual moan MS.

60 though 1845: but 1842 53 *not in MS.*

55—6 To exercise his eye and feed his thoughts

Would share, or wish to share it ? One there was MS.

69-70 To this bright [?] as beneath his roof

With pain I witnessed, hope was unto him

No friend, for him Imagination shaped MS.

No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge, 75
 He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow." Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs; 80
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy 85
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
 To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my Soul!
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell, 90
 That I—so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks, 95
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth 100
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
 Already gathered in this favoured Land 105

78-80 . . . bear witness, thy gay shores
 Campania, thou proud city of seven hills,
 Thy ... thy ... MS.

81 *not in MS.* 82 Her] Thy MS.

88/9 Where gladness seems a duty, fervent thanks MS.

100-4 . . . only. Welcome too

Those seeds . . . MS.

Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
 That He who guides and governs all, approves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand; 110
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
 Into the doubtful future. Who would keep 115
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars 120
 Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,
 Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with thoughts 125
 Raised and sustained by memory of Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
 To lay a new world open.
 Nor less prized 130
 Be those impressions which incline the heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
 On the small hyssop destined to become, 135
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk 140
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring

106-7 . . . core. He who abides

In heaven, the Giver of all good, approves MS.

108-98, 210-372 *cut out of MS.*

Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled 145
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old, 150
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor 155
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window's open fret-work looked
O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb, 160
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on the walls 165
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City's long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral roof, 170
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistry's dome, and that which swells
From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed 175
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.
Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall 180
Admonished not without some sense of fear,
Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,

And for *itself*, the assemblage, grand and fair 185
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of destiny, 190
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread; 195
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
 Those images of genial beauty, oft 200
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
 But by reflexion made so, which do best
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
 —How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade, 205
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
 Savona, Queen of territory fair
 As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff, 210
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
 The breath of air can be where earth had else 215
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
 Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea, 220
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green, 225

In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth 230
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink

Of that high Con vent-crested cliff I stood,
 Modest Savona! over all did brood
 A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
 Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright— 235
 Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone,
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name
 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage, 240
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
 Say rather, one in native fellowship
 With all who want not skill to couple grief 245
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that worth
 Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,
 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail 250
 Ye kindred local influences that still,
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
 Await my steps when they the breezy height
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish 255
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side
 Of his Blandusian fount; or I invoke
 His presence to point out the spot where once
 He sate, and eulogised with earnest pen
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires; 260
 And all the immunities of rural life
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given,
 Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
 Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt, 265

Illustrated with never-dying verse,
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
 Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground 270
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds
 Out of her early struggles well inspired
 To localize heroic acts—could look
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
 Though even to their last syllable the Lays 275
 And very names of those who gave them birth
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned 280
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
 And others like in fame, created Powers
 With attributes from History derived,
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
 Through marvellous felicity of skill, 285
 With something more propitious to high aims
 Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
 Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining
 Union with those primeval energies
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height 290
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
 As she survives in ruin, manifest
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading, 295
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
 O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
 From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my feet
 Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
 Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened 300
 For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
 On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
 Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
 But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
 Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison, 305
 Into that vault receive me from whose depth
 Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
 Albeit lifting human to divine,
 A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
 Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword 310
 Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
 The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
 Inflicted;—blessed Men, for so to Heaven
 They follow their dear Lord!
 Time flows—nor winds, 315
 Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
 No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth 320
 An angry arm that snatches good away,
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
 Has to our generation brought and brings
 Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
 Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
 To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out 325
 From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
 Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
 By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed 330
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
 Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
 So with the internal mind it fares; and so
 With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
 Of vital principle's controlling law, 335
 To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
 Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
 Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
 Else more and more the general mind will droop, 340
 Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
 No faculty within us which the Soul
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
 Zealous co-operation of all means 345

Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
 By gross Utilities enslaved we need
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,
 If to the future aught of good must come 350
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
 We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
 From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served 355
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
 Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
 To transports from the secondary founts 360
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
 Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
 Accordant meditations, which in times
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed 365
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart
 Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood, 370
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.¹

II

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine
 Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
 That bound it to its native earth—poised high
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
 Striving in peace each other to outshine. 5
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home, 10

¹ See Note.

Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
 Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.¹

III

AT ROME

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill ?
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
 That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
 The Traveller's expectation ?—Could our Will 5
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
 Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
 Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn, 10
 From that depression raised, to mount on high
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
 Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

IV

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR, AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of History, stript naked as a rock
 'Mid a dry desert ? What is it we hear ?
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear, 5
 Her morning splendors vanish, and their place
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
 One solace yet remains for us who came 10
 Into this world in days when story lacked
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

¹ See Note.

III. 10 unrecompensed are] uncompensated MS.

IV. 9 A course perplexed and joyless, be it so. MS.

V

CONTINUED

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
 History that proves by inward evidence
 From what a precious source of truth it came. 5
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
 But for coeval sympathy prepared
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
 None but a noble people could have loved
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style: 10
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

VI

PLEA FOB THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries, 5
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.
 Such was her office while she walked with men,
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire 10
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,

VI. 8-10 so 1845: Her rights to claim, and vindicate the truth.
 Her faithful Servants while she walked with men
 Were they who, *etc.* 1842

9-14 Nor her alone, where'er a Muse might dwell,
 Whate'er the appointed charge of each might be
 To inform, inspire, to celebrate or foretell,
 Albeit they bowed before a common Sire
 In thunder-wielding Jove, the total Quire
 Revered their Mother, sage Mnemosyne. MS.

And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.¹

VII

AT ROME

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn 5
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme 10
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn, 5
Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve

¹ Quern virum——lyra——
——sumes celebrare Clio ?

13-14 so 1845: And, at the Muse's will, invoked the lyre
To animate *etc.* 1842

VII. 1-2 ... the Noble weak in scorn Stung by the MS. 9 some learned
Patriot 1845: thy lettered sages MS., 1842

VIII. 7-8 is crowing *etc.*} . . . hath uttered ... Of startling power like
that MS.

9-14 Heaven grant that when, as now, the tender nerve

Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing, 10
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX

AT ALBANO

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
 His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer; 5
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure 10
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

X

NEAR Anio's stream I spied a gentle Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
 While all things present told of joy and love.
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove 5
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
 On the great flood were spared to live and move.

Shrinks from that larum as a mistimed thing
 That now and at all seasons it may serve
 For what all need, such monitory sting
 Such as it gave the Apostle's heart when he
 Turned from his Master, weeping bitterly .MS.

10 note 1845: voice 1842.

11-3 For holy admonition } it may serve
 Oft even in purest spirits }
 For warning charged with memory of the sting
 With which it pierced *etc.* MS. (*alternative*)

IX. 11 so 1845: Its own fulfilment; but her upward track 1842

BO bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
 Brought to the ark are coming evermore, 10
 Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
 This sea of life without a visible shore,
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI

FROM THE ALB AN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
 With monuments decayed or overthrown,
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown, 5
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke 10
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
 Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
 Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame, 5
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name¹
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
 So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
 From the true guidance of humanity, 10
 Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify

¹ Sanguinetto.

X. 11 so 1845: Even though men seek them not, but, while they plough
 1842 14 living 1845: vouchsafed 1842

XI. 9 Bear with this strain love prompts of Fallen Power MS. 12 thou
 shalt break in scorn thy double yoke MS.

Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII

NEAR THE SAME LAKE

FOB action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen
 Her peace from images to pain allied.
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side 5
 Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;
 And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corse, 10
 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
 But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force
 His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and plain
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
 This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

XIV

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA

MAY 25, 1837

[Composed June, July, 1837.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,
 Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
 Those louder cries give notice that the Bird, 5
 Although invisible as Echo's self,
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
 For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 We have pursued, through various lands, a long 10
 And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
 With aspects novel to my sight; but still
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved, 15

For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
 Displayed her richest blossoms among files
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour, 20
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
 Blending as in a common English grove
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old, 25
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
 Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock, 30
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
 By a few Monks, a stern society,
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys. 35
 Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
 St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules 40
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works 45
 By unsought means for gracious purposes;
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth,
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart 50
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed

XIV. 16 ... And oft—reclined

On a warm sunny slope, where frolic Spring MS.

17 among] amid MS. 20 better suited to] fitter for MS.

24 feet] steps MS. 28 and most happily] happily reserved MS.

38 sterile] wasteful MS. 40 his spiritual Progeny] its hooded Occu-
 pants MS. 42 A milder Spirit (praised be *etc.* MS

On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
 And every shape of creature they sustain,
 Divine affections; and with beast and bird
 (Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells— 55
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
 He wont to hold companionship so free, 60
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
 As to be likened in his Followers' minds
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers. 65

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
 Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith, 70
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years, 75

66—86 *The following variants are found in the MSS.:*

Why question then that of the austere band
 Some meek participant of his holy Spirit,
 One hourly nourished by God's word, and prompt
 Albeit with vigils pale, depressed with years
 To take from humblest objects what they bring
 Of impulses sublime
 Some hooded brother, musing while he paced,
 Aloft, yon pine-clad edge of abrupt rock,
 Musing alone with forehead earthward cast
 Why should we doubt that of the austere band
 Some hoary Brother—musing near the verge
 Of that steep rock with forehead earthward bent
 And lips to silence vowed, a Man inured
 With strictest service and depressed by years—
 Or young Ascetic
 Methinks I see him for a welcome hour
 Of this bright evening from his round released
 Of discipline and service, see him pace
 Aloft yon pine-clad etc.

Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed 80
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood
 And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell, 85
 A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
 He might have been, Lover belike he was—
 If they received into a conscious ear
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy 90
 My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers 95
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies 100
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou 105
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet

88—93 Looking far-forth from his aerial cell—
 If they, too, heard the Notes that startled me—
 May have been visited by gleams of joy
 Brighter than mine, while moved, thus moved, to think
 (Not as we think, who walk in the world's way,
 But rapt into peculiar sanctity)
 Of the great Prophet MS.

91 My listening heart may have been moved to think MS. 96 their ob-
 stinate] and long-lived MS. 99 leave] leav'st MS. 106 sent]
 breathed MS. 107 sky . . . sky] stream . . . stream MS.

Thy course and sport around thee softly fan—
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale, 110
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve ? 5
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven ? The dream
 must cease 10
 To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
 How wide a space can part from inward peace
 The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI

CONTINUED

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing might
 Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears— 5
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
 For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree; 10
 Shed over it Thy grace, and thus subdue
 Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
 That earthly love may to herself be true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto Thee.¹

¹ See Note.

XVII

AT THE EREMITIC OF UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,
 By panting steers up to this convent gate ?
 How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
 Dare they confront the lean austerities 5
 Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
 In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
 Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies ?
 Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,
 Where mingle, as for mockery combined, 10
 Things in their very essences at strife,
 Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
 That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
 Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¹

XVIII

AT VALLOMBROSA

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd embower.²

PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"
 Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
 That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
 Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep, 5
 Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—
 Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
 For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

¹ See Note.

² See for the *two first lines*, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass".

XVII. 12 incongruous] fantastic MS.

XVIII. 3 The wish has been granted MS.

6—8 The murmur it makes . . .

By the cell where, if local traditions speak truth,
 Our Milton was tempted lone . . .

For study and prayer in his spring-time of youth. MS.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
 And its truth who shall doubt ? for his Spirit is here; 10
 In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
 In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
 That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place 15
 Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
 And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
 With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his prime,
 And here once again a kind shelter be found. 20
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
 Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
 Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page 25
 Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
 And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
 And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
 I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part, 30
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
 And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
 In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
 Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day 35
 When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
 For he and he only with wisdom is blest

9-24 *not in MS.* 19 would 1845: might 1842 22 Did 1845:
 Would 1842 23 he 1845: they 1842 25 of thee] thy name MS.
 26-30 Of that holiest of Poets, the musical sound

It hung on my ears till the winter of age,
 A spell by which fancy was willingly bound.
 And now, loved Etrurian . . .
 Do I rest *etc.* MS.

33—6 So fare we through life, passing on with a soul
 United to body and objects of sense
 For mutual support, yea, for mutual controul
 Till ... us hence. MS.

37 he ... he ... is] they . . . they ... are MS.

Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow. 40

XIX

AT FLORENCE

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
 The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
 The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne, 5
 In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
 Be there of decoration to beguile
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.
 As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more. 10
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE

[Composed April, 1840.]

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry
 Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein
 His Father served Jehovah; but how win
 Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry 5
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
 And folly, if they with united din
 Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
 Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
 To Her, as to her opposite in peace, 10
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
 To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
 Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
 "Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

38-9 true . . . Looks] pure . . . Look MS. 40 Fountain whence] Fount
 whence both MS. XX. 3 Father] Fathers MS. 8 Drown] Drown'd
 MS.; mandate] warning MS. 10 to] from MS.

XXI

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

[Composed June 22, 1839.]

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
 I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
 Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
 With Him who made the Work that Work accords 5
 So well, that by its help and through His grace
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
 Claspng her beauty in my soul's embrace.
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
 I feel how in their presence doth abide 10
 Light which to God is both the way and guide;
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

XXII

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

[Composed January 19, 1840: early draft 1805 ?]

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
 To Thy protection for a safe abode.
 The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree, 5
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,

XXI. 1 By power incited of a lovely face MS. 1

3—4 I climb, nor fail to win those heavenly heights

Where Mortal Creature *etc.* MS. 1

6—7 So aptly that I thence inform through grace

Shower'd down upon me all my thoughts and words MS. 3

9 mine] I MS. 1: these MS. 2 101 feel that in those eyes *corr. to* how
 in that vision *corr. to* that in their presence MS. 1 11 God .. the way]

God . . *corr. to* Heaven . . a Way MS. 1

XXII. 1-8 Eased of a heavy and tormenting load

And from the world released, [loosened from the world MS. 2]

I turn to thee,

Almighty Lord, as from a frightful sea

Turns a frail bark into a quiet road.

To much repentance, if sincere it be,

The thorns, the nails, thy hands pierced through, and face

Benign, meek, lacerated, promise grace

To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
 My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear; 10
 Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe;
 Wash with Thy blood my sins; thereto incline
 More readily the more my years require
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine
 Altars that piety neglects;
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
 Which no devotion now respects;
 If not a straggler from the herd 5
 Here ruminant, nor shrouded bird,
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
 In aught that ye would grace or hide—
 How sadly is your love misplaced,
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste! 10
 Ye, too, wild Flowers, that no one heeds,
 And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
 Do but more touchingly recal 15
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
 Making the precincts ye adorn
 Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV

IN LOMBARDY

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most hard
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,
 For whom his toil with early day begins.
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will 5

And to sad souls *etc.* MS. [if sincere it be *corr.* to thy dread
 agony: that dread mockery MS. 2]

9 mark] view *corr.* to search MS. 11 Turn not, dread Lord, that way
etc. MS. *corr.* to text v. *also notes.*

XXIII. 11 Ye, too 1845: And ye 1842 17 Making 1845: And make
 1842

(As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.
 So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
 Ere long their fates do each to each conform: 10
 Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV

AFTER LEAVING ITALY

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,
 Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
 Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
 I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view 5
 Within its depths, and to the shore we came
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake) TO
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
 Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

XXVI

CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
 Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
 With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
 And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young 5
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
 That followed the first sound of German speech, 10
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.

In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock
 Parting; the casual word had power to reach
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

XXVII

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838

[Composed May 1, 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838.]

IP with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
 New love of many a rival image brought
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair, 5
 So rich to me in favours. For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming 10
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum;
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

XXVIII

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

[Composed 1825-6.—Published 1827.]

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;

XXVII. 1-4 Let those who will or can, [] May, forbear

To rise and hail thy coming, I would not;

The vivid images of scenes remote

Rushing on memory urge me to compare MS. 1

May, if from these thy northern haunts, I spare

Fond looks of mine for images remote

Fetched out of milder climates, blame me not

Nor that, upris'n thus early, I compare MS. 2

10-14 How my heart swelled when in the mighty ring,

The mouldering, shadowy, sunny Cohsseum

I heard with some sad thoughts of local hue

Warblers there lodged, for victories won by Spring,

Chaunting *etc.* MS. 1

Did I a deathless joy embosoming

Amid *etc.*

Heard them, unchecked by aught of sombre hue *etc.* MS. 2

11 Colosseum] Colyseum 1838-50

12 saddening 1840, 1845: sombre

1838, 1842

And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
 A new magnificence that vies with old;
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood 5
 A votive Column, spared by fire and flood:—
 And, though the passions of man's fretful race
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
 Not injured more by touch of meddling hands
 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands, 10
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
 From death the memory of the good and brave.
 Historic figures round the shaft embost
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees 15
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease;
 Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude displayed,
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.
 —So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine; 20
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
 Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherd's ears
 Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
 I gladly commune with the mind and heart 25
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
 Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword
 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord; 30
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
 How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
 To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of Time 35
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime—
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
 Whence half the breathing world received its doom;
 Things that recoil from language; that, if shown
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown. 40
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;

Lo! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the storm
 Of battle meets him in authentic form!
 Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse 45
 Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,
 To hoof and finger mailed;—yet, high or low,
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
 Is Roman dignity inviolate; 50
 Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
 Distinguished only by inherent state
 From honoured Instruments that round him wait;
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test 55
 Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
 On aught by which another is deprest.
 —Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil
 To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
 So emulous of Macedonian fame, 60
 That, when his age was measured with his aim,
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
 And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs:
 O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!
 Where now the haughty Empire that was spread 65
 With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
 Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:
 Still are we present with the imperial Chief, 70
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID; OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY

[Composed 1828.—Published 1835.]

For the names and persons in the following poem see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands, 5
And took from men her name—THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright 10
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass 15
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science, 20
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

11-12 As nearer to the coast she drew

Appeared more glorious, with spread sail and pendant. MS., 1835
(*but corr. in errata*)

17 In patience built with subtle care MS., 1836 (*corr. in errata*)

18 so 1837: set forth with wondrous MS., 1835 19-20 of skill Whose
least effect might startle MS. 22 practising] tampering with MS.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast 25
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
 "My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
 Anon the breeze became a blast,
 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger. 30
 With thrilling word, and potent sign
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges;
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
 By Fiends of aspect more malign; 35
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.
 But worthy of the name she bore
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
 Supreme in loveliness and grace
 Of motion, whether in the embrace 40
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
 The main flood roughened into hill and valley.
 Behold, how wantonly she laves
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding;
 Like something out of Ocean sprung 45
 To be for ever fresh and young,
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding!
 But Ocean under magic heaves,
 , And cannot spare the Thing he cherished: 50
 Ah! what avails that she was fair,
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves;
 The Lily floats no longer!—She hath perished.
 Grieve for her, she deserves no less; 55
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
 No heart had she, no busy brain;
 Though loved, she could not love again;
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature. 60

26-6 Full soon a sullen look he cast

Upon the bright unconscious Stranger MS.

40-1 whether . . . anchorage] and the pride of place Whether at anchor
 rocked MS. 56 Though but a visionary Creature! MS.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;
 So richly was this Galley laden,
 A fairer than herself she bore,
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
 A lovely One, who nothing hears 65
 Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
 From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered;
 And while, repentant all too late,
 In moody posture there he sate, 70
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,
 A Visitant by whom these words were uttered :

"On Christian service this frail Bark
 Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under high protection,
 Though on her prow a sign of heathen power 75
 Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily flower,
 The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British strand;
 Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
 God reigns above, and Spirits strong 80
 May gather to avenge this wrong
 Done to the Princess, and her Land
 Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower 85
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
 A cry of lamentation send;
 And all will weep who there attend,
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
 For whom the sea was made unnavigable. 90

"Shame! should a Child of royal line
 Die through the blindness of thy malice ? "
 Thus to the Necromancer spake
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign, 95
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice.

73-4 "Rash mortal know that this frail Bark
 Steered westward *etc.* MS.

"What boots," continued she, "to mourn?
 To expiate thy sin endeavour:
 From the bleak isle where she is laid,
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid 100
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

"My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
 That brought me down that sunless river,
 Will bear me on from wave to wave, 105
 And back with her to this sea-cave;—
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
 Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy cars
 Must, when my part is done, be ready; 110
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
 Into thy own prophetic book;
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again 115
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
 Or like a steed, without a rein,
 Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop. 120

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
 That Isle without a house or haven;
 Landing, she found not what she sought,
 Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach 125
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
 For gently each from each retreating
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed
 The bosom half, and half concealed, 130
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

100-1 Our art shall fetch . . . Who may MS. 118 bird-like] cloud-
 like MS. 123-4 There landing, found she what she sought ? No, nor of MS.
 125 beach 1837: shore 1835 (*sic*) 126 And in its cup a goddess daintily
 engraven MS.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;
 Following the margin of a bay, 135
 She spied the lonely Cast-away,
 Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
 But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
 With tenderness and mild emotion, 140
 The Damsel, in that trance embound;
 And, while she raised her from the ground,
 And in the pearly shallop placed,
 Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs 145
 Of music opened, and there came a blending
 Of fragrance, underived from earth,
 With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,
 And that soft rustling of invisible wings
 Which Angels make, on works of love descending. 150

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
 Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken:
 "Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what none
 Less pure in spirit could have done;
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice! 155
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken."

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
 And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
 The self-illuminated Brigantine 160
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came
 To the dim cavern, whence the river
 Issued into the salt-sea flood, 165
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
 Was thus accosted by the Dame:
 "Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

154 Of soul less gentle MS. 167 So with good heart that Island
 bleak MS. 159 They left, and as they skimmed the brine MS.

"But where attends thy chariot—where ?"—
 Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden, 170
 So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
 My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge!
 If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
 Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view 175
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
 Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
 Changed, as the pair approached the light,
 Drawing an ebon car, their hue
 (Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber. 180

Once more did gentle Nina lift
 The Princess, passive to all changes:
 The car received her:—then up-went
 Into the ethereal element
 The Birds with progress smooth and swift 185
 As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
 Instructs the Swans their way to measure;
 And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
 And notes of minstrelsy were heard 190
 From rich pavilions spreading wide,
 For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
 Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
 Eftsoons astonishment was past, 195
 For in that face they saw the last
 Last lingering look of clay, that tames
 All pride; by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin: "Mighty King, fair Lords,
 Away with feast and tilt and tourney! 200
 Ye saw, throughout this royal House,

169 But where thy Book ? Thy Dragons where ? MS.

171-4 So for the Princess have I done; my way

Is clear before me through this day.

(Sweet heaven, how fair the Slumberer is, how fair!)

I go in hope, though much to me is hidden MS.

176 dimmest] inmost MS. 180 lucid] liquid MS.

189 Caerleon's] Tintagel's MS.

Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
 Of turrets, and a clash of swords
 Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.
 Lo! by a destiny well known 205
 To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
 This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
 Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
 Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;
 Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow." 210
 "Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
 Exclaimed the Bang, "a mockery hateful;
 Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!
 Is this her piety's reward ?
 Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek! 215
 O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!
 "Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
 Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
 Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
 A Father's sorrow for her fate ? 220
 He will repent him of his troth;
 His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.
 "Alas! and I have caused this woe;
 For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
 Had freed his Realm, he plighted word 225
 That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
 And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
 Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.
 "Her birth was heathen; but a fence
 Of holy Angels round her hovered: 230
 A Lady added to my court
 So fair, of such divine report
 And worship, seemed a recompense
 For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.
 "Ask not for whom, O Champions true! 235
 She was reserved by me her life's betrayer;
 She who was meant to be a bride
 Is now a corse: then put aside
 Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
 Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her." 240

202-3 rocking ... Of turrets] shutting ... Of door and window MS. 212
 King Arthur said MS. 235 Ask not, my Knights, for which of you MS.

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
 Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
 Not froward to thy sovereign will
 Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
 Wafted her hither, interpose 245
 To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare
 The secret thou art bent on keeping:
 Here must a high attest be given,
 What Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven: 250
 And in my glass significant there are
 Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by One,
 Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin;
 So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom 255
 Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,
 If life departed be for ever gone,
 Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss;
 Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises 260
 And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,
 And a perpetual growth secure
 Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
 A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon, 265
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;
 Knights each in order as ye stand
 Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
 Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won
 From Heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like denial. 270

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
 Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
 Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
 He reached that ebon car, the bier

255-9 So in the favoured one's behoof
 Will truth be known, perhaps by vital proof;
 But if the life indeed be gone
 And from this silent gloom be no emerging,
 Then One, at least, shall mourn her loss; MS.
 268 pallid] clay-cold MS. 269 Agravaire] Kay MS. 270 Kaye]
 Tor MS. 271-6, 277-82 MS. *transposes*.

Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay, 275
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous Knights; 280
And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine, mailed 285
For tournament, his beaver veiled,
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother, 290
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued
No change;—the fair Izonda he had wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from Heaven's grace 295
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision. 300

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream 305
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

277 Imagine (he who will or can) MS.

279-80 As to the proof advanced the Knights,

The hopes, the fears, the wishes, the despites, MS.

290-3 Came one endeared to thousands as a brother,

His vain attempt Sir Tristram nothing rued

The fair Izonda he had sued

In love too true, with pangs too sharp MS.

297 looked] was MS.

298-9 Next came ... He paused] His son . . .
Came next MS.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
 As o'er the insensate Body hung
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young, 310
 Belief sank deep into the crowd
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn
 That very mantle on a day of glory,
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat, 315
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
 Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's dominions, 320
 The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
 And their necks play, involved in rings,
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land;—
 "Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead, 325
 And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
 Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow. 330

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
 Precursor to a timid sigh, 335
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
 In silence watched the gentle strife
 Of Nature leading back to life; 340
 Then eased his soul at length by praise
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the blissful Mary.

317—18 That none had e'er approached with strength unshorn,
 Nor King nor *etc.* MS.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee 345
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearses 350
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses;—

Who shrinks not from alliance 355
Of evil with good Powers
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go; 360
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion, 365
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,
What served they in her need ?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed. 370

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened, 375
And kept to Him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

380

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

385

379-82 From rocky pillow lifted
She to this happy land
Across the deep was wafted
For wedlock's holy band. MS.
383 befall] betide MS.

THE RIVER DUDDON

A SERIES OF SONNETS

[Composed between 1806 and 1820.—Published 1820.]

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the last two Counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER
POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820)

[Composed Christmastide, 1819.—Published 1820.]

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green. 5

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of the strings; 10
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened ?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played, 15
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills; 20
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

TO THE REV. DR. W———*etc.* 1820, where the poem appears at p. 113, not as introductory to the Duddon Sonnets, which are placed first in the volume.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door 35
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise 45
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays 70
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win 75
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

I

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
 A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
 Blandusia, prattling, as when long ago
 The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing;
 Careless of flowers that in perennial blow 5
 Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
 Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow;
 I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
 All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light! 10
 Better to breathe at large on this clear height
 Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream:
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
 Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
 Nor seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
 Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint 5
 Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
 No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
 And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
 She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen, 10
 Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair¹

¹ The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

- I. 1-4 so 1837: Not envying shades which haply yet may throw
 A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,
 Bandusia, once responsive to the string
 Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow; MS., 1820-32
- 3 Blandusia 1837: Bandusia 1820-32 8 ice-built arches 1837: icy
 portals MS., 1820-32 11-12 so 1837: upon this aery height Than pass
 1820-32 needless] drowsy MS.
- II. 9-14 Yet why no trace of those primæval woods,
 Haunts where the monstrous Bison couch'd unseen,
 And huge Deer bounding on through twilight air
 Traversed the sources of a thousand floods
 Whose veil was rent by foes that did not spare
 Castalian groves, nor bowers of Hippocrene. MS.

Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green ;
 Thousands of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

III

How shall I paint thee ?—Be this naked stone
 My seat, while I give way to such intent;
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
 Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
 But as of all those tripping lambs not one 5
 Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
 To thy beginning nought that doth present
 Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
 To dignify the spot that gives thee birth
 No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem 10
 Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
 Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
 A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;
 Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake, 5
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam; 10
 And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
 Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
 Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

12 darkest 1845: sombre 1820-43

III. 8 ground 1837: grounds MS., 1820-32 9 Fair as the fairest, to
 attest thy worth MS.

IV. 5 thou appear'st] I behold MS.

9-10 Lo! from a distant [dizzy C] steep the undaunted Rill
 Starts [Leaps C] instantly enrobed in snow-white foam (1838 *only*)

V

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
 The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade 5
 For Thee, green alders have together wound
 Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey; 10
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
 Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
 Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI

FLOWERS

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
 Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
 I saw them ply their harmless robberies, 5
 And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
 There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
 The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue, 10
 The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
 And if the breath of some to no caress
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
 All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
 The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
 Or he would pass into her bird, that throws 5

V. 13-14

—innocence is gay,

And health and plenty heave unfrequent sighs. MS.

VI. 6 And caught] Nor missed MS.

The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows;
 And what the little careless innocent
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice! 10
 There are whose calmer mind it would content
 To be an unculled floweret of the glen,
 Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst ?
 What hopes came with him ? what designs were spread
 Along his path ? His unprotected bed 5
 What dreams encompassed ? Was the intruder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rights accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the dead ?
 No voice replies;—both air and earth are mute;
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit 11
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

IX

THE STEPPING-STONES

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
 And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
 Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone 5
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
 Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild, 10

VII. 11 calmer mind] humbler wish MS.

VIII. 9 so 1837: —the earth, the air is mute MS., 1820-32

IX. 1 struggling] gurgling MS.

His budding courage to the proof; and here
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

X

THE SAME SUBJECT

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance; 5
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid: 10
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI

THE FAERY CHASM

No fiction was it of the antique age:
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft
 Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that smooth stage
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage 5
 In secret revels—haply after theft
 Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left
 For the distracted Mother to assuage
 Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh! where
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes 10
 That ruled those dances wild in character?—
 Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
 On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII

HINTS FOB THE FANCY

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on!
 Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
 Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
 Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!
 Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon 5
 Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
 Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
 When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
 And the solidities of mortal pride,
 Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!— 10
 The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
 Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:
 Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must;
 And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

XIII

OPEN PROSPECT

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
 And one small hamlet, under a green hill
 Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill!
 A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,
 Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar 5
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
 Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore
 By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
 Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale, 10
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
 While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
 Laugh with the generous household heartily
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV

[Composed before April, 1807 (1806 ?).—Published 1807.]

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
 Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
 Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot 5

XII. 14 50 1827: Leave them—and, if thou canst, without regret! MS., 1820
 XIII. 3 Clustering 1837: Cluster'd MS., 1820-32

Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
 These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
 Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men, 10
 Though simple thy companions were and few;
 And through this wilderness a passage cleave
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue!

XV

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
 Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
 A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold;
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray, 5
 Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
 Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
 Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary slaves
 Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast 10
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
 Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge pass'd?

XVI

AMERICAN TRADITION

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
 Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while, 5
 Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
 Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
 Mounted through every intricate defile,
 Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep,
 O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep 10
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,

Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified I¹

XVII

BETURN

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew 5
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,² 10
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars:
Or near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came!

XVIII

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and fear,"
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here) 5
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile³ a Gospel Teacher knew, 10
Whose good works formed an endless retinue:

¹ See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

² See note. ³ See note.

XVII. 3 imperial] mightier MS.; Wheeling aloft the Bird 1838 *only* 4 and still sheds anew 1838 *only*, shedding] leaving C 7 timorous] timid MS. 8 50 1827: That slept so calmly MS., 1820 10 so 1827: These couch'dmid MS., 1820. 12 Or 1827: These MS., 1820 14 Deep sunk in patient, Into the patient MS.

XVIII. 5 so 1837: If one strong wish may be embosomed here 1820-32 9 seeks] strives MS.

A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays;
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

XIX

TRIBUTARY STREAM

MY frame hath often trembled with delight
 When hope presented some far-distant good,
 That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
 Of yon pure waters, from their aery height
 Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite; 5
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune 10
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
 Or rather felt, the enhancement that detains
 Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green, 5
 Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
 Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,
 Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky, 10
 Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

12 so 1845: Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays MS., 1820-43
 XIX. 10-13 And seldom the sooth'd ear hath heard a tune
 More touching than the murmur musical
 With which that torrent swells the hum of noon
 Announcing *etc.* MS.

XXI

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart,
 That told of days long past, when here I roved
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
 Some who had early mandates to depart,
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart 5
 By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;
 And smothered joys into new being start.
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory; 10
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
 On gales that breathe too gently to recal
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII

TRADITION

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime 5
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
 The starry treasure from the blue profound
 She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest
 Of April, amiling high in upper air ? 10
 Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare
 To prompt the thought ?—Upon the steep rock's breast
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII

SHEEP-WASHING

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer
 Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock

XXIII. 1-5 so 1845: Sad thoughts, avaunt!—the fervour of the year,
 Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites
 To laving currents, for prelusive rites
 Duly perfumed before the Dales-men shear
 Their panting charge—The distant Mountains hear,
 MS., 1820-43

To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,
 Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear
 As this we look on. Distant Mountains hear, 5
 Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
 Clamour of boys with innocent despites
 Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
 And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
 Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise 10
 Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
 Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys,
 Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
 Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV

THE RESTING-PLACE

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry mead
 No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:
 If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
 Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
 This Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed, 5
 Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
 Half grot, half arbour—proffers to enclose
 Body and mind, from molestation freed,
 In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
 Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf, 10
 Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
 From new incitements friendly to our task,
 Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
 Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
 Should some benignant Minister of air
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,

9 And what . . . flood] Meanwhile, . . . breast MS., 1820-43

XXIV. 1-7 The lightsome vigour sprung from heavenly seed
 That loves the intensest heat the Sun bestows
 Yon butterfly may boast and scorn repose
Of which we men who tread the earth have need;
 Behold a grot profusely fringed with rows
 Of daisy-pearl, and many a pendent weed
 A cool recess that proffers to enclose MS.

The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
 With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat 5
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
 Rough ways my steps have trod;—too rough and long
 For her companionship; here dwells soft ease: 10
 With sweets that she partakes not some distaste
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong;
 Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste
 Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI

[Composed 1803-4?]

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
 Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood— 5
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
 They taught me random cares and truant joys, 10
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
 Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII

[Composed probably between 1815 and 1819.—Published 1819.]

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
 Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold; 5

XXVI. 1-5 *For early version v. notes.* 1 Green as the] Sparkling like
 1838 only

XXVII. 4 cliff] height MS. 5 gay] rash MS.

Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
 Of winds—though winds were silent—struck a deep
 And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
 Its line of Warriors fled;—they shrunk when tried
 By ghostly power:—but Time's unsparing hand 10
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land;
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII

JOURNEY RENEWED

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
 Crowded together under rustling trees
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest; 5
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn
 Close to the vital seat of human clay; 10
 Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay
 The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
 In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
 I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
 Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance 5

6-9 The fair, the gay, undaunted, unabased.

Till supernatural visitation chased

That line of warriors from their ancient hold.

Stranger they fled—their courage shrunk—when tried MS.

7 though 1827: when MS., 1819-20

XXIX. 3 Tells 1827: Nor 1820

4—5 Of prostrate heroes, bleeding while the chance

Of perilous combat *etc.* MS.

Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
 Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
 In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn, 10
 The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
 The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
 Of power usurped; with proclamation high,
 And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
 Of that serene companion—a good name,
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
 And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force 5
 Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
 From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—
 In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
 Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
 That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:— 10
 Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride;
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
 Sure, when the separation has been tried,
 That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
 Is welcome as a star, that doth present
 Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high 5
 O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
 Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.
 How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more

9-14 Yet are there voices on the wind that sigh
 For such as sleep, of well-earned praise forlorn.
 To them the vocal forests tribute pay;
 The floods forget them not—while teaching scorn
 Of power usurped, they lift their voices high
 In glade-fc. MS.

Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline, 10
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
 And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
 Held; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep 5
 Sink, and forget their nature—*now* expands
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
 Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
 Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns, 10
 And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
 With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

XXXIII

CONCLUSION

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale;
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
 A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast
 That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail;
 While, less disturbed than in, the narrow Vale 5
 Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
 The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
 Where all his unambitious functions fail.
 And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free—
 The sweets of earth contentedly resigned, 10
 And each tumultuous working left behind
 At seemly distance—to advance like Thee;
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
 And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXI. 14 While the unseen River speaks with gentle roar. MS.

XXXII. 3 thickets] coverts MS. 9-14 *not in MS., where the sestet is that of XXXIII*

XXXIII. 1-8 *not in MS.* 13 in a diffusive calm of mind MS.

XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

*/ THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide; 5
 The Form remains, the Function never dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have power 10
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.*

XXXIV. 1 thought] spake MS. 4 will] shall MS. 5 for ever
 1820, 1840: not cease to MSS., *Poetical Works* 1820-37 12 And if, as
 toward] If as towards MS. 13 through hope] and hope MS.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND
ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831

[Published 1836.]

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFEC-
TIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, *December 11, 1834.*

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott
and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance,
immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples,

The title "Yarrow Revisited" will stand in no need of explanation for
Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that
celebrated Stream.

I

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate 5
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing 10
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot 15
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation: 20

No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind enthralling,
 We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of Youth, 25
 With freaks of graceful folly,—
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
 Her Night not melancholy;

Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united, 30
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face, 35
 Though we were changed and changing;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover. 40

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment!
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet, 45
 Has o'er their pillow brooded;
 And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot 50

For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
 May classic Fancy, linking

With native Fancy her fresh aid, 55
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,

May Health return to mellow Age,
 With Strength, her venturous brother; 60
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams, 65
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee, 70
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me 75
 When first I gazed upon her ;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender. 80

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer ?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self? 85
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance
 Plays false with our affections; 90
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections:
 Ah, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful Life, 95
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd; 100
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

 Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream! 105
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine, no
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD,
 FOR NAPLES

[Composed September, 1831.—Published 1833 (*Literary Souvenir* of Alaric Watts), vol. of 1835.]

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their sight; 5
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue 10
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

III

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Graveyard lies;

III. 1 rugged 1837: ragged 1835

The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
 Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties, 5
 No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
 Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen 10
 Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men
 Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills 5
 His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
 Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours 10
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

V

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM

THE wind is now thy organist;—a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
 To mark some change of service. As the swell
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank 5

3-4 Spot where the Hare, with both eyes closed, might sleep,
 And if so minded, Fairy companies MS.

7 lowly] lonely MS.

IV. 3 Britain] England MS. 5-6 so 1845: whereon the sky distils
 Her lark's loved warblings 1835-43

Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
 Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
 Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown? 10
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending into one.

VI

THE TROSACHS

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase 5
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray 10
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
 The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit, 5
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
 All speak of manners withering to the root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions high:

VI. 5 which 1837: that 1835

9 Guest 1835 *corr.* to quest in errata

13 That 1837: This 1835

VII. 9 And of 1845: And some 1835-43

Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range 10
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination—to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

"Tins Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists—
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests—
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests— 5
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
 While native song the heroic Past recalls."
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide 10
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

IX

EAGLES

Composed at Dunollie Castle in the bay of Oban.

DISHONoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
 Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
 Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe 5
 Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
 Such was this Prisoner once; and when his plumes 10
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,

13 she 1845: it 1835-8

VIII. 1—2 This land of rainbows and empurpled mists
 That tapestry the deep Glen's craggy walls MS.

IX. 5—6 and struck my soul with awe
 Now wheeling low, then *etc.* MS. *Letter*

8 Flew high] Flying MS. *Letter*

Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X

IN THE SOUND OF MULL

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
 Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
 On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show 5
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
 From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed 10
 By civil arts and labours of the pen,
 Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
 Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
 For patriarchal occupations, named
 Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen ? " ¹

XI

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
 Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook 5
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
 This way or that, or give it even a thought
 More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book
 Teach what *they* learn ? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One 10
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
 To what dread Powers He delegates his part
 On Earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

¹ In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

12 so 1845: In spirit, for a moment, he resumes MS. *Letter*, 1835-43
 X. 11 those 1837: these 1835 12 they 1837: that they 1836
 XL 13 Powers 1837: Power 1835

XII

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND FAMILY
BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
 Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
 The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile 5
 With truth, or with each other, decked remains
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
 For the departed, built with curious pains
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand
 Together,—'mid trim walks and artful bowers, 10
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
 That, for the living and the dead, demand
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII

"REST AND BE THANKFUL"

At the Head of Glencroe.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,
 This brief this simple wayside Call can slight,
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
 With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk 5
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep 10

XIII. 1—4 Rest and be thankful! After toilsome walk,
 Patiently doubling with an artful line
 Of long ascent in mazes serpentine,
 Who rests *etc.* MS.

3 The call of these inscriptive words can slight MS. 2 5 unseen]
 whistling MS.

6-7 Or by the sight of sky-born brooks that shine At the sun's bidding, MS.
 10-14 ... as the balanced fowl

Is quiet in mid-air, fish in the sweep
 Of rapid floods, whales find in the great deep
 Calm resting places, so the endeavouring soul
 May win due respite ere Life's journey close. MS.

Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—
 So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels share.

XIV

HIGHLAND HUT

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
 The limpid mountain-rill avoids it not; 5
 And why shouldst thou ?—If rightly trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
 Undressed the pathway leading to the door; 10
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!¹

XV

THE HIGHLAND BROACH

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike everyone, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

IF to Tradition faith be due,
 And echoes from old verse speak true,
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,

¹ See note.

11 The stillness that she loves, self-poised in air, MS. 2

XIV. 1-2 Scorn not the threshold of this ragged Cot,
 See how its smoke forth breathing whence it may, MS. 1

1—5 See how the smoke forth breathing from this Cot,
 From roof, door, window, is as promptly kissed
 By the Sun newly risen, as mountain mist,
 And glitters as if conscious of its lot;
 The breeze, the babbling rill avoids it not MS. 2

9 The walls are crazy, shattered is the roof MS. 1 10 pathway leading]
 path ascending MS. 2

No common light of nature blessed	5
The mountain region of the west,	
A land where gentle manners ruled	
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,	
That raised, for centuries, a bar	
Impervious to the tide of war:	10
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain	
Where haughty Force had striven in vain;	
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,	
By wanderers brought from foreign lands	
And various climes, was not unknown	15
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;	
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,	
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,	
The silver Broach of massy frame,	
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame	20
On road or path, or at the door	
Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:	
But delicate of yore its mould,	
And the material finest gold;	
As might beseem the fairest Fair,	25
Whether she graced a royal chair,	
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,	
No fancied lustre on the wall	
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,	
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.	30
The heroic Age expired—it slept	
Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept	
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod	
Grew on the floors his sons had trod:	
Malvina! where art thou? Their state	35
The noblest-born must abdicate;	
The fairest, while with fire and sword	
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,	
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest	
By ruder hands in homelier vest.	40
Yet still the female bosom lent,	
And loved to borrow, ornament;	

XV. 18 Still ... is] May ... be MS.

26/7 Or sate within a hawthorn bower

Or shaded by a lofty Tower MS.

27 shed] cast MS.

Still was its inner world a place
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
 Still pity to this last retreat 45
 Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
 Love wound his way by soft approach,
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
 Yet fiercer, in a darker age ; 50
 And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
 The weaker perished to a man;
 For maid and mother, when despair
 Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
 One small possession lacked not power, 55
 Provided in a calmer hour,
 To meet such need as might befall—
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
 For woman, even of tears bereft,
 The hidden silver Broach was left. 60

As generations come and go,
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
 And feeble, of themselves, decay;
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide, 65
 In which the castle once took pride!
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
 Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
 Mount along ways by man prepared; 70
 And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
 Seek other seas, their canvass gleams.
 Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn 75
 Among the novelties of morn,
 While young delights on old encroach,
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
 Like vapours, years have rolled and spread; So
 And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
 Shall yield no light of love or praise;

Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
 Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might 85
 Entombs, or forces into light;
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
 That oft befriends Antiquity,
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,
 May render back the Highland Broach.¹ 90

XVI

THE BROWNIE

[Upon a small island, not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned those particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The Brownie." See "The Brownie's Coll," to which the following is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;
 Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
 Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood 5
 Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try
 Privation's worst extremities, and die
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.
 Verily so to live was an awful choice—
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom; 10
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

XVII

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR

[Composed at Loch Lomond.]

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most

¹ How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, 'I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!' and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost 5
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee 10
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain-borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light ?

XVIII

BOTHWELL CASTLE

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
 Once on those steeps / roamed at large, and have
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight; 5
 The river glides, the woods before me wave;
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight ?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give 10
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive;
 How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE

AMID a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood 5

XVIII. 7 so 1837: But, by occasion tempted, now I crave 1835

XIX. 1-2 Bleak is the Land, a land of tide and flood,

Of mist and snow, and well doth *etc.* MS.

2 did 1838: doth 1835

(Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge
 The wind with terror while they roar for food.
 Sate are *these*; and stilled to eye and ear;
 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear! 10
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
 Daunt him—if his Companions, now bedrowsed
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused:
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

XX

THE AVON

(A feeder of the Annan.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:
 For great and sacred is the modest claim 5
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
 Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood 10
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Bill, with unpleased ears.

XXI

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD
 FOREST

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;
 Yet still, though inappropriate Wild be none, 5

- 9-10 so 1845: But *these* are sate, and a stillness drear
 Calls into life a more enduring fear! 1835
 Sate are *these*; and still—to eye and ear; *etc.* 1837-43
 11-13 Yet why? the Prophet quakes not in the cave
 Mid his companions listless and bedrowsed,
 Nor would he quake were they by hunger roused; MS.
 13 Outstretched 1837: Yawning 1835
 XXI. 2 no more 1837: nor more 1835

Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
 His church with monumental wreck bestrown; 10
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade,

XXII

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part 5
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride; 10
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN TREE¹.

XXIII

FANCY AND TRADITION

[Composed 1833.—Published 1835.]

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
 Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove
 Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would rove, 5
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

¹ See note.

9-10 Still has the Monk (so call his gliding Shade)

His roofless Church with precious wreck bestrown MS.

XXIII. 1-2 There fell the Hero, in this ancient grove

The lovers pledged their faith, beside these springs MS.

7 Thus to the truth Tradition fondly clings MS.

Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
 Were only History licensed to take note
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments 10
 Would ill suffice for persons and events:
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,
 A readier book of manifold contents,
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV

COUNTESS' PILLAR,

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time
 May this bright flower of Charity display
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
 Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime! 5
 "Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
 More than on written testament or deed,
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
 "LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing by 10
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised!"

XXV

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume
 Too high, or idle agitations lull!
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full, 5

XXV. 2 Thus robbing of its own the dust of Rome MS.

To have no seat for thought were better doom,
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp ? 10
 The Sage's theory ? the Poet's lay ?—
 Mere Fibulae without a robe to clasp;
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXVI

APOLOGY

For the Foregoing Poems

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
 Abrupt—as without preconceived design
 Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
 Have moved in order, to each other bound
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie 5
 Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
 Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
 Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,
 As might beseem a stately embassy, 10
 In set array; these bearing in their hands
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
 Or gift to be presented at the throne
 Of the Great King; and others, as they go
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged, 15
 Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
 Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
 The Spirit of humanity, disdain
 A ministration humble but sincere,
 That from a threshold loved by every Muse 20

10 tenacious 1837: insatiate 1835: all that our hopes would grasp C

XXVI. 1—3 No more: as without preconceived design

Was the beginning, so an abrupt end

May be permitted. MS.

8 so 1845: Of Palace, or of Temple, 1835-43

12-16 Offerings prepared for sacrificial rites

Or gifts to be presented at the throne

Of the great King in solemn embassy MS.

17-19 so 1837: Nor will the Muse condemn, or treat with scorn

Our ministration *etc.* 1835

Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,
 Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
 Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
 Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
 From kindred sources; while around us sighed 25
 (Life's three first seasons having passed away)
 Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
 (Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;
 And every day brought with it tidings new
 Of rash change, ominous for the public weal. 30
 Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
 Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
 Which may itself be cherished and caressed
 More than enough; a fault so natural
 (Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay) 35
 For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

31 has 1837: have 1835

31-6 Hence with the candid and the serious judge

A fault so natural, if a fault it be,

For prompt indulgence will not plead in vain. MS.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS

[Composed 1807-1808.—Published 1815 (4to); collective ed. 1820.]

ADVERTISEMENT

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the WHITE DOE, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, MARY ! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay 5
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed 10
For Her, who, pierced by sonow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence, 15
Like the brave Lion slam in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught; 20
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide:"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

1—2 Oft in some bower with opening (*corr. to* clustering) roses gay
Or haply by the blazing winter fire MS.

7 of celestial 1837: born of heavenly MS.-1832

7—23 But like a wreath, composed of bud and bell,
Spring's flowery garland, in a whirlwind caught,
Or like the warblings of a sea-nymph's shell
When the distempered air with storms is fraught ;
Those pleasures vanished from our rustic Cell,
And we by lamentable change were taught
That *etc.*

corr. to text, but 21—2 Mid the green bower, and in our rustic Cell
Till we by lamentable *etc.* MS.

- For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow, 25
 For us the voice of melody was mute.
 —But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
 And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
 Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
 A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit, 30
 Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
 From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.
 It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
 Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
 And griefs whose aery motion comes not near 35
 The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
 Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
 High over hill and low adown the dell
 Again we wandered, willing to partake
 All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake. 40
- Then, too, this Song *of mine* once more could please,
 Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
 Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
 Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
 Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees 45
 Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
 Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven
 A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.
- This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
 Of female patience winning firm repose; 50
 And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
 A bright, encouraging, example shows;
 Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
 Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
 Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless 55
 A happy hour with holier happiness.
- He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
 Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
 O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
 The comprehensive mandate which they give— 60
- 29-31 Thus did the timely breath of heaven bestow
 Its kindly influence, promising fair fruit,
 Of pensive pleasure MS.
- 42 restless] wildest MS. 45 Even to] Among MS. 47 sharp]
 wild MS.
- 55-6 A tale which now, dear Helpmate, I present
 To thee and to the world, with pure intent. MS., *corr. to*
 And therefore not unfitted to impress
 On happy hours a holier happiness, *corr. to text*
- 60-3 More worthily the mandate which they give:
 But on this product of a simple skill
 As thou hast smiled, Beloved, it may live,
 And unto others such delight impart MS.

Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
 Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
 Beloved Wife ? such solace to impart
 As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
 'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
 And has the nature of infinity.
 Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
 And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
 By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
 Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
 May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
 Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
 Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body, and if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or *Melior Natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain." LORD BACON.

Canto First

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
 The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
 With people in their best array
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf, 5
 Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
 Through the Vale retired and lowly,
 Trooping to that summons holy.
 And, up among the moorlands, see
 What sprinklings of blithe company! 10
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
 That down the steep hills force their way,
 Like cattle through the budded brooms;

1-2 The morning bells from Bolton's tower

Are speaking with a voice of power MS. 1 (*corr.*)

3 shines 1837: is MS.-1832 5 hood] hose MS. 1 (*corr.*) 6 of 1820:
 of the MS., 1816.

Path, or no path, what care they ?
 And thus in joyous mood they hie 15
 To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—full fifty years
 That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
 The bitterness of wrong and waste: 20
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
 Is standing with a voice of power,
 That ancient voice which wont to call
 To mass or some high festival;
 And in the shattered fabric's heart 25
 Remaineth one protected part;
 A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
 Closely embowered and trimly drest;
 And thither young and old repair,
 This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer. 30

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
 Look again, and they all are gone;
 The cluster round the porch, and the folk
 Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
 And scarcely have they disappeared 35
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
 With one consent the people rejoice,
 Filling the church with a lofty voice!
 They sing a service which they feel:
 For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal; 40
 Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
 In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
 And all is hushed, without and within;
 For though the priest, more tranquilly, 45
 Recites the holy liturgy,

18 That Pile, with hundred of its Peers MS. 1

25 And in the Ruin's mouldering heart MS. 1

27-8 so 1837: A rural Chapel, neatly drest,

In covert like a little nest MS.-1832

35 All like Fairies have MS. 1

41 so 1837: And faith and hope are in
 their prime MS.-1832

43 Now they have ceased *etc.* MS. 1 45 with
 calmer glee MS. 1

The only voice which you can hear
 Is the river murmuring near.
 —When soft!—the dusky trees between,
 And down the path through the open green, 50
 Where is no living thing to be seen;
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground—
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam, 55
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe!
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon 60
 When out of sight the clouds are driven
 And she is left alone in heaven;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain 65
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
 Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
 Ye living, tend your holy cares;
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers; 70
 And blame not me if my heart and sight
 Are occupied with one delight!
 Tis a work for sabbath hours
 If I with this bright Creature go:
 Whether she be of forest bowers, 75
 From the bowers of earth below;
 Or a Spirit for one day given,
 A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
 Wait upon her as she ranges 80

- 47-8 You cannot hear his voice—'tis drown'd
 In the neighbouring River's sound MS. 1
 52-4 And through the gate which is the bound
 Of the Churchyard's private ground MS. 1
 54/5 And right across the verdant sod
 Towards the very house of God MS.-1832
 78 pledge 1837: gift MS.-1832

Round and through this Pile of state
 Overthrown and desolate!
 Now a step or two her way
 Leads through space of open day.
 Where the enamoured sunny light 85
 Brightens her that was so bright;
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
 Falls upon her like a breath,
 From some lofty arch or wall,
 As she passes underneath: 90
 Now some gloomy nook partakes
 Of the glory that she makes,—
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
 With perfect cunning framed as well
 Of stone, and ivy, and the spread 95
 Of the elder's bushy head;
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,
 That doth the living stars repel,
 And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe 100
 Fills many a damp obscure recess
 With lustre of a saintly show;
 And, reappearing, she no less
 Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
 A more than sunny liveliness. 105
 But say, among these holy places,
 Which thus assiduously she paces,
 Comes she with a votary's task,
 Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?
 Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense no
 Of sorrow, or of reverence ?
 Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
 Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
 For what survives of house where God
 Was worshipped, or where Man abode; 115
 For old magnificence undone;
 Or for the gentler work begun
 By Nature, softening and concealing,
 And busy with a hand of healing ?

Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth 120
 That to the sapling ash gives birth;
 For dormitory's length laid bare
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
 Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
 Now rich with mossy ornament ? 125
 —She sees a warrior carved in stone,
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
 A warrior, with his shield of pride
 Cleaving humbly to his side,
 And hands in resignation prest, 130
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
 As little she regards the sight
 As a common creature might:
 If she be doomed to inward care,
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere. 135
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light!
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
 And thus she fares, until at last 140
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down;
 Gentle as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side; 145
 Even so, without distress, doth she
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
 To a lingering motion bound,

120-5 so 1837: The altar, whence the cross was rent

Now rich with mossy ornament,—

The dormitory's length laid bare,

Where the wild-rose blossoms fair;

And sapling ash, whose place of birth

Is that lordly chamber's hearth? MS.-1820; so 1827-32,

but For altar, *and* Or dormitory's

121/2 There low now he lurketh, but proud will he be

When the north wind shall rock him, a far spreading tree. MS. 1

131 tranquil] open MS. 1 132 so 1837: Methinks she passeth by the sight MS.-1832 140 thus ... until 1827: in this way . . . till MS.-1820

143 Gentle 1845: Gently MS.-1843 148 placid] quiet MS. 1 149 To its tranquil measures bound, MS. 1

Like the crystal stream now flowing 150
 With its softest summer sound:
 So the balmy minutes pass,
 While this radiant Creature lies
 Couched upon the dewy grass,
 Pensively with downcast eyes. 155
 —But now again the people raise
 With awful cheer a voice of praise;
 It is the last, the parting song;
 And from the temple forth they throng,
 And quickly spread themselves abroad, 160
 While each pursues his several road.
 But some—a variegated band
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
 And little children by the hand
 Upon their leading mothers hung— 165
 With mute obeisance gladly paid
 Turn towards the spot where, full in view,
 The white Doe, to her service true,
 Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound; 170
 Which two spears' length of level ground
 Did from all other graves divide:
 As if in some respect of pride;
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,
 Still shy of human neighbourhood; 175
 Or guilt, that humbly would express
 A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?
 She means no harm;"—but still the Boy, 180
 To whom the words were softly said,

150-1 so 1837: Like (As MS.-1820) the river in its flowing—

Can there be a softer sound ? MS.-1832

154 dewy] sacred MS. 166-7 so 1837: ... rear A voice of praise, with
 awful cheer! MS.-1832 165 mothers] grandsires MS. 1

166-8 50 1837: Turn with devotion gladly paid

Towards the spot where, full in view,

The famous Doe, of whitest hue, MS., so 1815-32 but 166
 obeisance and 168 lovely for famous

174 Or sorrow that retains her mood MS. 1

Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
 Again the Mother whispered low,
 "Now you have seen the famous Doe; 185
 From Rylstone she hath found her way
 Over the hills this sabbath day;
 Her work, whatever it be, is done,
 And she will depart when we are gone;
 Thus doth she keep, from year to year, 190
 Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
 The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
 But is she truly what she seems ?
 He asks with insecure delight, 195
 Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
 The doubt returns against his will:
 Though he, and all the standers-by,
 Could tell a tragic history
 Of facts divulged, wherein appear 200
 Substantial motive, reason clear,
 Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
 Couchant beside that lonely mound;
 And why she duly loves to pace
 The circuit of this hallowed place. 205
 Nor to the Child's enquiring mind
 Is such perplexity confined:
 For, spite of sober Truth that sees

183/4 The thing he dreamt of was fulfill'd
 He look'd again and his heart was still'd. MS. 1

191/2 This whisper soft repeats what he
 Had known from early infancy. 1815—1832

192 was 1837: is 1815-32

192-216 This knows the blissful Boy full well
 This knows the Country far and near,
 But, Matron! there is more to tell
 For certes, if I rightly trace
 The characters of every face,
 A thousand earnest thoughts are here,
 An ample creed of love and fear,
 Repose of heart, and truth that sees
 A world of fond remembrances,
 And likewise here are fancies strong
 That do the gentle Creature wrong. MS. 1

A world of fixed remembrances
 Which to this mystery belong, 210
 If, undeceived, my skill can trace
 The characters of every face,
 There lack not strange delusion here,
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
 And superstitious fancies strong, 215
 Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
 Who in his boyhood often fed
 Full cheerily on convent-bread
 And heard old tales by the convent-fire, 220
 And to his grave will go with scars,
 Relics of long and distant wars—
 That Old Man, studious to expound
 The spectacle, is mounting high
 To days of dim antiquity; 225
 When Lady Aaliza mourned
 Her Son, and felt in her despair
 The pang of unavailing prayer;
 Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
 The noble Boy of Egremound. 230
 From which affliction—when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found place—
 A pious structure, fair to see,
 Rose up, this stately Priory!
 The Lady's work;—but now laid low; 235
 To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
 In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe;
 Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright; 240
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;
 And, through the chink in the fractured floor

218 boyhood 1837: youth had 1815, 1820: youth hath MS., 1827-32 221-2
not in MS.: And lately hath brought home the scars Gathered in long *etc.*
 1815-32 223-5 That old Man's mind, I guess, hath turned

To days far off, hath mounted high

To Albermarle and Romilly MS.

231-2 so 1837:... when God's grace At length had *etc.* MS.-1832 237 in-
 nocent] milk-white MS. 238-41 *not in MS.* 1

Look down, and see a griesly sight;
 A vault where the bodies are buried upright! 245
 There, face by face, and hand by hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
 And, in his place, among son and sire,
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
 A valiant man, and a name of dread 250
 In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
 Look down among them, if you dare;
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there, 255
 Prying into the darksome rent;
 Nor can it be with good intent:
 So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
 Who hath a Page her book to hold,
 And wears a frontlet edged with gold. 260
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
 Who counts among her ancestry
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
 From Oxford come to his native vale, 265
 He also hath his own conceit:
 It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
 Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
 In his wanderings solitary:
 Wild notes she in his hearing sang, 270
 A song of Nature's hidden powers;
 That whistled like the wind, and rang
 Among the rocks and holly bowers.
 'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;
 And oftentimes before him stood, 275
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,
 In semblance of a lady fair;

253/4 Look down and through the pavement see
 A glimpse of this dismal Family: MS. 1

255-8 The White Doe oft is peeping there
 And for no good—A dame of blood
 Thinks thus *etc.* MS. 1

261-2 so 1837: Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she
 Numbers among *etc.* 1815—1832

270-7 *not in MS.* 1

And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
 When under cloud of fear he lay, 280
 A shepherd clad in homely grey;
 Nor left him at his later day.
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
 Bode full of years to Flodden-field,
 His eye could see the hidden spring, 285
 And how the current was to flow;
 The fatal end of Scotland's King,
 And all that hopeless overthrow.
 But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might; 290
 Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
 Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
 Most happy in the shy recess
 Of Barden's lowly quietness.
 And choice of studious friends had he 295
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
 Who, standing on this old church tower,
 In many a calm propitious hour,
 Perused, with him, the starry sky;
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry 300
 For other lore,—by keen desire
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
 In quest belike of transmutations
 Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
 But they and their good works are fled, 305
 And all is now disquieted—
 And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
 But look again at the radiant Doe!

279 Cumbrian 1827: Cumbria's MS.-1820

293-4 Most happy in his private bower

The humble lodge of Barden Tower, MS. 1; lowly 1837: humble 1815-32

299-302 Who read with him the starry sky

And did for other knowledge pry,

In mutual help and strong desire

Searching the earth with chemic fire; MS. 1

301-2 through strong desire Searching *etc.* as MS. 1, 1815-32 303-4 added 1837

What quiet watch she seems to keep, 310
 Alone, beside that grassy heap!
 Why mention other thoughts unmeet
 For vision so composed and sweet?
 While stand the people in a ring,
 Gazing, doubting, questioning; 315
 Yea, many overcome in spite
 Of recollections clear and bright;
 Which yet do unto some impart
 An undisturbed repose of heart.
 And all the assembly own a law 320
 Of orderly respect and awe;
 But see—they vanish one by one,
 And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild; 325
 To which, with no reluctant strings,
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
 And now before this Pile we stand
 In solitude, and utter peace:
 But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease— 330
 A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
 In soft and breeze-like visitings,
 Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
 A voice is with us—a command
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory, 335
 A tale of tears, a mortal story!

Canto Second

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed;
 And first we sang of the green-wood shade
 And a solitary Maid;

313 For a vision that is so sweet MS. 1

320-2 To a superior Presence due

But now they dwindle to a few

These also vanish *etc.* MS. 1

324-33 Harp, sound the truth upon thy strings

For a Spirit with angel wings

Is near us and a Spirit's hand MS. 1

325 so 1837: By busy dreams, and fancies wild; 1815-32

331-3 so 1845: Thou hast breeze-like visitings;

For a Spirit with angel-wings

Hath touched thee *etc.* 1815-32; 1837-43 *as* 1845, *but*
 angelic *for* his angelic

Beginning, where the song must end, 340
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
 The Friend, who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light ;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth. 345

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold
 An unblest work; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,— 350
 Exulting in its imagery;
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will:
 For on this Banner had her hand
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command) 355
 The sacred Cross; and figured there
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
 Full soon to be uplifted high,
 And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen 360
 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread;
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head;
 But now the inly-working North
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth, 365
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,
 Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent;
 And boldly urged a general plea, 370
 The rites of ancient piety
 To be triumphantly restored,
 By the stern justice of the sword!

346 this Maid MS. 1, 1827: 'twas She 1815-20 351 its 1837: the
 MS.-1832 352 fashioned to 1837: one that did MS.-1832 365 her
 Sire's 1837: was the MS.-1832

372-3 To be by force of arms renewed:

Glad prospect for the multitude! MS., 1815; 1820 *etc. as text, but till*
 1845 dread *for* stern

And that same Banner on whose breast
 The blameless Lady had exprest 375
 Memorials chosen to give life
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
 That Banner, waiting for the Call,
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came; and Francis Norton said, 380
 "O Father! rise not in this fray—
 The hairs are white upon your head;
 Dear Father, hear me when I say
 It is for you too late a day!
 Bethink you of your own good name: 385
 A just and gracious queen have we,
 A pure religion, and the claim
 Of peace on our humanity.—
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn;
 I am your son, your eldest born; 390
 But not for lordship or for land,
 My Father, do I clasp your knees;
 The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
 This multitude of men disband,
 And live at home in blameless ease; 395
 For these my brethren's sake, for me;
 And, most of all, for Emily!"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;
 And scarcely could the Father hear
 That name—pronounced with a dying fall— 400
 The name of his only Daughter dear,
 As on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified;
 Then did he seize the staff, and say: 405
 "Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
 Keep thou this ensign till the day
 When I of thee require the same:
 Thy place be on my better hand;—

395 blameless 1827: blissful MS.-1820 398 so 1837: Loud noise was
 in the crowded hall MS.-1832 400 pronounced with 1837: which had
 MS.-1832 404 moist 1820: wet MS. 1, 1815 405 so 1837:
 Then seized the staff, and thus did say MS.-1832

And seven as true as them, I see, 410
 Will cleave to this good cause and me."
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
 All followed him, a gallant band!

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim 415
 And din of arms and minstrelsy,
 From all his warlike tenantry,
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
 A voice to which the hills replied!

But Francis, in the vacant hall, 420
 Stood silent under dreary weight,—
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall
 Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
 A phantasm like a dream of night!
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate, 425
 He found his way to a postern-gate;
 And, when he waked, his languid eye
 Was on the calm and silent sky;
 With air about him breathing sweet,
 And earth's green grass beneath his feet; 430
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear
 A sound of military cheer,
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance 435
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
 That dimness of heart-agony;
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer. 440
 The past he calmly hath reviewed :
 But where will be the fortitude

414-16 so 1837: Forth when Sire and Sons appear'd
 A shout, a lofty shout was rear'd
 With din *etc.* MS. 1; so 1815-32, *but* A gratulating *for*
 A shout, a lofty

419 voice 1837: shout 1815-32

A shout which welcom'd and defied

And all the antient hills replied. MS. 1

427 his languid 1837: at length, his MS.-1832

verdant MS. 1

430 earth's green]

Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily ? 445

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling:
"Might ever son *command* a sire, 450
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
"Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay, 455
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found. 460

"Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy; and a force 465
Still stronger, bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons; 47◇
Untried our Brothers have been loved

445/6 Oh! hide them from each other, hide,
Kind Heaven! this pair severely tried! MS.-1832

446—9 He saw the Maid where full in view
She sate beneath the spreading yew,
And thitherward he turn'd straitway
And, greeting her, did firmly say MS. 1

449/50 How could he chuse but shrink or sigh ?
He shrunk, and muttered inwardly, 1815—32

452-3 *not in MS.*

457—9 *so* 1837: He paused, her silence to partake,
And long it was before he spake;
Then, all at once, his thoughts *etc.* MS.-1832

460-550 *torn from MS.* 1 471 have been loved 1837: were beloved
1815-32

With heart by simple nature moved;
 And now their faithfulness is proved:
 For faithful we must call them, bearing
 That soul of conscientious daring. 475
 —There were they all in circle—there
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
 John with a sword that will not fail,
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
 And those bright Twins were side by side; 480
 And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
 I, by the right of eldest born,
 And in a second father's place, 485
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
 And meet their pity face to face;
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
 I to my Father knelt and prayed;
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke, 490
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,
 And would have laid his purpose by,
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.
 "Then be we, each and all, forgiven! 495
 Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face, 500
 As that unhallowed Banner grew
 Beneath a loving old Man's view.
 Thy part is done—thy painful part;
 Be thou then satisfied in heart!
 A further, though far easier, task 505
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
 I cannot for such cause contend;
 Their aims I utterly forswear;
 But I in body will be there. 510

472 *not in* 1816-32 482 Stood 1827: Was 1816-20 486 grapple
 with 1827: stand against 1816-20 496 Thou . . . thou 1837: Thee
 . . . thee 1815-32

Unarmed and naked will I go,
 Be at their side, come weal or woe:
 On kind occasions I may wait,
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
 Bare breast I take and an empty hand."¹— 515
 Therewith he threw away the lance,
 Which he had grasped in that strong trance;
 Spurned it, like something that would stand
 Between him and the pure intent
 Of love on which his soul was bent. 520

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
 Of trial past without offence
 To God or man; such innocence,
 Such consolation, and the excess
 Of an unmerited distress; 525
 In that thy very strength must lie.
 —O Sister, I could prophesy!
 The time is come that rings the knell
 Of all we loved, and loved so well:
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak 530
 To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
 Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
 Are doomed to perish utterly:
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide
 The thought while I am by thy side, 535
 Acknowledging a grace in this,
 A comfort in the dark abyss.
 But look not for me when I am gone,
 And be no farther wrought upon:
 Farewell all wishes, all debate, 540
 All prayers for this cause, or for that!
 Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
 Upon no help of outward friend;
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
 To fortitude without reprieve. 545
 For we must fall, both we and ours—
 This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
 Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
 Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;

¹ See the Old Ballad, "The Rising of the North".

The young horse must forsake his manger, 550
 And learn to glory in a Stranger;
 The hawk forget his perch; the hound
 Be parted from his ancient ground:
 The blast will sweep us all away—
 One desolation, one decay! 555
 And even this Creature!" which words saying,
 He pointed to a lovely Doe,
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
 Fair creature, and more white than snow!
 "Even she will to her peaceful woods 560
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,
 And be in heart and soul the same
 She was before she hither came;
 Ere she had learned to love us all,
 Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall. 565
 —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
 The last leaf on a blasted tree;
 If not in vain we breathed the breath
 Together of a purer faith;
 If hand in hand we have been led, 570
 And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
 Not seldom foremost in the way;
 If on one thought our minds have fed,
 And we have in one meaning read;
 If, when at home our private weal 575
 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
 Together we have learned to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice;
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared; 580
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endue thee with all truth—
 Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destined place:
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high, 585
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity!"

667 so 1837: The last leaf which by Heaven's decree
 Must hang upon a blasted tree MSS.-1832
 568 breathed 1827: have breathed MSS.-1820

He ended,—or she heard no more ;
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door, 590
 He kissed the consecrated Maid;
 And down the valley then pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

Canto Third

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear, 595
 Telling melancholy hours!
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near!
 The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry, 600
 Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
 "This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair, 605
 I bring with me a goodly train;
 Their hearts are with you: hill and dale
 Have helped us: Ure we crossed, and Swale,
 And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their Yeomanry! 610
 —Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,
 Whom to this service I commend;
 Which way soe'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end;
 They are my all"—voice failed him here— 615
 "My all save one, a Daughter dear!

592 then 1837: he MSS.-1832

594r-6 so 1837: . . . and sudden cheer,

Ye Watchmen upon Brancepeth Towers:

Looking forth in doubt and fear MSS.-1832

699-602 Marching down the banks of Weir,

The stout Earls heard, and at once set free

From tremblings and perplexity

They took to their fate, and hand and voice

With final pledge confirm'd the choice. MS. 1; so MS. 2 but 1. 2

It was proclaimed and the earls set free

601 Well-pleased 1837: Forthwith 1816-32 604 greet 1837: hail MSS.-1832

Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
 The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
 I had—but these are by my side,
 These Eight, and this is a day of pride! 620
 The time is ripe. With festive din
 Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
 When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near 625
 From every side came noisy swarms
 Of Peasants in their homely gear;
 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
 Grave Gentry of estate and name,
 And Captains known for worth in arms; 630
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence
 To rise, and prove their innocence.—
 "Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
 For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand, 635
 His eye upon Northumberland,
 And said; "The Minds of Men will own
 No loyal rest while England's Crown
 Remains without an Heir, the bait
 Of strife and factions desperate; 640
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind
 Through all things else, in this can find
 A mutual hope, a common mind;
 And plot, and pant to overwhelm
 All ancient honour in the realm. 645
 —Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
 Our noblest blood is given in trust,
 To you a suffering State complains,
 And ye must raise her from the dust.
 With wishes of still bolder scope 650
 On you we look, with dearest hope;
 Even for our Altars—for the prize
 In Heaven, of life that never dies;

617 Love's 1837: the MSS.-1832 648 a suffering] an injured MS. 1

651 with dearest] our twofold MS. 1

651/2 Not only for redress of wrongs
 In what to high or low belongs,
 Or to a Crown without an heir

That hangs to drop we know not where, MSS. 652 But for MSS.

For the old and holy Church we mourn,
 And must in joy to her return. 655
 Behold!"—and from his Son whose stand
 Was on his right, from that guardian hand
 He took the Banner, and unfurled
 The precious folds—"behold," said he,
 "The ransom of a sinful world; 660
 Let this your preservation be;
 The wounds of hands and feet and side,
 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died!
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,
 These Records wrought in pledge of love 665
 By hands of no ignoble birth,
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
 While she the holy work pursued."
 "Uplift the Standard!" was the cry 670
 From all the listeners that stood round,
 "Plant it,—by this we live or die."
 The Norton ceased not for that sound,
 But said; "The prayer which ye have heard,
 Much injured Earls! by these preferred, 675
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."
 "Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
 "Uplift it!" said Northumberland— 680
 Whereat, from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry,
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
 The transport was rolled down the river of Were, 685
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees 690
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,

From Were, and all the little rills
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call 695
 Had sate together in Raby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield, 700
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate 705
 Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire,
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
 Proceeding under joint command, 710
 To Durham first their course they bear;
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
 And trod the bible beneath their feet.
 Thence marching southward smooth and free 715
 "They mustered their host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see;"¹
 The Choicest Warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring, 720
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small,
 Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the Standard which he bore. 725
¹ From the old Ballad.

697 that Earldom] the Nevills MS. 1 703 so 1827: And numbers came
 of each degree MS. 1; Came Foot and Horse-men of each degree MS. 2-1820
 719 beauty and for 1827: undisputed MSS.-1820
 720-1 so 1837: 721 *not in* MSS.-1820:

Like those eight Sons—embosoming
 Determined thoughts—who, in a ring 1827-32
 724/5 All arm'd, in beauty flourishing MS. 1: In youthful beauty *etc.* MS. 2-
 1820

On foot they girt their Father round;
 And so will keep the appointed ground
 Where'er their march: no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
 He stands upon the grassy sod, 730
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array 735
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly Personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise, 740
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state;
 A face to fear and venerate;
 Eyes dark and strong; and on his head 745
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest 750
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
 With unparticipated gaze;
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath none, 755
 And treads in solitary ways.

726-31 They guarding him he round them shed
 While firm he held his dear heart's boast,
 God's proof of love unmerited,
 A light of glory dimm'd with dread
 Such mixture as his countenance bred
 Yet still the glory uppermost. MS. 1

726-8 só 1837: With feet that firmly pressed the ground
 They stood, and girt their Father round;

Such was his choice,—no Steed will he MS. 2-1832

730 stands 1845: stood 1815-43 grassy 1820: verdant MS. 2, 1815
 742 loftier 1837: higher MSS.-1832 746 Bright locks 1827: A crown
 MS. 1; Richlocks MS. 2-1820 753 thousands 1837: many MSS.-1832

He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light 700
 That guides them through a stormy night.
 And now, upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
 He takes alone his far-off stand,
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand. 765
 Bold is his aspect; but his eye
 Is pregnant with anxiety,
 While, like a tutelary Power,
 He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise 770
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
 In sunshine were his only task,
 Or by his mantle's help to find
 A shelter from the nipping wind: 775
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,
 His weary spirits gather rest.
 Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
 The pageant glancing to and fro;
 And hope is wakened by the sight, 780
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
 But what avails the bold intent ?

757 following] climbing MS. 1 761 through 1837: on MSS.-1832

762-4 And to yon Plot of rising ground

From earliest dawn hath he been bound

This day, there takes his far off stand, MS. 1 764 alone 1837: this day MS. 2-1832

766-79 Nor does his faithful eye forego The pageant *etc.* MS. 1

771-3 so 1837: Stretched out upon the ground he lies,—

As if it were his only task

Like Herdsman in the sun to bask MS. 2-1832

780-3 For by this help he hopes to learn

Which way the tide is doom'd to flow,

A knowledge which he soon shall earn.

To London, London, let us hie

This was the universal cry

And thither were the Chieftains bent. MS. 1

A Royal army is gone forth 785
 To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
 They march with Dudley at their head,
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!—
 Can such a mighty Host be raised
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near? 790
 The Earls upon each other gazed,
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
 For, with a high and valiant name,
 He bore a heart of timid frame;
 And bold if both had been, yet they 795
 "Against so many may not stay."¹
 Back therefore will they hie to seize
 A strong Hold on the banks of Tees;
 There wait a favourable hour,
 Until Lord Dacre with his power 800
 From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
 Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
 A rumour of this purpose ran,
 The Standard trusting to the care 805
 Of him who heretofore did bear
 That charge, impatient Norton sought
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
 And thus abruptly spake;—"We yield
 (And can it be?) an unfought field!— 810
 How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,
 To few triumphantly been given!
 Still do our very children boast
 Of mitred Thurston—what a Host

_____ i From the Old Ballad.

788-9 And hitherward from York are led.

Can thirty thousand then be raised MS 1

792-4 so 1837: And Neville was opprest with fear;

For, though he bore a valiant name,

His heart was of a timid frame, MSS.-1832

797-853 Word for retreat was given—"we yield,"

Said Norton, "then, an unfought field.

Even these poor eight *etc.* MS. 1

797 so 1837: And therefore will retreat to seize 1816-32 801 comes

1815-32 805 trusting 1837: giving 1815-32 811 so 1837: How

often hath the strength of heaven 1815-32

He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain 815
 (And flying shall behold again)
 Where faith was proved ?—while to battle moved
 The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
 That bore it, compassed round by a bold
 Fraternity of Barons old; 820
 And with those grey-haired champions stood,
 Under the saintly ensigns three,
 The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
 All confident of victory!—
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ? 825
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
 In that other day of Neville's Cross ?
 When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Raised, as the Vision gave command, 830
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower
 To God descending in his power.
 Less would not at our need be due 835
 To us, who war against the Untrue;—
 The delegates of Heaven we rise,
 Convoled the impious to chastise:
 We, we, the sanctities of old
 Would re-establish and uphold: 840
 Be warned"—His zeal the Chiefs confounded,
 But word was given, and the trumpet sounded:
 Back through the melancholy Host
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.
 Alas! thought he, and have I borne 845
 This Banner raised with joyful pride,

819-23 so 1837: On which the gray-haired Barons stood,
 And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood,
 Beneath the saintly Ensigns three, 1815-32

824 so 1837: Their confidence and 1815: Stood confident of 1820-32

829-33 so 1837: When, as the Vision gave command,
 The Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic did uprear
 Upon the point of a lofty spear,
 And God descended in his power,
 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower. 1815-32

841 so 1837: The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded, 1815-32 846 with
 joyful pride 1837: so joyfully 1815-32

This hope of all posterity,
 By those dread symbols sanctified;
 Thus to become at once the scorn
 Of babbling winds as they go by, 850
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
 To the light clouds a mockery!
 —"Even these poor eight of mine would stem—"
 Half to himself, and half to them
 He spake—"would stem, or quell, a force 855
 Ten times their number, man and horse;
 This by their own unaided might,
 Without their father in their sight,
 Without the Cause for which they fight;
 A Cause, which on a needful day 860
 Would breed us thousands brave as they."
 —So speaking, he his reverend head
 Raised toward that Imagery once more:
 But the familiar prospect shed
 Despondency unfelt before: 865
 A shock of intimations vain,
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought
 Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
 Oh wherefore was her countenance bright 870
 With love divine and gentle light ?
 She would not, could not, disobey,
 But her Faith leaned another way.
 Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
 I overheard her as she spake 875
 Sad words to that mute Animal,
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 This Cross in tears: by her, and One
 Unworthier far we are undone— 880
 Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
 Over that tender Spirit—assailed

848 *not in* 1815-32 852 *light* 1837: *frail* 1815-32 856 *man and*
horse MS. 1 ends here. 862-3 *so* 1827: . . . *upraised his head Towards*
that etc. 1815-20 867 *Dismay* 1827: *Blank fear* 1815-20 872 *so*

1837: *She did in passiveness obey* 1815-32

881-8 *so* 1837: *Her Brother was it who assailed*

Her tender spirit and prevailed (MS. 2 omits 883-8).

Her other Parent, too, whose head MS. 2-1832

Too oft alas! by her whose head
 In the cold grave hath long been laid:
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled 885
 Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
 Far back—far back my mind must go
 To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
 Of border tunes was played to cheer 890
 The footsteps of a quick retreat;
 But Norton lingered in the rear,
 Stung with sharp thoughts; and, ere the last
 From his distracted brain was cast,
 Before his Father, Francis stood, 895
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
 In your indignant thoughts my share;
 Am grieved this backward march to see 900
 So careless and disorderly.
 I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
 And yet want courage at their need:
 Then look at them with open eyes!
 Deserve they further sacrifice?— 905
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
 In open field their gathering foes,
 (And fast, from this decisive day,
 Yon multitude must melt away;)
 If now I ask a grace not claimed 910
 While ground was left for hope; unblamed
 Be an endeavour that can do
 No injury to them or you.

886-6 so 1837: From reason's earliest dawn beguiled The docile *etc.*
 1815-32

890-1 so 1837: Was played to cheer them in retreat MS. 2-1832

889-913 so 1837: Thought followed thought—and ere the last
 Of that unhappy train was past,
 Before him Francis did appear.
 "Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,"
 Said he, "in open field your Foes;
 Now that from this decisive day
 Your multitude must melt away,
 An unarmed Man may come unblamed;
 To ask a grace, that was not claimed

My Father! I would help to find
 A place of shelter, till the rage 915
 Of cruel men do like the wind
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
 Be Brother now to Brother joined!
 Admit me in the equipage
 Of your misfortunes, that at least, 920
 Whatever fate remain behind,
 I may bear witness in my breast
 To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
 Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight 925
 Against all good"—but why declare,
 At length, the issue of a prayer
 Which love had prompted, yielding scope
 Too free to one bright moment's hope ?
 Suffice it that the Son, who strove 930
 With fruitless effort to allay
 That passion, prudently gave way;
 Nor did he turn aside to prove
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
 But calmly from the spot withdrew; 935
 His best endeavours to renew,
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

Canto Fourth

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
 The Moon from cloudless ether sees

Long as your hopes were high, he now
 May hither bring a fearless brow;
 When his discountenance can do
 No injury,—may come to you.
 Though in your cause no part I bear,
 Your indignation I can share;
 Am grieved *etc. as 900-5, but 901 How for So and 902*
 Chieftains, Men who lead MS. 2-1832

927-9 so 1837: . . . this prayer ?

Or how from his depression raised,
 The Father on his Son had gazed; MS. 2-1832

930-1 so 1845: Suffice it that the Son gave way

Nor strove that passion to allay MS. 2-1837

936 His best 1837: The like MS. 2-1832

For cancelled continuation of Canto 3, and an earlier version of 951-82, both preserved in MS. 2, v. notes.

938-9 so 1837: From cloudless ether looking down,

The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees MS. 2-1832

A Camp, and a beleaguered Town, 940
 And Castle like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
 And southward far, with moor between,
 Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
 The bright Moon sees that valley small 945
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths. 950
 —The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
 The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
 The peacock in the broad ash-tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity 955
 Of colours manifold and bright
 Walked round, affronting the daylight;
 And higher still, above the bower
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
 The hall-clock in the clear moonshine 960
 With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams inaudible by day; 965
 The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
 By the night insects in their play,
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;
 A thousand, thousand rings of light
 That shape themselves and disappear 970
 Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!
 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
 The same who quietly was feeding
 On the green herb, and nothing heeding,

943-4 moor . . . Hill-top . . . flood . . . forest 1837: *in plural* 1815-32

947-8 Stands, as might seem, from all distress

Removed, in rural quietness MS. 2 *corr. to* With its gray roof an
 image *etc. as text*

950 50 1827: The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths MS. 2-1820

973-5 so 1837: The same fair Creature who (which 1815) was nigh

Feeding in tranquillity,

When Francis uttered to the Maid 1815-32

When Francis, uttering to the Maid 975
 His last words in the yew-tree shade,
 Involved whate'er by love was brought
 Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
 Of chance presented to his eye,
 In one sad sweep of destiny— 980
 The same fair Creature, who hath found
 Her way into forbidden ground;
 Where now—within this spacious plot
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades 985
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,
 And terraces in trim array— 990
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
 With pine and cedar spreading wide
 Their darksome boughs on either side,
 In open moonlight doth she lie;
 Happy as others of her kind, 995
 That, far from human neighbourhood,
 Range unrestricted as the wind,
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
 Emerging from a cedar shade 1000
 To open moonshine, where the Doe
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
 Like a patch of April snow—
 Upon a bed of herbage green,
 Lingering in a woody glade 1005
 Or behind a rocky screen—
 Lonely relic! which, if seen
 By the shepherd, is passed by
 With an inattentive eye.
 Nor more regard doth She bestow 1010
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe

977-80 *not in* 1815-32

999-1000 so 1837: But where at this still hour is she,

The consecrated Emily?

Even while I speak, behold the Maid

Emerging from the cedar shade 1815-32

Now couched at ease, though oft this day
 Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
 When she had tried, and tried in vain,
 Approaching in her gentle way, 1015
 To win some look of love, or gain
 Encouragement to sport or play;
 Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
 Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed;—the breeze 1020
 Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
 As she approached yon rustic Shed
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
 Along the walls and overhead,
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers 1025
 Revived a memory of those hours
 When here, in this remote alcove,
 (While from the pendent woodbine came
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove 1030
 To teach her salutary fears
 And mysteries above her years.
 Yes, she is soothed: an Image faint,
 And yet not faint—a presence bright
 Returns to her—that blessed Saint 1035
 Who with mild looks and language mild
 Instructed here her darling Child,

1012-19 so 1837: Yet the meek Creature was not free,
 Erewhile, from some perplexity;
 For thrice hath she approached, this day,
 The thought-bewildered Emily;
 Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
 Some smile or look of love to gain,—
 Encouragement to sport or play;
 Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
 Have all been slighted or gainsaid. 1815-32

1020-2 so 1837: —O welcome to the viewless breeze!
 'Tis fraught with acceptable feeling,
 And instantaneous sympathies
 Into the Sufferer's bosom stealing;—
 Ere she hath reached yon rustic Shed. 1816-20
 Yet she is soothed: the viewless breeze
 Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:
 Ere she hath [had 1832] reached *etc.* 1827-32

1026 Revived 1837: Revives 1815-32 1035 that blessed 1837: 'tis
 that bless'd 1815 [blest 1820-32]

While yet a prattler on the knee,
 To worship in simplicity
 The invisible God, and take for guide 1040
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
 Of that beguiling influence;
 "But oh! thou Angel from above,
 Mute Spirit of maternal love, 1045
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
 Than ghosts are fabled to appear
 Sent upon embassies of fear;
 As thou thy presence hast to me
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry 1050
 Descend on Francis; nor forbear
 To greet him with a voice, and say;—
 'If hope be a rejected stay,
 Do thou, my Christian Son, beware
 Of that most lamentable snare, 1055
 The self-reliance of despair!' "

Then from within the embowered retreat
 Where she had found a grateful seat
 Perturbed she issues. She will go!
 Herself will follow to the war, 1060
 And clasp her Father's knees;—ah, no!
 She meets the insuperable bar,
 The injunction by her Brother laid;
 His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
 That interdicted all debate, 1065
 All prayer for this cause or for that;
 All efforts that would turn aside
 The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait;
 In resignation to abide 1070
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.

1045 Mute 1837: Thou 1815-32

1051-6 so 1837: Descend on Francis:—through the air
 Of this sad earth to him repair,
 Speak to him with a voice, and say,
 'That he must cast despair away!' 1815-32

1069-72 .No *italics or capitals* in 1815

—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
 But now, as silently she paced
 The turf, and thought by thought was chased, 1075
 Came One who, with sedate respect,
 Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake;
 "An old man's privilege I take:
 Dark is the time—a woeful day!
 Dear daughter of affliction, say 1080
 How can I serve you ? point the way."

"Rights have you, and may well be bold:
 You with my Father have grown old
 In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
 Turn from us all the coming woe: 1085
 This would I beg; but on my mind
 A passive stillness is enjoined.
 On you, if room for mortal aid
 Be left, is no restriction laid;
 You not forbidden to recline 1090
 With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the old Man, "must abide
 With all of us, whate'er betide.
 In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
 To shelter persecuted men: 1095
 Far under ground is many a cave,
 Where they might lie as in the grave,
 Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
 Or let them cross the River Tweed,
 And be at once from peril freed!" 1100

- 1073-7 so 1837:—She knows, she feels it, and is cheared;
 At least her present pangs are checked,
 —But [And 1815-20] now an ancient Man appeared,
 Approaching her with grave respect,
 Down the smooth walk which then she trod,
 He paced along the silent sod,
 And greeting her thus gently spake, 1815-32
- 1084-5 so 1837: In friendship;—go—from him—from me—
 Strive to avert this misery 1815-32
- 1088-9 so 1837:—If prudence offer help or aid,
 On *you* is *etc.* 1815-32
- 1092-3 so 1837: "Hope," said the Sufferer's zealous Friend,
 "Must not forsake us till the end.— 1815-32

—"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;
 "I will not counsel nor exhort,—
 With my condition satisfied;
 But you, at least, may make report
 Of what befalls;—be this your task— 1105
 This may be done;—'tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
 The Sire, unconscious of his age,
 Departed promptly as a Page
 Bound on some errand of delight. 1110
 —The noble Francis—wise as brave,
 Thought he, may want not skill to save.
 With hopes in tenderness concealed,
 Unarmed he followed to the field;
 Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers 1115
 Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
 "Grant that the Moon which shines this night
 May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change,
 And knowledge has a narrow range; 1120
 Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
 And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
 The Moon may shine, but cannot be
 Their guide in flight—already she
 Hath witnessed their captivity. 1125
 She saw the desperate assault
 Upon that hostile castle made;—
 But dark and dismal is the vault
 Where Norton and his sons are laid!
 Disastrous issue!—he had said 1130
 "This night yon faithless Towers must yield,
 Or we for ever quit the field.
 —Neville is utterly dismayed,
 For promise fails of Howard's aid;
 And Dacre to our call replies 1135
 That he is unprepared to rise.
 My heart is sick;—this weary pause
 Must needs be fatal to our cause.

1112 want not 1837: have the 1815-32

1123-4 so 1837: Their flight the fair Moon may not see;

For, from mid-heaven, already she 1815-32

1131 faithless 1837: haughty 1815-32

The breach is open—on the wall,
 This night,—the Banner shall be planted!" 1140
 —"Twas done: his Sons were with him—all;
 They belt him round with hearts undaunted
 And others follow;—Sire and Son
 Leap down into the court;—"Tis won"—
 They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed 1145
 That with their joyful shout should close
 The triumph of a desperate deed
 Which struck with terror friends and foes!
 The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
 From Norton and his filial band; 1150
 But they, now caught within the toils,
 Against a thousand cannot stand;—
 The foe from numbers courage drew,
 And overpowered that gallant few.
 "A rescue for the Standard!" cried 1155
 The Father from within the walls;
 But, see, the sacred Standard falls!—
 Confusion through the Camp spread wide:
 Some fled; and some their fears detained:
 But ere the Moon had sunk to rest 1160
 In her pale chambers of the west,
 Of that rash levy nought remained.

Canto Fifth

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound 1165
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell, 1170
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent—
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent 1175

1146-7 so 1837: Another close

To that brave deed 1815-32

1174 and] 1820: and as 1815

From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
 Had often heard the sound of glee
 When there the youthful Nortons met,
 To practise games and archery:
 How proud and happy they! the crowd 1180
 Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was won,
 They to the Tower withdrew, and there
 Would mirth run round, with generous fare; 1185
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
 Upon the height walks to and fro;
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale, 1190
 Received the bitterness of woe:
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
 Such rights did feeble nature claim;
 And oft her steps had hither steered,
 Though not unconscious of self-blame; 1195
 For she her brother's charge revered,
 His farewell words; and by the same,
 Yea, by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood 1200
 That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
 Who with her Father had grown old

1182 scorching 1820: heat of the 1815

1184 so 1837: They to the Watch-tower did repair,

Commodious Pleasure-house! and there 1815-32

1187 so 1837: He was the proudest *etc.* 1815-32

1191/2 Dead are they, they were doomed to die;

The Sons and Father all are dead,

All dead save One; and Emily

No more shall seek this Watch-tower high,

To look far forth with anxious eye,—

She is relieved from hope and dread,

Through suffering in extremity. 1815 *only*

1200 Beside . . . stood 1837: She turned to him, who with his eye

Was watching her while on the height

She sate, or wandered restlessly,

O'erburdened by her sorrow's weight;

To him who this dire news had told,

And now beside the Mourner stood; 1815-32

In friendship; rival hunters they,
 And fellow warriors in their day;
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought; 1205
 Then on this height the Maid had sought,
 And, gently as he could, had told
 The end of that dire Tragedy,
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; " You said 1210
 That Francis lives, *he* is not dead ?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared;
 To take his life they have not dared;
 On him and on his high endeavour
 The light of praise shall shine for ever! 1215
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
 His solitary course maintain;
 Not vainly struggled in the might
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
 He was their comfort to the last, 1220
 Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—
 What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
 They might deserve a good Man's blame;
 But marks of infamy and shame— 1225
 These were their triumph, these their pride;
 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
 Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
 'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
 'A Prisoner once, but now set free! 1230
 'Tis well, for he the worst defied
 Through force of natural piety;
 He rose not in this quarrel, he,
 For concord's sake and England's good,
 Suit to his Brothers often made 1235
 With tears, and of his Father prayed—

1206 height 1837: place 1815-32 1207 so 1837: And told, as gently
 as could be, 1815-32 1208 dire 1837: sad 1815-32 1227-8 *not in*
 1815-20 1229 there were who 1827: the people 1815-20 1232 Through
 force 1837: For sake 1815-32
 1234-8 so 1837: His Father and his Brothers wooed,
 Both for their own and Country's good,
 To rest in peace—he did divide 1815-32

And when he had in vain withstood
 Their purpose—then did he divide,
 He parted from them; but at their side
 Now walks in unanimity. 1240
 Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
 While to the prison they are borne,
 Peace, peace to all indignity!"

" And so in Prison were they laid—
 Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid, 1245
 For I am come with power to bless,
 By scattering gleams, through your distress,
 Of a redeeming happiness.
 Me did a reverent pity move
 And privilege of ancient love; 1250
 And, in your service, making bold,
 Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

" Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
 But to his purposes, that burned
 Within him, instantly returned: 1255
 He was commanding and entreating,
 And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
 Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on'—
 And so to Francis he renewed
 His words, more calmly thus pursued. 1260

" 'Might this our enterprise have sped,
 Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
 A renovation from the dead,
 A spring-tide of immortal green:
 The darksome altars would have blazed 1265
 Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
 Salvation to all eyes that gazed,

1247 so 1820: To scatter gleams *etc.* 1815

1250/1 But most, compassion for your fate,
 Lady! for your forlorn estate, 1815

1251-2 so 1837: Me did these move, and I made bold,
 And entrance gained 1816

And in your service I made bold—

And entrance gained 1820-32

1258 50 1837: But I will end what is begun;

'Tis matter which I do not fear

To entrust to any living ear.' 1815-32

Once more the Rood had been upraised
 To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
 Then, then—had I survived to see 1270
 New life in Bolton Priory;
 The voice restored, the eye of Truth
 Re-opened that inspired my youth;
 To see her in her pomp arrayed—
 This Banner (for such vow I made) 1275
 Should on the consecrated breast
 Of that same Temple have found rest:
 I would myself have hung it high,
 Fit offering of glad victory!

" ' A shadow of such thought remains 1280
 To cheer this sad and pensive time;
 A solemn fancy yet sustains
 One feeble Being—bids me climb
 Even to the last—one effort more
 To attest my Faith, if not restore. 1285

" 'Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,
 My Son, the last wish of my heart.
 The Banner strive thou to regain;
 And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
 Bear it—to whom if not to thee 1290
 Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
 Bear it to Bolton Priory,
 And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;
 To wither in the sun and breeze
 'Mid those decaying sanctities. 1295
 There let at least the gift be laid,
 The testimony there displayed;
 Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
 But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
 I helmeted a brow though white, 1300
 And took a place in all men's sight;
 Yea, offered up this noble Brood,
 This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
 And turned away from thee, my Son!
 And left—but be the rest unsaid, 1305
 The name untouched, the tear unshed;—

My wish is known, and I have done:
 Now promise, grant this one request,
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"

"Then Francis answered—' Trust thy Son, 1310
 For, with God's will, it shall be done!'—

"The pledge obtained, the solemn word
 Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
 And Officers appeared in state
 To lead the prisoners to their fate. 1315
 They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
 To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?
 They rose—embraces none were given—
 They stood like trees when earth and heaven
 Are calm; they knew each other's worth, 1320
 And reverently the Band went forth.
 They met, when they had reached the door,
 One with profane and harsh intent
 Placed there—that he might go before
 And, with that rueful Banner borne 1325
 Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
 Conduct them to their punishment:
 So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
 By human feeling, had ordained.
 The unhappy Banner Francis saw, 1330
 And, with a look of calm command
 Inspiring universal awe,
 He took it from the soldier's hand;
 And all the people that stood round
 Confirmed the deed in peace profound. 1335
 —High transport did the Father shed
 Upon his Son—and they were led,
 Led on, and yielded up their breath;
 Together died, a happy death!—

1310-11 so 1837 . . . fervently, "If God so will, the same shall be." 1816-32

1312 so 1837: Immediately, this *etc.* 1815-32

1323-6 so 1837: The Banner which a Soldier bore,

One marshalled thus with base intent

That he in scorn might go before,

And, holding up this monument, 1816-32

1334 stood 1837: were 1815-32

But Francis, soon as he had braved 1340
 That insult, and the Banner saved,
 Athwart the unresisting tide
 Of the spectators occupied
 In admiration or dismay,
 Bore instantly his Charge away." 1345

These things, which thus had in the sight
 And hearing passed of Him who stood
 With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
 In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
 He told; and oftentimes with voice 1350
 Of power to comfort or rejoice;
 For deepest sorrows that aspire,
 Go high, no transport ever higher.
 "Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
 The old Man to the silent Maid, 1355
 "Yet, Lady! shines, through this black night,
 One star of aspect heavenly bright;
 Your brother lives—he lives—is come
 Perhaps already to his home;
 Then let us leave this dreary place." 1360
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,
 Though without one uplifted look,
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

Canto Sixth

WHY comes not Francis ?—From the doleful City
 He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear 1365
 The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
 To Ambrose that! and then a knell

1341-2 so 1837: This insult . . . That moment from among the tide 1815-32
 1345 instantly 1837: unobserved 1815-32 1351 comfort 1820:
 encourage 1815

1364-7 so 1837: "Yet, yet in this affliction," said
 The old Man to the silent Maid,
 "Yet, Lady! heaven is good—the night
 Shews yet a Star which is most bright; MS, 2-1832
 1364r-6 so 1837: Why comes not Francis ?—Joyful cheer
 In that parental gratulation,
 And glow of righteous indignation,
 Went with him from the doleful City:—
 He fled—yet in his flight could hear
 The death-sound of the Minster-bell; 1815-32

For him, the sweet half-opened Flower! 1370
 For all—all dying in one hour!
 —Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of love
 Should bear him to his Sister dear
 With the fleet motion of a dove;
 Yea, like a heavenly messenger 1375
 Of speediest wing, should he appear.
 Why comes he not ?—for westward fast
 Along the plain of York he passed;
 Reckless of what impels or leads,
 Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds 1380
 The sorrow, through the Villages,
 Spread by triumphant cruelties
 Of vengeful military force,
 And punishment without remorse.
 He marked not, heard not, as he fled; 1385
 All but the suffering heart was dead
 For him abandoned to blank awe,
 To vacancy, and horror strong:
 And the first object which he saw,
 With conscious sight, as he swept along— 1390
 It was the Banner in his hand!
 He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
 What hath he done ? what promise made ?
 Oh weak, weak moment! to what end 1395
 Can such a vain oblation tend,
 And he the Bearer ?—Can he go
 Carrying this instrument of woe,
 And find, find anywhere, a right
 To excuse him in his Country's sight ? 1400
 No; will not all men deem the change
 A downward course, perverse and strange ?

1374 so 1837: With motion fleet as winged Dove 1815-27; a winged Dove
 1832 1376 Of speediest wing 1837: An Angel-guest 1815-32 1378 passed]
 past 1815-50

1378/9 The Banner-staff was in his hand,
 The Imagery concealed from sight

And cross the expanse, in open flight, 1815-32

1381 so 1832: The sorrow of the Villages; 1815-27 1382 so 1827:
 From the triumphant cruelties 1815-20

1385-8 so 1827: Unchecked he journies—under law

Of inward occupation strong; 1815-20

Here is it;—but how ? when ? must she,
 The unoffending Emily,
 Again this piteous object see ? 1405

Such conflict long did he maintain,
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain:
 His own life into danger brought
 By this sad burden—even that thought,
 Exciting self-suspicion strong, 1410
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
 And how—unless it were the sense
 Of all-disposing Providence,
 Its will unquestionably shown—
 How has the Banner clung so fast 1415
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
 Clung to the hand to which it passed
 Without impediment ? And why
 But that Heaven's purpose might be known
 Doth now no hindrance meet his eye, 1420
 No intervention, to withstand
 Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
 Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
 When all resentments were at rest,
 And life in death laid the heart bare ?— 1425
 Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy
 Of utter desolation made
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade:

- 1407 so 1837: Within himself, and found no rest;
 Calm liberty he could not gain;
 And yet the service was unblest. 1815-32
 1410—11 so 1820: Raised self-suspicion which was strong,
 Swaying the brave Man to his wrong; 1815
 1414-31 so 1837: Its will intelligibly shewn,
 Finds he the banner in his hand,
 Without a thought to such intent,
 Or conscious effort of his own ?
 And no obstruction to prevent
 His Father's wish and last command!
 And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;
 Remembering his own prophecy
 Of utter desolation, made
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
 He sighed, submitting to the power,
 The might of that prophetic hour. 1815-32

He sighed, submitting will and power 1430
 To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
 "No choice is left, the deed is mine—
 Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
 Will lay the Relic on the shrine." 1435

So forward with a steady will
 He went, and traversed plain and hill;
 And up the vale of Wharf his way
 Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
 Attained a summit whence his eyes 1440
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
 There Francis for a moment's space
 Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
 Of horsemen at an eager pace!
 He heard, and with misgiving mind. 1445
 —"Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:
 They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand
 Of death had drunk their punishment,
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed, 1450
 How Francis, with the Banner claimed
 As his own charge, had disappeared,
 By all the standers-by revered.
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled 1455
 All censure, enterprise so bright
 That even bad men had vainly striven
 Against that overcoming light)
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
 That to what place soever fled 1460
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
 Where Francis stood in open sight.
 They hem him round—"Behold the proof,"
 They cried, "the Ensign in his hand! 1465
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
 For why?—to save his Father's land;

1439-40 so 1837: ... on the second day He reached *etc.* 1815-32 1451-2
 so 1837: How Francis had the Banner claimed, And with that charge *etc.*
 1815-32 1465 They cried 1837: Behold 1815-32

Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no Traitor," Francis said, 1470
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware;—
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!" 1475
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow 1480
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched
The Assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wound 1485
A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band,
One, the most eager for the prize, 1490
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left; with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;

1472-3 50 1837: It weakens me, my heart hath bled
Till it is weak—but you, beware, 1815-32

1480 warlike 1820: a Warrior's 1815

1483—1519 so 1845: A spear,—and with his eyes he watched
Their motions, turning round and round:—
His weaker hand the Banner held;
And straight by savage zeal impelled
Forth rushed a Pikeman, as if he,
Not without harsh indignity,
Would seize the same:—instinctively—
To smite the Offender—with his lance
Did Francis from the brake advance;
But, from behind, a treacherous wound
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground,
A mortal stroke: oh, grief to tell!
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell:
There did he lie of breath forsaken;

But not before the warm life-blood 1495
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay 1500
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by 1505
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place. 1510
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair. 1515
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best

The Banner from his grasp was taken,
And borne exultingly away;
And the Body was left on the ground where it lay.

Two days, as many nights, he slept
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;
For at that time distress and fear
Possessed the Country far and near;
The third day, One, who chanced to pass,
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.
A gentle Forester was he,
And of the Norton Tenantry;
And he had heard that by a Train
Of Horsemen Francis had been slain.
Much was he troubled—for the Man
Hath recognized his pallid face;
And to the nearest Huts he ran,
And called the People to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
Such was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be, this sight she cannot bear!
Such thought the Forester expressed
And all were swayed, and deemed it best

That, if the Priest should yield assent
 And no one hinder their intent,
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake, 1520
 In holy ground a grave would make;
 And straightway buried he should be
 In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid. 1525
 In no confusion or neglect
 This did they,—but in pure respect
 That he was born of gentle blood;
 And that there was no neighbourhood
 Of kindred for him in that ground: 1530
 So to the Church-yard they are bound,
 Bearing the body on a bier;
 And psalms they sing—a holy sound
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head, 1535
 And is again disquieted;
 She must behold!—so many gone,
 Where is the solitary One?
 And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
 To seek her Brother forth she went, 1540
 And tremblingly her course she bent
 Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
 She comes, and in the vale hath heard
 The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
 Of people, sees them in one spot— 1545
 And darting like a wounded bird
 She reached the grave, and with her breast
 Upon the ground received the rest,—
 The consummation, the whole ruth
 And sorrow of this final truth! 1550

That, if the Priest should yield assent
 And join himself to their intent, 1815-32; 1837-43 *as*
 1845, *but II.* 1496-8

Had tinged with searching overflow,
 More deeply tinged the embroidered show
 Of His whose side was pierced upon the Rood!

1533-4 so 1840: In decency and humble chear;

And psalms are sung with holy sound. 1815-32; 1837 *as text*,
but sung

Canto Seventh

"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled 1555
To hide her poor afflicted head ?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat ?
Some island which the wild waves beat— 1560
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat ?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail ? 1565
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown 1570
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride 1575
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being, 1580
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.

1650/1 "Powers .. dream of" *not in* 1815-32 1564 low 1820: deep 1815
1567 deep 1820: calm 1815 1570 so 1845: The walks and pools neglect
hath sown MS. 2-1843 1580 Appears 1837: There is MS. 2-1832

Upon a primrose bank, her throne
 Of quietness, she sits alone;
 Among the ruins of a wood, 1585
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,
 And where full many a brave tree stood,
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring
 With the sweet birds' carolling.
 Behold her, like a virgin Queen, 1590
 Neglecting in imperial state
 These outward images of fate,
 And carrying inward a serene
 And perfect sway, through many a thought
 Of chance and change, that hath been brought 1595
 To the subjection of a holy,
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
 The like authority, with grace
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems 1600
 To overshadow by no native right
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
 Lose utterly the tender gleams,
 Of gentleness and meek delight,
 And loving-kindness ever bright: 1605
 Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
 (A vest with woollen cincture tied,
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
 Is homely,—fashioned to express
 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness. 1610

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
 Beneath the light of sun and star;
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea, like a ship at random blown 1615
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven;
 Hath seen again her Father's roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof; 1620

1584/5 There seated, may this Maid be seen, MS. 2-1832 1689 birds']
 bird's 1815-50 1609 fashioned to] and doth more MS. 2

The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of Reason; held above 1625
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak 1630
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth 1635
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by; 1640
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
 For One, among those rushing deer,
 A single One, in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily; 1645
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
 A little thoughtful pause it made;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace, 1650
 Drew softly near her, and more near—
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
 So to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face, 1655
 A look of pure benignity,

1630 leafless] branchless MS. 2 1642 so 1837: For, of that band of
 rushing Deer 1815-32

1652-3 so 1837: Stopped once again;—but, as no trace
 Was found of anything to fear,
 Even to her feet *etc.* 1815-32

And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same,
 The very Doe of other years!—
 The pleading look the Lady viewed, 1660
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears that flowed apace
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair 1665
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
 This was for you a precious greeting;
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
 Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
 Can she depart ? can she forego 1670
 The Lady, once her playful peer,
 And now her sainted Mistress dear ?
 And will not Emily receive
 This lovely chronicler of things
 Long past, delights and sorrowings ? 1675
 Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
 The promise in that speaking face;
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,
 The saddest thought the Creature brings ?

That day, the first of a re-union 1680
 Which was to teem with high communion,
 That day of balmy April weather,
 They tarried in the wood together.
 And when, ere fall of evening dew,
 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew, 1685
 The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
 The Lady to her dwelling-place;
 That nook where, on paternal ground,
 A habitation she had found,
 The Master of whose humble board 1690
 Once owned her Father for his Lord;
 A hut, by tufted trees defended,
 Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.

1666 chosen 1837: choicest 1816-32
 1668 so 1837: For both a boun-
 teous, fruitful meeting 1815-32
 Heaven with grace ? 1815-32

1668 so 1837: For both a boun-
 teous, fruitful meeting 1815-32
 1678-9 so 1837: And take this gift of

When Emily by morning light
 Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight. 1695
 She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
 Received and followed by a prayer,
 She saw the Creature once again;
 Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
 But, wheresoever she looked round, 1700
 All now was trouble-haunted ground;
 And therefore now she deems it good
 Once more this restless neighbourhood
 To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
 The White Doe followed up the vale, 1705
 Up to another cottage, hidden
 In the deep fork of Amerdale;
 And there may Emily restore
 Herself, in spots unseen before.
 —Why tell of mossy rock, or tree, 1710
 By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
 Haunts of a strengthening amity
 That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?
 For she hath ventured now to read
 Of time, and place, and thought, and deed— 1715
 Endless history that lies
 In her silent Follower's eyes;
 Who with a power like human reason
 Discerns the favourable season,
 Skilled to approach or to retire,— 1720
 From looks conceiving her desire;
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
 That vary to the heart within.
 If she too passionately wreathed
 Her arms, or over-deeply breathed, 1725
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood
 In its degree was understood;
 Then well may their accord be true,
 And kindest intercourse ensue.

1695 stood 1837: was 1815-32
 once again 1815-32

1698 so 1837: Did she behold—saw

1702-3 so 1837: So doth the Sufferer deem it good

Even once again this neighbourhood 1815-32

1724 wreathed 1827: writhed (*sic*) 1815-20

1729 kindest 1837:

kindly 1815-32

—Oh! surely 'twas a gentle rousing 1730
 When she by sudden glimpse espied
 The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
 Or in the meadow wandered wide!
 How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
 Beside her, on some sunny bank! 1735
 How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
 They, like a nested pair, reposed!
 Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid
 Within some rocky cavern laid,
 The dark cave's portal gliding by, 1740
 White as whitest cloud on high
 Floating through the azure sky.
 —What now is left for pain or fear?
 That Presence, dearer and more dear,
 While they, side by side, were straying, 1745
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 At morning to the dewy field,
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude. 1750

With her Companion, in such frame
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
 And, ranging through the wasted groves,
 Received the memory of old loves,
 Undisturbed and undistrest, 1755
 Into a soul which now was blest
 With a soft spring-day of holy,
 Mild, and grateful, melancholy:
 Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
 But by tender fancies brightened. 1760

When the bells of Rylstone played
 Their sabbath music—"Gob us ayde!"
 That was the sound they seemed to speak;
 Inscriptive legend which I ween
 May on these holy bells be seen, 1765

1741 as 1827: as the 1815-20 1742 the azure 1815-20, 1837: an azure
 1827-32 1745-8 so 1837: *order of couplets reversed* 1815-32 1753 ranging
 1837: wandering 1815-32 1758 and grateful 1845: delicious 1815-37
 1764-5 For as the custom was of yore

Those holy Bells a legend bore MS. 1

That legend and her Grandsire's name;
 And oftentimes the Lady meek
 Had in her childhood read the same;
 Words which she slighted at that day;
 But now, when such sad change was wrought, 1770
 And of that lonely name she thought,
 The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
 While she sate listening in the shade,
 With vocal music, "God us ayde;"
 And all the hills were glad to bear - 1775
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
 But with the White Doe at her side
 Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
 And thence look round her far and wide, 1780
 Her fate there measuring;—all is stilled,—
 The weak One hath subdued her heart;
 Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
 But here her Brother's words have failed; 1785
 Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
 That she, of him and all bereft,
 Hath yet this faithful Partner left;
 This one Associate that disproves
 His words, remains for her, and loves. 1790
 If tears are shed, they do not fall
 For loss of him—for one, or all;
 Yet sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
 A few tears down her cheek descend 1795
 For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
 And bless for both this savage spot;
 Which Emily doth sacred hold
 For reasons dear and manifold— 1800
 Here hath she, here before her sight,
 Close to the summit of this height,

1768 read] seen MS. 1 1769 Words which] The word MS. 1 1774 vocal]
 sweetest MS. 1 1779-82 so 1837: Up doth . . . thence looks . . .
 measures . . . The Feeble hath 1815-32 1789 one Associate 1837:
 single Creature 1815-32

The grassy rock-encircled Pound
 In which the Creature first was found.
 So beautiful the timid Thrall 1805
 (A spotless Youngling white as foam)
 Her youngest Brother brought it home;
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
 With heart brimful of pride and joy! 1810

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to go;
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine 1815
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came; there oft she sate
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate: 1820
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet; 1825
 How happy in its turn to meet
 The recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature 1830
 And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited; 1835

1805-10 so 1837: So beautiful the spotless Thrall,
 (A lovely Youngling white as foam.)
 That it was brought to Rylstone-hall;
 Her youngest Brother led it home,
 The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
 Brought home the prize—and with what joy! 1816-32
 1815 feared she 1827 :didshe fear 1815-20: in the still 1815, 1827: instill 1820
 1819-20 so 1837: ... oft and long She sate in meditation strong: 1815-32
 1832 sing 1837: frame 1815-32

Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams, 1840
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
 Dead—but to live again on earth,
 A second and yet nobler birth; 1845
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascent in sanctity!
 From fair to fairer; day by day
 A more divine and loftier way!
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod, 1850
 By sorrow lifted towards her God;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
 A dear look to her lowly Friend; 1855
 There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
 With what this innocent spring supplied:
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares:
 But to the world returned no more, 1860
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and joined
 The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers.
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died. 1865
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came!
 —In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her Mother's side. 1870

Most glorious sunset! and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day—
 In that fair Creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields;

1856-60 But mix'd no more with human cares MS. 1
 whom] Heaven from which MS. 1

1868 God from

Who, having filled a holy place, 1875
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
 And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind;
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
 Which her dear Mistress once held dear: 1880
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this church-yard ground;
 Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
 And every sabbath here is found;
 Comes with the people when the bells 1885
 Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
 Lies open on the sabbath day;
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced, 1890
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;
 Paces softly, or makes halt,
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
 By plate of monumental brass 1895
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
 And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The pensive visitant is seen. 1900
 There doth the gentle Creature lie
 With those adversities unmoved;
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
 In their benignity approved!
 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile, 1905
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile, that seems to say—
 "Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!" 1910

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

IN SERIES

[Except when stated otherwise, composed in 1821, and published in 1822.]

PART I

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE
CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

I

INTRODUCTION

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace 5
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found 10
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

SONNETS IN SERIES, 1837: SKETCHES 1822, 1827: SKETCHES IN
A SERIES or SONNETS 1832 A Verse . . . Sacrifice *added* 1827

I. 1 so 1827: I, who descended with glad step to chase MS., 1822

3-4 so 1827 And of my wild companion dared to sing

In verse that moved with strictly-measured pace MS., 1822

5-8 I who confiding till all sober trace

Of faith was lost to millions, smote the string

Till Freedom like a torrent combating

In victory found her natural resting-place MS.; 8 1822 *as* MS.

9 on Time's sequestered height MS. 10 HOLY] great MS. 11 Sweet]

Both MS. *corr.* 13 And MS., 1837: Where 1822-32 14 Bright
wreaths of amaranth MS. *corr.*

That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines blight
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear 10
 A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
 They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear;
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
 From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God, 5
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,
 Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
 As if with prescience of the coming storm, 10
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
 Glimmers through many a superstitious form
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V

UNCERTAINTY

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we are lost
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,

III. 6 ages 1827: seasons 1822

IV. 1—5 Yes! whether earth received that cumbrous load

For midnight pomp of sacrificial fire

For social exercise of harp and lyre

Or Rites prelusive to a crown bestowed

This claims at least our reverence that to God MS.

6 that to the] to thee, MS. 7 Did Priest and Lawgiver and Bard
 aspire MS. 9 Justice, and order] Wisdom and Justice MS.

12-14 so 1827: Or perished utterly the primal truth

Till Man had fallen to mingle with the worm

And heaven was filled with unavailing ruth. MS.

12, 13 And yon thick woods maintain the primal truth

Debased by many *etc.* as 1827, 1822

V. 1-8 Yes if the patriot Sons of England turn

With a proud [votive] step to grassy Runnymede,

Or where the solitary shepherd roves
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition crost; 5
 And where the boatman of the Western Isles
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays, 10
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
 To an unquestionable Source have led;
 Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI

PERSECUTION

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
 Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
 Which God's ethereal storehouses afford:
 Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord 5
 It rages;—some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield
 Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
 England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake; 10
 Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
 And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
 That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
 By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.¹

¹ See Note.

If Scotia's children tremble while they tread
 Panting for chains to break, for foes to spurn,
 The flowery brink of slender Banockburn,
 Shall sympathy be wanting while I plead
 For written evidence of place and [or] deed
 And o'er the silent waste of ages mourn. MS.

5 so 1827: Of silently departed ages crossed; 1822 9 name 1843:
 fame 1822-40 9-11 Darkness etc. as app. crit. II. 9-11 MS.

12-14 Of pristine temples yet mid mountain coves
 Preserved, or traceable in masses strewn
 Like wrecks far flung upon a lonely coast. MS.

VI. 7 so 1838: Some are pierced beneath the unavailing shield MS.; so
 but omitting are 1822; so 1827-37, but ineffectual for unavailing 10 Whose
 magnanimity etc. MS. corr.

VII

BECOVERY

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
 Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane, 5
 Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance;
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear— 10
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
 Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
 Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
 Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice 5
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
 The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
 That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown 10
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
 Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
 As humanising graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude!

VII. 4 bespangled] the glistening MS. *corr.*

6-7 So the survivors of *that* storm again

Amid their reconstructed churches, kept

The holy sacraments which long had slept MS.

8 they] did MS. 10 'mid their] as some MS.

11-12 That persecution and the wrath extreme

Of blindness under Heaven's mild (high) countenance, MS.

IX

DISSENSIONS

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
 Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand, 5
 A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
 But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
 By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
 And prayers that would undo her forced farewell; 10
 For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
 She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies
 Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS

RISE!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask
 How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
 The Spirit of Caractacus descends
 Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—
 Amazement runs before the towering casque 5
 Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
 The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
 The Host that followed Urien as he strode
 O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood and moss 10
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
 And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI

SAXON CONQUEST

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
 Of hallelujahs¹ tost from hill to hill—
 For instant victory. But Heaven's high will

¹See Note.

IX. 5 Uplifting toward 1827: Lifting towards 1822

X. 3-4 so 1837: . . . defends The Patriots, animates their glorious task
 1822-32

Permits a second and a darker shade
 Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed, 5
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
 O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;
 Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
 For other monuments than those of Earth; 10
 Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
 Will build their savage fortunes only there;
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

XII

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR¹

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
 The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
 The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall mourn
 The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn 5
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn
 To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream; 10
 Another language spreads from coast to coast;
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII

CASUAL INCITEMENT

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
 ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves 5

¹ See Note.

XI. 11 Who, as the 1827: Intent as 1822 12 Will 1827: To 1822
 13-14 so 1827: Witness the foss, the barrow, and the girth

Of many a long-drawn rampart, green and bare! 1822

XII. 10 so 1827: . . . pass away like steam 1822

XIII. 4 immortal 1827: glorious 1822

His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory;
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
 For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties 10
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;
 DE-IBIANS—he would save them from God's IRE;
 Subjects of Saxon ^LLA—they shall sing
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King!

XIV

GLAD TIDINGS

FOB ever hallowed be this morning fair,
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
 Of martial banner, in procession bear;
 The Cross preceding Him who floats in air, 5
 The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
 They come—and onward travel without dread,
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer—
 Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
 Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestuous sea 10
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
 And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
 These good men humble by a few bare words,
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV

PATJLINUS¹

BUT to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
 Who comes with functions apostolical?
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall, 5
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
 His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;

¹ See Note.

6 so 1837: . . . seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye 1822-32
 1827: Sweet 1822

14 Glad

XIV. 8 tuneful] holy 1838 *only*

9-10 Rich conquest over minds which they would free
 Awaits their coming:— 1838 *only*

A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
 And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds, 10
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
 With careful hesitation,—then convenes
 A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI

PERSUASION

"MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
 That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit
 Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
 Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
 Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing, 5
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
 But whence it came we know not, nor behold
 Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,
 The human Soul; not utterly unknown
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode; 10
 But from what world She came, what woe or weal
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"¹

¹ See Note.

XV. 10 so 1832: Towards the truths 1822-7

XVI. 1-6 The life of man may be compared O King
 Even to a sparrow one that while you sit
 Housed with your Friends hath entered and doth flit
 Beneath your warm roof's happy covering;
 Then forth in all men's sight on hasty wing
 It flies *etc.* MS. 1

2-6 so 1837: That entereth and departeth as you sit
 Housed with your Friends. In truth 'tis seen to flit
 Well sheltered and in comfort tarrying
 For a brief while, then forth on hasty wing
 She flies *etc.* MS. 2

2-4 so 1837: That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
 Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
 Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying. 1822-32

9 The] Our MS. 1 13 Stranger] Preacher MS. 1; teacher *corr.* to
 text MS. 2

XVII

CONVERSION

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore;
 The Council closed, the Priest in full career
 Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
 To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
 He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor 5
 Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
 (So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
 Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
 Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
 Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me,* 10
Ye heavy laden" such the inviting voice
 Heard near fresh streams -¹ and thousands, who rejoice
 In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
 Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII

APOLOGY

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend; 5
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation; let their odours float
 Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords 10
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

XIX

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY²

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare

¹ See Note.²

See Note.

XVIII. 6 be *good* Spirits 1827: let the *good* be 1822 9 so 1837: Out-
 shining nightly tapers, 1822-32

As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine! 5
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
 Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed 10
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

XX

OTHER INFLUENCES

AH, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
 Is tender pity then of no avail?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung 5
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
 For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human heart: 10
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI

SECLUSION

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
 Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide 5
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
 In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,

Do penitential cogitations cling; 10
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
 For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII

CONTINUED

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
 My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage, 5
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
 Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be; 10
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
 My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII

REPROOF

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede! 5
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt 10
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget

XXI. 13 a fair growth they 1837: without mercy, 1822-32

XXII. 7 sylvan 1837: forest 1822-32 9 Would elevate 1827: Perchance would throng 1822

XXIII. 4 Thy ... O 1827: The ... of 1822 7 thou heard'st 1827: he heard 1822

Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!¹

XXIV

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION

BY such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains 5
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave; 10
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come 5
To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly, 10
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

¹ He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

XXIV. 7 so 1832: And peace, and equity.—Bold faith! yet rise 1822, 1827
8 so 1827: The sacred Towers for universal gains. 1822

XXV. 11 one word to aid the 1827: wherewith to clothe a 1822 13 but
1827: while 1822

XXVI

ALFBED

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
 The pious ALFBED, King to Justice dear!
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
 Might range the starry ether for a crown 5
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
 Ease from this noble miser of his time
 No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.¹ 10
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
 And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII

HIS DESCENDANTS

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
 Darling of England! many a bitter shower
 Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
 Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains 5
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
 The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
 With the fierce tempest, while, within the round 10
 Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
 As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
 Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
 The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

¹ See Note.

XXVI. 13-14 so 1827: And Christian India gifts with Alfred shares
 By sacred converse link'd with India's clime 1822
 XXVII. 1-4 so 1837: Can aught survive to linger in the veins
 Of kindred bodies—an essential power
 That may not vanish in one fatal hour,
 And wholly cast away terrestrial chains? 1822-32
 5 covet 1832: covets 1822, 1827 9 strive 1827: thrive 1822 10 tempest,
 while, 1827: storm; meanwhile, 1822

XXVIII

INFLUENCE ABUSED

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
 Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
 Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
 And turn the instruments of good to ill,
 Moulding the credulous people to his will. 5
 Such DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine coop
 Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
 The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
 Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
 The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams, 10
 Do in the supernatural world abide:
 So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
 In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX

DANISH CONQUESTS

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!¹
 Dissension, checking arms that would restrain
 The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
 Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway:
 But Gospel-truth is potent to allay 5
 Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
 His native superstitions melt away.
 Thus often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
 The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear 10
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
 Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

See Note.

XXVIII. 12 filled] swoln 1838 *only* 13 so 1837: In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes 1822-32

XXIX. 2, checking 1837: checks the 1822-32 4 so 1837: And widely spreads once more 1822-32,

XXX

CANUTE

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
 From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
 While-as Cantite the King is rowing by:
 "My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty Bang, "draw near,
 That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!" 5
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along, 10
 Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.¹
 O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.
 Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars shine;
 But of the lights that cherish household cares
 And festive gladness, burns not one that dares 5
 To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires, 10
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
 Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

¹ Which is still extant.

XXX. 6 listens 1827: listened 1822 9 is 1827: was 1822 11 an
 accordant 1827: a memorial 1822

XXXI. 3 so 1827: Hark 'tis the Curfew's knell! the stars may shine 1822
 14 so 1837: Brings to Religion no injurious change. 1822-32

XXXII

[Composed ?—Published 1837.]

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
 By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
 From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
 By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless 5
 Though men be, there are angels that can feel
 For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more; 10
 Him in their hearts the people canonize;
 And far above the mine's most precious ore
 The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

XXXIII

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
 And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
 With prayers and blessings we your path will sow; 5
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 Have chased far off by righteous victory
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"—
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry;
 Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds! 10
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice resounds.¹

¹ The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXIII. 10, 12, 14 astounds . . . rebounds . . . resounds 1827: astounded
etc. 1822 13 so 1827: Sacred resolve, in countries *etc.* 1822 14 that
 voice 1837: that night 1822: the voice 1827-32

XXXIV

CRUSADES

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
 Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms 5
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
 Known to the moral world, Imagination, 10
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
 All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV

RICHARD I

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
 I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline 5
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
 My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press 10
 Of war, but duty summons her away
 To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
 Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
 To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

XXXVI

AN INTERDICT

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power

XXXIV. 9-14 *v. notes.*

XXXV. 6 love-vows 1827: Love's vow 1822 13-14 *so* 1837: Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend, Through *etc.* 1822-32

XXXVI. 1-4 The word hath issued that from hope of grace
 Cuts off a universal realm. The Power

She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace 5
 All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are dumb;
 Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied; 10
 And in the churchyard he must take his bride
 Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
 And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII

PAPAL ABUSES

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
 The gross materials of this world present
 A marvellous study of wild accident;
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue 5
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:—crown, 10
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line
 Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel;
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

(The universal realm from hope of grace
 Is by a word cut off—the dreadful power MS. *alternative*)
 That boasts command of Heaven's eternal door
 Hath closed the gates of every holy place MS.

8 Nor mirth allowed nor face that meets a face MS., *corr. to text* 9 smiles
 1838, 1845; smile 1822-37, 1840-3

XXXVII. 1 And verily, as we our course pursue MS. 3 A pageantry
 of marvellous MS., *corr. to text*

9-10 [? Lo!] royal shoulders bare at Becket's shrine
 To penal stripes: Lo! John puts off his crown
 To be—with sceptre, mantle, ring—laid down MS.

XXXVIII

SCENE IN VENICE

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
 To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread."
 Then he, who to the altar had been led, 5
 He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
 He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
 And even the common dignity of man!—
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn 10
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
 From outraged Nature; but the sense of most
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX

PAPAL DOMINION

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
 Must come and ask permission when to blow,
 What further empire would it have ? for now
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned, 5
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!—
 Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
 Shall be thy recompense! from land to land 10
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
 For occupation of a magic wand,
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

XXXVIII. 1-2 When to the Church the emperor was led

At Venice, looking in, the Pontiff spake MS., *corr.*

5-6 The mighty word was scarcely uttered

When he whose arms *etc.* MS.

10 Humiliating sight when many turned MS.

11 In sorrow and

amazement while some burn MS.

11-12 In scorn and in amazement; and some burned

For counter interdict and vengeful ban MS. (*alt.*)

XXXIX. 1 viewless] voiceless MS.

7 The strong to curb, the proud

to overthrow; MS., *corr.*

PART II

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHABLES 1

I

[Composed?—Published 1845.]

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
 Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture
 He made by wilful breach of law divine.
 With like perverseness did the Church abjure 5
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,

- I. 1—6 How difficult for Man to keep the line
 Prescribed by Duty! Happy once, and pure
 In thought and deed, a woeful forfeiture
 He made by wilful breach of law divine
 (With like perverseness did the Church abjure)
 So in the visible Church did Men (did the visible Church full oft)
 abjure
 Allegiance to Christ's Kingdom, and entwine C (a)
 Though Angels watched lest Man might from the line
 Of duty swerve blest though he was, and pure
 In thought and deed (his first state) a woeful forfeiture
 He made by *etc. as text*
 The church of Christ how prone was she to abjure
 Allegiance to her Lord how prompt to twine C (b)
 Even when the State of Man seems most secure
 From all temptation (And tempted least) to forsake (deviate from)
 the line
 Of simple duty, woeful forfeiture
 Is made by *etc. as text*
 The Church of Christ *etc. as (b)*
 Obedience *etc. as (b)* C (c)
 It was not long that Man created pure
 By Angels guarded could perceive the line
 Of obvious duty; woeful forfeiture
 He made *etc. as (c)* C (d)
 Alas how soon did Man created pure
 By Angels guarded wander from the line
 Of duty, making woeful forfeiture
 Of bliss by wilful *etc. as text*
 Even so, Christ's church how prone *etc.* C (e)
 Alas full soon did Man created pure
 By Angels guarded *etc. as text*
 Of innocence and woeful forfeiture
 Incur by wilful *etc.* C (f)
 7 Heaven-born 1845: glorious C

Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.
 O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
 If good can smooth the way to evil choice, 10.0
 From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
 He only judges right who weighs, compares,
 And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II

[Composed 1842?—Published 1845.]

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly hail'd
 By superstition, spread the Papal power;
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevail'd
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower, 5 5
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims;
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.

- 9 Thus are the holiest things beset with snares
 So with the best of (holiest) (brightest) things on earth
 Fallen man if with thy trials thus } it fares C
 If with all human trials thus }
 10 Hard is the maintenance of wisest choice C
 11 Then let all hasty censure cease; for He,
 He only judges well who well compares C (a)
 From hasty censure be our minds kept free
 He only *as text* C (b)
 14 Pronounces] May utter C
 II. 1-14 From false Assumption rose the Papal Power
 Of proud Autocracy in ignorance hailed
 Yet darker Empire must have also prevailed
 For ills that might have strengthened to this hour
 Where Law ran wild brute Rapine's Paramour
 Her spiritual rule the oppression checked or quailed
 And gave when gross and visible barriers failed
 To love and mercy many a quiet bower.
 Realm was there none that did not in degree
 Partake where'er her mandates were obeyed
 Kind influence over Arts and Arms diffused.
 Yes to the Virtues which the Roman See
 Derived from holy Writ (full oft abridged
 By her Ambition) be this tribute paid. C (a)
 1-4 On false assumption though the papal Power
 Rests and spreads wide self duped by Ignorance hailed
 A darker sovereignty had else prevailed
 For deeds of mischief strengthening every hour C (o)

Realm there is none that if controlled or sway'd
 By her commands partakes not, in degree, 10
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms, diffused:
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY

*"HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
 A brighter crown."*¹—On yon Cistercian wall 5
 That confident assurance may be read;
 And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
 Increasing multitudes. The potent call
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires; 10
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
 And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound; 5
 But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate
 These legalized oppressions! Man—whose name 10
 And nature God disdained not; Man—whose soul

¹ See note.

12-14 So works thy exaltation Roman See

And to the Autocracy howe'er abused

Through blind ambition be this (just) tribute paid. C (c)

III. 2 stricter 1837: nicer 1822-32

9 desires 1827: desire 1822 (sic)

Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
 To live and move exempt from all controul
 Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,
 Who in their private cells have yet a care
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken: 5
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or war:
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den
 Of solitude, with love of science strong,
 How patiently the yoke of thought they bear! 10
 How subtly glide its finest threads along!
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
 With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI

OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
 From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
 Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight 5
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall
 Seek in domestic oratory small,
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place— 10
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
 And suffering under many a perilous wound—
 How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

V. 6 fervent] earnest 1838 *only*

VI. 5 humbler 1837: humble 1822-32
 1822

12 perilous 1827: doubtful

VII

CONTINUED

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail!
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail! 5
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—
Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled 10
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII

CRUSADERS

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores 5
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties 10
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted.
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

IX

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had fail'd to give, one aim

VIII. 1-2 so 1845: Nor can Imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance 1822-43
3-4 so 1845: Given to those (the 1837) . . . that (the 1837) Romance . . .
which Fortune 1822-32

Diffused thro⁵ all the regions of the West;
 So does her Unity its power attest 5
 By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest ?
 Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
 Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take 10
 Form, spirit and character from holy writ,
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X

[Composed ?—Published 1845.]

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the root
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
 Can never cease to bear celestial fruit. 5
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
 When such good work is doomed to be undone, 10
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won:—
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;

X. 3 Shattered or C

4-10 Can never cease to bear and ripen fruit
 Worthy of Heaven. This law is absolute.
 Behold the Church that often (The Church not seldom surely) with
 effect
 Dear to the Saints doth labour to eject
 Her bane, her vital energy to recruit.
 So Providence ordains, and why repine
 If such good work *etc.* C

12 Trust that the promises vouchsafed will C

The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
 And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation 5
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
 And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
 This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
 He taught, till persecution chased him thence, 10
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII

THE VAUTDOIS

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach ?—
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored 5
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-wood, 10
 Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII

[Composed ?—Published 1835.]

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
 To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!" 5
 Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
 Their own creation. Such glad welcomings

XI. 9 brooks 1837: brook'd 1822-32 12 are 1837: were 1822-32

XIII. 5 final 1837: tardiest 1835

8-10 so 1837: Their own creation, till their long career

As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine 10
 Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
 Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,
 Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;
 Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

XIV

WALDENSES

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the lark
 Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
 Or rather rose the day to antedate,
 By striking out a solitary spark,
 When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.— 5
 Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
 In vain endeavours to exterminate,
 Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:¹
 But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods 10
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
 Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods:
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V

"WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows ?
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows

¹ See Note.

End in the sea engulfed. Such welcomings
 As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,
 Greeted these simple Heirs of truth divine 1835

12 came 1837: were 1835 14 were 1837: are 1835

XIV. 1 Those had given 1845: These who gave 1822-37: These had given
 1838, 1840-3 earliest 1822 *etc.*: early 1837 *only*. 3 Or 1838: Who 1822-37
 6 so 1845: These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate 1822-37: At length
 came those Waldensian bands whom hate 1838, 1840-3 7 endeavours
 1838: endeavoured 1822-37 8 Whom 1840: Fell 1822-38 9 so
 1827: Meanwhile the unextinguishable fire 1822

XV. 1-8 Illustrious King, in garden and in field

What flower so beauteous as the crimson rose ?

(*corr. from* Is there a flower *etc.* That boasts the beauty of *etc.*)

That to the towering lily doth not yield ?
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield! 5
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
 Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to wield,
 And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred Sire
 Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address, 10
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
 The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed 5
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth 10
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XVII

WICLIFFE

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:

Fair in herself—and when beside her blows
 The towering lilly, lacks the power to yield,
 Fairer she seems—to mix them on thy shield
 Wrest the proud lilly from usurping foes;
 Haste to their shores, nor let them feel repose,
 If there be sword to grasp or axe to wield, MS.

9 mitred] wily MS.

XVI. 7-8 so 1827: But mark the dire effect in coming years!

Deep, deep as hell itself, the future draught 1822
 13 this 1827: that 1822

XVII. 1-2 When Wickliff, having lain through many a year
 Within the grave's dark cell, was disinhumed, MS.

Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
 And flung into the brook that travels near;
 Forthwith that ancient Voice which Streams can hear 5
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
 "As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas, 10
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

XVIII

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

"WoE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
 Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
 Who will be served by others on their knees, 5
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way
 To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
 And speak the word—" Alas! of fearful things 10
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
 And taught the general voice to prophesy
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong;
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong 5

3-4 Yea . . . are , . . And . . . travels] And . . . were . . . These . . . travelled
 MS. 5 Forthwith] Thus spake MS.

6-7 Albeit passage seldom it can find

Into the busy hearts of human kind MS.

corr. to Parting the clouds or walking on the wind

Voice seldom *etc. as text*

The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the people of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong ?
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives
 For self, and struggles with himself alone, 10
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
 Of God and man, place higher than to him
 Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
 There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher 5
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—
 To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
 The domination of the sprightly juice 10
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HEBE!"

XXI

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage; 5
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt

XIX. 7 rob 1827: robs 1822 8 so 1827: Scorning their wants because
 her arm is strong? 1822 9 unto One 1827: to a Monk 1822

12-13 so 1845: so 1827-43, *but omitting* both:

And hath allotted, in the world's esteem,

To such a higher station than to him 1822

XX. 9-11 so 1832: ... In ... Spreads the dominion . . . Through the wide
 world 1822-7

Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose: 10
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII

THE SAME SUBJECT

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek 5
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent's gate to open view
 Softly she glides, another home to seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright! 10
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII

CONTINUED

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made 5
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
 Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find 10
 The hospitality—the alms (alas I

XXII 5 a 1837: her 1822-32 7 Convent's 1837: Convent 1822-32
 XXIII. 1 so 1838: Yet some, Noviciates *etc.* 1822-37 2 so 1838: Or
 chained by vows, with undissembled glee 1822-37

Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
 To keep this new and questionable road ?

XXIV

SAINTS

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
 Her adoration was not your demand, 5
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
 The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew: 10
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
 Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
 Who in the penitential desert met
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV

THE VIRGIN

*

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost; 5
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend, 10
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI

APOLOGY

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom

Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure, 5
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
 Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
 Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed 10
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
 Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXVII

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown: 5
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
 As his own worshippers: and Nile, reclined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
 Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past— 10
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
 'Mid spectral lakes bemoaning thirsty men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII

REFLECTIONS

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-spray;
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain, 5
 The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display—
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cows black, white, and grey—

XXVII. 13 spectral 1837: phantom 1822-32

XXVIII. 2 are torn] were rent MS. 5 so 1827: With farewell sighs
[grief MS.] of 1822

Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd, 10
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look 5
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless 10
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX

THE POINT AT ISSUE

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

FOE what contend the wise?—for nothing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,

9-14 . . . Rejoice, be glad
 That the devices which have ministered
 To the green Islands shame at length have flown;
 But such (that) high power full rightfully (suddenly) transferred.
 What wonder if the crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless etc. MS.; II. 13-14 *corr. from*
 (To enforce that might make a wise king) sad
 Might make the ruler . . .

Both for his people's sake and for his own (*v. note*) MS.

XXX. 2-3 so 1832: Than that pure Faith dissolve the bonds of Sense;
 The Soul restored to God by evidence 1827

Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;— 5
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;—
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth 10
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI

EDWARD VI

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt 5
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled 10
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled,
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF
JOAN OF KENT

THE tears of man in various measure gush
 From various sources; gently overflow
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush 5
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush

6 For 1832: *That* 18279 For 1832: *That* 1827

XXXI. 2 so 1845: when he framed the lay 1822-32 [that Lay 1837-43]

The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
 The noblest drops to admiration known, 10
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
 To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXXIII

REVIVAL OF POKERY

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound 5
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give; 10
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXXIV

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
 See Latimer and Ridley in the might
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured,¹ from this kindling hath foretold 5
 A torch of inextinguishable light;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair 10
 Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain partake,

¹ See Note.

Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV

CRANMER

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand; 5
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band
 His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
 To the bare head. The victory is complete;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued, 10
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation I¹

XXXVI

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
 Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just:
 Which few can hold committed to a fight

¹ For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

XXXV. 1 upbraided MS., 1827: upbraiding 1822 4 Here for the
 final test did MS. 6 is] was MS. 7 head, the victory complete MS.,
 1822-32 8 The] His MS. 9 Answers 1837: Answering MS.,
 1822-32

11-14 so 1827: Now wrapt in flames—and now in [While flames enshroud
 him and black MS.] smoke embowered

Till self reproach and panting aspirations [aspiration MS.]
 Are, [Were MS.] with the heart that held them, all devoured
 The Spirit set free, and crown'd with joyful [blissful MS.]
 acclamations! [acclamation. MS.] MS., 1822

XXXVI. 1—6 We looking calmly from a specular height
 Know that a righteous Providence []
 The adverse combatants the struggle []
 Alas for those who mingling in the fight

That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might 5
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
 Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
 From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test 10
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled—
 Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
 Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met, 5
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
 Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
 With speculative notions rashly sown,
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds; 10
 Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
 That master them. How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single breast!

Saw ranged upon the better side despite
 Rapacity and cruelty and lust MS.

9 to allay MS. *corr.* tranquillize MS.

10-12 From host to host, old thunders from the west

Are boldly met by fulminations new

Standards abjured are caught at and unfurled MS.

14 sickens] sickening MS.

XXXVII. 1 Scattering] Scattered MS. 2 fly for safety to an alien

MS. (*alternative*) 3 a land] the land MS.

4-5 Of safety, might they, could } { f̄ Luther, could they England's
 they e'er forget } { woes forget.
 Their country['s ?] woes. But } { Alas, the fugitives have scarcely
 scarcely have they met } { met MS.

8 In worship, when their union is beset MS. 9 so 1827: With prurient
 speculations rashly sown MS., 1822 10 Whence an unhallowed

(thickly sprouting) growth of jarring creeds MS. 11 forms] truths

MS. 12 ... they split—in vain—how blest MS.

XXXVIII

ELIZABETH

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar 5
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint 10
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light ?

XXXIX

EMINENT REFORMERS

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile :¹ 5
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread

¹ See Note.

XXXVIII. 1—4 Hail Virgin Queen, more welcome than the star
 Of dawn to the traveller faint with toil
 Hail sovereign Lady whom a thankful Isle
 Shall bless *etc.* MS.

6-8 The adversary makes a fierce recoil

Tempests with which the mischief of the soil
 Dreadful alliance claims. Her royal car

9 so 1827: Meanwhile by prudence ruled MS., 1822 slowly] safely
 (smoothly) MS. 10-11 In silver purity *etc.* Emerging like the radiant
 queen of night (Cynthia of the stormy) MS.

12-14 so 1845: For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon

Disperse; or—under a Divine constraint—

Reflect some portion of her glorious light! 1822-43

For where she moves the stormy clouds are gone (the gloomy
 clouds anon)

Or tarrying under *etc.* MS.

XXXIX. 3 trusty] precious MS.

7 can 1827: could 1822

Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil ?—
 More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest, 10
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

XL

THE SAME

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed! labouring with earnest care
 To baffle all that may her strength impair; 5
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!—
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,
 In doctrine and communion they have sought 10
 Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI

DISTRACTIONS

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split
 With morbid restlessness:—the ecstatic fit
 Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern is their common cry; 5

6-7 And with a farewell blessing meek and grave
 And thus accomplished who could fear to brave MS. 1
 Then did a farewell blessing crown his head
 And thus accomplished could the traveller dread
 (A farewell blessing crowned the traveller's head
 And in this sort accomplished who could)
 Accomplished thus and bearing on his head
 A farewell blessing could the traveller dread MS. 2

10 Near spicy] Along the MS. 11 Detained—a thousand times more
 touching sweet MS. 12 That breath of holy rapture MS. 1 14 Of
 history from the tombs where good men rest MS.
 XL. 1 are 1827: were MS., 1822 3 do 1827: did MS., 1822 4 Church
 reformed 1845: new-born Church 1822-43; That Church and reverence her
 MS. 10 so 1827: In polity and discipline they sought MS., 1822

And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
 The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
 From the confusion, craftily incites 10
 The overweening, personates the mad—
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
 Totters the Throne; the new-born Church is sad,
 For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII

GUNPOWDER PLOT

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
 To plague her beating heart; and there is one
 (Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
 With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity 5
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
 Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe
 Of a>n assembled Senate unredeemed
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling power: 10
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
 Worse than the product of that dismal night,
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XLIII

ILLUSTBATION

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE Virgin-Mountain,¹ wearing like a Queen
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
 Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
¹ The Jung-frau.

XLII. 13 so 1827: The Throne is plagued; 1822

XLII. 6 The purposes of baffled destiny MS. 6 which sees] which views (beholds) MS.

8-9 Shuddering (That eye) in vision is compelled to see
 England's assembled etc. MS.

11 Of that catastrophe accomplished—sight MS. 13 When with the bounty of etc. MS.

XLIII. 1 The Jung Frau wearing like a maiden queen MS.

Can link with desolation. Smooth and green, 5
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
 The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe 10
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
 To hide himself, but only magnifies;
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
 Now with her own deep quietness content;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove 5
 And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
 Recals the transformation of the flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety? 10
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;
 And scourges England struggling to be free:
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

5 desolation] devastation MS.

10-14 And down the precipice its nostril breathes
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke wherewith it tries
 To hide itself, and doth but aggrandize
 To earth to heaven, above and underneath

Roaring like Ocean or some (a) mighty wood'
 Storms at war with some huge wood. MS.

XLIV. 1 50 1832: Such contrast in whatever track we move MS., 1822;
 Such is the contrast, which, *etc.* 1827 3-4 Now like the mountain with
 still peace content, And in a moment MS. 5 pine-trees] cedars MS.
 7 the temper of a headlong flood MS. 8 Whose sudden rage the
 heavens MS.

9-13 ... Fury in such access
 Noblest of guides and guardians seized on thee
 Or some pretender to thy shape and name
 As England witnessed struggling to be free
 Yet scourged with pride of desperate wretchedness
 (As Royal Charles the first who bore the name
 Witnessed while England *etc.* Was scourged) MS.

XLV

LAUD¹

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
 Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear 5
 To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels, 10
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,
 The faintest note to echo which the blast
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it pass'd
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing 5
 Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
 Off to the mountains, like a covering
 Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest 10
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
 Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
 He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

¹ See Note.

XLV. 1 so 1827: Pursued by Hate, debarred from friendly care 1822
 3 Laud 1827: Long 1822 6-7 so 1827: . . . Laud relied Upon the
 strength which 1822 8 breathes 1827: breathed 1822
 XLVI. 10 so 1827: As good men wept 1822

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES

I

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
 No Spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed, 5
 For she was one I loved exceedingly;
 But while I gazed in tender reverie
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played ?)
 The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare, 10
 Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
 Each with the other in a lingering race
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

II

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
 Wholly dissevered from our present theme;
 Yet, my beloved Country! I partake
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake; 5
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
 Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore 10
 With filial love the sad vicissitude;
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

I. 5, 6 so 1837: Substance she seem'd (and *that* . . . exceedingly;) 1822-32
 II. 1 that 1845: this 1822-43 2 so 1845: Fear to my Spirit—passion
 that 1822-43 3 Wholly 1827: To lie 1822 4-12 so 1832: Yet do
 I love my country—and *followed by her for thy in II.* 5, 7, 9; She visits
 oftentimes in 1. 6, and she hath/or thou hast in 1. 12 1822-7 12 righteous]
 pitying MS.

III

CHARLES THE SECOND

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and caress'd
 With frantic love—his kingdom to regain ?
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
 For all she taught of hardest and of best, 5
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,
 Or is remembered only to give zest
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
 But for what gain ? if England soon must sink 10
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
 That bigotry may swallow the good name,
 And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
 By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV

LATITUDINARIANISM

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
 Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
 Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
 Or a Platonic Piety confined
 To the sole temple of the inward mind; 5
 And One there is who builds immortal lays,
 Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
 Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
 Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere 10
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
 And the pure spirit of celestial light
 Shines through his soul—"that he may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

III. 1-2 See royal Charles with frantic joy carest From exile lands MS.
 2 frantic] boundless MS. 4 fostered] nurtured MS. 5 For all]
 Whate'er MS.

10-12 so 1837: Already stands our Country [the people MS.] on the brink
 Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
 Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name MS.,
 1822-32

V

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
 So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
 Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
 We read of faith and purest charity 5
 In Stateman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
 Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night; 10
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
 A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI

CLERICAL INTEGRITY

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
 Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous day
 Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
 And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked 5
 On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
 Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod, 10
 And cast the future upon Providence;
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense
 Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;

V. 10 so 1827: glow-worms in the woods of spring 1822 11-12 so
 1827: . . . shooting far a light That guides and cheers,— 1822

And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good, 5
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw 10
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire 5
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain! 10
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX

WILLIAM THE THIRD

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
 Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe 5
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.

VIII. 1 expecting 1827: expectant 1822 10 speech 1827: voice 1822
 IX. 5 (By constant impulse of religions awe 1822-43: (Swerves not, how
 blest *etc.* 1845-9

Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope ?
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy; 10
 And while he marches on with stedfast hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye.

X

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;
 But these had fallen for profitless regret 5
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear, 10
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
 However hardly won or justly dear:
 What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI

SACHEVEREL

[Composed?—Published 1827.]

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell, 5
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
 Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and Low,
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife; 10
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

11 stedfast 1845; righteous 1822-43

XI. 7 so 1832: their Light with graver 1827

XII

[Composed in first form (v. Appendix A. iv) 1820 or 1821 and so published 1822 in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*-, published in revised form 1827.]

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start! 5
 And strives the towers to number, that recline
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
 Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.
 So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream 10
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
 How widely spread the interests of our theme.

XIII

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
 A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,

XII. 8-9 With shattered crests, standing the eye athwart
 In awful silence. Yet more deep the pleasure
corr. to Stand with their shattered crests *etc.*

And yet more deep, more deep it was *etc.* MS.

8 his 1838, 1845-9: the 1827-37, 1840-3. 14 Features that else had
 vanished like a dream 1827-43

XIII. 2—12 Who murmuring not, but to their fate resigned
 Severed, where needful, every tie entwined
 With their existence from its natal day
 Traversed the Ocean, and explored a way
 Thro' forests scarcely pervious to the wind,
 That so their Pilgrim Church with one pure mind
 Might worship God, and fearlessly obey
 His unadulterate word; they would not bend
 Wise, surely far, as for their only guide
 They followed conscience and []

Had seen their Spirits from the woods ascend MS. 1

2-4 Who parted, casting many a backward look,
 From friends and kindred house and home forsook,
 And the mute ground *etc.* MS. 2

And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
 Then to the new-found World explored their way, 5
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey
 In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide 10
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV

II. CONTINUED

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred, 5
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.— 10
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV

in. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY

[Composed 1842.—Published: vol. of 1842.]

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
 Were 'they who, when their Country had been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite 5
 What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed

10-11 Blest, surely, as the Pilgrims took for guide
 A will by Conscience cleansed and sanctified MS. 2

Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn, 10
 Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI

[Composed ?—Published 1845.]

BISHOPS and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
 From wolves your portion of His chosen sheep: 5
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap!—
 But in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound 10
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII

PLACES OF WORSHIP

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which though they move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are, 5
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred services; 10
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVI. 1 blessed] how blest MS.

XVIII

PASTORAL CHARACTER

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword; 5
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
 To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free, 10
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

XIX

THE LITURGY

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year 5
 Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story

XVIII. 1 A cleanly fire MS. 2 These fancy shews as adjuncts that
 belong MS. 4 learned] happy MS. 8 And gentleness there
 dwell MS. 10 arrayed in] equipped with MS.

XIX. 1-3 O seek we [out ?] a way of hope and fear.

High thoughts and passionate solemnities

Of faith and love, such way MS.

4 Distinct with] Marked out by MS.: set 1837: fixed MS., 1822-32

9-12 so 1845: Enough for us to cast a transient glance

The circle through; relinquishing (Through the dread circle
 and to leave its story MS.)

For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance

And (With MS.) harp in hand, rehearse (and chaunt MS.)
 the King of Glory MS., 1822-43

9-11 Enough for us to cast no careless glance

Upon that circle leaving Christian story

To those whom Heaven has fitted to advance C

We only dare to cast a transient glance, 10
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
 From his mild advent till his countenance
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XX

BAPTISM

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

DEAR be the Church that, watching o'er the needs
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
 Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—
 Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds 5
 The ministration; while parental Love
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth, 10
 The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
 The Infant's notice of his second birth—
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

XXI

SPONSORS

[Composed 1827.—Published 1832.]

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive 5
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure

10-12 Here let us cast a more than transient glance
 And harp in hand endeavour to advance
 With mind intent C

13 mild] meek MS. 14 dissipate the seas] make a wreck of sun MS.
 XX. 1 Bear 1845: Blest 1822-43 4 so 1832: The sinful product of a
 1822-7

XXI. 4 still] yet MS. 5 Do Thou, in truth] More faithful, Thou, MS.
 7 Watched at all seasons, and with industry MS. 9 and pure] must be MS.

This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply, 10
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII

CATECHISING

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company! 5
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
 And some a bold unerring answer made:
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
 Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy hand
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie: 10
 Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear:
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,
 And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII

CONFIRMATION

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
 With holiday delight on every brow:
 'Tis past away; far other thoughts prevail;
 For they are taking the baptismal Vow 5
 Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
 And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
 Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
 While on each head his lawn-robed servant lays
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals 10
 The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
 Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his* regrets,
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
 That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XXIV

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
 In and for whom the pious Mother felt
 Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint! 5
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
 Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
 And such vibration through the Mother went
 That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
 Opened a vision of that blissful place 10
 Where dwells a Sister-child ? And was power given
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
 Even to this Rite ? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXV

SACRAMENT

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

BY chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;
 But not till They, with all that do abide 5
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
 And magnify the glorious name of God,
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite 10
 The Altar calls; come early under laws
 That can secure for you a path of light
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXIV. 8 through 1837: to 1827-32

XXV. 3 mysterious 1845: memorial 1827-43

9-10 so 1845: Here must my Song in timid reverence pause;

But shrink not, ye, 1827-43

XXVI

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands 5
 O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,
 That mutually assisted they may live
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
 "The which would endless matrimony make;" 10
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake
 A mystery potent human love to endow
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH

[Composed 1842 ?—Published 1845.]

WOMAN! the Power who left His throne on high,
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
 The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,
 His own humanity with Thee will share, 5
 Pleased with the thanks that in His People's eye
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
 From Childbirth's perilous throes. And should the Heir
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
 To courses fit to make a mother rue 10
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind
 Cast upon this observance may renew
 A better will; and, in the imagined view
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVI. 1-2 Lo! where the Priest before the Altar stands

Together they kneel down who come in sight C

3 your] their C

4 This they have done, by words, and ring, and hands C

XXVIII

VISITATION OP THE SICK

[Composed 1842 ?—Published 1845.]

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
 Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
 And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel 5
 Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
 And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs
 From one disburthened so, so comforted, 10
 His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts,

XXIX

THE COMMINATION SERVICE

[Composed 1842 ?—Published 1845.]

SHUN not this Kite, neglected, yea abhorred,
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
 Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling).
 Go thou and hear the threatenings of the *Lord*;
 Listening within his Temple see his sword 5
 Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
 Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead.
 Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
 Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;
 Who knows not *that* ?—yet would this delicate age 10
 Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
 Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;
 So shall the fearful words of Commination
 Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXIX. 2-3

... as dealing

With human curses: banish the false feeling C
 4 threatenings] terrors C

XXX

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA

[Composed 1842 ?—Published 1845.]

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
 Gives holier invitation than the deck
 Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck
 (When all that Man could do avail'd no more)
 By Him who raised the Tempest and restrains: 5
 Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
 Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,
 Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
 In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
 To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip 10
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
 Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI

FUNERAL SERVICE

[Composed 1842.—Published 1845.]

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know 5
 That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word
 That follows—striking on some kindred chord
 Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth 10
 Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
 Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,
 Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

XXX. 9 for a rightful cause] reverentially MS. 10 the Church] *that*
 Church MS.

XXXI. 12-13 reborn; At Jesu's bidding we rejoice,— MS.

XXXII

BUBAL CEREMONY¹

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
 Of annual joy one tributary lay;
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
 The village Children, while the sky is red 5
 With evening lights, advance in long array
 Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
 Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore 10
 For decoration in the Papal time,
 The innocent Procession softly moves:—
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

XXXIII

REGRETS

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
 And usages, whose due return invites
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave 5
 A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted lights
 That all too often are but fiery blights,
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
 The counter Spirit found in some gay church 10
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

¹ See note.

XXXII. 1—2 so 1845: With smiles each happy face was overspread,
 That trial ended. Give 1822
 Content with calmer scenes around us spread
 And humbler objects, give 1827-43

3 annual 1827: festal 1822 4 This 1827: That 1822

XXXIII. 5 to 1845: the 1822-43

XXXIV

MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
 A musical but melancholy chime,
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime, 5
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 And is no more; drop like the tower sublime 10
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV

OLD ABBEYS

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
 On our past selves in life's declining day: 5
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities
 And faults of others—gently as he may,
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive. 10
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill

XXXIV. 2 sink 1840: sinks 1822-38 3 awful notes] things (by laws) MS. 7 The pomps and vanities of earth *corr.* to Truth fades not, but the forms of thought MS. 8 do] shall MS. 12 His 1837: Its MS., 1822-32

XXXV. 1-3 I thought of Luxury and greedy sway
 And pride deserving chastisement severe,
 But stillness, ruin, beauty, all things here MS.

8 so MS., 1822-32, 1845: And faults of others—so, where'er he may 1837-43

9 So with 1837: Towards MS., 1822-32

11-14 Why then be curious here for hidden ill

Perversely breaking charitable seals ?

The spot was holy once, is holy still

Its spirit *etc.* MS.

Why should we break Time's charitable seals ?
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

XXXVI

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY

[Composed ?—Published 1827.]

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
 Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
 Opens a way for life, or consonance 5
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
 The fugitives than to the British strand,
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
 Vanish before the unreserved embrace 10
 Of catholic humanity:—distress
 They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII

CONGRATULATION

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
 By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
 Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured 5
 Sore stress of apprehension,¹ with a mind
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
 From month to month trembling and unassured,
 How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
 As a loved substance, their futurity: 10
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
 A State—which, balancing herself between
 Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

¹ See Note.

XXXVIII

NEW CHURCHES

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
 What serve they ? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!) 5
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
 Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
 The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
 Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds, 10
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
 Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED

BE this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
 Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
 The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
 Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod 5
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
 Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
 Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
 Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove 10
 May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
 For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
 That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

XL

CONTINUED

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed

XXXIX. 11 there let the 1838: let the 1822-37

XL. 1 spirit 1827: spirits 1822

While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed 5
 Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile 10
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
 Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI

NEW CHURCH-YARD

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven;
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
 And wild deer bounded through the forest glade, 5
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe! 10
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow;—
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XLII

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles, 5

XLI. 1 native] natural MS. 4 And where the] Henceforth where MS.
 6 when] erst MS. 7 hymns of praise] pious hymns MS. 8-9 the
 sexton shall apply his spade Wounding MS. 10 so 1837: its grasp of
 joy and woe MS., 1822-7; in grasp of weal and woe 1832

Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above. 10
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XLIII

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

[Composed November-December, 1820?]

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence! 5
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

XLIV

THE SAME

[Composed November-December, 1820?]

WHAT awful perspective! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremit, 5

XLII. 7 eye 1827: eyes 1822

XLIV. 2-4 so 1827: Their portraiture [portraits MS.] the lateral windows hide,
 Glimmers their [the MS.] corresponding stonework,
 dyed
 With MS., 1822

Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life; 10
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV

CONTINUED

[Composed November-December, 1820 ?]

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam 5
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest, 10
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI

EJACULATION

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
 That made His human tabernacle shine

8 Shine (till your lustre fades) MS.

11-12 And every stone throughout the Pile . . .

By the delicious notes . . . MS.

13-14 The storm hath ceased, the harmony is gone,

And now the sad sad heart is left alone, *corr. to*

Where now the thrilling harmony ? 'tis gone,

And the lost notes of lively rapture flown, *corr. to*

Of lively rapture or with softer flight

Fondly relayed in mazes infinite, *corr. to*

That thrills the heart and casts *etc. as text* MS.

Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name 5
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn and even,
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun 10
 When first our infant brows their lustre won;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII

CONCLUSION

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide ? For the WORD
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold 5
 His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust) 10
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
 Till they have reached the eternal City—built
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

XLVII. 10 this 1827: that 1822

APPENDIX

A. *Sonnets etc. not included in the edition of 1849-50; some of them hitherto unpublished*

I

[Composed ?—Published October 10, 1803 (*Morning Post*); never reprinted by W.]

I FIND it written of Simonides
That travelling in strange countries once he found
A corpse that lay expos'd upon the ground,
For which, with pains, he caused due obsequies
To be performed, and paid all holy fees. 5
Soon after, this man's Ghost unto him came
And told him not to sail as was his aim,
On board a ship then ready for the seas.
Simonides, admonished by the ghost,
Remained behind; the ship the following day 10
Set sail, was wrecked, and all on board were lost.
Thus was the tenderest Poet that could be,
Who sang in ancient Greece his moving lay,
Saved out of many by his piety.

II

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

[Probably composed 1805.]

WELL-NIGH the voyage now is overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas and rude,
Draws near that common haven where at last
Of every action, be it evil or good,
Must due account be rendered. Well I know 5
How vain will then appear that favoured art,
Sole Idol long and Monarch of my heart,
For all is vain that man desires below.
And now remorseful thoughts the past upbraid,
And fear of twofold death my soul alarms, 10
That which must come, and that beyond the grave:
Picture and Sculpture lose their feeble charms,
And to that Love Divine I turn for aid,
Who from the Cross extends his arms to save.

III

ON MILTON

[Composed 1806-7 ?]

AMID the dark control of lawless sway
 Ambition's rivalry, fanatick hate,
 And various ills that shook the unsettled State,
 The dauntless Bard pursued his studious way,
 Not more his lofty genius to display 5
 Than raise and dignify our mortal date,
 And sing the blessings which the Just await
 That Man might hence in humble hope obey.
 Thus on a rock in Norway's bleak domain
 Nature impels the stately Pine to grow; 10
 Still he preserves his firm majestic [reign]
 And restless Ocean dashes all below.

IV

THROUGH CUMBRIAN WILDS

[Composed in or before 1815.]

THROUGH Cumbrian wilds, in many a happy cove,
 The pastoral muse laments the wheel—no more
 Engaged, near blazing hearth, on clean-swept floor,
 In tasks which guardian angels might approve,
 Friendly the weight of leisure to remove, 5
 And to beguile the lassitude of ease;
 Gracious to all the dear dependencies
 Of house and field,—to plenty, peace and love.
 There too did Fancy prize the murmuring wheel;
 For sympathies, inexplicably fine, 10
 Instilled a confidence—how sweet to feel!
 That ever in the night calm, when the sheep
 Upon their grassy beds lay couched in sleep,
 The quickening spindle drew a trustier line.

V

 AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE
 (THIRTY YEARS AGO)

[Composed 1820 or 1821.—Published 1822 (*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820); never reprinted by W.]

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,
 And Hope gay Pilot of the bold design,
 We saw the living Landscapes of the Rhine,
 Reach after reach, salute us and depart;
 Slow sink the Spires,—and up again they start!

- III. 11-12 Still he preserves his firm majestic reign
 While added strength his spreading branches shew.
alternative reading MS.

But who shall count the Towers as they recline
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
 Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart ?
 More touching still, more perfect was the pleasure,
 When hurrying forward till the slackening stream 10
 Spread like a spacious Mere, we there could measure
 A smooth free course along the watery gleam,
 Think calmly on the past, and mark at leisure
 Features which else had vanished like a dream.

VI

THE MODERN ATHENS

[Composed 1831 ?]

"Now that a Parthenon ascends to crown
 Our Calton Hill, sage Pallas! 'tis most fit
 This thy dear city by the name be known
 Of Modern Athens."—But opinions split
 Upon this point of taste, and Mother Wit 5
 Cries out "'Auld Reekie!' guid and honest Town
 Of Edinbro', put the sad misnomer down;
 This alias of Conceit, away with it!"
 Let none provoke for questionable smiles
 From an outlandish Goddess the just scorn 10
 Of thy staunch gothic Patron, grave St. Giles:
 —Far better than such heathen foppery
 The homeliest Title thou hast ever borne
 Before or since the times of, "*Wha wants me?*"

VII

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

SEQUEL TO "A PLEA FOB AUTHORS "

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838, 1840; omitted later.]

"SON of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
 Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
 How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
 Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand
 Of culture, even to feel or understand 5

VI. 1 ascends] must rise MS. 1 2 The Calton Hill, Ambition cries 'tis
 fit MS. 1 3 thy dear] learned MS. 1 6 Cries out] exclaims MS.
 guid and] black, guid MS. 1 7 sad misnomer] affectation MS. 1
 9-10 Fool! if thou think that tutelary smiles

Of Pallas will repay thee for the scorn MS. 1

VII. 1-2 . . . whose tiny hand Thus clings to mine MS.
 3-7 That thou pressed down by poverty may'st sink
 Even till thy Children shall in vain demand
 Culture, and neither feel nor understand

My simplest Lay that to their memory
 May cling;—hard fate! which haply need not be
 Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
 A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
 Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's claim 10
 Or Reason's ? No—hopes spun in timid line
 From out the bosom of a modest home
 Extend through unambitious years to come,
 My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!"

May 23, 1838.

VIII

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT (1838)

[Composed 1838.—Published: Sonnet-vol. of 1838, 1840; omitted later.]

FORTH rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,
 And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
 Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat 5
 Licence to hide at intervals her head
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
 In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
 St. George of England! keep a watchful eye
 Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request— 10
 Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
 From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

IX

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES

[First printed in *Memoirs of W. W.* 1851.]

WE gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die,
 But that the precious love this friend hath sown
 Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
 Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
 Will pass so soon from human memory; 5

My least recondite lay, which Memory

May keep in trust; hard Fate! which need not be MS.

9 A cherished Volume MS.

11 No,—hopes { in fond hereditary line
 and wishes in a living line MS.

IX. 1 nor grieve] not sad MS.

2 And part; but that the love MS.

And not by strangers to our blood alone,
 But by our best descendants be unknown,
 Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.
 Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive: 10
 Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
 An image of her soul is kept alive,
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
 Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

RYDAL MOUNT, *New Year's Day*, 1840.

X

TO I. F.

[First printed in *Memoirs of W. W.* 1851.]

THE star which comes at close of day to shine
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
 Is Friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn
 She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
 Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline, 5
 Doth make the happy happier. This have we
 Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
 Which now we too unwillingly resign
 Though for brief absence. But farewell! the page
 Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears, 10
 Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchill'd by age,
 Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,
 The heart-affianced sister of our love!

RYDAL MOUNT, *February*, 1840.

XI

[ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. ?]

[Composed 1839-40; first printed 1942.]

MORE may not be by human Art exprest,
 But Love, far mightier Power, can add the rest,
 Add to the picture which those lines present
 All that is wanting for my heart's content:

6-8 Forgotten—not in strangers' minds alone,
 But in the fields and gardens be unknown
 Where we have wandered—this may claim a sigh MS.

9 we yield not] transient is our MS. 12 An] The MS.

X. 1 Bright is the Star that comes at eve to shine MS. 3 And
 such is Friendship, MS.

XI. 1-10. Art, Nature, Love here claim united praise
 The forehead thinks—it muses while I gaze

The braided hair a majesty displays 5
 Of brow that thinks and muses while I gaze,
 And O what meekness in those lips that share
 A seeming intercourse with vital air.
 Such faint sweet sign of life as Nature shows
 A sleeping infant or the breathing rose; 10
 And in that eye where others gladly see
 Earth's purest light Heaven opens upon me.

XII

[Composed 1842. Privately printed.]

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown .
 St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry:—
 "Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
 That ye to him your love may testify;
 Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not a stone 5
 Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
 And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
 In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
 But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
 In power, and Poesy would lend her voice; 10
 Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
 Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,
 Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT, *January 23, 1842.*

XIII

Conjecturally assigned to Wordsworth

WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO

[Published February 9, 1802 (*Morning Post*).]

O MOON! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light
 Danc'd to the murmuring rill on Lomond's wave,
 Or sighed for thy sweet presence some dark night,
 When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave;
 If e'er, on wings which active fancy gave, 5
 I sought thy golden vale with dancing flight,
 Then, stretcht at ease in some sequestered cave,
 And the light breaking from the eyes to me
 For heart's content is all it seems to be,
 O that the lips though motionless might share
 Some vital intercourse with silent air

Such etc. to rose earlier draft

XII. 7. And one reproach remained MS. 12 beauty Cardiff] aspect
 Severn MS.

Gaz'd on thy lovely Nymphs with fond delight,
 Thy Nymphs with more than earthly beauty bright;
 If e'er thy beam, as Smyrna's shepherds tell, 10
 Soft as the gentle kiss of amorous maid
 On the closed eyes of young Endymion fell,
 That he might wake to clasp thee in the shade:
 Each night, while I recline within this cell,
 Guide hither, O sweet Moon, the maid I love so well. 15

XIV

JUST VENGEANCE CLAIMS THY SOUL FOR
RIGHTS INVADED

[Composed 1827 ?]

JUST vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded ?
 Lo! while before Minerva's altar quake
 The conscious Tyrants, like a vengeful snake
 Leaps forth the sword that lurked, with myrtles braided!
 Thence to the Capitol, by Fancy aided, 5
 The hushed design of Brutus to partake;
 Or watch the hero of the Helvetian Lake
 Till from that rocky couch, with pine o'ershaded,
 He starts—and grasps his deadly carabine!
 Nor let thy thirst forego the draught divine 10
 Of Liberty, which like a liquid fountain
 Refreshed Pelayo on the ILLUSTRIOUS MOUNTAIN,
 The Swede within the Dalecarlian mine,
 When every hope but his was shrunk, and faded.

B

PELAYO

[Composed 1808-10?]

A FEW bold Patriots, Reliques of the Fight
 That crush'd the Gothic sovereignty of Spain,
 Beneath Pelayo's guidance urged their flight.
 And when their steps had measured [] Plain,
 Cross'd Deva's [] flood and [] snow-clad height, 5

XIV. 1 claims thy Soul] dost thou crave, craves thy soul MS. 3 vengeful]
 glistening MS. 4 Leaps forth] Springs forth, Forth springs MS. 5 to
 the Capitol] may she wing her flight MS. by Fancy aided] full long
 degraded MS. 7 Or muse with Tell beside the guardian lake MS.
 10 There to participate the draught divine let] shall draught] cup MS.
 11 Which, filled by Freedom from her sacred fountain MS. 14 shrunk]
 crushed, parched MS. B. 3-4 Beneath Pelayo's banner did unite
 In hope they from the Arabian crescent fled MS., *corr. to text*

And wound through depth of many a sunless Vale
 On which the noontide dew lay wet and pale,
 And now had reach 'd Auseva's rugged breast,
 The Leader turn'd, and from a jutting rock
 Calm as a Shepherd beckoning to his flock 10

The little band address—

"Stop, Christian Warriors, faithful and undaunted,
 Here, if the Saints and pitying Angels bless
 The efforts of the brave in their distress,
 Not vainly shall your Standard here be planted! 15
 With swords to guard our Virtue are we come
 To these Asturian wilds, a proud retreat!
 Where Friends surround us in their antient seat,
 An inextinguishable people's home.
 Aloft while here we haven, night and day 20
 Shall multiply our host and strengthen our array.
 Till we, like bursting clouds, descend and quell
 The astounded Infidel.

Meanwhile till Heaven, O patient Warriors, call
 On Valor to the onset, yon wide Cave, 25
 Whose dark throat opens like a ready grave
 For desperate Fugitives, to us shall be
 A Legislative Hall
 Cheared by the gladsome voice of Liberty;
 And to that Sanctuary dark 30
 Will we entrust the holy Ark,
 The Covenant of the faith
 That saves the soul from death
 And shall uphold our frail and mortal hands
 Till we, or men as brave, the favored bands 35
 Of our exalted countrymen, regain
 For lordship without end, the fields of universal Spain."

Thus spake Pelayo on his chosen hill.

- 22-3 What earthly power can check the gathering clouds
 When from afar along the craggy chain
 Of these huge mountains they appear in crowds ?
 What mortal enmity the work restrain
 Which an impenetrable darkness shrouds
 While steadfastly embodied they remain
 Feeding a silent force of thunder, wind, and rain,
 Which, at the sovereign word
 Of their almighty Lord,
 Breaks forth and spreads in ravage o'er the plain ?
 No otherwise shall we descend and quell
 The astounded Infidel. MS., *but deleted in favour of text.*

And shall at this late [hour] the Heavens belie
 The heroic prophecy 40
 And put to shame the great Diviner's skill ?
 The Power which issuing like a slender rill
 From those high places waxed by slow degrees
 Swoln with access of many Sovereignities
 And gained a River's strength and rolled a mighty wave. 45
 The stream which in Pelayo's cave
 Upon the illustrious Mountain took its birth
 Hath disappeared from earth;
 A foreign Tyrant speaks his impious will,
 And Spain hath owned the monarch which he gave. 50
 Most horrible attempt, unthought of hour
 Of human shame and black indignity!
 Alas! not unprovoked these Tempests lower,
 Not uninvited this malignity!
 Full long relinquishing a precious dower 55
 By Gothic virtue won, secured by oath
 Of King and people pledged in mutual troth,
 The Spaniard hath approached on servile knee
 The native Ruler all too willingly.
 Full many an age in that degenerate Land 60
 The rightful Master hath betrayed his trust;
 Earthward the imperial flower was bent
 In mortal languishment.
 This knew the Spoiler whose victorious hand
 Hath snapp'd th'enfeebled stalk and laid its head in dust. 65

NOTES

p. 1. MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS: "In the cottage of Town End, one afternoon in 1801, my Sister read to me the Sonnets of Milton. I had long been well acquainted with them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly remember is 'I grieved for Buonapartè.' One was never written down: the third, which was, I believe, preserved, I cannot particularise."—
I. P.

The date 1801, here given by W., should be 1802, v. D. W.'s *Journal* for May 21, 1802. The statement also that the three sonnets were "the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school" is not strictly accurate (v. Vol. I, pp. 3, 265, 269, 296, 308). With the I. F. note cf. W.'s letter to Landor April 20, 1822: "I used to think [that form of composition] egregiously absurd though the greatest poets since the revival of literature have written in it. Many years ago my sister happened to read to me the Sonnets of Milton which I could at that time repeat; but somehow or other I was singularly struck with the style of harmony, and the gravity, and republican austerity of those compositions. In the course of the same afternoon I produced 3 sonnets, and soon after many others; and since that time, and from want of resolution to take up anything of length, I have filled up many a moment in writing Sonnets, which, if I had never fallen into the practice, might easily have been better employed." (*L.Y.*, p. 71.)

DEDICATION. To——: i.e., almost certainly, to Mary. On the conception of the sonnet here expressed cf. W.'s letter to Dyce of Spring 1833 (*L.Y.*, p. 653): "It should seem that the Sonnet, like every other legitimate composition, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end—in other words, to consist of three parts, like the three propositions of a syllogism, if such an illustration may be used. But the frame of metre adopted by the Italians does not accord with this view, and, as adhered to by them, it seems to be, if not arbitrary, best fitted to a division of the sense into two parts, of eight and six lines each. Milton, however, has not submitted to this. In the better half of his sonnets the sense does not close with the rhyme at the eighth line, but overflows into the second portion of the metre. Now it has struck me that this is done not merely to gratify the ear by variety and freedom of sound, but also to aid in giving that pervading sense of intense Unity in which the excellence

of the Sonnet has always seemed to me mainly to consist. Instead of looking at this composition as a piece of architecture, making a whole out of three parts, I have been much in the habit of preferring the image of an orbicular body,—a sphere—or a dew-drop. All this will appear to you a little fanciful; and I am well aware that a Sonnet will often be found excellent, where the beginning, the middle, and the end are distinctly marked, and also where it is distinctly separated into two parts, to which the strict Italian model, as they write it, is favourable." In writing his sonnets Wordsworth fluctuated between the Miltonic and the stricter Italian forms, though, as here, he inclined to the Miltonic.

' 14. With more than mild content] "Something less than joy, but more than dull content."—Countess of Winchelsea.—W. Cf. *Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase*, 7-8, *Miscellaneous Poems*, II, Vol. IV.

p. 1. I. *Nuns fret not, etc.*: This with many other early sonnets is found in MS. M, which contains no poem written as late as 1805, and was almost certainly copied by D. W. in March 1804; the sonnets included in it must therefore have been written between May 21, 1802, and March 1804. This sonnet, with a few others—*Misc. Son.* I. i, iii, vi, xiii, xiv, xxviii, II. xxxi; *Nat. Ind. and Lib.* I. x, xvi, xvii, xxiv; *Duddon*, xxvi—is also found in MS. W, which is earlier in date than MS. M, v. E. de S., *The Prelude*, Intro., p. xxxvii. The earlier version runs as follows:

Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow room
And Hermits are contented with their Cells
And scholars with their pensive citadels
Maids at the wheel, and weavers at the Loom
Could sit and sing until the day of doom
Bees that one flight would take from Bath to Wells
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is and hence to me
In many moods 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the little Sonnet's humble ground
Pleas'd if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
Should find short solace there as I have found,

p. 2. III. *Beloved vale, etc.*: preserved in MS. M and MS. W; the vale is almost certainly Esthwaite.

1,2. MS. W reads:

Dear Vale I said when I shall look upon
Thy face, thou parent of my childish years,

p. 3. IV. AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK: "This place was presented to me by Sir George Beaumont with a view to the erection of a house upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge, then living,

and likely to remain, at Greta Hall near Keswick. The *severe* necessities that prevented this arose from his domestic situation. This little property, with a considerable addition that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of Skiddaw, and the orchard and other parts of the grounds command a magnificent prospect of Derwent-water, and of the mountains of Borrowdale and Newlands. Many years ago I gave the place to my daughter."—I. F. (Cf. *E.L.*, pp. 338-41.)

This biographical Sonnet, if so it may be called, together with the Epistle that follows [*Epistle to Sir George H. Beaumont*, Vol. IV], have long been suppressed from feelings of personal delicacy. W. 1842. MS. Note adds: "... and it now appears as perhaps the last tribute that I may have an opportunity of paying to the lamented person to whom it was addressed." The variants are from MS. M, and a letter of D. W. to Lady B., April 14, 1804 (*E.L.*, p. 384).

p. 3. V. *Pelion and Ossa flourish, etc.*: in MS. M. For the quotation in 11. 4-5 cf. Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, 21-4:

Or whereas Mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two homes divide,
And the sweet waves of sounding *Castaly*
With liquid foot doth slide downe easily.

From 1837 on W. dated this sonnet 1801, but this is probably one of his many chronological inexactitudes (v. note to *Misc. Son.*, *supra*). When he first published it in 1815, he stated that it had been published in 1807.

p. 4. VI. *There is a little unpretending rill*: "The rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Low wood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour."—I. F.

The Rev. K. P. Graves was informed by Mr. and Mrs. W. that the rill was that which "rising near High Skelgill at the back of Wansfell descends steeply down the hillside, passes behind the house at Dovenest, and crossing beneath the road, enters the lake near the drive which leads up to Dovenest". The variant in MS. M of line 9, "now seven years back", helps us to date the sonnet; the reference is to W. and D. W.'s walk to Grasmere in April 1794. But "seven" is probably an error for "eight"—v. note to *Misc. Son.*, *supra*. K. dates the sonnet 1806, and thinks the journey referred to is that of Dec. 1799, but this is impossible; on that day they passed the rill in late afternoon in a post-chaise, and in "turbulent" winter weather, and certainly did not stop to "eat a travellers' meal" in a "shady bower" by its banks, and "slake their thirst" in "its blessed water". In MS. M and MS. W.

1,2. MS. W reads:

Tis six miles from our dwelling-place; no rill
Rivulet, or brook, or fount, or well, nor aught

Another MS. reads:

There is a homely water neither rill
Nor spring enclosed in sculptured stone nor aught
corr. to There is a tiny water neither rill
Motionless well or running fount, nor aught

8,9. MS. W reads:

Sweet unto me as stream that turns his mill
Is to the rural miller, for when first

p. 5. VIII. *The fairest, brightest, hues, etc.*: "Suggested at Racket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales and looks towards Windermere. The cottage of Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time when this Sonnet was written, and long after, was occupied by the husband and wife described in the 'Excursion', where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the dwelling with a light to guide her husband home at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the 'Epistle to Sir George Beaumont' as that from which the female peasant hailed us on our morning journey. The musician mentioned in the Sonnet was the Rev. S. Tillbrook of Peter-house, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at Rydal after he had purchased it."—I. F.

The date of the sonnet is fixed by a letter of D. W. to Mrs. Clarkson, July 31, 1812: "We spent Tuesday afternoon in a walk to Hackett, where we drank tea with our old Servant's Mother. . . . Tillbrook stationed himself on a rock and sounded his flute to the great delight of our party, the cows in the field, and a group of rustic children" (*M.Y.*, p. 517).

p. 6. IX. UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE: "This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Bredon Hill and Cloud Hill near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this Sonnet. We resided only two years in this house; and during the last half of the time, which was after this poem had been written, we lost our two children, Thomas and Catharine. Our sorrow upon these events often brought it to my mind, and cast me upon the support to which the last line of it gives expression—

'The appropriate calm of blest eternity.'

It is scarcely necessary to add that we still possess the picture."—I. F.

Sent to Sir G. B. in a letter dated Aug. 28, 1811: "A few days after I had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing in different moods of mind your Coleorton landscape from my fireside, it *suggested* to me the following sonnet, which, having walked out to the side of Grasmere Brook, where it murmurs through the meadows near the Church,

I composed immediately. . . . The images of the smoke and the Travellers are taken from your Picture; the rest were added, in order to place the thought in a clear point of view, and for the sake of variety" (*M.Y.*, p. 468).

A MS. copy of the sonnet is found at the end of a note-book otherwise almost exclusively devoted to drafts of *The Excursion*.

p. 6. X. *Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings*: The MSS. of this sonnet, which differ considerably from the printed text (*v. app. crit.*) are both preserved in MS. 101 (*v. Preface*); their juxtaposition with other sonnets in the volume points to its having been written in 1826.

p. 7. XI. *Aerial Rock, etc.*: "A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it, you are struck with the boldness of its aspect; but walking under it, you admire the beauty of its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-Scar, probably from the insulated pasture by the waterside below it."—I. F.

This and eleven other sonnets noted as "Published 1819" made their first appearance in the volume entitled *The Waggoner, A Poem. To which are added, Sonnets*. 1819.

pp. 7-8. XII-XIV. To SLEEP: All preserved in MS. M and therefore probably written before March 1804; XIII and XIV are found in MS. W.

XIII. 3, 4. MS. W reads:

Soft words of tenderest sound, Arcadian Dames
Utter'd none sweeter to a favorite sheep.

p. 9. XV. THE WILD DUCK'S NEST: "I observed this beautiful nest on the largest island of Rydal Water."—I. F. There are two MSS. of this sonnet, one of them dated 1817.

p. 9. XVI. WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER".
9. sedgy Lee] from Milton, *At a Vacation Exercise*, 1. 97.

p. 10. XVII. To THE POET, JOHN DYER: Sent by W. to Lady Beaumont in a letter of Nov. 20, 1811, as "written some time ago. . . . If you have not read *The Fleece*, I would strongly recommend it to you. The character of Dyer, as a patriot, a citizen, and a tender-hearted friend of humanity, was, in some respects, injurious to him as a poet, and has induced him to dwell, in his poems, upon processes which, however important in themselves, were unsusceptible of being poetically treated. Accordingly, his poem is in several places, dry and heavy, but its beauties are innumerable, and of a high order. In point of *imagination*, and purity of style, I am not sure that he is not superior to any writer in verse since the time of Milton. . . . In the above is one whole line from *The Fleece*, and two other expressions. When you read *The Fleece*, you will recognize them." (*M.Y.*, p. 478.) The passage referred to is *The Fleece*, III. 437-8:

that soft tract

Of Cambria, deep-embayed, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenced, by ocean's murmur lulled.

The other expressions are from *The Fleece*, I. 92-5:

. . . Derwent's naked peaks,
Snowdon and blue Plynllymmon, and the wide
Aerial sides of Cader-Yddris huge.

For other examples of W.'s admiration for Dyer v. his notes to Duddon Sonnets, p. 503, to *Excursion*, VIII. 111-12, and *L. Y.*, p. 346.

p. 11. XVIII. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM. 5-8. Cf. *The Eclectic Review*, July 1819, and *The Monthly Review*, Aug. 1819.

p. 11. XIX. *Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend*-. "I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the changes brought about among the cottages of Westmoreland by the silence of the Spinning-Wheel. During long winter nights and wet days, the wheel upon which wool was spun gave employment to a great part of a family. The old man, however infirm, was able to card the wool as he sate in the corner by the fireside; and often, when a boy, have I admired the cylinders of carded wool which were softly laid upon each other by his side. Two wheels were often at work on the same floor; and others of the family, chiefly little children, were occupied in teasing and cleaning the wool to fit it for the hand of the carder. So that all except the smallest infants were contributing to mutual support. Such was the employment that prevailed in the pastoral vales. Where wool was not at hand, in the small rural towns, the wheel for spinning flax was almost in as constant use, if knitting was not preferred; which latter occupation has the advantage (in some cases disadvantage) that, not being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gossiping about from house to house, which good housewives reckoned an idle thing."—I. F.

There are several MSS. of this sonnet, one of them dating from 1815; 11. 9-14 of MS. 1 (v. *app. crit.*) are found as the sestet to another sonnet, v. Appendix A, IV.

p. 12. XX. To S. H.: i.e. Sara Hutchinson.

5. the Dorhawk] the goatsucker or nightjar which feeds on moths, gnats, and dros or chaffers. (Pennant, quoted *O.E.D.*) Cf. *The Waggoner*, I. 3, and note, and *Calm is the fragrant air*, 21-3.

p. 12. XXI. COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS, etc.: There are several MSS. of this sonnet, one of them dating from 1815.

p. 13. XXII. DECAY OF PIETY: "Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and holidays, received a shock at the Revolution. It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this sonnet were among the last of that pious class. May we hope that the practice, now in some degree renewed, will continue to spread."—I. F. The MS. readings quoted in the *app. crit.* are from a note-book, now in the Coynell University Library, chiefly devoted to the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (v. *Eccl. Son.*, ed. A. P. Potts, p. 86).

p. 14. XXIII. COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE, *etc.*: The marriage was that of Thomas Hutchinson, M. W.'s brother, to Mary Moikhouse, his cousin and the sister of W.'s great friend Thomas M. It took place on Nov. 1, 1812.

pp. 14-15. XXIV-XXVI. FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO: "Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the request of Mr Duppa, whose acquaintance I made through Mr Southey. Mr Duppa was engaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and applied to Mr Southey and myself to furnish him some specimens of his poetic genius."—I. F. Sonnet XXV was sent to Duppa by Southey on Aug. 24, 1805 (*v. R.E.S.*, April 1938). On sending this sonnet to Sir George Beaumont on Oct. 17, 1805, W. wrote: "I mentioned Michael Angelo's poetry some time ago (*v. E.L.*, p. 424); it is the most difficult to construe I ever met with, but just what you would expect from such a man, showing abundantly how conversant his soul was with great things ... so much meaning has been put by Michael Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable. I attempted at least fifteen of the sonnets, but could not anywhere succeed. I have sent you the only one I was able to finish, it is far from being the best, or most characteristic, but the others were too much for me." He sent No. XXVI to Sir G. B. on Aug. 1, 1806, saying it was "translated some time since". The text of both is as they were printed in 1807. Translations of two other sonnets to be found on p. 226 were published by W. in his *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*, XXI and XXII; another, given in Appendix A (No. II), is from a MS. preserved at Coleortoi, doubtfully ascribed to W.; *v. p.* 408 and *note*.

p. 16. XXVII. *Surprised by joy, etc.*: "This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catharine, long after her death."—I. F. Catharine W. died on June 4, 1812.

pp. 16-17. XXVIII and XXIX. "The latter part of the first of these was a great favourite with my Sister Sara Hutchinson. When I saw her lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows."—I. F. S. H. died on June 23, 1835, and as Sonnet XXIX was not written till Nov. 1836, W.'s statement in the I. F. note cannot be accepted literally. But that the idea on which the sonnet was based came to him at her death-bed is proved by his letter to Southey the day after her death: "I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human creature had. Surely there is food for faith in these appearances; for myself, I can say that I have passed a wakeful night, more in joy than sorrow, with that blessed face before my eyes perpetually, as I lay in bed." (*L. Y.*, p. 747.) XXVIII is found in both MS. M and MS. W.

p. 17. XXX. *It is a beauteous evening, etc.*: "This was composed

on the beach near Calais in the autumn of 1802."—I. F. The *app. crit.* exhibits several unsuccessful attempts of W.'s to improve the text, with a fortunate return to earlier readings.

9. Dear Child] i.e. Caroline, W.'s daughter. Cf. D. W.'s *Journal* for Aug. 1802: "The weather was very hot. We walked by the sea shore almost every evening with Annette and Caroline, or William and I alone. ... It was beautiful on a calm night. . . . Caroline was delighted."

p. 18. XXXI and XXXII. Both these sonnets on the ship are found in MS. M, transcribed before March 1804. To No. XXXI W. appended in 1807 the note: "From a passage in Skelton which I cannot here insert, not having the Book at hand." The line is from Skelton's *Bowge of Court*:

Methought I saw a shippe, goodly of sayle
Come saylinge forth into that haven brood,
Her tackelynge ryche, and of hye apparayle.

In a letter to Lady Beaumont, May 21, 1807, W. wrote an exposition of the sonnet (v. *M.Y.*, pp. 128-9).

p. 18. XXXIII. *The world is too much with us, etc.*: in MS. M.

11. this pleasant lea] from Spenser, *Colin Clout's come home again*, 283, "Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea."

13. Proteus rising from the sea] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 603-4:

call up unbound

In various shapes old *Proteus* from the sea:

14. Triton blow his wreathed horn] *Colin Clout's come home again*, 244-5:

Of them the shepherd which hath charge in chief
Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed home.

It is worth noting also that in *Colin Clout*, 1. 248, Proteus is introduced.

Barron Field, in a letter to W. dated Dec. 17, 1836, suggested as a motto for this sonnet: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind."—Bacon. In MS. M.

p. 19. XXXIV. *A volant tribe of bards, etc.* 7. "coignes of vantage"] from *Macbeth*, i. vi. 7.

p. 19. XXXV. *Weak is the will of man, etc.*: In 1815 and 1820 this sonnet was prefixed as a motto to *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

p. 20. XXXVI. To THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT: "This young man, Raisley Calvert, to whom I was so much indebted, died at Penrith, 1795."—I. F. Calvert was buried at Greystoke on Jan. 12, 1795. W. had nursed him through his illness. For details about the legacy v. Appendix of additional early letters in *L.Y.*, pp. 1329-32. For a further tribute from W. to his friend v. *Prelude* (1805), xiii. 349-67. In MS. M.

11-12. lays Of higher mood] cf. *Lycidas*, "That strain I heard was of a higher mood".

p. 20. PART II. I. *Scorn not the sonnet, etc.*: "Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake."¹—I. F.

p. 21. II. *How sweet it is, etc.*: Hutchinson has dated this sonnet Dec. 1806 because of the parallel of line 5 with a passage in a letter of that date to Lady Beaumont on the Coleorton garden. "I never saw so beautiful a shrub as one tall holly which we had near a house we occupied in Somersetshire; it was attired with woodbine, and upon the very top of the topmost bough that 'looked out at the sky' was one large honeysuckle flower, like a star, crowning the whole. Few of the more minute rural appearances please me more than these, of one shrub or flower lending its ornaments to another. There is a pretty instance of this kind now to be seen in Mr Craig's new walk; a bramble which has furnished a wild rose with its green leaves, while the rose in turn with its red hips has to the utmost of its power embellished the bramble." But the presence of the sonnet in MS. M makes so late a date most unlikely. In writing to Lady B. this long letter about his plan for her winter garden W. might quite easily draw upon a sonnet written some years before, especially as it refers to a rural appearance which he had noted as early as his Racedown days. It should further be remarked that the sonnet describes a summer, not a winter scene.

W. pointed out to Crabb Robinson that this was almost his only sonnet "of pure fancy".

p. 21, III. To B. R. HAYDON: Sent, with Nos. XIII and XIV, to Haydon in a letter dated Dec. 21, 1815, "one [i.e. this one] was written the evening I received your last letter, the other (XIV) next day, and the third (XIII) the day following," "The present one", he says, "was occasioned, I might say inspired if there be any inspiration in it, by your letter." W.'s letter is a reply to one from Haydon of Nov. 27, in which he speaks of W.'s genius "with the highest enthusiasm", and goes on: "I will bear want, pain, misery, and blindness, but I will never yield one step I have gained on the road I am determed to travel over."

p. 22. IV. *From the dark chambers, etc.*: "Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scotch tour with Mary and Sara, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicity being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house."—I. F. For further information about Gillies, and W.'s relation with him, v. *M.Y.*, p. 609, and *Index*.

p. 22. V. *Fair Prime of Life! etc.*: "Suggested by observation of the

way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, mis-spent his time and misapplied his talents. He took afterwards a better course, and became a useful member of society, respected, I believe, wherever he has been known."—I. F. From its position in the MS. note-book (MS. 101) it seems probable that the sonnet was composed at the same time as VIII (*q.v.* and note, *infra*).

p. 22. VI. / *watch, and long have watched, etc.*: "Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place."—I. F.

p. 23. VII. / *heard—(alas! 'twas only in a dream)*: Part of the passage from the *Phaedo* to which W. alludes runs: "We are dwelling in a hollow of the earth, and fancy that we are on the surface; and the air we call the heaven, in which we imagine that the stars move. But the fact is, that owing to our feebleness and sluggishness we are prevented from reaching the surface of the air; for if any man could arrive at the exterior limit, or take the wings of a bird and come to the top, then like a fish who puts his head out of the water and sees this world, he would see a world beyond; and, if the nature of man could sustain the sight, he would acknowledge that this other world was the place of the true heaven and the true light and the true earth." (Tr. Jowett.)

The *Phaedo*, translated by Thomas Taylor, 1793, was among the books in W.'s library.

p. 23. VIII. RETIREMENT. On Feb. 18, 1826, H. C. K. wrote to D. W.: "It is a sort of moral and intellectual suicide in your brother not to have continued his admirable series of poems 'dedicated to liberty', he might add 'And public virtue'," and H. C. R. goes on to imagine a future biographer writing, "W. appears to have died in the year 1814, as far as life consisted in an active sympathy with the temporary welfare of his fellow creatures," *etc.*, *etc.* W. replied: "Your supposed biography entertained me much. I could give the other side." It seems highly probable that this sonnet, published 1827, was prompted by H. C. R.'s protest; it is significant that it is found in MS. 101 on the same pages and evidently written at the same time as the two sonnets, "Go back to antique ages" (*Poems Ded. to Nat. Ind. etc.* II. vi, p. 127), and "Just vengeance", *etc.* (Appendix A, XIV *infra*), in which he returns to the theme of Liberty, though in more general terms.

This sonnet in style and spirit is reminiscent of Milton's Sonnets to *Laurence* and *Cyriack Skinner*; for 1. 14 cf. *Comus*, 177, "And thank the gods amiss".

p. 24. IX. The MS. readings quoted in the *app. crit.* are found in the same note-book as those of I. xxii (*q.v. supra*).

p. 24. X. *Mark the concentred hazels, etc.*: "Suggested in the wild

hazel-wood at the foot of Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others of like form and character, though much of the wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been felled. This beautiful ground was lately purchased by our friend Mrs. Fletcher, the ancient owners, most respected persons, being obliged to part with it in consequence of the imprudence, if not misconduct, of a son. It is gratifying to mention that, instead of murmuring and repining at this change of fortune, they offered their services to Mrs. Fletcher, the husband as an out-door labourer, and the wife as a domestic servant. I have witnessed the pride and pleasure with which the man worked at improvements of the ground round the house. Indeed he expressed them to me himself, and the countenance and manner of his wife always denoted feelings of the same character. I believe a similar disposition to contentment under change of fortune is common among the class to which these good people belong. Yet, in proof that to part with their patrimony is most painful to them, I may refer to those stanzas entitled *Repentance', no inconsiderable part of which was taken verbatim from the language of the speaker herself."—I. F.

p. 25. XI. COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS: "Composed October 3rd or 4th, 1802, after a journey over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by those hills is most magnificent.—The next day while we were travelling in a post-chaise up Wensleydale, we were stopt by one of the horses proving restive, and were obliged to wait two hours in a severe storm before the post-boy could fetch from the inn another to supply its place. The spot was in front of Bolton Hall, where Mary Queen of Scots was kept prisoner soon after her unfortunate landing at Workington. The place then belonged to the Scroopes, and memorials of her are yet preserved there. To beguile the time I composed a Sonnet. The subject was our own confinement contrasted with hers; but it was not thought worthy of being preserved."—I. F.

In this note, it will be observed, W. states that the poem was written on the evening after his marriage (though he could not recall whether the date was Oct. 3 or 4). Its similarity of phrasing with D. W.'s *Journal* for that day led Hutchinson to consider that W.'s memory was at fault, and that he wrote the sonnet at some later date, with the *Journal* before him. But it is equally possible that D. W.'s *Journal*, which was obviously written after their arrival at Grasmere, was itself reminiscent of the sonnet. Her words are: "Before we had crossed the Hambleton Hill, and reached the point overlooking Yorkshire, it was quite dark. We had not wanted, however, fair prospects before us, as we drove along the flat plain of the high hill. Far, far off us, in the western sky, we saw the shapes of castles, ruins among groves, a great spreading wood, rocks, and single trees, a minster with its tower unusually distinct, minarets

in another quarter, and a round Grecian Temple also; the colours of the sky of a bright grey, and the forms of a sober grey, with a dome." In MS. M.

p. 26. XII. *Those words were uttered, etc.*: in MS. M. The introduction of the "dome" in line 9 suggests that W. had been reading his sister's *Journal* as well as his own previous sonnet.

p. 26. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1815: "For me who under kindlier laws.' This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself."—I. F. v. note to II. iii, *supra*.

p. 27. XIV. NOVEMBER 1: "Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten if the impression had not been transferred to verse. The same observation applies to the next."—I. F. v. note to Part II, Sonnet III, *supra*.

p. 27. XV. COMPOSED DURING A STORM: "Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent."—I. F.

p. 28. XVII. To THE LADY MARY LOWTHER: Lady Mary was the daughter of Lord Lonsdale; in 1820 she was married to Lord Frederick Bentinck; she was an intimate friend of W.'s in his later years. The MS. volume to which this sonnet was prefixed was a Christmas present to Lady Mary in 1819; the "female friend" who transcribed it was S. H. The volume was printed by the Oxford University Press in 1905, edited by Harold Littledale.

p. 28. XVIII. To LADY BEAUMONT: "1807. The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned out of an old quarry under the superintendence and direction of Mrs Wordsworth and my sister Dorothy, during the winter and spring of the year we resided there."—I. F. The letters of W. and D. W. to Lady B. during the winter of 1806-7 are full of references to this winter garden (v. M.Y., pp. 80-115). On Feb. 17 D. W. wrote: "If William had but waited a few days, it would have been no anticipation when he said to you the 'songs of spring were in the grove', for all this week the birds have chanted from morn till evening,—larks, blackbirds, thrushes, and far more than I can name; and the busy rooks have joined their happy voices."

2. shaping] framing 1807-20. Hutchinson notes that from the text of 1827 "frame" and its derivatives were struck out in twenty-nine places.

p. 29. XIX. *There is a pleasure, etc.*: The quotation is from Cowper, *Task*, ii. 285.

p. 30. XXI. *When haughty expectations, etc.*: In 1820 this sonnet had the title *On seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops in a storm*; in 1827-32 it

was placed after *To a Snowdrop* (II. xvi, *supra*) and entitled *Composed a few days after the foregoing*; in 1836 the title was dropped and it was placed in its present position.

12. the bright immortal Theban band] the Thebans who were undefeated until their annihilation at Chaeronea by Philip of Macedon, 338 B.C.

p. 31. XXIII. *With how sad steps, O Moon, etc.*: In 1807 this poem has 15 lines, and is printed, not among the *Sonnets*, but as No. 3 of *Poems composed during a Tour, chiefly on foot*; in 1815 it was placed among *Poems of the Fancy*; in 1820 1. 12 was dropped, and it was placed among the *Sonnets*. Hutchinson conjectures that it was written in 1802 about the same time as a quinzain which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Feb. 9, 1802, and has been attributed by him and others, but on slender grounds, to W., "O Moon! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light" (v. Appendix A, XIII). But though "O Moon! etc." is, I believe, spurious, W. *did* write another quinzain, "Dear Native Brooks", etc., which is found in MS. M, and therefore probably written before March 1804; v. notes to Duddon Sonnets XXVI. In 1807-16 W. rightly placed the first two lines in inverted commas and appended the note "From a Sonnet of Sir Philip Sydney"; *edd.* 1837-50, incorrectly, give the commas to 1. 2 only; *edd.* 1820-32 omit the commas altogether.

1-4. MS. W reads:

How dolefully, O Moon . . .

Where art thou, thou that oft with radiant face

Dost run among the clouds a wood-nymph's race ?

Oh, blithe by nature, lay this sadness by.

p. 32. XXIV. *Even as a dragon's eye, etc.* 3. sullenly glaring] I adopt the reading of 1815-20 and 1838 in preference to "suddenly glaring" which I regard as an unnoticed misprint. Not only is the return of "sullenly" to the text of 1838 significant, but obviously it makes better sense. Cf. *Misc. Son.* II. vi. 7 "sullen fire" (reading before 1836) and the comparison (*Exc.* IV. 487) of a taper to a "sullen star, Dimly reflected in a lonely pool".

p. 34. XXVIII. ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY: "Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire."—I. F.

p. 34. XXIX. *Though narrow be that old Man's cares, etc.*: "1807 Coleorton. This old man's name was Mitchell. He was, in all his ways and conversation, a great curiosity, both individually and as a representative of past times. His chief employment was keeping watch at night by pacing round the house, at that time building, to keep off depredators. He has often told me gravely of having seen the Seven Whistlers and the Hounds as here described. Among the groves of Coleorton, where I became familiar with the habits and notions of old Mitchell, there was also a labourer of whom, I regret, I had no personal knowledge; for, more than forty years after, when

he was become an old man, I learnt that while I was composing verses, which I usually did aloud, he took much pleasure, unknown to me, in following my steps that he might catch the words I uttered; and, what is not a little remarkable, several lines caught in this way kept their place in his memory. My volumes have lately been given to him by my informant, and surely he must have been gratified to meet in print his old acquaintances."—I. F.

In 1815 the sonnet was placed among *Poems referring to the Period of Old Age*. The quotation which heads it is from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 16. For the thought underlying the sonnet cf. *Excursion*, IV. 611-30.

19. Both these superstitions are prevalent in the midland Counties of England; that of "Gabriel's Hounds" appears to be very general over Europe, being the same as the one upon which the German Poet, Burger, has founded his ballad of the "Wild Huntsman".—W. W., *note*, edd. 1807-15. The superstition seems to be especially strong among the colliers of the Midlands. Miss Darbishire (ed. *Poems of 1807*) quotes from Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033: "At Wednesbury in Staffordshire, the colliers going to their pits early in the morning hear the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, to which they give the name of Gabriel's Hounds, though the more sober and judicious take them only to be wild geese, making this noise in their flight." The birds are more probably curlews or plovers.

p. 35. XXX. *Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein*: "Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach."—I. F.

p. 35. XXXI. *Brook! whose society, etc.*: Found in the Longman MSS. and also in MS. M and MS. W, and therefore written by 1804. I have found no evidence for the date 1806 given by both K. and Hutchinson.

p. 36. XXXII. COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

1. Cf. *Comus*, 708, "those budge doctors of the Stoic fur".

2. wrangling Schoolmen] For a more favourable view of the Schoolmen v. *EccL Son.* II. 5.

7. Cf. *Lycidas*, 183, "genius of the shore", and *II Pens.* 154, "the unseen genius of the wood".

10. eddyding ball of foam] cf. *Exc.* III. 973, *app. crit.* 979, and the whole passage.

p. 36. XXXIII. SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS, *etc.*: William Westall (1781-1850), younger brother of the more famous Richard W., A.R.A., spent much time in the Lake country between 1811 and 1820, and was intimate with W. W., Southey, and Sir George Beaumont. In 1840 he was at Rydal taking sketches to illustrate W. W.'s poems. (*L.Y.*, p. 996.)

p. 37. XXXV. GORDALE. 8. oozy hair] from *Lycidas*, 175, "oozy locks".

p. 38. XXXVI. COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTEBBRIDGE: "Composed on the roof of a coach, on my way to France Sept. 1802."—I. F. A curious example of W.'s untrustworthiness in the dating of his poems. From 1807 to 1837 the sonnet was published with the date Sept. 3, 1803, and though in the I. F. note, and in ed. 1838, he corrects the year to 1802, he retains "September". But in D. W.'s *Journal* for 1802 we read: "We left London on Saturday morning at half past five or six, the 30th [should be 31st] of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not over-hung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles." It is possible that the sonnet was inspired and drafted on July 31, 1802, and rewritten on Sept. 3, when W. was again in London.

5. Silent, bare] John Kenyon wrote to W. (Aug. 22, 1836) that his wife had made the criticism, "If the beauty of the morning be worn 'like a garment'—how bare? If 'like a garment' mean anything (and it is somewhat vague at best) there is a contradiction in thought, and if it mean nothing there is a contradiction in words." W. replied: "The contradiction is in the *words* only—bare, as not being covered with smoke or vapour;—clothed, as being attired in the beams of the morning. Tell me if you approve of the following alteration, which is the best I can do for the amendment of the fault.

The city now doth on her forehead wear
The glorious crown of morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, etc." (*L.Y.*, p. 812)

The alteration was, fortunately, not adopted.

p. 38. XXXVII. CONCLUSION. To——: 9-11. every day . . . week] De Quincey acknowledged his debt to these lines in his *Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow*—"resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vn. vi. 1, "the ever-whirling wheel of Change".

p. 40. PART III. V. ON THE DEATH OF His MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD): George III died on Jan. 28, 1820.

p. 41. VI. JUNE 1820: W. was in London in that month, before starting on his Continental Tour. The sonnet recalls W.'s early poem *Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames near Richmond* (Vol. I, p. 41).

10. dashing oars] a reminiscence of Collins: *Ode on the death of Mr. Thurson*, 15, "And oft suspend the dashing oars".

p. 41. VII. A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE: "This parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones and is particularly described in

another note."—I. F. (i.e. W. W.'s note to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, III. xviii). On Jones v. my edition of *Prelude*, pp. 537-8, Sonnet, p. 110, and I. F. note to Sonnet IX, *infra*. The parsonage was at Souldern, between Bicester and Banbury.

The date of the sonnet is fixed by an entry in Mrs. W.'s Continental Journal for July 14, 1820: "Rose at five o'clock ... but with disturbed mind (for I had left W. in bed hurting himself with a sonnet. . . . I joined W. in our carriage, and have here written down the sonnet, Jones' Parsonage, so I hope he will be at rest."

p. 42. VIII. COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN N. WALES: This and the following two sonnets celebrate W.'s tour in N., Wales August-Sept. 1824, with his wife and daughter, and his friend Jones. For a prose account of it v. *L.Y.*, pp. 150-5. The MS. of this sonnet is in the same book as that of II. ix (*q.v.* note).

p. 42. IX. To THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. Miss P.: "In this Vale of Meditation my friend Jones resided, having been allowed by his Diocesan to fix himself there without resigning his Living in Oxfordshire. He was with my wife and daughter and me when we visited these celebrated ladies who had retired, as one may say, into notice in this vale. Their cottage lay directly in the road between London and Dublin, and they were of course visited by their Irish friends as well as innumerable strangers. They took much delight in passing jokes on our friend Jones's plumpness, ruddy cheeks, and smiling countenance, as little suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation. Wo all thought there was ample room for retort on his part, so curious was the appearance of these ladies, so elaborately sentimental about themselves and their *Caro Albergo*, as they named it in an inscription on a tree that stood opposite, the endearing epithet being preceded by the word Ecco! calling upon the saunterer to look about him. So oddly was one of these ladies attired that we took her, at a little distance, for a Roman Catholic priest, with a crucifix and relics hung at his neck. They were without caps, their hair bushy and white as snow, which contributed to the mistake."—I. F. The Ladies of Llangollen were Lady Eleanor Butler, sister of the Duke of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, cousin of the Earl of Bessborough (v. *L.Y.*, p. 150).

p. 43. X. To THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE: "It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection. While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the following address to the torrent."—W. W. to Sir George Beaumont (*L. F.*, p. 155).

4-5. where the band Of Patriots scoop their freedom out] The Greek war of Independence was then in progress. Byron had died at Missolonghi in the previous April.

8. Viamala] near the source of the Rhine. W. had visited it with Jones in 1790, v. *Descriptive Sketches*, 162-3.

p. 43. XI. IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL: This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the versos to the Redbreast, Vol. II, p. 105. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the invalid, who had been long confined to her room. Those attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.—W.

1. Jemima] i.e. Jemima Quillinan, E. Q.'s elder daughter,

p. 44. XII. "The original title of this Sonnet in MS. was 'Suggested by the same Incident' (referring to the previous sonnet) and its original form with one line wanting was as follows:

When Philoctetes *etc.* . . .

Reclined with shaggy forehead earthward bent,

Lay silent like a weed-grown Monument,

Such Friend, for such brief moment as a smile

Asks to be born and die in, might beguile

The wounded Chief of pining discontent

From home affections, and heroic toil.

Seen or unseen, beneath us, or above,

Are Powers that soften anguish, if not heal;

And toads and spiders have sufficed to prove *etc. as text.*"

K.

p. 44. XIII. *While Anna's peers, etc.*: "This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this Sonnet turns."—I. F. Maria Jane Jewsbury (1800-33) introduced herself to W. in May 1825 and soon became an intimate friend of the family, especially of Dora (v. *L.Y.*, p. 198, etc.). Cf. *Liberty* and W.'s note; *Miscellaneous Poems*, III, Vol. IV.

p. 45. XV. "*Wait, prithee, wait*": "The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia."—I. F. The MS. of the poem is headed "On Ellen Loveday Walker". She was the daughter of the Rector of Brinsop. The lines prefixed to the sonnet are found at the bottom of the page on which it is copied, with another sonnet separating them.

p. 46. XVI. THE INFANT M——M——: "The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of our friend and cousin Thomas

Monkhouse."—I. F. The MS. is headed "Mary Monkhouse", and dated Nov. 12, 1824. M. W. refers to her birth in a letter to John Kenyon, Dec. 28, 1821, as a "*lateproduction* in Gloster Place" (*L.Y.*, p. 59). She was born Dec. 21.

p. 46. XVII. To——IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR: "Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont."—I. F. The MS. readings are from a copy sent by M. W. in a letter to Lady B. in Dec. 1824.

p. 47. XVIII. To BOTH A Q——: "Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr Quillinan."—I. F.

9. The Quillinans were living in Ivy Cottage on the banks of the river Rothay, when Rotha was born late in 1821. Mrs. Quillinan died on May 25, 1822.

p. 48. XIX. A GRAVESTONE ... IN ... WORCESTER CATHEDRAL: " 'Miserrimus.' Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone. Nothing appears to be known for a certainty. The Rev. Mr. Morris, a nonconformist, a sufferer for conscience-sake; a worthy man who, having been deprived of his benefice after the accession of William III, lived to an old age in extreme destitution, on the alms of charitable Jacobites?"—I. F.

p. 48. XX. ROMAN ANTIQUITIES: "My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr. Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his Parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full view of several hills upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such was Mr. W.'s conjecture."—I. F.

p. 49. XXI. *Chatsworth thy stately mansion*: "I have reason to remember the day that gave rise to this Sonnet, the 6th of November, 1830. Having undertaken a great feat for me, to ride my daughter's pony from Westmoreland to Cambridge, that she might have the use of it while on a visit to her uncle at Trinity Lodge, on my way from Bake well to Matlock I turned aside to Chatsworth, and had scarcely gratified my curiosity by the sight of that celebrated place, before there came on a severe storm of wind and rain which continued till I reached Derby, both man and pony in a pitiable plight. For myself, I went to bed at noon-day. In the course of that journey I had to encounter a storm, worse if possible, in which the pony could (or would) only make his way slantwise. I mention this merely to add that notwithstanding this battering I composed on horseback the lines to the memory of Sir George Beaumont, suggested during my recent visit to Coleorton."—I. F. On Nov. 8 W. sent the sonnet in a letter to Dora W.: "My feelings at Chatsworth as contrasted with those which had moved me in the higher part of the Peak Country will be best given in the following, for which, as fresh from the brain, make such allowance as you can" (*L.Y.*, p. 525). The MS. readings

are taken from this letter. Another MS. is headed "Composed on my solitary equestrian journey thro' Derbyshire, after visiting Chatsworth".

p. 49. XXII. A TRADITION OF OKER HILL: "This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sate while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story."—I. F. "A mile below [Darley Churchyard], upon an eminence to the right I recognized the two Trees that gave occasion to my Sonnet on the parting of the two Brothers—I could not hear of any such tradition from the people whom I questioned, but a little Boy told me that the trees, two sycamores, were called Wm Shore's trees from the name of the man who had planted them above 200 years ago."—W. W. to Dora W., Nov. 8, 1830 (L. Y., p. 526).

p. 50. XXIII. FILIAL PIETY: "This was also communicated to me by the coachman in the same way. In the course of my many coach rambles and journeys which, during the day-time always and often in the night, were taken on the outside of the coach, I had good and frequent opportunities of learning the characteristics of this class of men. One remark I made that is worth recording; that whenever I had occasion especially to notice their well-ordered, respectful, and kind behaviour to women, of whatever age, I found them, I may say almost always, to be married men."—I. F. Dowden and Hutchinson give the following note: "Thomas Scarisbrick was killed by a stroke of lightning while building a turf-stack between Ormskirk and Preston in 1779. His son James finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of the father. James died in 1824, leaving to his grandchildren goblets and decanters cut with a turf-stack between two trees. (See Mr. J. Bromley's letter to the *Athenæum*, May 17, 1890.)"

In the MS. this and the previous sonnet are headed "Stage Coach Inspirations by an Outside Passenger", and this one "No. 1. Filial Piety, The Turf Pile between Ormskirk and Preston." In 1829 it is headed "The Peat Stack". Dowden read the sonnet in MS. in Edith Southey's Album, dated Feb. 5, 1828.

p. 50. XXIV. To THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT: "The six last lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house."—I. F. The portrait was painted in Sept. 1832 (v. L. Y., p. 630). The MS., in a letter of Dora W. to Quillinan of Oct. 3, 1832, is followed by the remark: "We do feel grateful to Mr P. for giving us such a portrait of such a father!"

5-6. A reference to W.'s gloomy forebodings on the imminent passing of the Reform Bill.

p. 51. XXV. *Why art thou silent, etc.*: "In the month of January, when Dora and I were walking from Town-End, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless

hedge, a bird's nest half-filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W."—I. F. The date of composition is recorded in a MS. in Dora's hand. It is signed *Kate Barker* (v. I. F. note), the name of a lady whom C. W. had met in the Isle of Man.

p. 51. XXVI. To B. R. HAYDON: "This Sonnet, though said to be written on seeing the portrait of Napoleon^R was, in fact, composed feomo time after, extempore, in the wood at Rydal Mount."—I. F. Sent to W. R. Hamilton in a letter of June 13 as "composed the day before yesterday. . . . It was written at the request of the painter, Haydon, and to benefit him, i.e. as ho thought; but it is no more than my sincere opinion of his excellent picture" (*L.Y.*, p. 557).

p. 52. XXVII. *A Poet! he hath put his heart to school*". "I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*^ imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for *artistical* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will bo for the most part much better characterized."—I. F.

p. 52. XXVIII. *The most alluring clouds, etc.*: "Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning home from the favourite walk of ours along the Rotha under Loughrigg."—I. F.

p. 53. XXIX. ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: "This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback, and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather; and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by anyone."—I. F.

There are several MSS. of this sonnet. There is no better example of the way in which "little matters of composition hang about and tease me awkwardly" (v. Preface to Vol. I, p. v) than the successive variants, as recorded in W.'s letters to Haydon of Sept. 2-11, 1840 (v. *L.F.*, pp. 1033-8).

p. 53. XXX. COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838: Composed on the same morning.—W. 1840. I.e. the same May-morning as the preceding sonnet in that volume (Vol. V, p. 396, ed. 1840) " *If with old love of you, dear Hills*"; v. *supra*, p. 229.

p. 54. XXXI. *Lo! where she stands, etc.*: This sonnet, together with Nos. XXXII, XXXIII, XXXVI, XXXIX, are copied together in

a note-book, originally W.'s passport book of 1837, under the heading "Private Memorials, not to be published".

p. 54. XXXII. To A PAINTER: "The picture which gave rise to this and the following sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M[argaret] Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount." —I. F. The portrait was of Mrs. W., the painter was a cousin of R. P. Gillies (v. note to *Misc. Son.* II. iv).

Sending this and the following sonnet to Miss Fenwick, Dora wrote: "The Sonnets are most beautiful, most true, most affecting, and Father tells me they were composed almost extempore." "I never", he wrote to Dora, "poured out anything more truly from the heart."

p. 56. XXXVI. *Oh what a wreck, etc.*: "The sad condition of poof Mrs. Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected." —I. F. Mrs. Southey died Nov. 16, 1837. The sonnet as printed dates from Feb. 1838, the MS. version (v. *app. crit.*), probably, from 1837. It is headed "To R. S." It will be noted that in the published version all reference to D. W. is excluded, in spite of which, however, Mrs. W. feared that it would be applied to her (v. *L. Y.*, p. 917). "The thought in the Sonnet", wrote W., "as it now stands has ever been a consolation to me, almost as far back as I can remember."

p. 57. XXXVII. *Intent on gathering wool, etc.*: "Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to." —I. F. The date of composition was affixed by W. to the sonnet in 1842 and subsequent editions.

p. 58. XXXVIII. A PLEA FOR AUTHORS: written at a time when W. was writing indefatigably for the Copyright Bill (v. *L. F.*, pp. 919-43). Another sonnet on the same theme, written and published at the same time, but not reprinted by W., will be found in the Appendix' p. 410.

p. 69. XL. To THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH: W.'s nephew and biographer. He wrote the *Theophilus Anglicanus* to instruct his Harrow pupils in Church principles; it had a wide circulation. Date of composition of this and of Nos. XLII, XLIII, XLV, and XLVIII given by W. in 1845 ed.

p. 61. XLV. ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY: cf. the two letters contributed by W. to the *Morning Post* on Oct. 16 and Dec. 17, 1844, and republished as a pamphlet at Kendal under the title *Kendal and Windermere Railway, Two Letters reprinted from the Morning Post, revised with additions* (reprinted in Grosart, *Prose Works* of W. W. ii. 325-41, K. ditto, ii. 385-405, and as Appendix to W. W.'s *Guide to the Lakes*, ed. 1906).

p. 62. XLVII. AT FUBNESS ABBEY: A pocket note-book used by W. in 1839-40, in which to enter his engagements, preserves the following lines, obviously the first tentative drafts of this sonnet:

(i)

While Man delights in shattering and undoing
 His noblest works, or leaves them to decay,
 Nature puts forth her gentle powers to stay
 And to adorn where there is no renewing.
 Her ivy props this venerable Ruin
 In beauteous ['] of her kind intent,
 And where are sweeter flowers than over rent
 Tottering or prostrate here her hand is shewing.
 The Peasant in the rising sun's first smile
 Caught by yon tower the gladder promise hails
 That morning yields—The Rook, The daws tell tales
 Then [?] morning yields the rooks
 Tell tales merry and loud and with the daw
 Proclaim prescriptive to this lonely pile
 While thine O Cavendish is but a name.
 Pleasant to hear and loudly they proclaim
 Prescriptive to this lonely Ruin

(ii)

Caught by this Tower where busiest joy prevails
 For hence the cawing brood new-waked proclaim
 Prescriptive title to the lonely pile;
 While thine O Cavendish is but a name
 Nor seldom pleased and at [?]
 Now [?] perchance [?]

The peasant

Their presence in this note-book, as Mr. G. H. Healey, its editor [Cornell Univ. Press, 1942], points out, offers strong if not conclusive evidence that the sonnet was composed in 1840, and not, as generally stated, in 1845, the date of XLVIII. W. visited Furness Abbey in the summer of 1840.

14. Cavendish] Furness Abbey was the property of the Duke of Devonshire, the head of the Cavendish Family. The railway runs alongside the abbey.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

"This group of poems was partially formed in 1807, when Numbers 11, 9, 8, 7, 15, 6, 12, 4, 13 (in this order) appeared in Vol. II of *Poems in two Volumes*, under the heading 'Poems written during a Tour in Scotland'. *The Blind Highland Boy*, included in the same vol., was not one of the group. The nine poems of the group were distributed, edd. 1815, 1820, through the psychological classes; in 1827 the group was re-formed with additions; *The Blind Highland Boy* and *Ellen Irwin* were included; but the first and second poems in memory of Burns (publ. in 1842) were not included in the group until 1845."—Dowden.

p. 64. I. DEPARTURE : "Mr Coleridge, my Sister and myself started together from Town End to make a tour in Scotland, August —.

Poor Coleridge was at that time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, and he departed from us, as is recorded in my Sister's journal, soon after we left Loch Lomond. The verses that stand foremost among these memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my epistle to Sir G. Beaumont."—I. F. W. and D. W. left Grasmere on Aug. 11, and started from Keswick with S. T. C. on their tour, Aug. 15, 1803. v. letter of S. T. C. to Southoy Aug. 14, 1803, Gnggs, i. 269, and D. W.'s *Journal*.

6. crystal battlements] *Paradise Lost*, i. 742.

10. tracts of darkness] cf. *Paradise Lost*, i. 28, "the deep tract of Hell".

11. aery flight] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 407.

17-18. some barrier . . . fairest spot on earth] cf. *Recluse*, 1-73.

30, 32. brief absence . . . sweet return] a reminiscence of *Paradise Lost*, ix. 248, 250:

... to short absence I could yield.

For . . . short retirement urges sweet return.

p. 65. II. AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS: "For illustration see my Sister's Journal. It may be proper to add that the second of these pieces [i.e. No. III], though felt at the time, was not composed till many years after."—I. F. W. himself dated this poem 1803, but no MS. of the whole poem is extant earlier than the one made in preparation for the volume of 1842; the first two stanzas, however, and also that quoted in *app. crit.* as 12/13, appear in the *Longman MSS.*, headed *Ejaculation at the Grave of Burns*. To 12/13 W. has appended a note—"See in his poem *The Ode to Ruin*". W. refers to the second stanza of that poem, which runs:

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,

While Life a pleasure can afford,

O! hear a wretch's pray'r!

No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;

I court, I beg thy friendly aid,

To close this scene of care!

When shall my soul, in silent peace,

Resign Life's joyless day?

My weary heart its throbbings cease,

Cold-mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,

To stain my lifeless face.

Enclasped and grasped

Within thy cold embrace!

20. "glinted" forth] cf. Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*, 15:

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth

Amid the storm.

34—6. showed my youth, *etc.*] v. W.'s MS. note quoted under III, *infra*, and note to III. 25-30.

39. Criffel is the Scruffel of Drayton's lines quoted in note to III, *infra*.

42. Neighbours we were, *etc.*] cf. D. W.'s *Journal* quoted by W. W. *infra*.

50. poor inhabitant below] from Burns, *A Bard's Epitaph*, 19.

62. Not three weeks since the Stripling died] This points to the stanza having been written, or supposed to have been written, in 1803. v. D. W.'s *Journal*, quoted *infra*.

77-8. the embrace For which it prayed] v. *app. crit.* 12/13 and the stanza quoted above from Burns, *To Ruin*.

p. 67. III. THOUGHTS, SUGGESTED ON THE DAY FOLLOWING, *etc.*: On Dec. 23, 1839, W. wrote to Henry Reed: "The other day I chanced to be looking over a MS poem belonging to the year 1803¹—tho' not actually composed till many years afterwards. ... It concluded [and W. quotes ll. 55-60]. Here the verses closed, but I instantly added the other day [But why . . . *etc.* to Just God forgive!]. The more I reflect upon this last exclamation, the more I feel . . . justified in attaching comparatively small importance to any literary monument that I may be enabled to leave behind. It is well, however, I am convinced, that men think otherwise in the earlier part of their lives." In 1842 and later editions W. appended the following note to the poem:

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:

"Dumfries, August, 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There', said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr.—(I have forgotten the name)—a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:—

'Is there a man,' &c.

"The churchyard is full of gravestones and expensive monuments,

¹ In MS. 92 the poem is dated 1803.

in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, &c. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to enquire after Mrs. Burns, who had gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B's youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

"I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection, which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

'Scruffel, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.'

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

'If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruff el wots well of that.'

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions: indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."—W.

To the MS., 1842, he appended this note: "With the Poems of Burns I became acquainted almost immediately upon their first appearance in the volume printed at Kilmarnock in 1786.¹ Their effect upon my mind has been sufficiently expressed above. Familiarity with the dialect of the border counties of Cumberland and

¹ W. writes 1796.

Westmorland made it easy for me not only to understand but to feel them. It was not so with his contemporary or rather his predecessor Cowper, as appears from one of his letters. This is to be regretted; for the simplicity, the truth and the vigour of Burns would have strongly recommended him, notwithstanding occasional coarseness, to the sympathies of Cowper, and ensured the approval of his judgment. It gives me pleasure, venial I trust, to acknowledge at this late day my obligations to these two great authors, whose writings, in conjunction with Percy's *Reliques*, powerfully counteracted the mischievous influence of Darwin's dazzling manner, the extravagance of the earlier dramas of Schiller, and that of other German writers upon my taste and natural tendencies.¹ May these few words serve as a warning to youthful Poets who are in danger of being carried away by the inundation of foreign literature, from which our own is at present suffering so much, both in style and points of far greater moment. True it is that in the poems of Burns, as now collected, are too many reprehensible passages; but their immorality is rather the ebullition of natural temperament and a humour of levity than a studied thing: whereas in these foreign Writers, and in some of our own country not long deceased (and in an eminent deceased Poet of our own age), the evil, whether of voluptuousness, impiety, or licentiousness, is courted upon system, and therefore is greater, and less pardonable."

In Dec. 1814 he wrote, "with the exception of Burns and Cowper there is very little of recent verse that sticks to my memory" (*M.Y.*, p. 615).

25-30. W. and D. W. read together Burns's *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* (Kilmarnock, 1786) as early as 1787 (v. D. W.'s letter of Dec. 17, 1787, *E.L.*, p. 12). A copy of Burns's *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, 1793, in the Rydal Mount Library, has a MS. marginal glossary "In the handwriting of my dear Sister, done long ago."—So W. W. notes.

39-42 and 47. Probably suggested by stanzas xi and xiii of Burns's *Epistle to J. Lapraik*:

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ?
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars ?

.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;

¹ *corr.* to both then and at a later period, when my taste and natural tendencies were under an injurious influence from the dazzling manner of Darwin, and the extravagance of the earlier Dramas of Schiller, and that of other German writers.

Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At plough or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

p. 69. IV. To THE SONS OF BURNS: "See, in connection with these verses, two other Poems upon Burns, one composed actually at the time [i.e. No. II], and the other [III], though then felt, not put into words till several years afterwards."—I. F. The date of the composition of stanzas 2, 3, 4, 8 is fixed by the fact that they are not included in the first copy of D. W.'s *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*, which was finished on May 31, 1805, but are found first in the second, which was begun in the following November, and finished on Feb. 21, 1806 (v. my *Life of D. W.*, pp. 405-7, and *Journals of D. W.*, vol. I, p. 202). In the *Recollections*, under Aug. 18, 1803, we read: "The grave of Burns's son, which we had just seen by the side of his father, and some stories heard at Dumfries respecting the dangers his surviving children were exposed to, filled us with melancholy concern, which had a kind of connection with ourselves."

In 1815-20 the poem was placed among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*.

31. "lonely heights and hows " and 35, busy ploughs] from Burns, *Epistle to James Smith*, stanza ix.

41-2. light . . . heaven] from Burns, *The Vision*, Duan II, stanza xviii:

But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

p. 71. V. ELLEN IRWIN: "It may be worth while to observe that as there are Scotch Poems on the subject in the simple ballad strain, I thought it would be both presumptuous and superfluous to attempt treating it in the same way; and, accordingly, I chose a construction of stanza quite new in our language; in fact the same as that of Burger's *Leonora*, except that the first and third line do not, in my stanzas, rhyme. At the outset I threw out a classical image to prepare the reader for the style in which I meant to treat the story, and so to preclude all comparison."—I. F.

W. P. Ker (*Form and Style in Poetry*, p. 230) points to this poem as "one of W.'s curious mistakes, and it is the more curious because he knew it was wrong . . . an imitation of a German imitation of Percy's *Reliques* which W. shows up in his essay" (i.e. *Essay, supplementary to Preface*, 1815). Cf. also his note appended in 1842 to III *supra*. W., clearly, did not throw off the "injurious influence" easily. It is hardly necessary to emphasize his failure by comparing *Ellen Irwin* with the famous ballad *Helen of Kirkonell*. In 1815-20 the poem was placed among *Poems of the Affections*.

p. 73. VI. To A HIGHLAND GIRL: "This delightful creature and

her demeanour are particularly described in my Sister's Journal, The sort of prophecy with which the verses conclude has, through God's goodness, been realized; and now, approaching on the close of my 73rd year, I have a most vivid remembrance of her and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded. She is alluded to in the poem of the 'Three Cottage Girls' among my Continental Memorials. In illustration of this class of poems I have scarcely anything to say beyond what is anticipated in my Sister's faithful and admirable Journal."—I. F. For a description of the girl and her companion v. D. W.'s *Recollections* under Aug. 26; she concludes: "At this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful figure and face of the elder come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond." D. W. tells us that the poem was written "not long after our return from Scotland".

In edd. 1815, 1820 it was placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

p. 76. VII. GLEN ALMAIN: included in D. W.'s *Recollections* under date Sept. 9: "The prospect was very extensive ... in harmony with the secluded dell, and fixing its own peculiar character of removedness from the world, and the secure possession of the quiet of nature more deeply in our minds. The following poem was written by W. on hearing of a tradition relating to it, which we did not know when we were there." Glen Almain is Glenalmond, in Perthshire.

In edd. 1815-20 the poem was placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

p. 76. VIII. STEPPING WESTWARD: in D. W.'s *Recollections* under date Sept. 11: "We met two neatly dressed women. One of them said to us in a friendly, soft tone of voice 'What! you are stepping westward?' I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the western sky in front, yet glowing with the departed sun." A note in the earliest MS. of D. W.'s *Recollections* dates the poem as "written this day while W. and I and little Dorothy were walking in the green field, where we are used to walk, by the Rothay. June 3rd, 1805."

In edd. 1815, 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

p. 77. IX. THE SOLITARY REAPER: The date of composition is fixed by a letter from D. W. to Lady Beaumont of Nov. 7, 1805, into which she copies the poem and says that it was written the day before yesterday. In her *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* it is thus introduced: "It was harvest time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in, Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland*." W. acknowledged this debt in a note to the 1807 ed. similar in phrasing to the sentence quoted from D. W., and ending

"the last line being taken from it *verbatim*". Wilkinson's *Tour* was not published till 1824, but it had long circulated in MS. among his friends. In a commonplace book kept by W. W. the sentence referred to is copied in Wilkinson's own hand: "Passed by a Female who was reaping alone, she sung in Erse as she bended over her sickle, the sweetest human voice I ever heard. Her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were heard no more."

For Wilkinson v. W.'s poem *To the Spade of a Friend* and *E.L.*, pp. 526, 548-9; *M.Y.*, pp. 86, 332, and Index.

In edd. 1815, 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

p. 78. X. ADDRESS TO KLLCHURN CASTLE: "The first three lines were thrown off at the moment I first caught sight of the Ruin/rom a small eminence by the wayside; the rest was added many years after."—I. F. "We . . . sate a long time looking on the castle and the huge mountain cove opposite, and William, addressing himself to the ruin, poured out these verses:—" D. W. *Recollections*, Aug. 31. v. W.'s *Guide to the Lakes*, 1835, ed. E. de Sèlincourt, p. 76.

p. 79. XI. ROB ROY'S GRAVE: "I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy. If so, I may plead in excuse that I wrote on apparently good authority, namely that of a well-educated Lady who lived at the head of the Lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of One so famous in the neighbourhood."—I. F.

On Sept. 12, 1803, at Glengyle on Loch Ketterine W. and D. W. "went up to the burying-ground that stood so sweetly near the water-side. The ferryman had told us that Rob Roy's grave was there, so we could not pass on without going up to the spot. There were several tomb-stones, but the inscriptions were either worn-out or unintelligible to us, and the place was choked up with nettles and brambles" (D. W. *Recollections*, Sept. 12). Rob Roy's grave is really in the Kirkton of Balquhider, at the lower end of Loch Voil, in Perthshire.

The absence of the poem from the first text of D. W.'s *Recollections* and its inclusion in the second narrows down its date of composition to between June 1805 and Feb. 1806. In 1815, 1820, it was placed among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*.

10. And wondrous length . . . of arm] The people of the neighbourhood of Loch Ketterine, in order to prove the extraordinary length of their Hero's arm, tell you that "he could garter his Tartan Stockings below the knee when standing upright". According to their account he was a tremendous Swordsman; after having sought all occasions of proving his prowess, he was never conquered but once, and this was not until he was an Old Man.—W. 1807.

58. winter snow] W. had a strong objection to the use of nouns as adjectives, v. letter to Gillies, Nov. 1814 (*M.Y.*, p. 611): hence the earlier reading "winter's snow", which, however, he had to alter

for the sake of euphony. Cf. change of "wild-wood's fruits" (*Yarrow Visited*, 66) to "wild-wood fruits".

p. 83. XII. SONNET. COMPOSED AT——CASTLE: "1803. The Castle here mentioned was Nidpath near Peebles. The person alluded to was the then Duke of Queensberry. The fact was told me by Walter Scott."—I. F. A poem *On the Destruction of Drumlanrig Woods*, doubtfully attributed to Burns, deals with the same theme. Its concluding couplet runs:

The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees,
That reptile wears a Ducal crown.

W. sent this poem to Scott on Oct. 16, 1803. Lockhart, after noting that the text W. sent to Scott differs from the printed version, adds, "In that original shape Scott always recited it, and few lines in the language were more frequently in his mouth": *Now as I live I pity that great Lord, Whom pure despite*, etc.

In 1815, 1820 placed among the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*.

p. 83. XIII. YABROW UNVISITED: "At Clovenford, being so near to the Yarrow, we could not but think of the possibility of going thither, and debated concerning it, but came to the conclusion of reserving the pleasure for some future time, in consequence of which, after our return, William wrote the poem."—D. W. *Recollections*, Sept. 18, 1803.

In 1815, 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

In a letter of Jan. 16, 1805, W. sent the poem to Scott: "A few stanzas, which I hope, for the subject at least, will give you some pleasure. I wrote them, not without a view of pleasing you, soon after our return from Scotland, . . . they are in the same sort of metre as the *Leader Haughs*, and I have borrowed the name Burnmill meadow from that poem, for which I wish you would substitute something that may really be found in the Vale of Yarrow." Hutchinson suggests with great plausibility that Scott had recited *Leader Haughs* to W.; Lockhart tells how Scott recited it to him when standing on a spur of the Eildon hills.

20. lintwhite] linnet, a favourite form in Scots poetry. Cf. Burns *To William Simpson*, xii, and *Leader Haughs*:

The lintwhite loud, and Progne proud
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St Leonard's banks they sing
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

35. From Hamilton's *Ballad* quoted by W. beneath title of *Yarrow Unvisited* (v. *supra*):

Sweet smels the birk, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

38, 40. thorough . . . Yarrow] a rhyme found in the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*.

42. Burnmill] from *Leader Haughs*, "In Burnmill bog and Whit-slade Shaws". (v. W.'s letter to Scott, quoted *supra*. Scott suggested "Broad meadow", but W. never made the change.)

64. From *Leader Haughs*, "The Bonny Howms of Yarrow".

p. 85. XIV. SONNET. IN THE PASS OF KILLIECBANKY: "Before breakfast we walked to the Pass of Killiecrankie. . . . Every body knows that this Pass is famous in military history. When we were travelling in Scotland an invasion was hourly looked for, and one could not but think with some regret of the times when from the now depopulated Highlands forty or fifty thousand men might have been poured down for the defence of the country, under such leaders as the Marquis of Montrose or the brave man who had so distinguished himself upon the ground where we were standing."¹—D. W. *Recollections, etc.*, Sept. 8, 1803.

In 1807-20 this sonnet was included among "Sonnetts dedicated to Liberty", with the title "October 1803".

11. Oh for a single hour of that Dundee] See an anecdote related in Mr Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.—W. 1807. The anecdote runs: "Claverhouse's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII, and his glorious death at Killiecrankie, have tended to preserve and gild his memory. He is still remembered in the Highlands as the most successful leader of their clans. An old soldier told the editor that on the field of battle at Sheriffmuir an old veteran urged the Earl of Mar to order the Highlanders to charge before the regular army of Argyle had formed their line. Mar repeatedly answered that it was not yet time, till the old chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair, and stamping with rage exclaimed aloud 'O for one hour of Dundee!' " The battle of Killiecrankie was fought on July 17, 1689. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, routed General Mackay, but died on the night of the battle.

p. 85. XV. THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND: v. D. W.'s *Recollections* for Sept. 20, 1803.

In 1815, 1820 included among *Poems referring to the period of Old Age*.

p. 88. XVI. *Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Orasmere-dale!*: "This was actually composed the last day of our tour between Dalston and Grasmere."—I. F.

p. 88. XVII. THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY: The incident upon which this Poem is founded was related to me by an eye witness. . . . W. 1807. "The story was told me by George Mackereth, for many years parish-clerk of Grasmere. He had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the little fellow had met with on the shore of the Loch."—I. F. "The 'shell' was substituted for the 'washing' tub on the suggestion of

Coleridge" (W. W. to Barren Field, Oct. 1828, v. *L.Y.*, p. 308). In his note-books for 1808-9 Coleridge had written: "I almost fear that the alteration would excite surprise and uneasy contempt in [W.'s] mind (towards one less loved at least); but had I written the sweet tale of the 'Blind Highland Boy', I would have substituted for the washing-tub, and the awkward stanza in which it is specified, the images suggested in the following lines from Dampier's *Travels*, Vol. I, pp. 105-6:—'I heard of a monstrous green turtle once taken at the Port Royal, in the Bay of Campeachy, that was four feet deep from the back to the belly, and the belly six feet broad: Captain Rock's son of about nine or ten years of age, went in it as in a boat, on board his father's ship, about a quarter of a mile from the shore.'... Why might not some mariners have left this shell on the shore of Lock Leven for a while, about to have transported it inland for a curiosity, and the blind boy have found it? Would not the incident be in equal keeping with that of the child, as well as the image and tone of romantic uncommonness?" It was only to be expected that Jeffrey and *The Simpliciad* should vent their scorn upon the washing-tub; Lamb stoutly defended it: "I am afraid", he wrote to W. (April 7, 1815), "lest that substitution of a shell (a flat falsification of the history) for the household implement as it stood at first, was a kind of tub thrown out to the beast, or rather thrown out for him. The tub was a good honest tub in its place, and nothing could fairly be said against it. You say you made the alteration for the friendly reader, but the malicious will take it to himself. Damn 'em; if you give 'em an inch etc." To Barron Field, who shared Lamb's view, W. wrote (letter quoted *supra*): "greatly as I respect your opinion and Lamb's, I cannot now bring myself to undo my work; though if I had been aware beforehand that such judges would have objected, I should not have troubled myself with making the alteration."

In 1815, 1820, W. placed the poem among those referring to Childhood. In a letter to Coleridge in 1809, discussing his projected arrangement of the poems, he says that it "ought to take its place among the Influences of Natural Objects, (the sense of sight being wanting) to produce an [?] of imagination, and to throw the humblest [person] into sublime situations, feeling consecrating form, and form ennobling feeling" (v. *M.Y.*, p. 309).

13. (1807) In land where many a mountain towers] The alteration, as Hutchinson points out, was probably due to the ridicule of *The Simpliciad*:

High land 'tis called, because it is not low,
And land because it is not sea, I trow.

46-70. Quoted by Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.*, chap. xx) as "the exquisite description of the Sea-loch. Who but a poet tells a tale in such language to the little ones by the fireside?" Cf. D. W.'s description of Loch Long, "the first Sea-loch we had seen" in her *Recollections*

etc.; *Journals*, Vol. I, 289—90: "The noise of torrents mingled with the beating, of the waves. ... I thought of the long windings through which the waters of the sea had come to this inland retreat, visiting the inner solitudes of the mountains."

116-20 and the following stanzas, as written in the 1815 text, are quoted by Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.*) as an instance of "disharmony of style": hence perhaps the introduction, in 1820, of the poetic image of Amphytrite.

200-1. *Leigha Leigha etc.*] On Jan. 20, 1807 W. wrote to Scott asking if "you could furnish me, by application to any of your Gaelic friends, with a phrase in that language which would take its station in the following verse and have the following meaning? Lega lega (*etc.* as 1807 text). The above will have appeared an odd stanza to you, but it is part of a little poem which I have written on a highland story told me by an eye-witness: the man was an Englishman and the Erse word sounded in my ears like Lega, but will you be so good as to send me a proper phrase to stand in the line, signifying 'beware!' 'keep away', 'let me alone' or anything that might be translated by the words in the text." Apparently Scott's reply was responsible for the change from "lega" to "Leigha". W.'s letter also makes it probable that the poem had only just been written. It has thus nothing to do with the Tour in Scotland 1803 under which it is placed, though he and his sister visited Loch Leven on Sept. 2-3; he only heard the story after his return (v. I. F. note *supra*). In 1807 it is printed apart from *Poems written during a Tour in Scotland*.

p. 97. MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814: "In this tour, my wife and her sister Sara were my companions. The account of *The Brownie's Cell* and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock, by the side of which, we were told, preachings were often held in the open air. The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking. How much is it to be regretted that, instead of writing such poems as the 'Holy Fair' and others, in which the religious observances of his country are treated with so much levity and too often with indecency, Burns had not employed his genius in describing religion under the serious and affecting aspects it must so frequently take."—I. F.

p. 97. I. THE BROWNIE'S CELL: for I. F. note v. *supra*. In 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*. Crabb Robinson tells us that this was W.'s favourite among the new poems in that edition.

31. Proud Remnant, *etc.* (Last of an else extinguished Highland clan MS.)] i.e. of the Macfarlanes, v. W.'s note prefixed to *The Brownie*, p. 274, a sequel to this poem.

62. And stars that in their courses fought] from the *Book of Judges*, v. 20, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera".

71. How disappeared He ?] v. *The Brownie*, referred to *supra*. But

H. C. R. encountered him on the banks of Loch Lomond on his Scotch tour in 1821 (v. *Diary*, etc., of H. C. R., 1872, vol. i, p. 375). 92-6. In Nysa's isle, etc.] cf. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 274-8:

that Nyseian He
Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid Son
Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's eye.

p. 100. II. COMPOSED AT CORA LINN: "I had seen this celebrated waterfall twice before. But the feelings to which it had given birth were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion."—I. F. (W.'s previous visits were in 1801, on his way to Basil Montagu's wedding in Edinburgh, and during his tour with his sister in 1803 (v. D. W. *Recollections*, etc., Aug. 21).)

In 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

D. W. included the poem in the last revision of her *Recollections* (undertaken about 1822), and there is also another MS. of it.

Landor praised the poem highly: "Nothing in Pindar is more like anything else in Pindar than the ode composed at Cora Linn. Of all compositions in modern languages the higher Ode is the most difficult. Perhaps our own is the only one in which it can exist, the only one that has enough of sweetness, flexibility and force, and, above all, that does not remind us of something better in its own family." (To W. W. Sept. 23, 1820.)

How Wallace fought etc.] from *The Prelude*, i. 214[^]-20.

p. 102. III. EFFUSION . . . NEAR DUNKELD: "I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it; but were it to prove otherwise, I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile."—I. F. The quotation from his "fellow-traveller's Journal" is from D. W.'s *Recollections*, etc., 1803. She was not with him in 1814.

p. 106. IV. YARROW VISITED: "As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us and also Dr. Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets, who was on a visit at the Manse. Dr. A. walked with us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and, being advanced in life, he then turned back. The old man was passionately fond of poetry, though with not much of a discriminating judgment, as the Volumes he edited sufficiently shew. But I was much pleased to meet with him, and to acknowledge my obligation to his collection, which had been my brother John's companion in more than one voyage to India, and which he gave me before his departure from Grasmere, never to return. Through these Volumes I became first familiar with Chaucer,

and so little money had I then to spare for books, that, in all probability, but for this same work, I should have known little of Drayton, Daniel, and other distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age, and their immediate successors, till a much later period of my life. I am glad to record this, not from any importance of its own, but as a tribute of gratitude to this simple-hearted old man, whom I never again had the pleasure of meeting. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem on the occasion."—I. F. *

The MS. readings quoted in the *app. crit.* are from a letter of D. W. to Mrs. Clarkson, Nov. 11, 1814, but they do not represent the first version of the poem, not known to be extant, to which W. refers in a letter to Gillies of Nov. 12, 1814 (*M.Y.*, p. 609). "I have composed", he wrote, "three new stanzas in place of the three first, and another to be inserted before the two last, and have made some alterations in other parts". The alterations were generally approved by those who had seen the earlier text. Comparing the poem with *Yarrow Unvisited*, W. wrote: "Second parts, if much inferior to the first are always disgusting, and as I had succeeded in *Yarrow Unvisited*, I was anxious there should be no falling off; but that was unavoidable, perhaps, from the subject, as imagination almost always transcends reality" (*M.Y.*, p. 611).

41-8. But thou that didst appear so fair, *etc.*} "than which, I think, no lovelier stanza can be found in the wide world of poetry". (Lamb to W. W. p.m. April 28, 1815.)

55. Newark's Towers] the scene of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

63-4. (*app. crit.*) studious ease]: "I think I trace the tasteful suggestion of our friend Lamb that 'studious ease' had no business with the composition and associations of the lovely picture" (Barren Field to W., April 1828).

In 1815, 1820 placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

p. 109. POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY: In C, the copy of 1836-7, Vol. III, in which W. made notes for revisions carried out in 1845, the title-page of this section, *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*, and the blank page at the end of it show instructions, afterwards struck out, for new titles and arrangement as follows:

Political Poems

Class I

Political Sonnets with other pieces, dedicated to national
Independence and to Liberty.

Political Poems

Class 2

Please insert—Sonnets dedicated to Order and Liberty (a list follows of "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order", I, II, IV-VIII, XIV, X, and *The Warning* from "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection"). W. thought better of the title "Political Poems", etc. In the volume of "Sonnets" 1838 he had given the title "Political Sonnets" to the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty"; but in 1845 he simply revised the title of "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty" as above, and introduced a group of "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order" after "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" and before "Sonnets on the Punishment of Death".

p. 109. PART I. I. COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS: *Ffir Star of evening, etc.* Cf. D. W.'s *Journal* for Aug. 1802: "We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed away—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky."

p. 109. II. CALAIS, AUGUST 1802: This sonnet, as well as Nos. IV, V, VIII, IX, XVI, and XVII first appeared in *The Morning Post*, with the signature W. L. D., initials which, Hutchinson suggests, stood for Wordsworthius Libertati dedicavit.

1-2. Is it a reed *etc.*] from the *Gospel of St. Matthew*, xi. 7.

3—8. Rornilly's *Diary* for Oct. 1802 has the following entry: "Talleyrand sent me word by Charles Fox that I might be presented to-day to the First Consul, at his leve'e at the Tuilleries. I had been disgusted at the eagerness with which the English crowded to do homage at the new court of a usurper and a tyrant, and I made an excuse." In Sept. 1802 there were said to be 10,000 English tourists in Paris.

p. 110. III. COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDBES: Before 1840, this sonnet was headed To A FRIEND, composed, *etc.* (See Dedication to *Descriptive Sketches*, Vol. I, p. 42.) This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the 7th of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets",

Part 3.—W. 1837. Cf. also *A Character* (I marvel how *etc.*) and my edition of *The Prelude*, p. 537.

1—3. "We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the King was to swear fidelity to the new constitution: an event which was solemnized with due pomp at Calais. On the afternoon of that day we started, and slept at Ardres."—W. *Autobiographical Memoranda*, i. 14.

p. 110. IV. I grieved for Buonaparte *etc.*] Dated 1801 by W. in the edd. of 1815 on, and in the I. F. note to *Miscellaneous Sonnets* (q.v.); but D. W.'s *Journal* for May 21, 1802, reads: "William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him."

9—11. Wisdom doth live *etc.*] cf. *Character of the Happy Warrior*, 57-64.

p. 111. V. CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802. 9-10. Far other show *etc.*] v. *Prelude*, vi. 339-48 and note.

p. 111. VI. ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC: Napoleon entered Venice May 16, 1797, and proclaimed the end of the Republic: in October, by the treaty of Campo Formio, he abandoned the territory of Vemco to Austria.

7-8. Referring to the ceremony, enacted on each Ascension Day, when the Doge used to wed the Adriatic by dropping a ring into it, as a symbol of the dependence of the greatness of Venice on sea power. The "Bucentaur" or State galley, from which the ceremony took place, was broken up by the French in 1797. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. xi:

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,
The annual marriage now no more renewed—
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrcstored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!

p. 112. VII. THE KING or SWEDEN: In this and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject, let mo be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOES; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.—W. The "crowned youth" (1. 2) was Gustavus IV, born 1778, crowned 1792, dethroned 1809. He had a passionate hatred of Napoleon, and even after the Treaty of Tilsit (1807) and the English bombardment of Copenhagen, which alienated the rest of Europe, remained true to

the English alliance. His rash attack on Norway, then under the rule of Denmark, cost him his throne and he was forced to abdicate. He was courageous, but of highly emotional temperament, bordering on insanity. On Feb. 25, 1816, W. wrote to John Scott: "In verse I celebrated the King of Sweden—he proved, I believe a Madman—what matters that—he stood forth at that time as the only Royal Advocate of the only truths by which, if judiciously applied, Europe could be delivered from bondage. I seized on him as an outstanding object in which to embody certain principles of action which human nature has thousands of times proved herself capable of being governed by." (M.Y., p. 711.) v. Part II, Sonnets xx, xxi.

p. 112. VIII. To TOUSSAINT L'OuVERTURE: "François Dominique Toussaint, surnamed L'Ouverture, was governor of St. Domingo, and chief of the African slaves enfranchised by the decree of the French Convention (1794). He resisted Napoleon's edict re-establishing slavery in St. Domingo, was arrested and sent to Paris in June, 1802, and there died after ten months' imprisonment in April, 1803."—(Hutchinson.)

14. unconquerable mind] from Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, "Th' unconquerable Mind and Freedom's holy flame".

p. 114. X. COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVEB: D. W. recalled this poem when on her way to Dover in 1820: "When within a mile of Dover, saw crowds of people at a Cricket-Match, the numerous combatants dressed in 'white-sleeved shirts', and it was in the very same field where, when we 'trod the grass of England' once again, twenty years ago, we had seen an Assemblage of Youths engaged in the same sport, so very like the present that all might have been the same!" (*Journal of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820.)

p. 114. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER: cf. D. W.'s *Journal* for Aug. 30, 1802: "We ... sate upon the Dover Cliffs and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake."

p. 115. XII. THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND: Keprinted by Coleridge in *The Friend*, Oct. 26, 1809, as "one of the noblest sonnets in the language, and the happiest comment on the line of Milton 'The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty', which would be no inapt motto for the whole collection." In a letter to Richard Sharp, Sept. 27, 1808, W. referred to it "as being the best I had written".

"This was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months. I will here mention that the Song on the Restoration of Lord Clifford, as well as that on the feast of Brougham Castle, were produced on the same ground."—I. F.

Napoleon's first invasion of Switzerland was in 1798; he sent an army there again in 1802.

p. 115. XIII. WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802: "This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. Many times have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere Vale, where we were then residing, to the top of the Raise-gap as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morning, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of mind in which I then was may be found in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in these sonnets."—I. F.

9. Rapine, avarice, expense] cf. *Prelude*, vii. 578-83, and Milton, *Sonnet to Fairfax*:

In vain doth Valour breed
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

p. 116. XIV. LONDON, 1802. 13-14. Miss Darbishire quotes (*op. cit.*) from W.'s letter to J. K. Miller, of Dec. 17, 1831: "It is the habit of my mind inseparably to connect loftiness of imagination with that humility of mind which is best taught in Scripture."

p. 116. XV. *Great men have been among us, etc.*: Algernon Sidney, beheaded for supposed complicity in the Rye House plot, 1698; his *Discourse concerning Civil Government* was published in 1698; Andrew Marvel, 1621-78, poet, friend, and sometime secretary to Milton; Harrington, author of *Commonwealth of Oceana*, 1656; Vane, "young in years, but in sage counsel old" (Milton's sonnet); and Cyriac Skinner (*v. app. crit.*, 1. 4) to whom, also, Milton addressed a sonnet. Vane, Harrington, and Skinner were all "commonwealth's men" who met at the "Turk's Head" Club in Westminster.

p. 117. XVI. *It is not to be thought of, etc.*: 4. "with pomp of waters, unwithstood"] from Daniel's *Civil Wars*, i. 7.

And looke, how Thames, iriricht with many a flood
And goodly Rivers . . .
Glides on with pompe of Waters, unwithstood,
Unto the Ocean.

5-6. Roused though it be *etc.*] The reading of the text, substituted in 1827 for the earlier reading (*v. app. crit.*), is a noteworthy example of W.'s later conservatism and his growing apprehension of political change. MS. W supplies a still earlier reading:

Ingress and egress free to all that would
Come for a freight of worth from foreign lands.

p. 120. XXIII. To THE MEN OF KENT: There was a tradition that the inhabitants of Kent, east of the Medway, were not conquered by the Normans, but received from them a confirmation of their charters. W. probably owed his knowledge of it to Drayton, *The Barons' Wars*, i. 323-4:

Then those of Kent, unconquered of the rest
That to this day maintain their ancient right.

p. 120. XXIV. *What if our numbers, etc.*: A first draft of this sonnet, preserved in MS. W, written before March 1804, runs as follows:

Are souls then nothing ? must at length the die
Be cast by weight of multitudes ? Shall hoardes
Of slaves triumphant over noble words
And noble thoughts and antient liberty
Bear us in terror to the ground (Deal with us as they would
with sheep) and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?
Yields everything to outnumbering of swords ?
Is man as good as man ? None low, none high ?
This was not once the doctrine of our Land;
Then would we say great storms there are that nurse
Themselves in little clouds, a petty Band
Of gallant hearts to be an enemy's curse
Hath might beyond the might of Moses' wand;
God helps the brave to scatter man and horse.

A later MS. is headed "Composed A.D. 1803".

p. 121. XXV. LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION: cf. *The Excursion*, vii. 757-65. Lucius Gary, Viscount Falkland, 1610-43, was Secretary of State in 1642, and fell at the battle of Newbury. James Graham, first Marquis of Montroso, led a Highland rising against the government at Edinburgh (1643); he defeated Argyle at Inverlochy, but was himself beaten at Philliphaugh in September 1645 and escaped abroad (1646). He returned to Scotland and once more took up arms, but was defeated at Invercorran, and hanged in the Grass-market at Edinburgh. John Pym, 1584-1643, was for many years unacknowledged leader of the House of Commons, and a prime mover in the Grand Remonstrance (1641). He was one of the five members impeached in the House of Lords for high treason (1642).

p. 122. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1806: 2. Another mighty Empire overthrown] The battle of Jena, Oct. 14, 1806, resulted in the overthrow of Prussia.

10. they who rule the land] Pitt had died in the previous January, and Fox in September. Lord Grenville was now Prime Minister, and Lord Howick took Fox's place as Foreign Secretary.

13-14. These two lines are from Lord Brooke's *Life of Sir Philip Sydney*.—W. 1807. The passage is from chap. viii: "In which view,

Nature guiding his eyes, first to his native country, he found greatness of worth and place, counterpoysed there by the arts of power and favor, the stirring spirits sent abroad as fewell, to keep the flame far off: and the effeminate made judges of danger which they fear and honour which they understand not."

p. 125. Part II. I. ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY : i.e. the proclamation of the liberty of Greece by T. Quinctius Flaminius, after he had defeated Philip V of Macedon at Cynoscephalae in 196 B.C. The Games were held in the following year.

p. 126. III. To THOMAS CLARKSON: Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846) devoted his life to furthering the anti-slavery movement in the country, while his friend Wilberforce continually brought it forward in Parliament. The Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade became law on March 25, 1807. The Clarksons were intimate friends of the W.s, and in the early days at Dove Cottage, when the C.s had a house at Eusemere on Ullswater, the W.s saw much of them. In 1838, when the *Life of Wilberforce* was written by his sons (cf. *CM.*, pp. 359 ff.), W. added the following note on l. 5 of the sonnet: This honour has, I am told, been denied to Mr Clarkson by the Sons of Mr Wilberforce, in the account of his life lately published by them, and priority of exertion in this cause—(public exertion, I suppose, for with private I have nothing to do)—claimed for their father. The writer of the article upon that work in the *Edinburgh Review* has also maintained the opinion of the biographers; and, alluding to this sonnet in terms of courtesy, affirms that its author is under a mistake. Although in fact who might be first and who might be second, where such rare and high qualities were put forth by both labourers, is of little moment; yet, in case Mr C. should not himself think it worth while to take up the matter, I shall avail myself of some future occasion to make public the grounds of evidence upon which I first entertained, and still retain, the belief that I am not in error in having spoken as I have done through every part of this humble tribute to the virtues of my honoured friend. W. 1838.

p. 126. IV. A PROPHECY. 4. Arminius overthrew the Roman army in A.D. 9, and later successfully resisted Germanicus in his attempt to subdue Germany between the Rhine and the Elbe.

10. Those now-born kings] i.e. "The heads of twelve sovereign houses of the Empire who, by treaty signed at Paris (July 12, 1806) declared themselves finally severed from Germany, and united into the Confederation of the Rhine under the Protectorate of Napoleon. The *Bavarian* (line 12) was Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, with whom Napoleon (Dec. 11, 1806) concluded a treaty admitting him into the Confederation of the Rhine."—(Hutchinson.)

p. 127. VI. *Go back to antique ages*: on probable date of composition v. note to *Misc. Son. II.* viii (p. 426).

p. 128. VII. COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN

WRITING A TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA: After the battle of Vimiero (Aug. 1808), in which Wellesley defeated the French under Junot, the Convention of Cintra was signed, by which the French agreed to evacuate Portugal on condition that their army with all its equipment was conveyed to a French port in English ships. The favourable terms thus granted to a beaten enemy aroused great indignation in England. Wordsworth was deeply moved by it. "His first and last thoughts", wrote D. W., "are of Spain and Portugal." "Never", he wrote to Daniel Stuart, "did any public event cause in my mind so much sorrow as the Convention of Cintra, both on account of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and on our own." (v. *M.Y.*, pp. 250-325 *passim*, and A. V. Dicey's Introduction to the reprint (1915) of W.'s "Tract".)

14. Triumph *etc.*] This line was composed to conclude a 15-line poem afterwards rewritten as Sonnet XXVI of the series on the River Duddon (*q.v.* note, p. 524).

p. 129. IX. HOFER: Andrew Hofer, an innkeeper, led the Tyrolese against the French in 1796, and against them and their allies, the Bavarians, in 1809. When the Austrians evacuated the Tyrol he still fought on, but his followers melted away; a price was set on his head and he was betrayed to the French and shot (1810).

p. 129. X. 3. Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!] a reference to *L'Allegro*, 36, "The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty".

p. 130. XII. *Alas! what boots, etc.*: In *The Friend* this sonnet was entitled "Sonnet suggested by the efforts of the Tyrolese, contrasted with the present state of Germany" (v. note to XIX. 2 *infra*).

1. *Alas! what boots*] from *Lycidas*, 1. 64.

p. 131. XIII. On Zaragoza and Palafox v. Sonnets XVI and XXIII and notes.

p. 131. XIV. 3. the universal Pan] a footnote in *The Friend* refers to *Paradise Lost*, iv. 266-8:

Universal Pan

Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' eternal Spring.

8. In these usurping times of fear and pain] cf. *Prelude*, ii. 432.

p. 131. XV. ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE: published in *The Friend* under the title "On the Report of the Submission of the Tyrolese".

p. 132. XVI. *Hail Zaragoza! etc.*: "The beginning is imitated from an Italian Sonnet."—W. 1815. "In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to an Italian author, to which I cannot refer."—W. 1837—50 (but in 1837 wrongly appended to Sonnet XLI). Saragossa surrendered on Feb. 20, 1809.

p. 133. XVIII. *The martial courage etc.*: suggested by the Peace of Vienna, Oct. 10, 1809. Napoleon had defeated the Austrians at

Wagram in the previous July. The sonnet is usually attributed to Oct.-Nov. 1809, but, as Acland points out, 1. 11 seems to refer to Hofer, who was shot in Feb. 1810. Josephine was not divorced till Dec. 1809, and Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise of Austria took place in April 1810.

p. 133. XIX. *Brave Schill*: Ferdinand von Schill (1773-1809), on the outbreak of war between Austria and France (1809), attempted to raise the Germans against Napoleon. He was killed at Stralsund on May 31.

2. Prussia's timid region] Prussia had withdrawn from the war against France in 1795, and preserved her neutrality till 1805, when she allied herself with Russia in an attempt to stem Napoleon's march through her territory on his way to Ulm. She was routed at Jena in the following year, but the humiliation that followed the defeat at last roused the patriotism of the people to more effective resistance.

p. 133. XX. 1. the royal Swede] Gustavus IV. (v. Part I, Sonnet VII, *supra* and note.)

p. 134. XXI. *Look now on that Adventurer, etc.*: "These words are intended to mark the contrast between Napoleon and Gustavus IV, of whom W. has spoken in the previous Sonnet" (Acland). v. Note to I. vii, *supra*.

p. 134. XXII. *Is there a power, etc.*: probably refers to Palafox. "Don Joseph Palafox-y-Molzi (1780-1847), famed for his stubborn defence of Saragossa, on the surrender of that fortress by the general to whom, owing to illness, he had been compelled to resign the command, was taken prisoner (February, 1809) and sent to Vincennes, where he was detained for nearly five years. On the restoration of Ferdinand VII he was sent back to Madrid, and in 1814 was appointed Captain-General of Arragon; but soon after retired into private life, from which he never again emerged."—(Hutchinson.)

pp. 134-5. XXII and XXIII. Cf. *Convention of Cintra*. "Without any advantages the citizens of Saragossa began the contest. . . . They baffled for sixty days and finally repulsed a large French army with all its equipments.... After another resistance of nearly three months they have given the enemy cause feelingly to say with Pyrrhus of old, 'A little more of such conquests and I am destroyed'."

p. 137. XXVII. INDIGNATION OF A HIGHMINDED SPANIARD: cf. the reply of the patriots of Valladolid to their "apostate countrymen" of Bayonne, who counselled submission to Napoleon (quoted by W. in his *Convention of Cintra*): "He (Napoleon) carries his audacity the length of holding out to us offers of happiness and peace, while he is laying waste our country, pulling down our churches, and slaughtering our brethren. His pride, cherished by a band of villains who are constantly anxious to offer incense at his shrine . . . has caused him to conceive the fantastical idea of proclaiming himself

Lord and Ruler of the whole world. There is no atrocity which he does not commit to attain that end."

p. 138. XXIX. 1810. *Overweening Statesmen, etc.*: The book referred to by W. in his note is *A View of Spain; comprising a descriptive itinerary of each province and a general statistical account of the country*, by Alexandre de Laborde, 5 vols., 1809.

p. 139. XXXI. SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 3-4. to open and to close The ridges of grim war] from *Paradise Lost*, vi. 233-6:

expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
" The ridges of grim Warr.

10. Viriathus] the renowned shepherd leader of the Lusitanians against the Romans (150-40 B.C.).

11. Mina] Don Espreszy Mina, leader of the Guerrillas of Navarre, was educated for the priesthood.

12. that great leader] Sertorius. v. *Prelude*, i. 195 and note, p. 504.

p. 140. XXXIV. THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA: The original title was "Composed in Recollection of the Expedition of the French into Russia, February 1816". Despite its 38 lines this poem was, until 1845, included among *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. W. W. writing to Dyce, Dec. 4, 1833, notices the striking resemblance of this poem to Southey's Sonnet to Winter (*L.Y.*, p. 678).

p. 142. XXXVI. The variant readings in *app. crit.* are from a letter of D. W. to Crabb Robinson, Dec. 21, 1822: "I will transcribe a Sonnet which he felt himself called upon to write in justification of the Russians whom he felt he had injured by not giving them *their* share in the overthrow of Buonaparte, in conjunction with the elements" (*C.R.*, i, p. 123).

p. 142. XXXVII. THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM: The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: "When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard; they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."—W. W. 1822.

p. 143. XXXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1813. 14. the triumphs of this hour] the crushing defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, Oct. 16-19, 1813.

p. 143. XXXIX. ODE, 1814. So 1845, previously entitled "ODE composed in January 1816" and placed in 1827 after Sonnets XL-XLIV. There seems no doubt that W. wrote it early in 1816, and at that time meant it to refer to the final overthrow of Napoleon at

Waterloo. He may have altered its title and its position in the sequence, so that it would now refer to the defeat and abdication of Napoleon in April 1814, and thus give the whole series a better balance.

First published in the volume entitled *Thanksgiving Ode, January 18, 1816, with other short pieces, chiefly referring to recent public events*, 1816. In 1820 it was placed among *Poems of the Imagination*.

62. cloud-capt] a Shakespearian epithet (*Tempest*, iv. i. 152).

p. 149. XL. FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST *etc.*: As a reprisal for the conspiracy, in which some Royalists were involved, to murder Buonaparte, the young Due d'Enghien was kidnapped at Baden, hurried before a midnight tribunal at Vincennes, near Paris, and shot by the side of a grave already dug to receive him, March 20, 1804. In 1814, on the order of Louis XVIII, his remains were disinterred and buried in the chapel of the castle of Vincennes.

p. 150. XLII. SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI: Sobieski, King of Poland, relieved Vienna on Sept. 12, 1683, when it was besieged by the Turks. The Italian poet Filicaia wrote six Odes in celebration of Sobieski's exploit. In 1816, 1820 W. appended this note:

Ond' e ch' lo grido è gridero: giugnesti,
Guerregiasti, e vincesti;
Sì, sì, vincesti, o Campion forto e pio,
Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio.

See Filicaia's Canzone, addressed to John Sobioski, king of Poland, upon his raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted.

p. 151. XLV. ODE, 1815: Before 1845 this Ode formed a part of the following Ode, being introduced with some variants (given in *app. crit.*) after l. 160.

89-90. These lines could be quoted to disprove the oft-repeated charge that W. wholly disregarded the conception of nature "red in tooth and claw".

106-7. Substituted in 1845 for the quatrain (*v. app. crit.*) which, perhaps more than any, had given offence to W.'s friends and foes alike; *v. Shelley's Peter Bell the Third*, Part VI, xxxvi-xxxvii:

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil;—
In one of which he meekly said:
"May Carnage and Slaughter,
Thy niece and thy daughter,
May Rapin⁹ and Famine,
Thy gorge ever cramming,
Glut thee with living and dead!

May Death and Damnation
 And Consternation
 Flit up from Hell with pure intent!

For W.'s feeling about the carnage at Waterloo cf. *After Visiting the Field at Waterloo*, Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, V (*supra*, p. 167).

p. 155. XLVI. THANKSGIVING ODE: Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated¹ would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me² from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination; in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it,³ to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be⁴ suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind)

¹ The momentous subject here treated] so momentous a subject 1816.

² If I have given way, etc. ... to protect me] If the author has given way ... to protect him *and so throughout*, 1816.

³ the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers, 1816.

⁴ has performed services for humanity too important and too obvious to allow any one to recommend, that the language . . . admiration be, 1816.

through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise. But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving;—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.¹

¹ *Followed in 1816 by Bent upon instant savings, a member of the House*

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through these volumes.- -W.

This note was prefixed to the 1816 vol. (as Advertisement, and opened with the following paragraph: It is not to bespeak favour or indulgence, but to guard against misapprehension, that the author presumes to state that the present publication owes its existence to a patriotism, anxious to exert itself in commemorating that course of action, by which Great Britain has, for some time past, distinguished herself above all other countries.

"The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described. The view taken of Napoleon's character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference, and trust that this series of poems, infinitely below the subject as they are, will survive to counteract, in unsophisticated minds, the pernicious and degrading tendency of those views and doctrines that lead to the idolatry of power, as power, and, 111 that false splendour to lose sight of its real nature and constitution as it often acts for the gratification of its possessor without reference to a beneficial end—an infirmity that has characterised men of all ages, classes, and employments, since Nimrod became a mighty hunter before the Lord."—I. F.

W.'s view of Napoleon's character was shared by S. T. C.; v. his subtle analysis (Appendix to *The Statesman's Manual . . . A Lay Sermon*, 1816) of the condition of the human Will "in its uttermost abstraction and state of reprobation", which ends thus: "Hope in which there is no Cheerfulness; Stedfastness within and immovable Resolve, with outward Restlessness and whirling Activity; Violence with Guile; Temerity with Cunning; and as a result of all Interminableness of Object with perfect Indifference of Means; these are the

of Commons lately recommended that the Military College should be suppressed as an unnecessary expense ; for, said he, "our best officers have been formed in the field". More unwise advice has rarely been given' Admirable officers, indeed, have been formed in the field, but at how deplorable an expense of the lives of their surrounding brethren in arms, a history of the military operations in Spain, and particularly of the sieges, composed with thorough knowledge, and published without reserve, would irresistibly demonstrate.

qualities that have constituted the COMMANDING GENIUS! These are the Marks, that have characterized the Masters of Mischief, the Liberticides, the mighty Hunters of Mankind, from NIMROD to NAPOLEON. And from inattention to the possibility of such a character as well as from ignorance of its elements, even men of honest intentions too frequently become fascinated. Nay, whole nations have been so far duped by this want of insight and reflection as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molocks of human nature. . . ."

On the metre employed in the ode W. wrote to Southey: "Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a *multitude*, a *stanza* would have been indispensable. But though I have called it a 'Thanksgiving Ode', strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem composed, or supposed to be composed, on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an *individual* upon that occasion. It is a *dramatised ejaculation*; and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre." (v. M.Y., p. 717.)

109. fair gardens of civility] The original reading "old forest of civility" was altered owing to a criticism of John Kenyon's that "the two words 'forest' and 'civility'—both in derivation and in their actual usage—contradict each other". W. replied: "As to the *Old forest of civility* you are, I fear, right; I say *fear*, because I may have some trouble in correcting the passage. I had no particular allusion in my mind; the line before spoke of the *citadels of truth* and, the Forest was intended, in like manner, as a metaphor to express those usages and habits of civilization, which from antiquity may be compared to a forest whose origin is unknown." (W. to J. K. 1836, L.Y., p. 813.)

122. And discipline was passion's dire excess] "A discipline the rule whereof is passion". Lord Brooke—W. 1816. From *A Treatise of Warres*, st. 7, by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, v. note to Sonnet, Part I, xxvn, where W. quotes Brooke.

139. dearer far than life is dear] cf. To——(*Poems founded on the Affections*, xix), written in 1824: "O dearer far than light and life are dear."

p. 164. MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820: "I set out in company with my Wife and Sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr. Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with us among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr. H. C. Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to Paris, where Mr. Monkhouse and H. C. R. left us, and where we spent five weeks, of which there is not a record in these poems."—I. F. ,

These poems were first published under the above title in 1822 in a separate volume, which also included *Recollection on the Heights of*

Hochheim (*Poems ded. to Nat. Ind. etc.* II. xxxvii), *The Jung-frau and the Rhine at Schaffhausen* (*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, II. xliii), a sonnet, *Author's Voyage down the Rhine (Thirty Years Ago)* (v. p. 409) which he never republished in that form, and the *Ode To Enterprize* (*Poems of the Imag.* xxxiv). On the other hand, Nos. IV, XVI, and XXXVII were added to the *Memorials* at a later date (and v. also notes to XV and XXXVIII). Unless otherwise stated, the poems were written between Nov. 1820, when W. returned from the Continent, and Nov. 1821. They "were composed", he tells us, "to intersperse the Journals" of M. W. and D. W., and in several places he drew upon actual words and phrases which they had used in their descriptions. I have quoted from their journals the relevant passages: it will be seen that he drew far more often upon his sister than upon his wife. D. W. writes, 16 Jan. 1822: "He began (as in connection with my 'Recollections of a Tour in Scotland') with saying, 'I will write some Poems for your journal', and I thankfully received them as a tribute to the journal which I was making from notes, memoranda taken in our last summer's journey on the Continent; but his work has grown to such importance (and has continued growing) that I have long ceased to consider it in connection with my own narrative ..." (L.F., p. 62).

The only MS. known to exist except for XIII and XXXIV (v. notes *infra*) is a fair copy in the hand of S. H.

p. 164. DEDICATION. . . . To——: The fellow-travellers are named in I. F. note *supra*. In edd. 1822-32 this sonnet is dated Jan. 1822; but Nov. 1821, substituted in ed. 1837, is probably correct. Dowden suggests that the later date was printed "not to seem too far behind the date of publication".

14. "meeting soul to pierce"] from *L'Allegro*, 1. 138.

p. 164. I. FISH-WOMEN: cf. D. W.'s *Journal* for July 11: "With one consent we stopped to gaze at a groupe—rather a *line* of women and girls, seated beside dirty fish-baskets under the old gateway and ramparts—their white night-caps, brown and puckered faces, bright eyes etc very striking. . . . Every one is struck with the excessive ugliness (if I may apply the word to any *human* creatures) of the fish-women of Calais, and *that* no one can forget."

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissardes of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the lato Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.—W. 1837.

In a letter to W. dated Sept. 15, 1837, Barron Field remarked: "The idea of this sonnet is evidently taken from Hogarth's *Gates of Calais*, where the fish are made to resemble the fish-maids."

p. 165. II. BRUGES: This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful City. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage", speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
 Rudely her splendid Structures to destroy,
 Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
 When Mutability, in drunken joy
 Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
 Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
 Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
 Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
 Is hers in venerable years arrayed,
 And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
 What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
 And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
 Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
 If fancy would portray some stately town,
 Which for such pomp fit theatre should bo,
 Fair Bruges, I shall then remernber theo." W. 1822.

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bond and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c. has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are

still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—*Extract from Journal*.—W. Adapted from D. W.'s *Journal*. On July 13 she wrote: "We entered Bruges by a long gently-winding street. . . . W. and Mr. M. walked out immediately, eager to view the city in the warm light of the setting sun. . . . Continued to walk through the silent town till ten o'clock . . . a cloistral silence felt in every corner and every open space." On July 14 M. W. wrote: "Yesterday was not a sunny day, and Bruges wanted no sunshine, its own outline in the gloom of evening needed no golden lustre. Yet *this* W. witnessed, when D. and I were not with him, the great Tower of the Market House bathed in gold!"

p. 165. III. BRUGES: "The morning was bright, sunshine and shade falling upon the linos of houses, and the outjuttings of the more noble buildings. In the bright light of morning the same tender melancholy was over the city as in the sober time of twilight, yet with intervening images of rural life. . . . Early as it was, people of all ages were abroad, chiefly on their way to the churches: the figure, gait, and motions of the women in harmony with the collegiate air of the streets, and the processions and solemnities of Catholic worship. Such figures might have walked through these streets two hundred years ago; streets bearing no stamp of progress or of decay. One might fancy that as the city had been built so it had remained."—D. W. *Journal*, July 14.

p. 106. IV. INCIDENT AT BRUGES: "This occurred at Bruges in the year 1828. Mr Colo-ridge, my daughter and I made a Tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed that it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses."—I. F.

In 1837-43 placed among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*.

p. 167. V. AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO: ". . . all round there was no other visible record of slaughter" [but a few monuments]; "the wide fields were covered with luxuriant crops, just as they had been before the battles, except that now the corn was nearly ripe, and *then* it was green. We stood upon grass, and corn fields where *heaps* of our countrymen lay buried beneath our feet. There was little to be seen, but much to be felt; sorrow and sadness, arid even something like horror breathed out of the ground as we stood upon it!"—D. W. *Journal*, July 17.

p. 167. VI. BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGJE: "The scenery on the Meuse pleases me more, upon the whole, than that of the Rhine, though the river itself is much inferior in grandeur. The rocks both

in form and colour, especially between Namur and Liege, surpass any upon the Rhine, though they are in several places disfigured by quarries, whence stones were taken for the new fortifications. This is much to be regretted, for they are useless, and the scars will remain perhaps for thousands of years. A like injury to a still greater degree has been inflicted, in my memory, upon the beautiful rocks of Clifton on the banks of the Avon. There is probably in existence a very long letter of mine to Sir Uvedale Price, in which was given a description of the landscapes on the Meuse as compared with those on the Rhine.

"Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs. Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the re-perusal of tlyam has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer."—I. F.

"Departure from Namur,—road out of the town beautiful,—wide, dish-like valley, gardens, groves, town standing upon its two rivers—ramparts towering above—very impressive to cast your eyes back upon. . . . Road excellent all the way up the Mouse. Villages in all situations among the rocks,—now one peeps out of a recess—another upon a knoll with its spire rising from among trees. More and more beautiful as we proceed down the river—rocks on the banks of the most fantastic form, something like those on the Wye, sometimes the valley reminds us of the Trough of Clyde. *Huy* . . . most picturesque and romantic situation, crossed the Mouse hero, charming view from the bridge. . . . Road very delightful; Chateaux, convent, rocks, woods, vineyards, hanging gardens, shrubs and flowers, orchards with a profusion of fruit and corn lands, all in the most luxuriant state. So beautiful a day's journey I never before travelled."—M. W. *Journal*, July 19.

"We cross the rich, wide vale, the unfenced road delightful. . . . Having traversed the vale we travel downwards, with the stately though muddy river to our left. Pass under lime-stone rocks resembling abbeys or castles, the opening prospect still presenting something new. Backwards a noble view of the vale, terminated by the city and fortifications of Namur at the distance of, perhaps, two miles or more—our last farewell view! Still, as we go on, the rocks change their shapes, in prospect far off; or as we roll swiftly away beneath them. Villages, not to be numbered by the hasty traveller, rise up, with spires and towers; cottages, embowered in gardens and orchards, and sometimes an old chateau or modern villa. All these (in succession or together) vary the scene, while the abundance of flowers, fruit, vegetables, and corn, interbedded and intermingled.

give an image of plenty and happy industry."—D. W. *Journal*, July 18.

p. 168. VII. AIX-LA-CHAPELLE: "I went to the Cathedral, a curious building where are to be seen the chair of Charlemagne, on which the Emperors were formerly crowned, some marble pillars much older than *his* time, and many pictures. . . . The market place is a fine old square; but at Aix-la-Chapelle there is always a mighty preponderance of poverty and dulness, except in a few of the showiest of the streets, and even there a flashy meanness, a slight patchery of things falling to pieces is everywhere visible."—D. W. *Journal*, July 20.

5. this puny Church] "The Chapel was not larger in appearance than the tiny rocky edifice at Buttermere."—M. W. *Journal*, July 20.

12. with huge two-handed sway] from *Paradise Lost*, vi. 251.

14. Where unremitting *etc.*] "Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'BRTCCHE DK ROLAND'."—*Raymond's Pyrenees*.—W. 1822.

p. 168. VIII. IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE: "The Cathedral, a most magnificent edifice. Tower unfinished. . . . It affectingly called to my mind William's lines:—

Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er truths mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed. [*Malham Cove*, p. 37]

. . . William in his musing way."—M. W. *Journal*, July 21.

"At our entrance, the evening sunshine rested upon portions of some of the hundred massy columns; while the shade and gloom, spread through the edifice, were deepened by those brilliant touches of golden light. Some of the painted windows were beautified by the melting together and the intermingling of colours, reflected upon the stone-work, colours and shapes, to the eye as unsubstantial as light itself, and visionary as the rainbow. . . . Some of the lighter wreaths of stone-work (if great things may be compared with small) made me think of the Chapel of Roslin in its sequestered dell, where the adder's tongue and fern are mingled with green-grown flowers, and leaves of stone that neither fall nor fade. Flowers and bushes here grow out of the gigantic ruins,—yet *ruins* they are not; for as the Builder's hand left the unfinished work, so it appears to have remained in firmness and strength unshakable, while Nature has made her own of ornaments framed in imitation of her works, having over-

spread them with her colouring, and blended them with the treasures of her lonely places."—D. W. *Journal*, July 21.

13, 14. Immortal Fabrics . . . voices sweet] a reminiscence of *Paradise Lost*, i. 710-12:

Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet.

Between this sonnet (VIII) and the next (IX) the 1822 edition printed *Sonnet: Author's Voyage down the Rhine* (Thirty years ago). v. Appendix, p. 409 *supra*. W. never reprinted it in this form, but rewrote it, and placed it among the *Eccl. Son.* III. xii, q.v.

p. 169. IX. IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE: "From St Goar to Bingen—Castles commanding innumerable small fortified villages—nothing could exceed the delightful variety; but the postilions, who were intoxicated, whisked us far too fast through those beautiful scenes."—*Extract from Journal*, W. W. 1838. "Leaving the rich plain, came to the fine range of mountains we saw yesterday, and to the side of the glorious river, by which we have since travelled. Magnificent heights on its banks. The most abrupt and fantastic outlines; Convents (what an exquisite one that first which pushed itself forward on the green shore, where the river bends in its course); ruined Castles, looking at each other from aloft, or down upon the convents, lurk in the woody clefts; picturesque Villages with their spires, at every turn of this stately winding river; beautiful road following its windings; every variety of form given to the rocks; and affecting intimations brought to mind by the frequent oratories and crosses, here neither tawdry nor obtrusive."—M. W. *Journal*, July 22.

"For some miles, the Traveller goes through the magnificent plain which, from its great width, appears almost circular. Though *unseen* the river Rhine, we can never forget that it is there! When the vale becomes narrower, one of the most interesting and beautiful of prospects opens on the view from a gentle rising in the road. On an island stands a large grey Convent, sadly pensive among its garden walls and embowering woods. . . . On the right bank of the river, opposite to us, is a bold precipice, bearing on its summit a ruined Fortress which looks down upon the Convent. . . . Another bold ruin stands upon another eminence adjoining, and all these monuments of former times combine with villages and churches, and dells (between the steep) green or corn-clad, and with the majestic river (here spread out like a lake) to compose a most affectingly beautiful scene, whether viewed in prospect or in retrospect. Still we rolled along (ah! far too swiftly! and often did I wish that I were a youthful traveller on foot), still we rolled along, meeting the flowing River, smooth as glass, yet so rapid that the stream of motion is always perceptible,

even from a great distance. The riches of this region are not easily to be fancied,—the pretty paths, the gardens among plots of vineyard and corn, cottages peeping from the shade, villages and spires, in never-ending variety."—D. W. *Journal*, July 22. v. also July 24.

2. sweeping by] an unconscious reminiscence of Milton, 77 *Penseroso*, 98:

Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by.

3. Thespian] A reference to Thespis, supposed founder of Greek Tragedy, which he developed from the Choric Dance in honour of Dionysus. W. would have recalled Horace's lines, *De Arte Poetica*, 275-7, translated thus by Francis (v. Anderson's *Poets*, vol. iii, where W. would have read them):

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.

The Bacchanalian suggestion in "Thespian jollity" and the Earth reeling "beneath her vine-leaf crown" is perhaps partly accounted for by W.'s memory of the intoxicated postilions "who whisked us far too fast through those beautiful scenes", v. *supra*.

14. fit measure . . .] "We are happy to know that the 'fit measure' of pedestrian strength which remained to Mr W. in the year 1820 is yet with him in 1841, and that the fainting London tourist may still meet with him, robust and fresh, on the top of Helvellyn, or other cloud-sequestered heights."—Sir Henry Taylor, *Wordsworth's Sonnets*, 1841.

p. 169. X. HYMN. FOR THE BOATMEN *etc.*: "The river flows beside it calmly (though with strong motion as all these large rivers do) but after that point, to the bridge, the channel is rocky and therefore the stream turbulent. While passing under the garden-wall the peasant sailor, before he trusts his boat or timber-raft to the rocks and rapids, kneels down and prays for protection from danger, and a safe passage through the arches of the bridge. An image of Jesus on the cross is the visible object of his worship, which Mr Pickford, when he rebuilt his garden-wall, replaced in its station, out of respect to the piety or superstition of past and present times. During the passage an appropriate hymn is chaunted,—the thought touched our poet's fancy, and he has since composed the following verses for the Heidelberg Boatman."—D. W. *Journal*, July 28.

24. *Miserere Domine!*] See the beautiful Song in Mr Coleridge's Tragedy "The Remorse". Why is the harp of Quantock silent?—W. W. 1822-37. [For the song, "Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell" *etc.* v. *Remorse*, III. i. 69-82.]

In 1822 this sonnet is followed by a sonnet entitled *Local Recollection on the Heights near Hochheim*, which in 1827 was placed among the *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*; v. *supra*, p. 142.

p. 170. XI. THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE: "At Doneschingen changed horses again. Here we laved in the water which flowed from the source of the majestic Danube, a little, clear, bright, black rill, that issuing from a capacious stone fountain, into which it springs, crosses the road, and glides rapidly along the side of a beautiful pleasure-ground. . . . We washed, drank, and luxuriated in the cool and pure waters of this rill, unwilling to quit what we were not again to see—a reality very different from the stately Danube, so long an image to the imagination."—M. W. *Journal*, July 31.

1. Not like his great Compeers, *etc.*] Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious Stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child live years old to leap over it,—and entering the Garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a Stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.—W. 1822.

"The bountiful spring is received by a large square stone basin, and thence flows through the gardens in a narrow stream like a vigorous mill-race. Had ail active boy boon by our side he would have over-leapt it. That streamlet, after the course of a few hundred yards, falls into the bed of the united rivers P——and P——which take their rise in the *moorish* hills seen on the right in the road from Villhngen and which we looked upon from the gardens at the same time that we saw the newborn streamlet (called the source of the Danube) gush into their channel. I suppose it must be the remarkable strength of the spring which has caused it to bo dignified with its title; for certainly those other two streams (united a little above the gardens) are the primary sources (of this branch at least) of the Danube."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 1.

8. that gloomy sea] The Black Sea. Orpheus accompanied the Argonauts on their quest of the Golden Fleece, and with his lyre quelled a storm. The phrase "Orphean Lyre" is from *Paradise Lost*, iii. 17.

In the 1822 edition this sonnet is followed by a sonnet entitled *The Jungfrau and the Rhine aj, Schaffhausen*, which in 1827 was placed among the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (III. xii).

p. 171. XII. ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH: "The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights,

comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times.—W. 1822. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay".—W., added 1827.

"When tracking with my young guide the rivulet to its momentary resting-place, a small basin at the foot of the cataract, two women appeared before me singing, a shrill and savage air;—the tones were startling; and in connexion with their wild yet quiet figures strangely combined with the sounds of dashing water and the silent aspect of the huge crag that seemed to reach the sky! The morning sun was falling on this side of the valley, a circular rainbow was seen when we were there, between the Fall and the Rock, the space being several yards, and you stand within that space in a bath of dew. / was close to the women when they began to sing, and hence, probably, it was that I perceived nothing of *sweetness* in their tones. I cannot answer for the impression on the rest of the party, except my Brother, who, being behind, heard the carol from a distance; the description he gives of it is similar to Mr Southey's."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 10.

p. 171. XIII. THE FALL OF THE AAR: "Crossed the stream, and re-crossed it, and from a stony hollow, uninhabited, came into the gloom of a pine forest, which led us, by a steep ascent, to the rocks surrounding the Fall of the Aar. Long before our approach we heard the roaring, while that sound was deadened by the intermediate rocks and trees; but when standing on a bank in front of the cataract I should have believed, at the first moment, that it was louder even than that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. This impression, no doubt, was owing chiefly to its being confined within a narrow space. The pine-clad precipices, especially on the opposite side, are very lofty, rising from the rocks of the Pass, kept bare by continual wetting. . . . After dinner, walked through the forest about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile to view the cataract from above. From the brink of a rock we looked down on the Falls, and along the course of the torrent. The spectacle was tremendous, and, from that point, not less beautiful. The position

of the sun here favoured us; and we beheld the arch of a bright rainbow, steadily poised on the cloud of vapour below us, that burst out of the terrific waters. We looked down with awe upon

the River, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,

yet at first hardly without personal fear. The noise was so great one could not help fancying it shook the very rock on which we stood. That feeling passed away, and we clambered upon other rocks; and, at leisure, noticed the variety of shrubby plants and flowers, which here (being higher than the stream) grew securely, nursed by perpetual dews. Luxuriant tufts of a very large sedum were lodged on the ledges, or hung from dark crevices,—those tufts, in form and motion, as they waved and fluttered in the breeze of the cataract, resembling the plumes of a hearse, were an ornament well suited to the pine-clad steeps, and the heavenly beauty of the rainbow."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 12.

The MS. readings in the *app. crit.* are from two drafts, in a notebook now in the Cornell Library, quoted in A. B. Potts's ed. of *The Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, pp. 83, 102.

p. 172. XIV. MEMORIAL, NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN *etc.*: "Walked or sate in the groves at the foot of the Lake near the *Chateau de Schusle*, then crossed the river by a boat and wandered among delightful pleasure groves on the other side. Among many interesting things we found one, when pacing a gravelled path round the woody hill on which these walks are made, that was very impressive,—a plain oval slab raised upon a stone and directly fronting the setting sun, which was at that moment shedding its latest rays upon it, bearing this inscription, and to us spoke more than an elaborate panegyric:—*Dem Andenken etc.*"—M. W. *Journal*, Aug. 7.

p. 173. XV. COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS: "The three stanzas comprised under this title originally (1822) formed part of the poem No. xxiv. of this series, being the 5th, 4th, and 9th stanzas of that piece. In 1827 they were detached and arranged as now to form a separate poem. In 1832 a stanza (now stanza i. of *After-thought*, No. xvi.) was added to them. This again was taken from them in 1837, and formed, along with a second added stanza, into the independent poem entitled *After-thought*." (Hutchinson, *Oxf. W.*)

p. 174. XVI. AFTER-THOUGHT: v. note to XV *supra*.

p. 174. XVII. SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ: "While we were waiting at the door" [of a cettage standing where the river Aar enters the Lake of Brientz] "a company of females came up, returning from harvest labours in the Vale of Berne to their homes at the head of the Lake. They gathered round, eyeing us steadily; and presently

a girl began to sing—another joined—a third—a fourth—and then a fifth, their arms gracefully laid over each other's shoulders. Large black or straw hats shaded their heads, undecked with ribbands,—and their attire was grey;—the air they sang was plaintive and wild,—without sweetness, yet not harsh. The groupe collected round that lonely house on the river's edge would have made a pretty picture. From that spot we entered the boat, all the people gazing after us in silence. . . . Again in our boat, we were tempted onward to the centre of a capacious bay; another, as tempting was before us. . . . Our minstrel peasants passed us on the water, no longer singing *plaintive* ditties—such as inspired the little poem which I shall transcribe on the following page; but with bursts of merriment they rowed lustily away. The poet has however transported the minstrels in their gentle mood from the cottage door to the calm Lake."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 9.

1-2. What know we *etc.*] from the song by Edmund Waller: "While I listen to thy voice", ll. 10-12:

For all we know
Of what the blessed, do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

p. 174. XVIII. ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS: The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the Mountaineers has conferred upon it.—W. 1822.

"It was a little past seven o'clock when we perceived that the object of our delightful day's journey could not be far distant. A stately mass of crag, a mountain composed of stone of a soft yellow hue, irregularly piled up, and between pyramid and tower-shaped, appeared before us. It could be no other than the hill of Engelberg, the Angels' hill, where, it is believed, the Angels sang songs of approval, while holy men laid the foundation of the abbey. Others say that the founders were led to *chuse* that spot because the Rock of Engelberg was the place those happy spirits were accustomed to haunt, and that their melodies were heard while the work was going on. It is no wonder that such traditions are believed by some of the good Catholics even at this day; for never was there on earth a more beautiful pinnacle for happy spirits than the Rock of Engelberg, as we first beheld it, gilded with beams of the declining sun. Light clouds, as white as snow, yet melting into the thinnest substance, and tinged with heavenly light, were floating around and below the summit. We exclaimed, 'There you see the wings of the Angels!' Our recollections of that moment cannot be effaced; and some time afterwards my brother expressed his feelings in the following little Poem:"—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 14.

"We have visited the Abbey of Engelberg. . . . The tradition is, that the site of the abbey was appointed by angels, singing from a lofty mountain that rises from the plain of the valley, and which, from having been thus honoured, is called Engelberg, or the Hill of the Angels. It is a glorious position for such beings, and I should have thought myself repaid for the trouble of so long a journey by the impression made upon my mind, when I first came in view of the vale in which the convent is placed, and of the mountains that enclose it. The light of the sun had left the valley, and the deep shadows spread over it heightened the splendour of the evening light, and spread upon the surrounding mountains, some of which had their summits covered with pure snow; others were half hidden by valours rolling round them; and the Rock of Engelberg could not have been seen under more fortunate circumstances, for masses of cloud glowing with the reflection of the rays of the setting sun were hovering round it, like choirs of spirits preparing to settle upon its venerable head."—Letter of W. to Lord Lorisdale, Aug. 19, 1820 (*Mem.* ii, p. 101).

p. 175. XIX. Our LADY OF THE SNOW: "How delicious was the descent over the velvet turf, towards the Chapel of our Lady of the Snow!—seen below within a narrow steep glen. The air still fresh and cool, we gradually find ourselves enclosed by the declivities of the glen; those rugged steeps are hung with pine trees, narrow cataracts come down the clefts in unbroken white lines—or over the facings of rock, in drops and stages. Side by side with the central rivulet, we go on still descending, though with far slower pace, and come to the village of Rigi, and our Lady's Chapel cradled in the slip of the dell, and, at this tranquil time, *lulled* by the voices of the streams. The interior of the Chapel is hung with hundreds of offerings—stuffs, crutches etc. etc., and pictures representing marvellous escapes, with written records of vows performed—and dangers averted through the gracious protection of our Lady of the Snow."—IX W. *Journal*, Aug. 19.

41-2. *Matthew* vi. 34. Hutchinson (*Oxf. W.*, p. 339) puts "the evil. . . wise " in inverted commas, but on the authority of no previous text.

p. 176. XX. EFFUSION, IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL: "Opposite to our Inn stands the Tower of the Arsenal, built upon the spot where grew the Linden-tree to which Tell's son is reported to have been bound when the arrow was shot. This Tower was spared by the fire which consumed an adjoining building, *happily* spared, if only for the sake of the rude paintings on its walls. I studied them with infinite satisfaction, especially the face of the innocent little boy with the apple on his head."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 21.

The following stanzas were suggested by the "TOWER OF TELL", at Altorf, on the outside walls of which the chief exploits of the Hero are painted: it is said to stand upon the very ground where grew the

Lime Tree against which his Son was placed when the Father's archery was put to proof under the circumstances so famous in Swiss History. —W. 1822. As this poem and note were not printed in their natural place in the 1822 volume, but added in the Notes to the *Desultory Stanzas* at the end of the book, and as the poem is written in the same metre as these stanzas it is probable that it was written at the same time.

p. 177. XXI. THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ: "If Berne, with its spacious survey of Alps, and widely-spreading vales, and magnificent river may be called the *head*, this town, intrenched among mountains, may be called the *heart* of Switzerland; to which the Canton is worthy of giving its name. Of records or curiosities that may be shut up from view I know nothing; but in our half-hour's sauntering through the town, we were in a state of perpetual excitement—not that there was any thing beautiful, or even picturesque, in the buildings, but altogether something romantic—with gaiety. The streets are enlivened by fountains—on that hot day delightful to look upon. . . . Leaving the high-road, we turned along one of those pretty paths that look as if they were only made for going to church, and for fetes and festivals. Numerous were the companies who passed, or followed us on this path, through spacious, level, and mostly *verdant* fields. Mountains on all sides, with craggy summits. Behind us was the town of Schwytz at the foot of the forest-steep, overtopped by the two naked pikes; and to our left, what sublime dark clefts!"—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 20.

p. 178. XXII. ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES": "Mary and I, ... hastened to warm ourselves in the sunshine . . . we straight-way greeted the infant Ticino, which has its sources in the pools above. The gentlemen joined us, and we placed ourselves on a sunny bank, looking towards Italy; and the Swiss took out his flute, and played, and afterwards sang, the *Ranz des vaches* and other airs of his country."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 23. Cf. *Descriptive Sketches*, 1793, 626-31 and note, Vol. I, p. 78.

p. 178. XXIII. FORT FUENTES: The bulk of W.'s note, added in 1827, is adapted from D. W.'s *Journal* for Sept. 5: "We had now a complete view up the great vale of the Adda. . . . Below us, on the other side, lay a wide green marshy plain, between the hill of Fuentes and the shores of the lake, which plain, spreading upwards, divides the lake; the upper small reach being called Chiavenna. The path which my brother had travelled, when bewildered in the night thirty years ago, was traceable through some parts of the forest on the opposite side:—and the very passage through which he had gone down to the shore of the lake—then most dismal with thunder, lightning, and rain. I can hardly conceive a place of more solitary aspect than the lake of Chiavenna; and the whole of the prospect *etc. as note* . . . tumult, while there was, in contrast with the imagina-

tions so excited, a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the wild quietness of the present day. The vines, near the ruin, *etc. as note* ... beauty. In our descent we found a fair white cherub uninjured by the explosion which had driven it a great way down the hill. It lay bedded like an Infant in its cradle among low green bushes. W. said to us 'Could we but carry this pretty Image to our moss summer-house at Rydal Mount!' yet it seemed *etc. as note* . . . years." From M. W.'s *Journal*, W. W. adapted one sentence: "Apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the grassy glade where the church had stood, lay the beautiful statue of a child, in pure white marble."

1—8. Cf. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, II. xxi. 5-8.

p. 179. XXIV. THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR: W.'s note is adapted from D. W.'s *Journal* for Aug. 27: "The ascent from the beginning is exceedingly steep, and without intermission to the very summit. . . . The road is narrow; but a path to the shrine of St Salvador had been made with great pains, still trodden once a year by crowds (probably, at this day, chiefly of peasantry) to keep the Festival of that Saint on the summit of the mount. It winds along the declivities of the rocks, and, all the way, the views are beautiful. To begin with looking backward to the town of Lugano, surrounded by villas among trees—a rich vale beyond the Town, an ample tract bright with cultivation and fertility scattered over with villages and spires. Who could help pausing to look back on these enchanting scenes? Yet a still more interesting spectacle travels *with us*, at our side (but how far beneath us!) the Lake, winding at the base of the mountain, into which we looked from craggy forest precipices, apparently almost as steep as the walls of a castle, and a thousand times higher. . . . When we stood on the crown of that glorious Mount, we seemed to have attained a spot which commanded pleasures equal to all that sight could give on this terrestrial world. We beheld the mountains of Simplon—two brilliant shapes on a throne of clouds—*Mont Blanc* (as the guide told us—[he was mistaken D. W. *note*]) lifting his resplendent forehead above a vapoury sea—and the Monte Rosa a bright pyramid, how high up in the sky! The vision did not *burst* upon us suddenly; but was revealed by slow degrees, while we felt so satisfied and delighted with what lay distinctly outspread around us, that we had hardly begun to look for objects less denuded in the far-distant horizon. I cannot describe the green hollows, hills, slopes, and woody plains—the towns, villages, and towers. The crowds of secondary mountains, substantial in form and outline, bounding the prospect in other quarters, nor the bewitching loveliness of the lake of Lugano lying at the base of Mount Salvador, and thence stretching out its arms between the bold steepes. My brother said he had never in his life seen so extensive a prospect at the expense of only two hours' climbing; but it must be remembered

that the whole of the ascent is almost a precipice. . . . Repairs are going on in the Chapel, which was struck by lightning a few years ago, and all but the altar and its holy things, with the image of the patron saint, destroyed. Their preservation is an established miracle, and the surrounding peasantry consider the memorials as sanctified anew by that visitation from heaven."

On the composition of the poem v. note to XV, *supra*.

20-1. spot Which men call Earth] from *Comus*, 1.5.

p. 181. XXV. THE ITALIAN ITINERANT AND THE Swiss GOAT-HERD: "Cadenabbia—W., M., and I sot off toward Menaggio. . . . We [were] overtaken by a fine tall Man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English. After twenty years' traffic in our country, he had been settled near his native place on the banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadenabbia, with the large sum of two thousand pounds acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, etc. He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations, during the winter, for fresh travels in the spring; at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed. Portsmouth and Plymouth were the grand marts for his wares. He amused us with recitals of adventures among the sailors who used to bully him with 'Come, you rogue, you get your money easily enough; spend it freely!' and he did not care if he got rid of a guinea or two; for he was sure to have it back again after one of these frolics—and much more. They would often clear away his whole stock of nick-nacks. This industrious trader used to travel on foot at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, and his expenses from London to Como but three guineas, though it cost him one-third of that sum to get to Calais. He said he liked England because the people were *honest*, and told some stories illustrative of English honesty and Italian over-reaching in bargains. This amusing, and I must say interesting, companion turned from us by a side-path before we reached Menaggio, saying he would meet us again, as our road would lead us near his cottage on the heights, and he should see us from the fields."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 6.

"There are several wood-built sheds by the wayside near Englebole, used for the double purpose of prayer and rest. In one of these we found four goats (how bright in the cool shade!) beside their keeper, then sitting on the bench, an elegant-featured boy,—dark, like an Italian, ragged, silent, pensive, and timid. We gave him a few Rapps—still he was silent, then a few more, and he pronounced in German four words intelligible to English ears 'a hundred thousand thanks!' but his pale cheek wanted the *ready* smile of the beggars. He seemed as if none of *his* pleasures were social, except what he might have with his dumb companions."—D. W. *Journal*, Aug. 20.

67-8. prepared The treasures they enjoy to guard] from Smollett's

Ode to Leven Water. W. had previously quoted the passage in *Descriptive Sketches* (1793, 1. 535).

78. Astraea] "Some make her the daughter of Jupiter and Themis. She was called Justice of which virtue she was Goddess. She lived upon the earth, as the poets mention, during the golden age . . . but the wickedness and impiety of mankind drove her to heaven in the brazen and iron ages, and she was placed among the constellations of the Zodiac under the name of Virgo" (*Lempriere's Dictionary*, 1797).

p. 183. XXVI. THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, *etc.*: This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

11-12. hand reposing on the board in ruth Of what it utters]

The hand

Sang with the voice, and this the argument.

Milton [*Paradise Regained*, i. 171-2].—W. W. 1822.

p. 184. XXVII. THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: "The lake [Lugano] was only *stirred* by *gentle* breezes, the sky without a spot, and every object looked more beautiful than on our voyage upwards. We moved on in chearful enjoyment, forgetful of the expected eclipse of the Sun, when a dimness of light and shadow recalled it to our recollection. The sun was yet too bright to be gazed upon; but, making telescopes of our hands, we found no need of other help, and marked the progress of the shadow, till only a very small bright crescent was left. The town of Albogasia upon the steeps—its rocky dells and pikes looked most romantic, the portentous light cast upon all objects resembling that which often precedes a storm when black and bright clouds are struggling. The mountains, (their natural hue being green) appeared as if covered with a pale green light—a mean proportional between day and *moon* light, moon-light without shadows. We thought of our Friends in England, probably employed, like ourselves, in tracing the course of the shadow over the sun; but, as we afterwards learned, a cloudy day prevented them from seeing anything more than unusual darkness, while we had a clear view of this phaenomenon with an accompaniment of scenery as interesting perhaps as any other human Beings were favoured with. Light and shadow gradually resumed their offices, and the sun never shone more vividly than when, within about a league of the town of Lugano, we left the boat."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 6. The correct date was Sept. 7.

Of all the *Memorials* of the Tour W. regarded this poem as the finest, "to be valued, I think, as a specimen of description in which beauty, majesty and novelty, nature and art, earth and heaven are brought together with a degree of lyrical spirit and movement which professed Odes have, in our language at least, rarely attained" (Letter to Sharp, *L.Y.*, p. 65).

In the 1822 ed. the poem was incorrectly headed "*The Eclipse of the Sun*, 1821".

31. Julian steep[s] i.e. the Carnic Alps, above Venetia.

40. Of Figures human and divine] The Statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!—W. 1822.

"3000 statues of beautifully polished white marble are stationed upon this elegant Pile."—*M. W. Journal*, Sept. 1. "I wandered about [on the roof] with space spread around me; the floor on which I trod was all of polished marble, intensely hot, and as dazzling as snow; and instead of moving figures I was surrounded by groupes and stationary processions of silent statues—Saints, sages, and Angels. It is impossible for me to describe the beautiful spectacle, or to give a notion of the delight I felt; therefore I will copy a sketch in verse composed from my Brother's recollections of the view from the central Spire."—*D. W. Journal*, Sept. 1. In S. H.'s transcript of the poems is the note: "I am not sure that you will have a distinct notion of the position of the Statues upon the roof round the spire of the Cathedral at Milan. A stanza was added to make this perfectly clear, but as you [see, it] was struck out, as it seemed to clog the description." The stanza referred to has been so erased as to be wholly illegible.

p. 186. XXVIII. THE THREE COTTAGE GIBLS: "Here [by Lake Lugano] a smart looking girl was putting on her gay garments before she entered the village, where also was a festival. Her dress so very

pretty I could not help noting it down—a scarlet chintz frock with a deep-fringed border—a wide muslin apron, near wrapping her round, also with a deep richly wrought border, and slung by white straps over her shoulders—a gold chain about her neck, and ear-rings—her hair, something like Dora's, neatly braided, and her companions were assisting to put a very beautiful silk handkerchief upon her neck. One of these, who had set down the basket from her back and by the interest she seemed to take in the arrangements might be the mother of the maiden,—the other a younger sister, perhaps, who lent her aid more slackly, and would, I dare say, rather have been in the wild fields gathering flowers to deck a May-day garland, or to wreath a crown for 'our Lady's' head on this day of Festival."—*M. W. Journal*, Sept. 8.

"Before we descended into Brunnen, a pretty short-faced bright-eyed girl of 19 or 20 met us—we enquired about the way, and after she had answered and we had bade her good-night, and turned from her, she whistled very softly—then sent forth an uncouth sound, more as from the voice of a man than a maiden—it was not a *deep* sound, but one that would be heard in the vale and across the lake, and made the hills about us ring; this was followed by a series of Swiss airs, which she warbled without pause, one after another in an impassioned manner, hurrying through as if she wished to reach the utmost limits of her powers before we were out of hearing; yet I cannot but think these notes meant more than we could well understand,—they would probably be addressed to some one at a distance. There she stood upon the naked rock, and, as a waterfall, the sound grew as we listened, so that I even fancied she was following us, in sight of the villages below and around, and the voice must have been known to those nearer dwellings in one of which she probably found her home."—*M. W. Journal*, Aug. 20.

53. "Sweet Highland Girl"] v. p. 73 and notes pp. 442-3. The reflections in ll. 59-65 which were added to the poem in 1837 may, perhaps, have been suggested by a passage in D. W.'s *Second Tour in Scotland* (1822) recording her return to Inversneyde: "A girl standing at the threshold. We are not near enough to distinguish whether her person be awkward or graceful, or her face pretty; but I cannot fancy her so fair as *our* Highland Girl. Poor thing! I ask myself in vain what is become of *her*?"

p. 189. XXIX. THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE, *etc.*: "Again we climb the hill—all craggy forest. At a considerable height from the river's bed an immense column of granite lies by the way side, as if its course had been stopped there by tidings of Napoleon's overthrow. It was intended by him for his unfinished triumphal arch at Milan; and I wish it may remain prostrate on the mountain for ages to come. His bitterest foe could scarcely contrive a more impressive record of

disappointed vanity and ambition. The sledge upon which it has been dragged from the quarry is rotted beneath it, while the pillar remains as fresh and sparkling as if it had been hewn but yesterday."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 9.

p. 189. XXX. STANZA'S, *etc.* 2-4. *yon edging of pines etc.*] "Ascending still we journey through the cool forest cheared by the sunlight upon the crags and pine-trees of the opposite side of the glen—flakes and fields of silvery brightness resting among solemn masses of dark green shade."—D. W. *Journal*) Sept. 10.

9-11. He had to wait 17 years before the debt was discharged. v. I. F. note to *Memorials of a Tour in Italy 1837*, *infra*, and *At Vallombrosa* in same *Memorials*, p. 189, *supra*.

p. 190. XXXI. ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI: "On drawing towards the little mountain Inn, the mastiff raised such a tumult in the mountains as produced the effect of a large pack of well-toned hounds in full cry. It was a grand sound. And this reminds me of the fine echoes called forth by a traveller or his guide in the morning. They were before us, as we clomb the Gemmi. The voice was a universal one; and the prolonged and re-echoed notes could not have been more harmonious had they proceeded from the sweetest instrument."—M. W. *Journal*, Sept. 13.

"The Guide, hurrying on before us, roused the large house-dog to give us a welcoming bark, which echoed round the mountains like the tunable voices of a full pack of hounds—a heart-stirring concert in that silent place where no waters were heard at that time—no tinkling of cattle-bells,—indeed the barren soil offers small temptation for wandering cattle to linger there. In a few weeks our rugged path would be closed up with snow, the hut untenanted for the winter—and not a living creature left to rouse the echoes—echoes which our Bard would not suffer to die with us."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 12.

p. 191. XXXII. PROCESSIONS: "When, having parted with our car and Guide, we were slowly pursuing our way to the foot-path, between the mountains, which was to lead us to the *Valorsine*, and thence, by the Tete-noire, to Trientz, we heard from the churchyard of Argentiére, on the opposite side of the River, a sound of voices chanting a hymn, or prayer, and, turning round, saw in the green enclosure a lengthening Procession—the Priest in his robes—the host, and banners uplifted; and men following two and two;—and, last of all, a great number of females, in like order; the head and body of each covered with a white garment. The stream continued to flow on for a long time, till all had paced slowly round the church, the men gathering close together, to leave unencumbered space for the Women, the chaunting continuing, while the voice of the Arve joined in accordant solemnity. The procession was, grave and simple, agreeing with the simple decorations of a village church; the banners made no glittering shew; the Females composed a moving girdle round the

Church; their figures, from head to foot, covered with one piece of white cloth, resembled the small pyramids of the Glacier, which were before our eyes; and it was impossible to look at one and the other without fancifully connecting them together. Imagine the *moving* Figures, like a stream of pyramids,—the white Church, the half-concealed Village, and the Glacier close behind, among pine-trees,—a pure sun shining over all! and remember that these objects were seen at the base of those enormous mountains, and you may have some faint notion of the effect produced upon us by that beautiful spectacle."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 16.

7. Persepolis] the capital of Persia from the days of Darius I to 331 B.C., when it was conquered and partly destroyed by Alexander the Great: it is still famous for its majestic ruins.

10-18. The Hebrews thus, *etc.*] cf. *Leviticus* xxiii. 40, 42, 43: "And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days. . . . Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths; that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt."

21. Ammonian Jove] K. has shown that W. was indebted in this stanza to Quintus Curtius, *De Gestis Alexandri*. A copy of the book was in the Rydal Mount library. W. had also probably at the back of his mind *Paradise Lost*, iv. 276-7, "old *Cham* Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*"; and *Paradise Lost*, xi. 741-4:

the floating vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmed.

27-36. Dr. Heard (quoted by K.) has shown that throughout this stanza W. was drawing upon Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. "The *Salii*, or priests of Mars, on his festival, marched through the streets, stamping in a kind of dance, and striking the sacred shields." The *Corybantes* were the Phrygian priests of Cybele, "who is represented in works of art as wearing a crown of towers". (Cf. Milton, *Arcades*, 21, towred Cybele).

48. Still, with those white-robed Shapes, *etc.*] This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of, 1,000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-

columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.—W. 1822.

p. 193. XXXIII. ELEGIAC STANZAS: A few more details illustrative of the poem can be gleaned from M. W.'s *Journal*. "The two young gentlemen [Goddard and Trotter] called upon us to walk at 7 o'clock; and very pleasant youths we found them, one an American, the other a Scotsman, by birth, students from Geneva, come out on foot for a month's excursion" (Aug. 17). "Mr. G.'s mother is in America. . . . Seldom have I seen so promising a youth" (Sept. 20). "Met Mr Trotter. The loss of poor Goddard was occasioned by a sudden squall, which upset one of the worthless boats, made of thin planks, flat bottomed. Mr T. being a good swimmer, and on the side nearest the shore, reached land, when looking for his companion, he had disappeared, had been sucked under the boat, and was never seen from the first moment" (Sept. 23). Letters from D. W. to H. C. R. tell us that the poem "probably would never have been written but for your suggestion" (Nov. 24, 1821), and that H. C. R. supplied the note placed in 1827 before the poem (Feb. 18, 1827).

45. Virginian dew] In a letter to W. W. on April 28, 1833, H. C. R. was "struck with the *impropriety* of 'Virginian dews'. Holding as I do in extreme abhorrence all the Southern and slave-states, of which Virginia is one—while Goddard was a New-Englander—I wish that you could find an appropriate word to designate his, the better division of America his country. There ought to be a line of demarkation drawn between the Slave and free states." In reply, on May 5, W. wrote: "What do you think of 'Columbian' as a substitute for the faulty word—I was well aware of its impropriety—but the sweet sound and the want of a fit term seduced me into the use of it." But, he adds, "The word 'Columbian' is undoubtedly at present connected mainly in English ears with the sad sound of Columbian bonds", and a change in the text was never made.

p. 196. XXXIV. SKY PROSPECT: "The broad avenue [at Fontainebleau] which parts the gardens leads to the top of that slope (called the Mount of Henriquatre). We were told that we should have thence a fine view. . . . Having sate for some time facing this prospect, we walked forward on the sandy hill—nothing to be seen—when all unexpectedly, we looked down into a deep dell, rocky and stony with the naked channel of a stream at the bottom—deer chasing each other up the opposite steep, and a few of their fellows *thoughtfully* (as it seemed) pausing beside the river's dry bed. In the very heart of the Alps I never saw a more wild and lonely spot—yet *curious* in the extreme, and even *beautiful*. Thousands of white-bleached rocks, mostly in appearance not much larger than sheep, lay on the steep declivities of the dell among bushes and low trees—hether, bilberies, and other forest plants. The effect of loneliness

and desert wildness was indescribably increased by the remembrance of the Palace we had left not an hour before. The spot on which we stood is said to have been frequented by Henry the 4th when he wished to retire from his court and attendants. A few steps more brought us in view of fresh ranges of the forest,—hills—plains, and distant lonely dells. The sunset was brilliant—light clouds in the west, and overhead a spotless blue dome. As we wind along the top of the Steep, the views are still changing;—the plain expands eastward—and again appear the white buildings of Fontainebleau with something of romantic brightness in the *fading* light; for we had tarried till a star or two reminded us that it was time to move away."—D. W. *Journal*, Sept. 29.

The MS. readings in the *app. crit.*, which preserve a sestet wholly different from that finally adopted, are quoted, like those of XIII, from Potts's ed. of the *Eccl. Son.*

p. 197. XXXV. ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOLOGNE: Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England", reminding them of the exploits of Caesar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour", a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.—W. 1822.

"We walked to Buonaparte's Pillar, which, on the day when he harangued his soldiers (pointing to the shores of England, whither he would lead them to conquest), he decreed should be erected in commemoration of the Legion of Honour then established. . . . We walked on the ground which had been covered by the army that dreamt of conquering England, and were shown the very spot where their Leader made his boastful speech."—D. W. *Journal*, Oct. 29. D. W. goes on to give a vivid account of how the small boat, in which they embarked upon the next day, ran on to the sands just outside the harbour, and how, when the tide left them stranded, they had to return to Boulogne, taking the packet to Dover eight days later (cf. 11. 1-4).

p. 197. XXXVI. AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER: 6-7. This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.—W. 1822.

"At 11 o'clock we took coach and thoroughly enjoyed our journey between the green pastures of Kent, besprinkled with groupes of

trees, and bounded by hedgerows. The scattered cattle quietly selecting their own food was a chearing and a home-feeling sight."—M. W. *Journal*, Nov. 8.

1-4. A reference to the public excitement over Queen Caroline, who had returned to England in June, and was received at Dover by huge crowds who regarded her as a persecuted woman. In July Lord Liverpool introduced the "Pain and Penalties" Bill, to deprive her of her title and annul her marriage, and the country was deluged with the squalid details of the case. In October Lord Brougham opened her defence; in November the government majority had dwindled to 9, and Lord Liverpool dropped the measure. On Oct. 7 W. had written from Paris to Lord Lonsdale: "In respect to the business of our Queen, we deem ourselves truly fortunate in having been out of the country when an inquiry at which all Europe seems scandalized, was going on" (*M.Y.*, p. 903).

p. 198. XXXVII. AT DOVER: "For the impressions on which this sonnet turns, I am indebted to the experience of my daughter, during her residence at Dover with our dear friend, Miss Fenwick."—I. F. As Dora W.'s visit to Dover with Miss F. was in Dec. 1837-Feb. 1838 this sonnet does not properly belong to the *Memorials*, but was written after W.'s return from his Tour in Italy with H. C. K. It was first placed in this series in 1845. A MS. copy of the sonnet is preserved in W.'s passport of 1837.

p. 198. XXXVIII. DESULTORY STANZAS, *etc.*: This poem, as its full title suggests, was an afterthought. It was suggested by H. C. R., who wrote to D. W. on Feb. 25, 1822: "I hope I have not seen all" (i.e. of the *Memorials*). "And I should rejoice to find among the unseen poems some memorial of those patriotic and pious bridges at Lucerne suggesting to so *generative* a mind as your brother's a whole cycle of religious and civic sentiments. The equally affecting *Senate house* not made of hands—at Sarnen—where the rites of modern legislation like those of ancient religion are performed in the open air and on an unadorned grass plot!!!" On March 3 D. W. replied: "Your suggestion of the Bridge at Lucern has set his mind to work; and if a happy mood comes on he is determined, even yet, though the work is printed, to add a poem on that subject."

19-27. "In the 3^d of the Desultory Stanzas I am indebted to M. Ramond, who has written with genuine feeling on these subjects."—W. 1822.

37. Far as St. Maurice] Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at St. Maurice.—W. 1822.

49-51. Ye that occupy . . . Sarnen's Mgun] Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the Tyrant of that name, whose chateau formerly stood there. On the 1st of

January, 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their Country, all the Castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their Creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their Strongholds. From that tune the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The scite, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.—W. 1822,

56. Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge] The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the Passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade and a view of the magnificent Country. The Pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the Passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these Bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.—W. 1822.

p. 202. MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY. 1837. "During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March, 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that Tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the south of France, nor of the Roman Antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman Architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vacluse, with its fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who from his childhood had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vacluse Breaks forth. 'Has Laura's Lover,' often said I to myself, 'ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?' Some, especially of the female sex, would have

felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years), 'I fear not.' Is it not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed, I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical Poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere Patriot. But enough; it is time to turn to my own effusions, such as they are."—I. F.

The *Memorials* were first published in *Poems, chiefly of early and late years, 1842*. "Little or nothing", says H. C. R., "was written on the journey. Seeds were cast into the earth, and they took root slowly" (*M.* ii. 331), and again, "W. repeatedly said of this journey, 'It is too late.' 'I have matter for volumes', he said once, 'had I but youth to work it up/ ... It often happened that objects of universal attraction served chiefly to bring back to his mind absent objects dear to him" (*M.* ii. 329). But cf. note to XIV.

p. 202. To H. C. R. 2. On the trivial change in the text from "To" to "In" v. W.'s letter to H. C. R., which exemplifies his meticulous standards of poetic compositions: "I trust *in* Providence, I trust in your or any man's *integrity*, but in matters of inferior importance, as companionship in a tour of pleasure must be reckoned, I prefer saying '*to*'. But, when the lines are reprinted, I shall be most happy to defer to your judgment and feeling. Let me say, however, that my ear is susceptible of the clashing of sounds almost to disease; and '*in*' and '*trusting*', unless the '*g*' be well marked in pronunciation, which it often is not, make to me a disagreeable repetition."

p. 202. I. MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE: W. and H. C. R. were at Aquapendente on April 25, 1837. But the poem was not written till March-April 1841, as is proved by a letter to Miss Fenwick of March 1841: "I composed a sonnet on my walk home after I had left you, and I have since written upwards of 100 lines in blank verse, the scene Italy .. ." (*L.Y.*, p. 1072). One MS. is dated March 25th, 1841.

19. cone-shaped hill] Monte Amiata.—K.

22. Radicofani] on the old high-road from Siena to Rome.—K.

35-6. cloud-wooing hill, Seat Sandal *etc.*] from *Prelude* (1805), vii. 235-6.

47-52. These lines were written in 1800 and are from a discarded part of *Michael* (v. Vol. II, p. 479).

59-61. not the less . . . minstrels] "His, Sir Walter Scott's, eye did in fact kindle at them, for the lines, 'Places forsaken now', and the two that follow were adopted from a Poem of mine which nearly 40 years ago was in part read to him, and he never forgot them."—I. F. v. preceding and succeeding notes.

62-4. Old Helvellyn's brow *etc.*] i.e. in Aug. 1805. "Sir H. Davy was with us at this time. We had ascended from Patterdale, and I

could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called 'Striding Edge'. Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been interspersed, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at the top of the mountain, but left us to find our way down its steep side together into the vale of Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs. Scott was to meet us at dinner."—I. F.

76-7. Although '*tis fair etc.*'] These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: an⁴ the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. W. "See among these notes the one on 'Yarrow Revisited.'"—I. F. W. visited Scott at Abbotsford Sept. 19-22, 1831. Scott died on Sept. 21, 1832.

83. A few short steps (painful they were)] "This, though introduced here, I did not know till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, a lady whoso friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged, with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied Sir Walter to the Janicular Mount, and, after showing him the grave of Tasso in the church upon the top, and a mural monument there erected to his memory, they left the church and stood together on the brow of the hill overlooking the city of Rome: his daughter Anne was with them, and she, naturally desirous, for the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have some expression of pleasure from her father, half reproached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: 'How can I,' replied he, 'having only one leg to stand upon, and that in extreme pain!' so that the prophecy was more than fulfilled."—I. F.

121. Over waves rough and deep] "Wo took boat near the light-house at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recompensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. The boatman (I had only one) encouraged me, saying we were quite safe, but I was not a little glad when we gained the shore, though Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter—would have probably rejoiced in such a situation: more than once I believe were they both in extreme danger even on the Lake of Geneva. Every man however has his fears of some kind or other; and no doubt they had theirs:—of all men whom I have ever known, Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in

miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life."
—I. F.

126. Him] Christopher Columbus.

158-9. sacred earth, Fetched from Mount Calvary] Archbishop Ubaldo (1188-1200) founded the Campo Santo at Pisa, bringing fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary in order that the dead might repose in holy ground.—K.

205-7. How lovely... Savona] "There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there, each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay of Savona struck my fancy most; and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses. I could not forbear saying to myself, 'What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!' but there, probably, the trees remain little noticed and seldom enjoyed."—I. F.

236. Chiabrera] Gabrielle Chiabrera (1552-1617), the "Italian Pindar", born at Savona where he spent most of his life; a versatile and prolific writer, known to-day chiefly by his lyrical poems. W. translated several of his Epitaphs (Vol. IV).

241. His sepulchral verse] If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them [in Vol. IV], under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces".—W.

254. philosophic Tusculum] the reference is to Cicero's *Disputationes Tiisculanae*.

255-62. The references are to Horace's *Odes*, II. xiii (translated by W., v. Vol. I, p. 10) and *Epistles*, i. x. 49.

257. Blandusia's praise] In his early translation of Horace's Ode (1794) W. used the form Blandusia, which has some manuscript authority, instead of the generally accepted Bandusia. v. Vol. I, p. 10 with note, and p. 321. In two other places, *Duddon Sonnets*, i, 3 (*Supra*, p. 246) and *Liberty*, 104 (Vol. IV, *infra*); the later editions correct Bandusia to Blandusia. Bentley in his edition of Horace defends *Bandusiae* as the reading of the oldest and best MSS.: v. his note which ends: "*Blandusiae* credo supposuerunt ingeniosi homines quia fons bellus et elegans *blando* nomine dignus videbatur." Wordsworth evidently liked the sound and association of this form.¹ H. D.

264. delicious bay] i.e. Naples, called "Parthenope" by both Ovid and Virgil. Virgil lived some years at Naples, and was buried there.

¹ T. Warton has "Blandusian fount" in his translation of Horace's Ode.

271. Rome's legendary bards] cf. Sonnets IV-VI. W. alludes here, as in those sonnets, to the theory of Niebuhr and other modern historians that the early history of Rome was for the most part legendary, derived from poets whose work has not survived.

305. that Marmetine prison] The Career Marmetinus was the state prison of Rome: there both St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined.

369. This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood] "The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the vales and hills of the Apennines, in the wild parts of which it blows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance, but, speaking from my own limited observation only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered, and languishing compared with ours."—I. F.

372. Rome] It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.—W.

"The note at the close of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was entrusted to my friend Mr Frederick Faber. I told him what I wished to be said, and begged him that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done."—I. F. Cf. note to *Stanzas suggested . . . off St. Bees' Head*, Vol. IV.

p. 212. II. THE PINE OF MONTEMARIO AT ROME: Within a couple of hours of my arrival, at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my

fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W.1842.

"Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished."—I. F.

(The "acquaintance" referred to above was Mr. Theed, the sculptor.)

Cf. also *L.Y.*, p. 853. "The sun was just set, but the western sky glowed most beautiful. A great part of the city of modern Rome lay below us, and St. Peter's rose on the opposite side; and for dear Sir George Beaumont's sake I will mention that at no great distance from the dome of the Church on the line of the glowing horizon was seen one of those broad-topped pines, looking like a little cloud in the sky, with a slender stalk to connect it with its native earth"; . . . and *L.Y.*, p. 855: "I stood under the pine redeemed by Sir G. Beaumont. . . . I touched the bark of the magnificent tree and could almost have kissed it out of love for his memory."

p. 213. III. AT ROME: "Sight is at first a sad enemy to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exertions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome; not so much in respect to the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind's eye quickened to perceive as much as that of the []. But when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is, I believe, invariably felt. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past."—I. F.

pp. 213-14. IV-VI. v. note to I. 271 *supra*. The quotation in W.'s footnote to VI is from Horace, *Odes*, I. xii.

p. 215. VII. AT ROME. "I have a private interest in this Sonnet,

for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of what they had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance on the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers."—I. F. (Anna Ricketts was a friend whose acquaintance W. had made through Sir Henry Taylor and Miss Fenwick.)

p. 216. IX. AT ALBANO: "This Sonnet is founded on simple fact and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome. That they are in many respects lamentably pernicious must be acknowledged; but, on the other hand, they who reflect, while they see and observe, cannot but be struck with instances which will prove that it is a great error to condemn in all cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This remark bears with especial force upon addresses to the Virgin."—I. F.

p. 217. XI. FROM THE ALBAN HILLS. 10. Thy fortunes, twice exalted] i.e. in the days of ancient Rome, and in the time of the Renaissance.

12. thy double yoke] i.e. of the Papacy and of the Austrians.

p. 217. XII. NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE: Here Hannibal gained his great victory over the Romans in 217 B.C.

p. 218. XIII. NEAR THE SAME LAKE. 9. vanquished chief] the Roman consul, C. Flaminius.

11-14. After the battle of Trasimene the Romans expected Hannibal to march on Rome, but instead of this he marched through Umbria and Picenum and rested his army on the shores of the Adriatic. After his defeat at Zama in 202 B.C. Hannibal was hunted from state to state by the Romans, but when the King of Bithynia, where Hannibal had taken refuge, proposed to hand him over to his enemies, he took poison, which he was said to have carried with him for many years in a ring (190 B.C.).

p. 218. XIV. THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA: "Among a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the Cuckoo, there is a personal one which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof upon the occasion that suggested these verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr. Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it."—I. F.

To a MS. of the poem W. has prefixed the following note: "Laverna is one of the three famous Convents called the three Tuscan Sanctuaries—Camaldoli and Vallombrosa are the other two. Laverna was finished by S. Francis of Assisi, and the monks are Franciscans. In the following verses I am much indebted to a passage in a letter of one of Mrs. Corbelin's relations, the thought of which was suggested to

that writer by my own Poem to the Cuckoo ... transcribed at Munich, July 18, 1837." "I recollect perfectly well," wrote H. C. B., "that I heard the cuckoo at Laverna twice before he heard it; and that it absolutely fretted him that my ear was first favoured; and that he exclaimed with delight, 'I hear it! I hear it!' It was at Laverna too, that he led me to expect that he had found a subject on which he would write; and that was the love which birds bore to St Francis. He repeated to me a short time afterwards a few lines, which I do not recollect among those he has written on St Francis in this poem. On the journey, one night only I heard him in bed composing verses, and on the following day I offered to be his amanuensis; but I was not patient enough, I fear, and he did not employ me a second time. He made inquiries for St Francis's biography, as if he would dub him his Leibheiliger (body-saint), as Goethe (saying that every one must have one) declared St. Philip Neri to be his." (*M.* ii. 330-1). Miss Batho (*The Later W.*, pp. 296-7) has called attention to the significance of W.'s attitude to St. Francis in the poem: "W. rejoices at hearing the cuckoo at Laverna not least because it quickens the associations of the place with St Francis of Assisi. W.'s conception of St Francis was far removed from any that had been current, except among Roman Catholics—and it was not common among them—for three hundred years; it is so usual now that we have difficulty in realizing its distance from the usual contemporary idea, formed out of condescending pity, or disgust for dirty and fanatical friars, of whom St Francis was looked upon as the chief. . . . W. visited the Portiuncula and discovered St Francis. For it was an actual discovery. W. seems to be the first Englishman—we might say with little exaggeration, the first modern European—to understand St Francis, and he got his understanding not from books but from less than a full day's visit. . . . There was nothing he could have read earlier which would have put him on the track. . . . There seems no reasonable doubt that W. was original in his discovery, and the incident is a striking comment on the theory that in 1837 or earlier his mind was closed to new impressions."

This poem was the only one of the *Memorials* to be written abroad, and even this not in its complete and final form. For on March 26, 1840, W. wrote to Miss Fenwick: "After I had sent off my Cuckoo verses I felt as if they wanted something of solidity, and am now tempted to send you ... a copy slightly revised with an additional stanza toiled at unsuccessfully yesterday evening, but thrown off in a few minutes this morning" (*L.Y.*, p. 1013). As the earlier MS. omits ll. 49-73, one conjectures that these are the "stanza" referred to; and all the MSS. show drafts and variants which prove that he was not satisfied with the poem as first written. W. probably refers to this poem in a letter to his family of July 5, 1837, where he writes of "the labour I have lately undergone in correcting a little Poem of 76 lines which I was tempted to write" (*L.Y.*, p. 876).

1-16. "In ascending to Laverna, among the sternest solitudes of the Appennines I first heard the cuckoo; Mr. R. had heard it the day before. Then also I saw primroses and daisies blooming side by side." —W. W. to Dora W., May 30, 1837 (*L.Y.*, p. 876).

16. (*app. crit.*) frolic Spring] cf. *U Allegro*, 18, "the frolic wind that breathes the Spring".

108-9. airs . . . softly fan] *Paradise Lost*, x. 93-4, "gentle Aires . . . fan the Earth".

p. 222. XV, XVI. AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI: This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo (or Rumwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name), in the 11th century, the ground (campo) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between twenty and thirty distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old ago arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaollo, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been thirteen years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only", said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Scaramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *Saint Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.—W.

p. 223. XVII. AT THE EBEMITE OR UPPER CONVENT AT CAMALDOLI:

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this, place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from enquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.—W.

p. 223. XVIII. AT VALLOMBROSA: The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost", where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.—W.

"I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Strangers' book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned I read the notice in the English language that if anyone would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the vale of Arno for some leagues. To praise great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry, but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person

he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the Sonnet on the king of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of 'Paradise Lost' in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned."—I. F.

The quotation from Milton which heads the poem is from *P.L.* i. 302-4.

18. darkness and danger had compassed him round] *P.L.* vii. 27.

26. holiest of Bards] cf. *Prospectus to Excursion*, 24-5, where MSS. read "Thus prayed the Bard, Holiest of Men".

p. 225. XIX. AT FLORENCE: "Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an evidence of feelings honorable to our nature. I remember how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college vacation, I was pleased on being shown at [] a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the source of the river [], on which it was said that Congreve wrote his 'Old Bachelor'. One can scarcely hit on any performance less in harmony with the scene; but it was a local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies; and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day; and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante: it is the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot bring together in this way without offering some apology to the Shade of the great Visionary."—I. F.

"I recollect the pleasure he expressed when I said to him 'You are now sitting in Dante's chair'. It faces the south transept of the cathedral at Florence."—H. C. R. (*M.* ii. 331).

p. 225. XX. BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, etc.: "It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence; and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore *ashamed* to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—in answer to one who had spoken of his being in a sound sleep up to the moment when one of his great battles was

to be fought, as a proof of the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he could not help it. In like manner it is to be noticed that criminals on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who might have been in the Gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice."—I. F.

The sonnet is dated by a statement of M. W.'s in a letter of April 1840, "composed the other day".

p. 226. XXI, XXII. AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO: "However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and others with whom he lived. I feel nevertheless a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed. The latter, as it expresses, was written in his advanced years when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other; between both there is more than poetic affinity."—I. F.

Hutchinson (*Oxf. W.*, p. 365) suggests that these two sonnets were among the fifteen which W. attempted to translate from Michael Angelo for Mr. Duppa in 1805 (v. *E.L.*, pp. 529, 539, and note to *Misc. Son.* I. xxiv-xxvi, p. 423, *supra*). But a letter from W. to H. C. R. dated June 22, 1839 (*C.R.*, p. 385), suggests that W. had not seen Sonnet XXI before that month. Sonnet XXII, however, in its earliest form, may go back to 1805, for it is worth recalling that W. in his "Loud is the Vale", published in 1807, uses the phrase "Importunate and heavy load" which he ascribes in his note to Michael Angelo, "importuna e grave salma", from the first line of this sonnet. Duppa prints the sonnet in the original Italian at the end of his *Life of Michael Angelo*. Dykes Campbell, in his edition of Coleridge's *Poems* (p. 474) quotes from a note-book of Coleridge's a rough draft of it which C. is more likely to have received from W. than later. In C.'s note-book it runs thus:

Rid of a vexing and a heavy load,
Eternal Lord! and from the world set free,
Like a frail Bark, weary I turn to Thee
From frightful storms into a quiet road—
On much repentance Grace will be bestow'd.
The nails, the thorn, and thy two hands, thy face
Benign, meek, [?] offers grace
To sinners whom their sins oppress and goad.

Let not thy justice view, O Light divine!
 My faults and keep it from thy sacred ear

Cleanse with thy blood my sins, to this incline
 More readily, the more my years require

Prompt aid, forgiveness speedy and entire.

In its published form XXI is dated June 22, 1839, and against the MS. of XXII W. has written Sunday, 19th Jany, 1840.

p. 227. XXIII. AMONG THE RUINS or A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES: "The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it will be observed take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany."—I. F.

p. 228. XXV, XXVI. AFTER LEAVING ITALY: "I had proof in several instances that the Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their favorers, are opening their eyes to the necessity of patience and are intent upon spreading knowledge actively but as quietly as they can. May they have resolution to continue in this course! for it is the only one by which they can truly benefit their country. We left Italy by the way which is called the 'Nuova Strada de Allemagna' to the east of the high passes of the Alps which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland; this road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different Vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few Gorman words I was aware we had quitted Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the sonnet with which the imperfect series concludes."—I. F.

Mrs. Fletcher, a neighbour of the W.'s, and a strong Liberal in politics, records in her *Autobiography*, Aug. 1839, that "the poet on Italian politics is all we can desire". . . . "Wordsworth spoke with strong and deep feeling of the present state of Italy, and the crushing despotism of Austria, supported as it is in secret, by Russia and Prussia. . . . I cannot think Milton himself could have talked more loftily against despotism, or more excellently on Truth and Justice."

p. 229. XXVII. COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838: "This and the following Poem were composed on what we call the 'Far Terrace' at Rydal Mount, where I have murmured many thousands of verses."—I. F.

In 1842 placed among *Misc. Sonnets*, where its title is "Composed on a May Morning", and it is followed by III. xxx ("Life with yon Lambs"), of which the title is "Composed on the same Morning"; in 1845 placed in its present position.

p. 229. XXVIII. THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN: "These verses perhaps had better be transferred to the class of 'Italian Poems'. I had observed in the Newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was given as a subject for a prize-poem in English verse. I had a wish perhaps that my son, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so; but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter on the task; whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might, without difficulty, be done on such a subject."—I. F.

Before ed. 1845 placed among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*. "The Pillar of Trajan" was set as the subject for the Newdigate at Oxford in 1826. Hence the date of W.'s verses. W.'s note (1827) on ll. 45, 46, "Here and infra; see Forsyth", gives the source from which he obtained much of the detail which he introduces into the poem. The book referred to is *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in 1802—3*, by Joseph Forsyth, London, 1816. A copy of the book presented, with autograph, by Rogers was in the Rydal Mount Library.

p. 232. THE EGYPTIAN MAID: "In addition to the short notice prefixed to this poem it may be worth while here to say that it rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the 'Water Lily'. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake; and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is perhaps not well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length."—I. F.

W. dated the poem 1830, but letters to G. H. Gordon and to Quillinan dated Nov. 25 and 28, 1828, prove it to have been written by that time (v. *L.Y.*, p. 323).

47-8. sea-flashes . . . Top gallant height, rebounding] from the following description of an extraordinary storm: "the wind and raine so impetuously tormenting the Seas, that sometimes the surges or Sea-flashes doe rebound top-gallant height" (Sir T. Herbert's *Discription of the Persian Monarchy or a Relation of some yeares Travaile begunne Anno 1626 into Afrique etc.*, 1634, p. 7). The book, a rare first edition, was in W.'s library. Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* gives "flash;..a body of water driven by violence".

316. The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT] v. *Le Morte D'Arthur*, Bk. Ill, chap, iv; Bk. XIII, chaps, ii-iv.

p. 244. THE RIVER DUDDON: A Poet¹ whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome":

"The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

and ends thus—

"The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe,² in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill", is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground preoccupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook",³ of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to

¹ John Dyer (1699-1758), author of *Orongar Hill* (1726), *The Ruins of Rome* (1740), and *The Fleece* (1757). v. note to *Misc. Son. I.* xvii (p. 421, *supra*).

² *Lewesdon Hill*, by the Rev. William Crowe, went through three editions between 1788 and 1804 (T. H.).

³ On *The Brook* v. *Biog. Lit.*, chap x. [ed. Shawcross, i. 129].

another;"¹ and I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon". But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil² down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong,³ and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"):

"The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himser he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
AND NA' THINK LANG."⁴—W.

"It is with the little River Duddon as it is with most other rivers, Ganges and Nile not excepted,—many springs might claim the honor of being its head. In my own fancy I have fixed its rise near the noted Shire-stones placed at the meeting-point of the counties, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. They stand by the wayside on the top of the Wrynose Pass, and it used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, by touching them at the same time with feet and hands, one had been in the three counties at once. At what point of its course the stream takes the name of Duddon I do not know. I first became acquainted with the Duddon, as I have good reason to remember, in early boyhood. Upon the banks of the Derwent I had learnt to be very fond of angling. Fish abound in that large river; not so in the small streams in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead; and I fell into the common delusion that the farther from home the better sport would be had. Accordingly, one day I attached myself to a person living in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead, who was going to try his fortune as an angler near the source of the Duddon. We fished a great part of the day with very sorry success, the rain pouring torrents, and long before we got home I was worn out with fatigue; and, if the good man had not carried me on his back, I must have lain down under the best shelter I could find. Little did I think then it would have been my lot to celebrate, in a strain of love and admiration, the stream which for many years I never thought of without recollections of disappointment and distress.

"During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative who lived in the small town of Broughton. I passed many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which

¹ "One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes." *Psalm* xlii. 9 (*Prayer Book Version*).

² *Georgics*, ii. 486.

³ *The Art of Preserving Health*, ii. 355 ff.

⁴ *Epistle to William Simpson*, xv.

becomes an estuary about a mile from that place. The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet. The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead. The present Hall was erected by Sir Michael le Fleming, and it may be hoped that at some future time there will be an edifice more worthy of so beautiful a position. With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realised in the year 1840, when I made a tour through that district with my wife and daughter, Miss Fenwick and her niece, and Mr. and Miss Quillinan. Before our return from Seathwaite chapel the party separated. Mrs. Wordsworth, while most of us went further up the stream, chose an opposite direction, having told us that we should overtake her on our way to Ulpha. But she was tempted out of the main road to ascend a rocky eminence near it, thinking it impossible we should pass without seeing her. This, however, unfortunately happened, and then ensued vexation and distress, especially to me, which I should be ashamed to have recorded, for I lost my temper entirely. Neither I nor those that were with me saw her again till we reached the Inn at Broughton, seven miles. This may perhaps in some degree excuse my irritability on the occasion, for I could not but think she had been much to blame. It appeared, however, on explanation, that she had remained on the rock, calling out and waving her handkerchief as we were passing, in order that we also might ascend and enjoy a prospect which had much charmed her. 'But on we went, her signals proving vain.' How then could she reach Broughton before us? When we found she had not gone on before to Ulpha Kirk, Mr. Quillinan went back in one of the carriages in search of her. He met her on the road, took her up, and by a shorter way conveyed her to Broughton, where we were all reunited and spent a happy evening.

"I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention; especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the seaside of which the former part is detailed in my Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."—I. F.

Except for the last sonnet, the Duddon series is not generally regarded to-day as ranking high among W.'s poetry; hence it is interesting to know that in 1849 he said to Dr. Cairns: "My sonnets to the river Duddon have been wonderfully popular. Properly speaking, nothing that I ever wrote has been popular, but they have been more warmly received."

"These Sonnets (No. XXVII excepted) appeared early in 1820, in a volume entitled *The fiver Duddon, A Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and other Poems. To which is annexed A Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England.* They

were written at various intervals between 1806 and 1820. Sonnet No. XIV (*O Mountain Stream!*) was written before April, 1807, when it first appeared amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets of Poems in Two Volumes*; and Sonnet No. XXVII (*Fallen, and diffused*) was published in 1819, along with *The Waggoner*; included, in the collective (4 vol.) ed. of 1820, amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*; and, in ed. 1827, transferred to its present place in this Series."—Hutchinson (in *Oxford Wordsworth*).

Nineteen of the sonnets seem to have been written in 1818. M. W. writes to S. H., Dec. 1, 1818: "William is asleep from sheer exhaustion,—he has worked so long—he has written 21 sonnets (including 2 old ones) on the river Duddon—they all together compose one poem."

p. 244. To THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH: Christopher Wordsworth was Rector of St. Mary's, Lambeth, from 1816 to 1820.

51. fabled Cytherea's zone] i.e. the girdle of Aphrodite, which Hera borrowed when she wished to beguile Zeus the Thunderer. Cf. *Iliad*, xiv. 214.

p. 246. I. 3. Blandusia] v. note to *Musings near Aquapendente*, 257.

p. 247. IV. 7. sinuous lapse] a combination of two Miltonic phrases: "sinuous trace" of the snakes, *P.L.* vii. 481, and "liquid lapse of murmuring streams", viii. 263.

p. 248. V. This sonnet is descriptive of Cockley Beck.

p. 248. VI. FLOWERS:

"There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue."

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem", by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile—

———— "Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumines.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice overspread,
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.

Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
 For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
 Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
 And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.—W.

Sonnets VI, VII, VIII appear in a manuscript in the order VIII, VII, VI.

p. 249. VIII. *What aspect* etc.: a description of the upper valley of the Duddon.

p. 249. IX. THE STEPPING-STONES: The stepping-stones here referred to may be either those opposite Dale Head, Farm between Cockley Beck and Birks Bridge or those opposite Seathwaite. The position of the sonnet in the series points to the former; but local tradition favours the latter.

p. 250. XI. THE FAERY CHASM: There is some difficulty in identifying the "Faery Chasm". There is no "chasm" to speak of between Cockley Beck and Birks Bridge—but in the chasm below Birks Bridge there is no "blue stone". Sonnet XII undoubtedly refers to the gorge immediately below Birks Bridge.

p. 251. XIII. OPEN PROSPECT: The view from a hill known as Pen Crag; the one small hamlet is Seathwaite. Donnerdale (l. 14) is the name given to the district on the east bank of the river, between Broughton and Seathwaite. v. W.'s note to XVII.

p. 252. XV. *From this deep chasm* etc.: the "deep chasm" lies between Pen Crag and Wallabarow Crag. The "gloomy NICHE" is not identifiable with certainty; there are several formations of rock on the hill-side which might have struck W. in that light, but much would depend upon the growth of vegetation around it, which inevitably varies from time to time, and would not, probably, be the same now as it was more than a century ago.

14. *pass'd]* corrected from *past* (v. *app. crit.*); cf. note, Vol. II, p. 469.

p. 252. XVI. AMERICAN TRADITION: W.'s reference is to Humbolt's *Travels*, ii. 183 (ed. Bohn): "A few leagues from Encaramada, a rock, called *Tepu-mereme*, or the 'painted rock', rises in the midst of the Savannah. Upon it are traced representations of animals and symbolic figures. . . . Between the banks of the Cassiquiare and the Orinoco, . . . these hieroglyphic figures are often seen at great heights, on rocky cliffs which could be accessible only by constructing very lofty scaffolds. When the natives are asked how those figures could have been sculptured, they answer with a smile, as if relating a fact of which only a white man could be ignorant, that 'at the period of the great waters, their fathers went to that height in boats'."

p. 253. XVII. RETURN. 2. Raven] the ancient flag of the Danes.

3. Bird of Rome] v. next note.

p. 253. XVII and XVIII. RETUBN *and* SEATHWAITE CHAPEL: The EAGLE requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steep of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*", is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets (which together may be considered as a Poem), will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive "*Guide to the Lakes*", lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale; wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone."

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i, pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach

this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed -with birch'trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one

opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering ? " replied, "As far as it is *finished!*"

"The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, 'are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls' (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high), 'displayed in the short space of half a mile'. That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. 'The concussion,' says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), 'was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds'. But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground,—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

Memoir of the Rev. Robert Walker.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite ; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught

to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds *per annum*: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:

To Mr.—.

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"Sir,

"I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." . . .

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

From the Rev. Robert Walker.

"Sir,—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £17, of which is paid in cash, viz. £5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and £5 from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and

goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge,) I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

"Sir,

"Your much obliged and most obedient
humble Servant,

"R. W., Curate of S——.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop, (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me,) thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"MY LORD,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men".

The year following, the Curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better

benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

"May it please your Grace,

"Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

"Your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient

"Son and Servant,

"Robert Walker."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further

illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket money", who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly", and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"Robert Walker."

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount at the end of the year surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than £2,000; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry: eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shonstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the

pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the homespun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages;

they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life" ; but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one it might be thought could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted ? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away",—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way

before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife; to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amounted to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes, to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1,000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate

offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock;¹ a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grand-daughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that roils close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees,

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distrain for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure *I* annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the "Christian Remembrancer", October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

⁴⁴ His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no school-house. Yet in that cold, damp place

he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain side.

• • • • •
 "It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

• • • • •
 "Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. . . . He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

• • • • •
 "Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his

custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave."

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

"HENRY FOREST, Curate."

"Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being twenty-five years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y^e said 9th of May, y^e said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

"Hæc testor H. FOREST."

In another place he records, that the sycamore trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:—

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est estate, cito pede præterit ætas."—W.

p. 253. XVIII. 1. "mother of form and fear"] from Daniel's *Musophilus*, 1. 295. W.'s whole line is in Daniel, and its context in *Musophilus* is interesting in its relation with the thought of the sonnet.

12. A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse, portrays] *Cant. Tales, Prologue*, 477-528.

13. the heaven-taught skill of Herbert] a reference to George

Herbert's prose treatise *A Priest to the Temple or The Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life*.

14. tender Goldsmith] in *The Deserted Village*, 137-92.

p. 254. XIX. TRIBUTARY STREAM : The stream is Tarn Beck, which rises in Seathwaite Tarn and flows into the Duddon by Newfield.

p. 254. XX. THE PLAIN OF DONNEBDAL: in one MS. headed "To the river Duddon": for Donnerdale v. note to xiii, *supra*.

4. liquid lapse] *P.L.* viii. 263.

p. 255. XXI. *Whence that low voice*: v. I. F. note *supra*. The near relative there referred to was his cousin Mary, daughter of Richard W. of Whitehaven, who was married to John Smith of Broughton. She died in 1799 (v. 1. 4).

p. 255. XXII. TBADITION. 2. this hidden pool] Long Dub, 'a fine bathing-pool with sheer crags on one side of it, a little above Ulpha Bridge.

p. 256. XXIV. THE RESTING-PLACE. 4. vagrant reed] i.e. the composition of these sonnets by the wandering poet (Nowell Smith). For the reed as symbol of pastoral or rustic song cf. "the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed" (Burns, *Poor Mailie's Elegy*) and for the solace of the reed, Burns, *To William Simpson*, "I kittle up my rustic reed, It gies me ease".

10. the Fancy, too industrious Elf] a subconscious reminiscence of Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, 8:

The fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Keats's *Ode* was published in the *Annals of the Fine Arts* in July 1819, a magazine of which Haydon was the inspiring genius. Haydon had doubtless sent W. a copy. It is worth noting that in a letter to Haydon dated Jan. 16, 1820, W. asks after Keats, "a youth of great promise" (v. M.Y., p. 801).

p. 257. XXVI. *Return Content*: An early version of this sonnet with 15 lines, clearly written with the river Derwent in mind, is found in MS. W. and in MS. M. (transcribed before March 1804). It runs as follows:

Dear native Brooks your ways I have pursued
How fondly, whether ye delight in (underneath the MS. M) screen
Of shady trees to (ye MS. M) rest yourselves unseen
Or from your lofty dwellings scarcely view'd
But by the mountain eagle, your bold brood
Pure as the morning, angry, boisterous, keen,
Green as sea water, foaming white and green
Comes roaring like a joyous (happy MS. M) multitude.
Nor have I been your follower in vain,
For not to speak of life and its first joys,
Bound to your goings by a tender chain

Of flowers and delicate dreams that entertain
 Loose minds when men are growing out of Boys
 My manly heart has owed to your rough noise
 Triumph and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

It will be noted that l. 15 was used in 1808 to conclude Sonnet II. vii of *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*. The opening line recalls Coleridge's "Dear native Brook" (*Sonnet to the River Otter*, publ. 1796, q.v.; cf. *Prelude*, 1805-6, i. 271 *et seq.* and *Sonnet to the River Derwent*, Vol. IV, *Poems composed during a Tour*, 1833, V).

p. 257. XXVII. *Fallen and diffused*, etc.: Published in vol. containing *The Waggoner* 1819, and not included in *Miscellaneous Sonnets* in 1820, nor in the present series till 1827.

3. embattled House] probably refers to a ruin at the head of Hole-house Ghyll, near a farmhouse called the Old Hall. For the tradition on which it is founded v. I. F. note *supra*.

p. 258. XXIX. *No record tells etc.*: 11. 9, 10. the brave, who lie In the blank earth] About half a mile above Ulpha Bridge, on the east side of the Duddon, near New Close, is a small enclosure known as the Sepulchre. It was formerly a burial-place used by the Society of Friends, but contains no tombstones.

p. 259. XXX. *Who swerves from innocence etc.*: v. I. F. note *supra*.

11. rough copse] Between the Sepulchre referred to in the previous sonnet and Ulpha Kirk (XXXI) is a plantation known as Birks Wood.

p. 260. XXXII and XXXIII. It is interesting to note (v. *app. crit.*) that originally the octave of XXXII and the sestet of XXXIII formed one sonnet, the comparison to the Thames, with its far-fetched allusion to "triumphant war" and "cannon" being a not entirely appropriate afterthought.

p. 261. XXXIV. AFTER-THOUGHT. 14. *Wo feel etc.*] "And feel that I am happier than I know."—Milton [*P.L.* viiii. 282]. The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the Classical reader.—W. The reference is to Moschus's *Lament for Bion*, some lines of which W. had translated in his youth. L. 7 of this sonnet appears as l. 5 of his translation "But we, the great, the mighty, and the wise" (v. Vol. I, p. 286).

p. 262. YARROW REVISITED AND OTHER POEMS. COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED)¹ DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831. "In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless we proceeded and reached Abbotsford

¹ The "two" referred to are proved by the MSS. to be Nos. IV and XXIII. v. notes *infra*.

on Monday.¹ I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter and Mr. Quillinan,—'I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write as long as I live.' Though we had none of us the least thought of the cloud of misfortune which was then going to break upon his head, I was startled and almost shocked at that bold saying which could scarcely be uttered by such a man sanguine as he was without a momentary forgetfulness of the instability of human life. But to return to Abbotsford, the inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Liddell, his Lady and Brother, and Mr. Allan the Painter, and Mr. Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not await my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chaunted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow. But what is most worthy of mention is the admirable demeanour of Major Scott during that² evening. He had much to suffer from the sight of his Father's infirmities and from the great change that was about to take place at the residence he had built, and where he had long lived in so much prosperity and happiness. But what struck me most was the patient kindness with which he supported himself under the many fretful expressions that his sister Anne addressed to him or uttered in his hearing. She, poor thing, as mistress of that house, had been subject, after her mother's death, to a heavier load of care and responsibility and greater sacrifices of time than one of such a constitution of body and mind was able to bear. Of this, Dora and I were made so sensible, that, as soon as we had crossed the Tweed on our departure, we gave vent at the same moment to our apprehensions that her brain would fail and she would go out of her mind, or that she would sink under the trials she had passed and those which awaited her. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favorite haunts. Of that excursion the verses 'Yarrow revisited' are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir W.'s

¹ Monday, Sept. 19. •

² This is a mistake, dear Father; it was the following evening when the Liddells were gone and only ourselves and Mr. Allan present—*note added by Dora W. when transcribing the MS.*

works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with the two preceding Poems.¹ On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning—'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain'. At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and in the morning of that day Sir W. and I had a serious conversation *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke' with gratitude of the happy life which upon the whole he had led. He had written in my daughter's Album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her, and, while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence—'I should not have done anything of this kind but for your Father's sake: they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' They show how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes: one letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview also it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from 'Yarrow Unvisited' as recorded by me in the 'Musings at Aquapendente' six years afterwards. Mr. Lockhart has mentioned in his Life of him what I heard from several quarters while abroad, both at Rome and elsewhere, that little seemed to interest him but what he could collect or heard of the fugitive Stuarts and their adherents who had followed them into exile. Both the 'Yarrow Revisited' and the 'Sonnet' were sent him before his departure from England. Some further particulars of the conversations which occurred during this visit I should have set down had they not been already accurately recorded by Mr. Lockhart. I first became acquainted with this great and amiable man—Sir Walter Scott—in the year 1803, when my sister and I, making a tour in Scotland, were hospitably received by him in Lasswade upon the banks of the Esk, where he was then living. We saw a good deal of him in the course of the following week: the particulars are given in my sister's Journal of that Tour."—I. F.

p. 262. 1. *The gallant Youth*, etc.: In 1835 ed. this poem was given the title of the whole volume—*Yarrow Revisited*, which was afterwards omitted.

2. "winsome Marrow"] v. prefatory note to *Yarrow Unvisited*, p. 83.

¹ i.e. with *Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited*.

100-4. v, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 11. 30-2 *et seq.*

p. 265. II. 1-3. A trouble ... height] v. I. F. note *supra*. Charles Wordsworth writes: "I rejoined my Uncle and Cousin at Callendar: the former had just composed his beautiful Sonnet on *Sir Walter Scott's Departure*, and he recited it to me as we were walking together on the banks of Loch Achray" [Sept. 28 or 29, 1831].—*Annals of my Early Life*.

14. Parthenope] the Virgilian name for Naples (*Georgics*, iv. 564), whither Scott was bound.

p. 265. III. A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND: "Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland. The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholmo' Mickle who, as it appears from his Poem on Sir Martin, was not without genuine poetic feelings, was born and passed his boyhood in this neighbourhood, under his Father who was a Minister of the Scotch Kirk. The Esk, both above and below Langholme, flows through a beautiful country; and the two streams of the Wauchope and the Ewes which join it near that place are such as a Pastoral Poet would delight in."—I. F.

The MS. readings are from a transcript of the sonnet in a letter of Dora's, Oct. 7, 1831, quoted by Harper, ii, pp. 364-9. D. here transcribes six sonnets all written on the tour: they are II, V, III, VI, VIII, and X.

p. 266. IV. ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE, *etc.*: "The Manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the Clergyman's income falls below the average of the Scotch Minister's. This is not merely owing to the one country being poor in comparison with the other, but arises rather out of the equality of their benefices, so that no one has enough to spare for decorations that might serve as an example for others; whereas, with us, the taste of the richer incumbent extends its influence more or less to the poorest. After all, in these observations the surface only of the matter is touched. I once heard a conversation in which the Roman Catholic Religion was decried on account of its abuses. 'You cannot deny, however,' said a Lady of the party, repeating an expression used by Charles II, 'that it is the religion of a Gentleman'. It may be left to the Scotch themselves to determine how far this observation applies to the [] of their Kirk, while it cannot be denied, if it is wanting in that characteristic quality, the aspect of common life, so far as concerns its beauty, must suffer. Sincere Christian piety may be thought not to stand in need of refinement or studied ornament; but assuredly it is ever ready to adopt them, when they fall within its notice, as means allow; and this observation applies not only to manners, but to everything a Christian (truly so in spirit) cultivates and gathers round him, however humble his social condition."—I. F.

In one MS. this sonnet is found after No. IX of *Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833* (v. Vol. IV) with the heading *Subject continued*.

p. 266. V. COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM: "We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin. Here this Sonnet was composed, and if it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner. A Painter delineating the interior of the chapel and its minute features under such circumstances would have, I doubt, found his time agreeably shortened. But the movements of the mind must be more free while dealing with words than with lines and colours; such at least was then and has been on many other occasions my belief, and, as it is allotted to few to follow both arts with success, I am grateful to my own calling for this and a thousand other recommendations which are denied to that of the Painter."—I. F.

8-10. From what bank Came those live herbs? *etc.*] W. had visited Roslin with D. W. in 1803, cf. D. W.'s *Recollections*, Sept. 17: "The architecture is exquisitely beautiful. The stone both of the roof and walls is sculptured with leaves and flowers, so delicately wrought that I could have admired them for hours, and the whole of their ground-work is stained by time with the softest colours; some of those leaves and flowers were tinged perfectly green, and at one part the effect was most exquisite; three or four leaves of a small fern, resembling that which we call adder's tongue, grew round a cluster of them at the top of a pillar, and the natural product and the artificial were so intermingled that at first it was not easy to distinguish the living plant from the other, they being of an equally determined green, though the fern was of a deeper shade."

p. 267. VI. THE TROSACHS: "As recorded in my Sister's journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot, but this and some other Sonnets that follow were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going."—I. F.

This sonnet was chosen by Bagehot (*Literary Studies*) as a "luminous example" of the "pure" style, "the compactness of the sonnet and the gravity of the sentiment, hedging in the thoughts, restraining the fancy, and helping to maintain a singleness of expression,... To W. has been vouchsafed the last grace of the self-denying artist; you think neither of him nor his style, but you cannot help thinking of—you *must* recall—the exact phrase, the very sentiment he wished."

10. golden perch of aspen spray] "At Loch Katerine, and also

among the rocks of the cataract of the Dochhart near Killin, we were particularly struck with the rich and wild beauty of the aspens, the depending sprays of which looked exactly like the tassels of the laburnum in full blossom."—Dora W.'s note. v. Note to III, *supra*.

p. 268. VIII. COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE: "'That make the Patriot spirit'—it was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors; love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope."—I. F.

1. This Land of Rainbows, *etc.*] W. writes to S. Rogers of his Scotch tour, Nov. 7, 1831: "The foliage was in its most beautiful state; and the weather, though we had 5 or 6 days of heavy rain, was upon the whole very favourable; for we had most beautiful appearances of floating vapours, rainbows and fragments of rainbows, weather-gales, and sunbeams innumerable so that I never saw Scotland under a more poetic aspect" (*L.Y.*, p. 583).

p. 268. IX. EAGLES. 4-5]. "The last I saw was on the wing off the Promontory of Fairhead, County of Antrim. I mention this because though my Tour in Ireland with Mr Marshall and his Son was made many years ago, this allusion to the Eagle is the only image supplied by it to the poetry I have since written. We travelled through that country in October and to the shortness of the days and the speed with which we travelled (in a carriage and four) may be ascribed this want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting. The deficiency I am somewhat ashamed of, and it is the more remarkable as contrasted with my Scotch and Continental tours, of which are to be found in these Vols. so many memorials."—I. F.

"At Dunally Castle, a ruin seated at the tip of one of the horns of the bay of Oban, I saw the other day one of those noble creatures cooped up among the ruins, and was incited to give vent to my feelings as you shall now see: Dishonoured Rock and Ruin," *etc.* Letter to W. R. Hamilton, Oct. 27, 1831 [the sonnet follows, but with the variants given in *app. crit.*] (*L.Y.*, p. 579).

p. 269. X. IN THE SOUND OF MULL: "Touring late in the season in Scotland is an uncertain speculation. We were detained a week by rain at Bunaw on Loch Etive in a vain hope that the weather would clear up and allow me to shew my daughter the beauties of Glencoe. Two days we were at the isle of Mull, on a visit to Major Campbell; but it rained incessantly, and we were obliged to give up our intention of going to Staffa. The rain pursued us to Tyndrum, where the next Sonnet was composed in a storm."—I. F.

On this sonnet Dora W. notes: "Composed in the same place" (i.e. as VIII).

14. Yon towering Peaks] "These peaks are two, and rise at the head of the lake, as] you will see by looking at a picture which

Mr. Harrison has, done by his sister, taken from the very point where these two sonnets were first conceived."—Dora W.'s note.

p. 270. XII. THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION *etc.*: 2. "narrow house"] The phrase is common in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and is found in Burns's *Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots*, 53-4:

And in the narrow house of death
Let winter round me rave.

But both Macpherson and Burns probably owe it to the "narrow cell" of Gray's *Elegy*.

p. 270. XIII. "REST AND BE THANKFUL": Glencroe is on the road between Arrochar and Inverary. W. had visited it in 1803 with D. W.: "At the top of the hill we came to a seat with the well-known inscription 'Rest and, be thankful'. On the same stone it was recorded that the road had been made by Col. Wade's regiment [in 1745]. The seat is placed so as to command a full view of the valley, and the long, long road, which, with the fact recorded, and the exhortation makes it an affecting resting-place."—*Recollections*, Aug. 29, 1803.

p. 271. XIV. HIGHLAND HUT: This Sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind", and other poems, in these volumes, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. 'She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by

the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'Ye'll get that', bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the twilight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond'. Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to '*go ben*', attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to'. It was of chaff: there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and

child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—MS.—W.

The quotation is from D. W.'s *Recollections*, etc., for Aug. 27, 1803, slightly altered.

p. 271. XV. THE HIGHLAND BROACH: "On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches. I talked with her about it; and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt—'May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it'—she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed not a little moved."—I. F.

35. Malvina] A character who figures in Macpharson's *Ossian*; a note to Book IV of *Fingal* reads: "This book, as many of Ossian's other compositions, is addressed to the beautiful Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. She appears to have been in love with Oscar [son of Ossian] and to have affected the company of the father after the death of the son."

p. 274. XVI. THE BROWNIE: v. *The Brownie's Cell*, p. 97 *supra*.

p. 275. XVIII. BOTHWELL CASTLE: "In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time."—I. F.

4. Once on those steeps I roamed] The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy,

and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elm and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings: you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting

passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compaired with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—*MS. Journal*.—W. (From D. W.'s *Recollections*, etc., for Aug. 22, 1803.)

p. 275. XIX. PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN: by Rubens, once in the possession of Charles I. The picture (life-size) represents the naked figure of the prophet seated, his hands clasped, surrounded by nine prowling lions. There is some difference of opinion as to his expression. H. C. R. states that "all the muscles of his countenance [are] strained with extreme terror. He is without joy or hope; and though his doom is postponed, he has no faith in the miracle which is to reward his integrity" (*Diary*, ii. 415). The catalogue of its sale in 1882, quoted by K., states that "his countenance is directed upward with an expression of earnest prayer".

p. 276. XX. THE AVON: "'Yet is it one that other rivulets bear.' There is the Shakespeare Avon, the Bristol Avon; the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name; Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river."—I. F.

p. 276. XXI. SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST: "The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory. I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state. The Hart's-horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was one of its remarkable objects, as well as another tree that grew upon an eminence not far from Penrith: it was single and conspicuous; and being of a round shape, though it was universally known to be a Sycamore, it was always called the 'Round Thorn', so difficult is it to chain fancy down to fact."—I. F.

p. 277. XXII. HART'S-HORN TREE: "In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayod some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfolle Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules kill'd Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and

another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Bums's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her daughters, near Eden, etc., etc.—W.

p. 277. XXIII. FANCY AND TRADITION: In *Yarrow Revisited* (1835) this sonnet was printed as XXXVI of the *Sonnets composed or suggested during a Tour in Scotland, 1833*, after "There, 'said a stripling". In one MS. it is similarly placed under the heading suggested by the above. It was given its present place in 1837.

p. 278. XXIV. COUNTESS' PILLAR: "Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest."—I. F. The pillar is situated on the Penrith-Appleby road, about two miles from Appleby.

p. 278. XXV. ROMAN ANTIQUITIES: W. is alluding to the Roman remains dug up at Voreda about six miles north of Penrith, on the road to Carlisle.

p. 279. XXVI. APOLOGY. 20. threshold loved by every Muse] i.e. the home of Sir Walter Scott (v. I and II).

30. rash change, ominous for the public weal] The Reform Bill which passed the House of Commons on Sept. 22, 1831, but was rejected by the Lords on Oct. 8. Riots throughout the country followed. For W.'s "dejection" v. his letters at the time (*L. Y.*, pp. 578, 585, 587, 589, 591).

p. 281. THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE: The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North". The tradition is as follows:—"About this time", not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe", say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation".—DR. WHITAKER'S *History of the Deanery of Craven*.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory", says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, "The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven", "stands upon a beautiful curvature yf the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

" Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm'ash, etc., of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STBID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked grit-stone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn', which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters', heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."—W. 1820.

In 1815 the first paragraph concludes.. the Ballad which I have thought it proper to annex, and the following is inserted Before paragraph 2:

THE RISING IN THE NORTH. The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569,

which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negociation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, et that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a safe and speedy conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the Queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies was come to seize his person. The Earl was then at his house at Topeliffe in Yorkshire. When, rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take up arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent to restore the ancient Religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility etc. Their common banner, (from which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esquire, who, with his sons, (among whom Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas are expressly named by Camden), distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, etc., and caused mass to be said there; they then marched to Clifford-moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. . . . The two Earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing at all, for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of

York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monihouth's rebellion.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees, in most particulars, with the following Ballad, apparently the production of some northern minstrel.—

Listen, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee,
 And I will sing of a noble carle,
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.
 Earle Perey is into his garden gone,
 And after him walkes his faire leddie:
 I heard a bird sing in mine ear,
 That I must either fight, or floe.
 Now heaven forefond, my dearest lord,
 That over such harm should hap to thee:
 But goe to London to the court,
 And fair fall truth and honestie.
 Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,
 That at the court I may not bee.
 O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee:
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may boe.
 Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subiltie;
 And if I goe to the court, ladye,
 Never more I may thee see.
 Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
 And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye deare;
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To Maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
Ho will ryde in my compani'.

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran ;
Untill he came to his journeyes end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye cornpanie,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seem'st to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good earle's in jeopardy ?

Father, my counselled fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word,

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee;
And if wo speed and 'scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy, now', my children deare,
You shoue yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
A father's blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldest sonne and heire:
Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your beard is gray;
It were a shame at these your years
For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learned'st this of mee:
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Earle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.

Erle Percy there his ancyent spread,
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire:
The Nortons ancyent had the Crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoile to make:
Those noble erles turned backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his cascle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee.
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But though they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke and stone,.

Then newes unto leewe London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shoo swore,
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

Shoe caused thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the oarles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erie Warwick went,
The Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdon ;
Untill they to Yorke castle came
I wiss they never stint ne blan.

Now sprod thy ancyent, Westmoreland,
Thy dun Bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erie of Northumberland,
Now ray so thy Half Moone on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Nortqn, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doomed to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thoe could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
 They cruellye bereav'd of life:
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,
 And widowed many a tender wife.

But despite this lengthy note and the authorities referred to in it, W. told Wrangham (*M.Y.*, p. 842): "As to the Nortons the Ballad is my authority, and I require no more. It is much better than Virgil had for his *Eneid*." Ho had already completed the poem when Scott, having loaned it to Southey, offered to send him "some very curious letters from a spy, sent in to Scotland at the time of the great Northern Rebellion, in which there is a good deal of mention made of the Nortons". To this W. replied: "Thank you for your interesting particulars about the Nortons. I shall much like to see them for their own sakes; but so far from being serviceable to my Poem they would stand in the way of it. I have followed (as I was in duty bound to do) the traditionary and common historic records. Therefore I shall say in this case, a plague on your industrious Antiquarianism, that has put my fine story to confusion." (*M.F.*, p. 458 e.)

The I. F. note to the poem runs as follows:

"The earlier half of this Poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mary and I were on a visit to her eldest Brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud as freely as they would come. Mary reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late, so that she was made uncomfortable. I here beg her pardon for this and similar transgressions during the whole course of our wedded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

"When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grasmere, I proceeded with the Poem; it may be worth while to note, as a caution to others who may cast their eye on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking I found that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday. A rapid euro was the consequence. Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health; so that intellectual labour is not necessarily unfavourable to longevity. But perhaps I ought here to add that mine has been generally carried on out of doors.

"Let me here say a few words of this Poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in 'The White Doe' fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The heroine of the Poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure.

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanizing influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion, of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the loss fitted to make a deep arid permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake."—I. F.

The first sentence of this note is not strictly accurate. W. left for Stockton-on-Tees on Dec. 1, but D. W. is our authority for the fact that before the end of October he had started upon the poem, and by the end of November had already written 500 lines (*M.Y.*, p. 159). He returned to Grasmere shortly before Christmas, and by Jan. 3, 1808, had 1,200 lines to his credit; on Jan. 16 he had completed the poem in 1,700 lines (*M.F.*, p. 458 d). On sending this news to Mrs. Clarkson on Feb. 5, D. W. adds: "I think it very beautiful. It is to be published in quarto. He means to demand 100 guineas for 1,000 copies. Before he publishes he intends to send the manuscript to Coleridge." But the reception accorded to the *Poems* of 1807 had

increased W.'s aversion to publishing, and it was only his sister's entreaties that had brought him to agree to it; even *she* did not "expect the poem to be immediately popular, like the Lay of the Last Minstrel", but she persuaded herself "that the story will help those parts which are above the common level of taste and knowledge, and that it will have a better sale than his former works" (M.Y., p. 180).

Later in the month news reached Grasmere that Coleridge was "alarmingly ill, and thinks he cannot live many months", and W. hurried up to London to see him, leaving his sister under the impression that while there he "would push the printing and correct the press himself". But without Dorothy at his elbow he procrastinated. Lamb and Hazlitt, to whom he read a part of the poem, were far from enthusiastic (M.F., p. 196), and Coleridge, though more appreciative, had suggestions to offer which could only be met by considerable revision. At the end of March W. was suddenly recalled to Grasmere by the news that S. H. was seriously ill, and he left the manuscript with Coleridge, asking him to make any necessary corrections in it, and to complete the negotiations with Longman for its publication. For Longman, before acceding to W.'s terms, had wanted a further opinion as to the poem's saleability. On this point Coleridge succeeded in convincing Longman's representative, so that on April 20 D. W. was able to write: "The poem is to be published, and Longman has consented to his terms." Meanwhile Coleridge retained the manuscript, uncertain whether it was to be printed as it stood, or subjected, as he thought advisable, to some further revision; and on May 1 D. W., in a fever of anxiety, wrote urging him to return it at once, and "simply to mention those passages to which you object, without attempting to alter them", whilst W. still hovered between the desire to satisfy Dorothy and to follow his own inclination. On May 11 she wrote: "W. himself is sure that *The White Doe* will not sell or be admired except by a very few at first; therefore though he was once inclined to publish it, he is very averse to it now, and only yields to Mary's entreaties and mine." But, in fact, W. had not yielded, and when, towards the end of the month, he received a long and rambling letter from Coleridge in which, among other matter, C. formulated his objections to the poem in its present form, W. was convinced of the wisdom of withholding it for further consideration, so that, on June 5, D. W. had to tell Mrs. Clarkson that "the poem is not to be published till next winter". No more is heard of it till May 1, 1809, when she reports that "he has begun to correct and add to [it], and has been tolerably successful. He intends to finish it before he begins with any other work, and has made up his mind, if he can satisfy himself in the alterations he intends to make, to publish it next winter." Yet in Feb. 1810 he "is at work on the first three books of *The Recluse*, and after that hopes to complete the *White Doe*": The poem then drops out of the correspondence till Nov. 1814, when we hear that it "is to

appear next spring"; in Feb. 1815 the proofs are being corrected, and in May it was at last published, in quarto, with a frontispiece (reproduced in 1820) by Sir George Beaumont, illustrating ll. 178-85. It was included in all subsequent editions of the poems. The following are the pertinent passages from Coleridge's letter referred to *supra*:¹

"In my re-perusals of the Poem it seemed always to strike on my feeling as well as judgement, that—if there were any serious defect, it consisted of a disproportion of the Accidents to the spiritual Incidents, and closely connected with this, if it be not indeed the same,—that Emily is indeed talked of, and once appears; but neither speaks nor acts in all the first 3 fourths of the Poem: and as the outward Interest of the Poem is in favour of the old man's religious feelings, and the filial Heroism of his band of Sons, it seemed to require something in order to place the two Protestant Malcontents of the Family in a light, that made them beautiful, as well as virtuous—In short, to express it far more strongly than I *mean* or *think* . . . that $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the Work is every thing rather *than* Emily; (*then*) the last almost a separate (and doubtless a most exquisite) Poem wholly *of* Emily.—The whole of the Rout and the delivering up of the Family by Francis I never ceased to find not only *comparatively* very heavy, but to me quite obscure, as to Francis's motives. . . . Now I had conceived two little Incidents, the introduction of which joined to a little abridgement, and lyrical precipitation of the last Half of the third, I had thought would have removed this defect—so Seeming to me—and bring to a finer Balance the *Business* with the *Action* of the Tale. But after my receipt of your Letter concerning Lamb's censures I felt my courage fail—and that what I deemed a harmonizing would disgust you, as a *materialization* of the Plan, and appear to you like *insensibility*—to the power of the history in the mind. . . .

"I cannot get rid of the Fear, that it will be talked of as an imitation of Walter Scott. . . . I therefore did not send the little Preface, in which *my* name was, because I knew, that *the Public* are quick-witted in detecting the most hidden thing that can be made a topic of chit-chat Scandal. If everyone who had seen the Xtable, believed, without the least suspicion of the difference, that the metre was the same as that of the Lay of the last Minstrel, they will and must, of course, think your metre to be the same with that of the L. of the L. M.—and then your referring the metre of a Poem composed since the publication of the L. of the L. M. to a *MS Poem*, will appear strange and almost *envious*, if the great priority of the MS to the Publication be not mentioned at the same time—and if it be, it would then I fear, be deemed *invidious*, and a covert attack on Scott's originality, which for the world I would not, that *you* should be suspected of—I say, *but* for this apprehension, which I am sure is not an *absurd* one, I should

¹ The letter is printed in full in Chambers's *Coleridge* (Oxford, 1938), pp. 347-54.

most deeply regret the withdrawal of a Poem so peculiarly yours; and beyond any other in *rhyme* illustrative of your characteristic excellences—tho' I may add now, that it being not only sense, but sense that demands thought in the Reader, and will not leave him to a lax freewill, that the metre being—as you observed of your poem in general, rather dramatic than lyric, i.e. not such an arrangement of syllables, not such a metre, as acts *a priori* and with complete self-subsistence (as the simple anapaestic in its smoothest form, as in praise of Bacchus in Dryden's Ode) but depending for its beauty always, and often even for its metrical existence, on the *sense* and *passion*.—I have something like the same suspicion that you entertained concerning *Xtabel*, how far this would or would not be an obstacle to its, popularity. Lamb and Miss Lamb, who evidently read it—he twice through; he said,—with no genial effort, no exertion from sympathy, are for the very reason that disqualifies them as Judges concerning its *true merit*, no unfair Specimens of perhaps the majority of readers of Poetry, especially in the perusal of a new Poem, which does not employ the common excitements of lively interest, namely curiosity, and the terror or pity from unusual external events and Scenes—convents, dungeons, etc."

From this letter it emerges that W. had written a Preface, later cancelled and now lost, in which he admitted a metrical obligation to the then unpublished *Christabel*, and called attention at the same time to a like debt in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. (For W.'s views on this v. D. W.'s letter to Lady Beaumont of Oct. 27, 1806—*E.L.*, pp. 533-4.) In point of fact the debt of both was not solely metrical, for each of the three poems is a tale of feudal times, having as its heroine a lady of high birth surrounded by warring hates and the violence of battle, to which her innocence and beauty afford a striking contrast; each has a setting of northern landscape and medieval architecture, and each is in part bathed in the romantic atmosphere of moonlight. But more significant is their employment of a similar metre, though here it should be noted that whereas Scott never achieved or, indeed, attempted those subtler melodies on which Coleridge based his claim to metrical originality, W. equalled if he did not surpass them in those parts of his poem, outstanding in their high imaginative beauty, which present the White Doe and her association with Emily (v. especially ll. 43-155, 938-1019, 1730-50). In melody and rhythm, delicately responsive to subtle changes of feeling and movement, these passages are nearer to Coleridge than anything W. wrote, whilst they retain the quiet pulse, suggesting "central peace", which belongs intrinsically to W.'s verse.

We do not know what Coleridge's "little incidents" were, nor whether he ever communicated them, and as neither of the extant manuscripts of the poem preserves the original text we cannot determine the exact character and extent of W.'s revision; but it must

have been considerable, for it is noteworthy that whereas D. W. speaks of the poem in Feb. 1808 as consisting of "nearly 1,700 lines", the published version contained over 1,900, and, far more important, much of Coleridge's criticism, which was doubtless pertinent enough to the text before him, is not applicable to its published form.¹ The extant texts contain nothing to explain the stricture on "the delivering up of the family by Francis", nor can the charge be substantiated against them that Emily lacks her due prominence. She is, in fact, indispensable to the action in all cantos but the first and third; and in the first, which is purely introductory, the central point is reached when the White Doe reclines upon the grave of Francis, that spot which was the favoured haunt of Emily in her last years, so that, with fine artistic effect, the "song" begins "where it must-end"; while in the third, though Emily is not present in body, she is symbolically present, dominating the action, in the banner which was her handiwork; and the canto finds its climax when her father, torn with emotion between his love for her and his grief at the thought that "her faith leaned another way" from his own, is overcome by foreboding that the banner wrought at his command but against her will, is an emblem, not of a triumphant cause, but of imminent disaster.

There is, unfortunately, no record whether, or how far, Coleridge was satisfied with W.'s revision; he may perhaps have felt, as some have done since, that those parts of the poem which depict the "rising in the North" still lack vital interest and cohesion. W. was evidently himself a little uneasy on this point, but he was so possessed by his central spiritual conception that, as he admits, he found it difficult to pay sufficient regard to its setting in the world of action. His exposition of the poem, given in the I. F. note (*supra*) is anticipated in a letter to Wrangham of Jan. 18, 1816: "'The White Doe' starts from a high point of imagination, and comes round, through various wanderings of that faculty, to a still higher—nothing less than the Apotheosis of the Animal. . . . And as the Poem thus begins and ends with pure and lofty Imagination, every motive and impetus that actuates the persons introduced is from the same source; a kindred spirit pervades, and is intended to harmonise, the whole. Throughout, objects (the Banner, for instance) derive their influence, not from properties inherent in themselves, not from what they *are* actually in themselves, but from such as are *bestowed* upon them by the minds of those who are conversant with or affected by those objects. Thus the Poetry, if there be any in the work, proceeds, as it ought to do, from the soul of Man, communicating its creative energies to the images of the external world." And again, on Oct. 10, 1836, he remarked to Mr.

¹ This point was first, I think, made by Peter Burra in his *Wordsworth*, 1936. Previous critics have quoted Coleridge's letter as though it were a criticism of the published version of the poem.

Justice Coleridge that "he considered *The White Doe* as, in conception, the highest work he had ever produced. The mere physical action was all unsuccessful; but the true action of the poem was spiritual—the subduing of the will, and all inferior passions, to the perfect purifying and spiritualising of the intellectual nature; while the Doe, by connection with Emily, is raised, as it were, from its mere animal nature into something mysterious and saint-like. He said he should devote much labour to perfecting the execution of it in the mere business parts, in which, from anxiety to 'get on' with the more important parts, he was sensible that imperfection had crept in, which gave the style a feebleness of character" (M. ii. 311). But the changes introduced into the text of 1837 in no way affected the conduct of the story; they were matters of style, and though these were on the whole distinct improvements, W. never succeeded in imparting to his verse in "the business parts" that vigour and rapidity of narrative which had contributed so largely to Scott's success in a similar metre. Yet whatever the verdict on the poem as a whole, none can question the loftiness of its imaginative conception, or that it enshrines some of W.'s most exquisite writing.

Two incomplete manuscript copies of the poem are extant. MS. 1, a small vellum-bound octavo contains a fair copy by M. W., D. W., and W. W., of ll. 1-856, with drafts of 1761-76 and 1841-72 on some of the versos. MS. 2, some sheets of a small quarto, unbound, by S. H., used later for a revision of *Vaudracour and Julia*, contains ll. 536-81, 594-795, 878-937 (with a rejected start to Canto iv), 1346-63, and 1570-1635.

In a recent critical edition of *The White Doe*¹ Miss A. P. Comparetti has dealt with a wide range of historical and literary sources.

ADVERTISEMENT: For W.'s visit to Bolton Abbey v. *M.Y.*, p. 137.

DEDICATION: 11. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, i. vii. 25, "And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart". (Comparetti, op. cit.)

13. Cf. *F.Q.* i. i. iv. 9, "And by her, in a line, a milke-white lambe she lad". W. in *Personal Talk* puts "heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb" among "personal themes . . . pre-eminently dear".

23. *F.Q.* ii. viii. xlv, "That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men". W. is referring to the loss of his children Catharine and Thomas in 1812.

38-9. Cf. *F.Q.* i. vii. 28, "High over hils, and low adowne the dale, She wandred . . .". (Comparetti, op. cit.)

42-5. Cf. *Excursion*, iv. 352-8.

Action is transitory, etc.] This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.—W.

¹ *The White Doe of Rylstone*—a critical edition by Alice Pattee Comparetti. Cornell University Press, 1940.

1837. The work was Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, published 1825: v. "Mr. Wordsworth".

These lines were first used as a motto to the poem in 1837: the first six are from *The Borderers*, 1539-44: the rest were specially written for insertion here (v. Vol. I, p. 128). In 1815 and 1820 the sonnet "Weak is the will of man" (p. 19) was used, with the passage from Bacon's essay *Of Atheism*, as motto for the poem, and placed before the Dedication; and in 1827 and 1832 the passage from Bacon stood alone. M. W. added a PS. to W.'s letter to Coleridge of April 19, 1808, stating that W. "proposes to prefix as motto to the *White Doe* lines from Daniel's *Musophilus* 567-78"; the lines are:

And for my part, if onely one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large enow,
And his applause onely sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
That is my all; and all I am, is his.
And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breede, but not more will.
But what if none ? It cannot yet undoo
The love I beare unto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
This is my Scene, this part I must fulfill.

1. From Bolton's old monastic tower] It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament; but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."—W.

27. A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest] "The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution, for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English cathedral."—W.

34. Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!] "At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for £70. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."—W.

226. When Lady Aaliza mourned] The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer".—W. For "The Force of Prayer" v. *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*, xxii.

242. Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door] "At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church is a chantry belonging to

Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."—W.

268. Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet] In the second Volume of these Poems [p. 254] will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors". To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burns and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS., on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb,

vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will be appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.—W.

588. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 452.

595. Brancepeth] Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.—W.

814—15. Of mitred Thurston—what a Host He conquered!] See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.—W.

828. In that other day of Neville's Cross] "In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosse, then Prior of the Abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporal-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

The battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each

other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made", (which is then described at great length), "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc. etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and shot/ed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHARINE, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery". It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.—W.

937. Should e'er a kindlier time ensue] MS. 2 preserves a cancelled continuation of this passage:

Not other wise than he had said,
 As from the Royal power they fled
 That followed close on their dismay,
 Did this rash levy day by day
 Dissolve;—while Neville's brow betrayed
 A sadness visible to all;
 For promise fails of Norfolk's aid, [cf. 1134-6]
 Nor can Lord Dacre rise, the call
 For him too suddenly was made.
 Yet still in arms a few are left,
 Though of *their* Chieftains now bereft;
 And Norton to the last is true,
 And, for the chearing of this few,
 The Banner is by him displayed;
 But what can save, who give them aid ?
 Though hope doth yet with some remain
 The Scottish Border thus to gain,
 And wandering in this wretched'plight
 Through [] wood, at fall of night,

In little knots, or Man by Man,
 They seek for shelter where ~~they~~ can;
 The Nortons, who had chanced to espy
 A Forest-lodge in a lonely glade,
 Deserted now and half-cleaved,
 Turn to that shattered canopy
 Their toil-worn steps, and together there
 May sleep in covert from the air.

Yet One is left with unclosed eyes,
 And, forced by anxious thoughts to rise,
 Beside the door walks to and fro;
 And yet Another, and the best,
 Is near them in this time of rest,
 A guard of whom they do not know
 'Tis Francis!—much he longs to entreat
 (For he hath cause of dread this night)
 That they would urge their weary feet
 To yet a further, further flight,

(*cetera desunt*)

951—82. MS. 2 preserves an earlier version of these lines:

But list the dog, the household guard,
 Repeats a faint uneasy howl;
 And from the distant crags are heard
 The hootings of the riotous owl;
 All else is still, for timely sleep *etc.* as 951-61
 Not by the hour serene and fair,
 Not by the freshness of the air,
 Is Emily called forth to seek
 The peace she cannot find within;
 By restlessness or blank despair
 Impelled, she wanders here and there,
 And if no comfort she may win,
 No truce, yet still the cool night air
 Breathes freshly on her feverish cheek.

She through the Garden takes her way
 Where round a Pool soft breezes play,
 And lift, and lift the willows hoary
 That screen a small secluded Pile
 Right in the centre of an isle,
 Her Father's secret Oratory.
 There stands the Holy-water Stone,
 From which he crossed his wrinkled brows,
 Entering here to pray alone
 And offer up his private vows;
 There too with reverential dread
 The Banner was deposited,

And thence did come, that fatal morn,
When forth, in triumph it was borne.

She takes no heed, with varying pace
Driven by her thoughts from place to place
Pale, sad, companionless, but lo!

Not distant far the milk-white Doe. [972]

The same fair Creature which was near

When Francis, from his sister dear

Departing, uttered to the Maid

His last words in the yew-tree shade; [975]

The same *fair* Creature—she no more

Delights the Forest to explore,

Nor the waste Hills, but rather loves

Small sheltered crofts and household Groves,

And hath unwonted entrance found

This night into forbidden ground [982]

972-1002. For this picture of the Doe W. is clearly indebted to D. W.'s description of the white dog under the yew-tree in her "Excursion on the Banks of Ullswater, November 1805" (*Journals*, i, p. 415). "Mrs. Luff's large white dog lay in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree, a beautiful and romantic image—the dark tree with its dark shadow, and the elegant creature as fair as a spirit." W. appended a revised form of this Journal to his *Guide to the Lakes*.

1010-75. On a verso in MS. 1 are found the following lines, probably a first draft for this passage:

{ ours, days almost, she here hath counted
{ What anxious moments have been counted
Here, or on lofty Simon-seat,
And sometimes had the White Doe mounted,
Though hitherto unused to roam
With any wandering far from home,
Had followed her with doubtful feet,
At distance followed, for through fear
The willing creature came not near,
Through fear and through confusion strange
At some unexampled change.
[? Love] or notice she found none,
The Lady's [? natural] looks were gone;
And now the Doe is wholly checked,
Or hath yielded to neglect;
I see her not this rueful dayj
Elsewhere she is at feed, at play,
An Old Man only do I see
Near the Lady Emily.

1069—72. stand and wait] From Milton's sonnet on his blindness; the three lines that follow seem to recall the close of *Samson Agonistes*.

1168. Norton Tower] It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, (Wo of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."—W.

1175. Cf. *Ballad of Flodden Field*: "From Penigent to Pendle Hill."

1387. blank awe] cf. *Comus* 452, "With sudden admiration, and blank aw".

1550/1. "Powers there are " etc.] From *Address to Kilchurn Castle* 8-9, (p. 78), first placed here in 1837.

1568-9. desolation O'er Rylstone's fair domain] "After the attainder of Richard Norton his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2nd or 3rd of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey, made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the "mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fishponds, and island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."—W.

1707. In the deep fork of Amerdale]" At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the

N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—Dr. Whitaker.—W.

1718. Cf. *F.Q. i. iii. ix*, "And ever by her lookes conceived her intent" (Comparetti).

1762. GOD us ayde] On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "J. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "~~GOD~~ us ayde."—W.

1803. The grassy rock-encircled Pound] Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W. where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, etc. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery, Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.—W.

p. 341. ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS: During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be 'found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about

that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in versé. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

Rydal Mount,
January 24, 1822.

W. Wordsworth.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

"My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before Ecclesiastical History and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed. The former particular is mentioned as an excuse for my having fallen into error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the third at Venice is described as setting his foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority. Substitute for it an undeniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, namely, the penance inflicted by Gregory the Seventh upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

"Before I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, let me observe that the opinion I pronounced in favour of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract movement) and which had brought censure upon me from several quarters, is not in the least changed. Omitting here to examine into his conduct in respect to the persecuting spirit with which he has been charged, I am persuaded that most of his aims to restore ritual practices which had been abandoned were good and wise, whatever errors he might commit in the manner he sometimes attempted to enforce them. I further believe that, had not he, and others who shared his opinions and felt as he did, stood up in opposition to the reformers of that period, it is questionable whether the Church would

ever have recovered its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it." —I. F.

The identity of the new Church referred to in W.'s note *supra* is given in the I. F. note to III. 'i, *infra*. *Vide* also note to III. xxxix.

The majority of the sonnets were composed in 1821 and published in 1822; I have prefixed a date to those written and published later. The edition of 1822 consisted of 102 sonnets—Part I, 38 sonnets; Part II, 36; Part III, 28. II. 43 and III. 12 appeared also in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1822. In 1827 W. added 11 sonnets, making the numbers in the several parts 38, 39, and 36; in 1832 another sonnet} was added to Part III. In 1835, 3 additional sonnets for Part II were given in the volume *Yarrow Revisited*; these took their due place in the edition of 1837, and another was added to Part I. *Poems, chiefly of early and late years*, 1842, gave 3 more for Part III, which duly appeared in the edition of 1845, together with 11 others, making the final totals 39, 46, and 47.

No other work of W.'s was based on such wide reading definitely undertaken with a view to poetic composition, and it is not perhaps surprising that poems which so closely follow prose authorities, often even incorporating their phraseology, should lack imaginative colour, and be somewhat pedestrian in style. W. himself refers in his notes to Bede, Foxe, Daniel, Fuller, Strype, Heylin, Walton, Stillmgfleet, Burnet, Hume, Whitaker, George Dyer, and Sharon Turner. For a full examination of his debt to these and other authorities v. the valuable and exhaustive edition of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* by A. F. Potts, Yale University Press, 1922.

The variant MS. readings of II. ii and III. xxi are from MSS. examined by K.; those of II. i, ii, and x, III. xix, xxvi, xxix are from W.'s own copy of the 1837 ed. of his works, afterwards in the possession of Lord Coleridge (C); the variants of III. xiii, xxx, and xxxi are from copies in the Wordsworth Museum at Grasmere. For the rest, which are from a note-book in the hands of M. W. and D. W. now in the Cornell Library, I have relied on the careful transcription of Miss Potts (*op. cit.*).

p. 341. *Motto*. A verse may catch, etc.] Adapted from George Herbert, *The Church-porch*, 5-6:

A verse may finde him, who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

p. 341. I. INTRODUCTION. 14. Immortal amaranth] From *Parade Lost*, iii. 353-5:

Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom.

p. 342. II. CONJECTURES. 6. holy Paul] Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.—W.

10. shade unpiercable (MS. reading, v. *app. crit.*)] From Milton's "the unpierc't shade" (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 245), which itself recalls Spenser's "Not perceable with power of any Starre" (*F.Q.* i. i. 7).

p. 343. V. UNCERTAINTY. 2. Brigantian] i.e. the coves of Yorkshire. The Brigantes inhabited Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Durham.

8. Iona's coast] v. *Poems of Tour during summer of 1833*, xxxv (Vol. IV) and note.

10. Taliesin] a Welsh bard of the sixth century who celebrated the Celtic heroes who fell in the struggle against the Saxons.

The MS. of this sonnet (v. *app. crit.*) is really a wholly different treatment of the same theme; notice its relation with the sestet of II as given in *app. crit.*, the two subjects, *Conjectures* and *Uncertainty*, being obviously akin.

p. 344. VI. PERSECUTION. 13-14. This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus imo usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil reperitè arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum sequoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."—W.

p. 345. VII. RECOVERY: Miss Potts quotes from Fuller's *Church History* on the persecution of Diocletian: "Dark and tempestuous was the morning of this century, which afterward cleared up to be a fair day", and notes words and phrases suggested by Hammer's translation of Eusebius's *Eccles. Hist.* W. had also in his mind, in 11. 1-4, the description of the morning after a storm in *Paradise Regained*, iv. 432-8:

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

p. 345. VIII. TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS: Miss Potts has shown the debt of this sonnet to Daniel.

p. 346. X. STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS, *etc.*: 1. Aneurin] A British chieftain and bard of the sixth century; his chief poem, *Gododin*, recounted a battle in which 360 British chiefs were slain and he was among the few survivors.

9. Urien] the ruler of Reged, a province between the Humber and Clyde. For some years he defied the Saxon hosts, but was at last assassinated by a rival British chieftain. He was the patron of Taliesin.

p. 346. XI. SAXON CONQUEST. 2. hallelujahs] Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. See Bede.—W. (i.e. Bede's *Eccles. Hist.* I. xx).

9-14. The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. *Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.*—W. The passage from Daniel runs: "For they [the Saxons] being a people of rough breeding that would not be taken with these delicacies of life, seemed to *care for no other monuments but of earth* and as *born in the field would build their fortunes only there.* Witness so many intrenchments, Mounds, and *Borroughs* raised for tombs and defences upon all the wide champions and eminent hills of this Isle."

p. 347. XII. MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR: "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us'; and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.—W.

1,2. In a translation of Taliesin given by Turner the lines occur:

I saw the oppression of the tumult, and wrath and tribulation:
The weapons glittered on the splendid helmets.

p. 347. XIII. CASUAL INCITEMENT: The story is told in Bede's *Eccles. Hist.*

p. 348. XIV. GLAD TIDINGS: also from Bede.

p. 348. XV. PAULINUS: The person of Paulinas is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longse staturse, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."—W.

p. 349. XVI. PERSUASION: See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "'Who,' exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and the temples?' 'I,' answered the Chief Priest; 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (*equum emissarium*); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in 'acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham [1822] *ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat aras.*" The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.—W.

Miss Potts has shown that W.'s version of the story, especially in his first drafts, drew less on Bede than on Fuller's *Church History*: "'Man's life,' said he, 'O King, is like unto a little Sparrow, which, whilst your Majesty is feasting by the Fire in your Parlour with your royall Retinue, flies in at one Window, and out at another. Indeed we see it that short time it remaineth in the House, and then is it well sheltered from Wind and Weather; but presently it passeth from Cold to Cold, and whence it came, and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant. Thus, we can give some account of our Soul, during its abode in the Body, whilst housed and harboured therein; but where it was before, and, how it fareth after, is to us altogether unknown. If therefore Paulinus his Preaching will certainly inform us herein, he deserveth, in my opinion, to be entertained."

p. 350. XVII. CONVERSION: from Bede.

12. Heard near fresh streams] The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.—W.

p. 350. XVIII. APOLOGY. Miss Potts (*op. cit.*) has shown this sonnet to be indebted to Bede for much of its detail, and with 11. 4, 5 compares *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1030-2.

1. 3 is reminiscent of *Paradise Lost*, vii. 27, "In darkness and with dangers compassed round", and "the blaze Of the noonday"; 11. 9-10 is from *Samson Agonistes*, 1. 80, "O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon."

p. 350. XIX. PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY: Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.—W.

p. 351. XX. OTHER INFLUENCES: This sonnet, too, was probably suggested by a passage from Bede, where he quotes Gregory's letter to Augustine giving the same warning as W. expresses in 11. 13-14. (*v. Potts, op. cit.*)

p. 351. XXI. SECLUSION: 7-14. "In the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* the lines concerning the Monk, 'Within his cell . . .' were suggested by a beautiful tree clad as thus described, which you may remember in Lady Fleming's park at Rydal, near the path to the upper waterfall." (*M.* ii. 476.)

p. 352. XXII. CONTINUED: The "beechen bowl" (*v. Prelude*, viii. 206) and the "maple dish" (*v. Exc.* v. 687) are conventional pastoral properties. W. had already used the phrase "thorpe and vill" in *Exc.* viii. 100.

p. 352. XXIII. REPROOF. 14. He expired dictating the last words of [in the act of concluding—1822] a translation of St. John's Gospel.—W. 1827.

p. 353. XXIV. SAXON MONASTERIES, *etc.* 2. like congregated bees] See, in Turner's History, vol. iii, p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.—W.

p. 354. XXVI. ALFRED: For W.'s previous estimate of the character of Alfred *v. A Fact and an Imagination*, 24-44 (Vol. IV).

10. pain narrows not his cares] Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.—W.

p. 355. XXIX. DANISH CONQUESTS: the violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner.—W.

p. 356. XXX. CANUTE: cf. *A Fact and an Imagination*, 1-23 (Vol. IV). The "sweet song" referred to by W. is quoted by both Turner and Dyer. In Dyer it runs:

Merry sung the monks in Ely
When King Canute sailed by;
Row, Knights, near the land
And hear what these monks sang.

p. 357. XXXIII. THE COUNCIL or CLERMONT: The Council, convened by Pope Urban II in 1095, initiated the First Crusade. Miss Potts notes that the whole sonnet is a versification of a passage in Fuller's *Historic of the Holy Warre*, i. viii; the conclusion of the passage runs: "If fame, which hath told many a lie of others, be not herein belyed herself, the things concluded in this Council, were the same night reported at impossible distance to the uttermost parts of Christendom. What spiritual intelligencers there should be, in what echoes to the hollow arch of this world should so quickly resound news from the one side thereof to the other, belongeth not to us to dispute."

p. 358. XXXIV. CRUSADES: The sestet of this sonnet is fashioned from the octave of a projected sonnet on the Crusades of which two incomplete rough drafts are found in the Cornell MS. It will be noted that W. made no use of his original sestet. Draft 2, corrected in two places from Draft 1, ran:

Much are they blamed who with a sovereign lever
Acting upon the heart—Imagination
Uplifted Christendom from her natural station.
They sweep along (such host till now were never
Arrayed in march) to tear from the Deceiver 5
The previous tomb, their haven of salvation.
But sooth this war was mixed by selfish passion
With base allo[y] which thence no skill may sever;
As a sharp pike set on a buckler's boss
Makes an efficient portion of the shield 10
[] blend
Powers of annoyance, Providence doth wield
For this great purpose, namely, to defend
Kingdoms and states whose hope is in the cross.

1. I scorn them not who] Draft 2 *corr.*

1-2. ... with mightiest lever Known to the moral world *Draft 1.*

7. so both drafts; but Draft 1 *corr.* to They sweep along enormous inundation.

8. thence *Draft 1*, omitted from *Draft 2.*

10. shield *Draft 1*; mighty shield *Draft 2.*

Miss Potts has shown that the sonnet (in its first form) is based on Fuller's *Holy War*.

p. 360. XXXVIII. SCENE IN VENICE : v. I. F. note to series *supra*.
pp. 361 and 362. PART II. I and II. v. note to II. ix. W. devotee} much care to these two sonnets: six complete versions of I and seven of II, all showing revision, are found in C, the copy of *Poetical Works* 1836-7 which belonged to Lord Coleridge. The salient variants are recorded in *app. crit.*, q.v.

p. 363. III. CISTERTIAN MONASTERY: "Bonum est nos hie esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, prsemiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."—W.

p. 363. IV- *Deplorable his lot*, etc.: This sonnet, with xii and xiii *infra*, was first published in *Yarrow Revisited*, etc. 1835, where W. prefixed to them the note: The three following Sonnets are an intended addition to the "Ecclesiastical Sketches"; the first to stand second; and the two that succeed, seventh and eighth, in the second part of the series.—See the Author's Poems. They are placed here as having some connection with the foregoing Poem. (*i.e.* "St. Bees".)

p. 364. V. MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN: For a less favourable view of the Schoolmen v. *Misc. Son.* ii. 32.

p. 364. VI. OTHER BENEFITS: "Daniel recounts the 'works of piety' of Edward III, among them 'his augmenting the chapel at Windsor, and provisions there for churchmen, and 24 poor Knights'."—Potts.

p. 365. VIII. CRUSADERS. 7. cross-legged effigy] cf. *Prelude*, ii. 117, "cross-legged knight".

p. 365. IX. *As faith thus sanctified*, etc.: W. told Professor Reed, in a letter dated Sept. 4, 1842, that he had added two sonnets "in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity and humanity in the middle ages". In 1845 four sonnets were added to Part II—i, ii, ix, and x; and K., followed by Hutchinson and Dowden, took it for granted that the two referred to above are Nos. ix and x. But, as Miss Potts has pointed out, ii and ix are the more likely.

p. 366. XI. TRANSUBSTANTIATION : For this and the following few sonnets W.'s chief authority seems to have been Fuller's *Holy War*.

9. Valdo] Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons (*circa* 1170), sold his goods for the poor, preached voluntary poverty, and had the New Testament translated into Provençal. Prohibited from preaching, he declared that he must obey God rather than man, and in 1184 was excommunicated and he and his disciples denounced and persecuted as heretics.

p. 367. XII and XIII. v. note to II. iv.

p. 368. XIV. WALDENSES. 8. Whom Obloquy pursues] The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious:

—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign."—W.

p. 368. XV. ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V: It will be noted that in the first version of this sonnet (*v. app. crit.*) there' is no mention of the Norman leopard. The King is urged to unite the English rose and the French lily. In the first version, too, by the use of the epithet "wily" in l. 9, W. suggests that Chichester's advice was not disinterested, but was definitely aimed at diverting Henry's attention from Church matters to a foreign war. (*v. next sonnet.*)

p. 369. XVII. In his note to l. xi, W. acknowledges a special debt to Fuller in this sonnet, *v. Church History*, Bk. IV, §§ 51-3: "Hitherto the *Corpse of John Wickliffe* had quietly slept in his grave, about *one andfourty years* after his death till his *body* was reduced to *bones*, and his *bones* almost to *dust*. For though the *Earth* in the *Chancel* of *Lutterworth* in *Leicester-shire*, where he was interred, hath not so quick a *digestion* with the *Earth* of *Acheldama*, it consumes *Flesh* in *twenty foure houres*, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other *English graves*, to leave small *reversions* of a body after so many years.

"But now such the *spleen* of the *Council of Constance*, as they not only cursed his *Memorie*, as dying an *obstinate Heretick*, but ordered that his *bones* (with this charitable caution, *if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people*) to be taken out of the ground and thrown farre off, from any *Christian buriall*.

"In obedience hereunto *Richard Fleming, Bishop of London, Diocesan of Lutterworth*, sent his *Officers* (Vultures with a *quick scent* at a *dead Carcase*) to *ungrave* him accordingly. To *Lutterworth* they come, *Sumner, Commissarie, Official, Chancellour, Proctors, Doctors*, and the *Servants* (so that the Remnant of the body would not hold out a *bone*, amongst so many *hands*) take, what was left, out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into *Swift* a Neighbouring Brook running hard by. Thus this *Brook* hath convey'd his ashes into *Avon*; *Avon* into *Severn*; *Severn* into the *narrow Seas*; they, into the *main Ocean*. And thus the *Ashes* of *Wickliff* are the *Emblem* of his *Doctrine*, which now, is dispersed all the *World* over."

p. 371. XXI. DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES. 6. gadding]
From Milton's "gadding vine", *Lycidas*, 40.

7—8. And the green lizard, *etc.*] These two lines are adopted from a

MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits", etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still", in a subsequent Sonnet.—W- Cf. *Fort Fuentes*, 1-8, *supra*, p. 178.

13-14. Cf. *Eccl. Son. I. ii. 11-14* and W.'s note.

p. 372. XXII. THE SAME SUBJECT. 9-10 Cf. Triad, 84-5:

The rainbow's form divine
Issuing from her cloudy shrine,

"cloudy shrine" is from *Paradise Lost*, vii. 360; cf. also iii. 378-9.

p. 372. XXIII. 1. Yet many a Novice, *etc.*] This reading was adopted because Barron Field, in a letter dated Sept. 15, 1837, pointed out that "noviciate" means "the state of a novice".

p. 373. XXIV. «SAINTS. 9. Margaret] According to the legend a Dragon swallowed Saint M. with her Cross, by the aid of which she cut her way out, thus slaying the monster.

p. 373. XXVI. APOLOGY. 8. saintly Fisher, and unbending More] Both John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More were beheaded in 1535 for opposing Henry VIII's divorce.

9-10. Lightly, *etc.*] From *Romeo and Juliet*, v. i. 3, "My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne".

p. 374. XXVIII. REFLECTIONS. 6-7. "trumpery", *etc.*] From *Paradise Lost*, iii. 474-5, 489-95:

Eremites and Friers
White, Black, and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
 . . . then might ye see
Cowles, Hoods, and Habits with thir wearers tost
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Dispences, Pardons, Bulls,
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad . . .

13—14. The earlier reading of these lines is given in the *app. crit.* as it is written in the MS. But what W. obviously intended in line 13 was

"To enforce that power might make a wise King sad"
which he then altered to

"To enforce that power might make the ruler sad".

p. 375. XXIX. TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE. 13-14. Cf. *White Doe*, 714, "And trod the Bible beneath their feet".

p. 375. XXX. THE POINT AT ISSUE. 3-4. evidence Of things not seen] from *Hebrews* xi.

p. 376. XXXI. 1. "Sweet is the holiness of Youth"] v. *The Prioress' Tale (modernized)*, 61 (Vol. IV and note).

12. morning Star] W. had already so described Chaucer in his

Reply to the letter of Mathetes, 1809, and in his *Essay, Supplementary to the Preface*, 1815.

p. 376. XXXII. EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT, *etc.*: The story of Edward's reluctance to sign the warrant for the execution of Joan Butcher on the charge of heresy W. probably took from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

p. 377. XXXIV. LATIMER AND RIDLEY: "M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.... Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out'."—Fox's *Acts*, *etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography", for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.—W.

p. 380. XXXIX. EMINENT REFORMERS. 5. The gift exalting, *etc.*] "On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease', and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard'."—See Walton's *Life of Richard Hooker*.—W.

9-10. More sweet than odours, *etc.*] From *Paradise Lost*, iv. 162-3:
Sabqan Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of Arabie the blest

p. 381. XL. THE SAME. 4. Their Church reformed!] On this change of text from "Their new-born Church!" v. W.'s letter to his nephew Nov. 12, 1846 (*L.Y.*, p. 1299)—"Though for my own part I do not like the term *reformed*: if taken in its literal sense, as a transformation, it is very objectionable."

p. 381. XLI. DISTRACTIONS. 11. personates the mad] A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance.—W. W.'s reference is to Stl'ype's *Annals of the Reformation*, 1709.

p. 382. XLII. GUNPOWDER PLOT. 12-14. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572.

p. 382. XLIII. ILLUSTRATION—THE JUNG-FRAU, etc.] This sonnet was also printed in the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1822) where W. appended the note: "This Sonnet belongs to another publication, but from its fitness for this place is inserted here also. 'Voilà un enfer d'eau,' cried out a German friend of Ramond, falling on his knees on the scaffold in front of the Waterfall. See Ramond's Translation of Coxe."

p. 383. XLIV. 7 (*app.crit.*). Miss Potts reads "*headland* flood", but "*headlong*" must be what W. intended; cf. *Exc.* ii. 705, "Of stream and headlong flood".

p. 384. XLV. LAUD: In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period". A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour* "—W.

3. "painful art of dying"] Miss Potts traces the phrase to Heylin, *Cyprianus Anglicanus*: "So well was he studied in the art of dying that by continual fastings, watchings, prayers, and such like acts of Christian humiliation, his flesh was rarefied into spirit."

9. Why tarries then thy chariot ?] From *Judges* v. 28, "Why tarry the wheels of his chariot ?".

p. 385. Part III. I. "When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter,

and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside: it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal. I wish I could say the same of the five or six hundred I have written: most of them were frequently retouched in the course of composition, and, not a few, laboriously.

"I have only further to observe that the intended Church which prompted these Sonnets was erected on Coleorton Moor towards the centre of a very populous parish between three and four miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to Loughborough, and has proved, I believe, a great benefit to the neighbourhood."—I. F.

p. 386. IV. LATITUDINARIANISM. 3. the Church inspire that eloquence] W. is probably thinking chiefly of Jeremy Taylor, for whose writings both he and Coleridge had a great admiration.

4. Platonic Piety] i.e. the Cambridge Platonists, of whom Henry More (1614-87) and Ralph Ardworth (1617-88) were the chief.

6-14. One there is] Milton; the quotation in ll. 13-14 is from *Paradise Lost*, iii. 54-5, but the whole passage is reminiscent of iii. 30-55 and ll. 8-9 of vii. 27-8: "In darkness, and with dangers compass round . . . yet not alone."

p. 387. V. WALTON'S BOOK or LIVES: i.e. of Donne (1640), Wotton (1651), Hooker (1665), Herbert (1670), Sanderson (1678).

2-4. pen . . . wing] K. compares a sonnet "To the King of Scots" in Constable's *Diana* (1594):

The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenlie singe
Made of a quill pluck't from an Angell's winge.

In edd. 1827-43 this sonnet was placed after XII; in 1845 it was restored to its original position.

p. 387. VI. CLERICAL INTEGRITY. 2. one rigorous day] i.e. St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1662. The Act of Uniformity, enforcing the use of the Prayer Book, which caused the ejection of some 2,000 Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, became effective on that day.

p. 387. VII. PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS. 1-2. The reference is to the massacre of the Vaudois by the Duke of Savoy in 1655. Cromwell intervened to stop the persecution, and Milton wrote upon it his famous sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints", q.v.

p. 388. VIII. ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS: v. W.'s note to I. xi, *supra*. The Seven Bishops were committed to the Tower in April 1688 for protesting against the second Declaration of Indulgence. They were tried on June 29-30 and acquitted.

p. 389. X. OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY: Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester, and Lord William

Russell, son of the Duke of Bedford, were both tried before Chief Justice Jeffries for implication in the Rye House Plot, and beheaded in 1683.

p. 389. XI. SACHEVEREL: a Tory High Churchman who was impeached by the Whigs in 1710 for sermons preached in favour of non-resistance and suspended from preaching for three years. His trial was made a great public issue between the two parties, and contributed to the fall of the Whigs, whose war policy was already most unpopular in the country.

p. 390. XII. *Down a swift Stream* . . .] Professor Lane Cooper was the first to point out that this sonnet is a revision of the sonnet entitled *Author's Voyage down the Rhine (Thirty Years Ago)* which was published as one of the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820, and later withdrawn from that series, v. Appendix, p. 409 and note. From 1827 to 1843 it was No. X of the *Eccl. Sonnets*, Part III, between *Obligation to Civil Liberty* and *Walton's "Book of Lives"*.

pp. 390-1. XIII-XV. ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA: First published in the volume of 1842 with the note: This and the two following sonnets are intended to take their place in the Ecclesiastical Series which the reader may find in the fourth volume of my Poems. American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W.

On March 1, 1842, W. wrote to Reed: "I hope you will not disapprove of the connection which I have thought myself warranted in tracing between the Puritan fugitives and Episcopacy."

p. 393. XVIII. PASTORAL CHARACTER: Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which

country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect,' both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.—W.

Sonnets XX-XXXI all draw for phrasing as well as subject-matter upon *The Boole of Common Prayer*.

p. 394. XXI. SPONSORS: K. asserts that this sonnet, dated Dec. 7, 1827, was sent by W. to Coleorton. The MS. readings quoted in the *app. crit.* are from that copy.

12. make assurance doubly sure] From *Macbeth*, iv. i. 83.

p. 395. XXII. CATECHISING. Cf. *Autobiographical Memoranda* (M. i. 8): "I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter." v. also *Prelude*, v. 256-93.

p. 397. XXVI. THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY. 10-11. From Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 216-17:

The sacred ceremonies there partake
The which do endlesse matrimony make.

On April 29, 1842, Henry Reed wrote to W. suggesting that among the sonnets on the rites and ceremonies of the Church in Part III, two more should be introduced, "one on the Solemnization of Matrimony, the other on the Burial Service". W. responded with XXVI and XXXI.

p. 400. XXXII. RURAL CEREMONY: This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when

the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Bushbearing"].—W. In 1822 placed after XXII.

13. The spirit of Laud] v. II. XLV.

14. Hooker's voice] Hooker's love of such celebrations, as Miss Potts notes, is described by Walton, who tells how Hooker "would by no means omit the customary Time of Procession" when "he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving or facetious observations, to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people".

1-2 (*app. crit.*). In 1827 this sonnet follows that on *Sacrament*, xxv *supra*.

p. 401 XXXIV. MUTABILITY. 10-14. For this striking simile, and especially the last line, cf. the lines written by W. in early youth, to be found in his *Fragment of a Gothic Tale*, 66-9 (Vol. I, p. 288 and note), to which should be added the record of W.'s remark on Dyer's lines which suggested the image: "A beautiful instance of the modifying and *investive* power of imagination may be seen in that noble passage of Dyer's *Ruins of Rome* where the poet hears the voice of Time (*M.* ii, p. 477).

p. 401. XXXV. OLD ABBEYS. 10. Teaching us to forget them or forgive] This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.—W. "It is as natural for people to receive gratification from the history of the places where they were educated, as from revisiting thorn. . . . Time acts by our follies as by our resentments: it teaches us to forgive and forget our own infirmities, not less than those of others."

13. Once ye were holy, *etc.*] v. W.'s note to *Eccl. Son.* II. xxi.

p. 402. XXXVI. EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY: Miss Potts suggests that this sonnet refers to the influx of French clergy consequent on the persecutions at Nîmes in 1815, after the second restoration of the Bourbons. In May 1816 Sir Samuel Romilly, supported by Brougham, brought the matter before the House of Commons. But the sonnet was not published till 1827.

p. 402. XXXVII. CONGRATULATION. 3. the great Deliverer's] i.e. William III. v. III. ix, *supra*.

5—6. See Burnet, who is unusually animated on the subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called "the Protestant wind".—W.

p. 403. XXXVIII. NEW CHURCHES: £1,000,000 had been voted by Parliament in 1814 for the building of new churches.

p. 403. XXXIX. CHURCH TO BE ERECTED: This and the following two sonnets were probably the first of the series to be written, v. W.'s Prefatory note to the series (*supra*, p. 556). The "honoured friend" there referred to is Sir George Beaumont, with whom W. was staying, at Coleorton Hall, in Dec. 1820.

p. 403. XL. CONTINUED. 9. conceal the precious Cross] The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their Churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

12. incense-breathing morn] From Gray's *Elegy*, l. 17: the phrase is derived from *Paradise Lost*, ix. 194, "Flours that breathd Their morning incense".

p. 404. XLII. C4THEDBALS, ETC. 1. Open your gates, *etc.*] A blended reminiscence of Spenser, *Epithalamion*, 204, "Open the temple gates", and of *Psalms* xxiv. 9, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors".

5. intricate defiles] A phrase already used in *Duddon Sonnets*, xvi. 8.

p. 405. XLIII. INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL. 1. the royal Saint] Henry VI.

Sonnets XLIII-XLV were probably written on W.'s visit to Cambridge in Nov.-Dec. 1820, v. letter to H. C. R. March 13, 1821 (*C.E.*, i, p. 100).

p. 406. XLV. CONTINUED. 8. younger Pile] i.e. St. Paul's Cathedral.

p. 406. XLVI. EJACULATION. 5-6. Alpine Mount, *etc.*] Some say that Monto Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpractical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

p. 407. XLVII. CONCLUSION. 14. Cf. *Hebrews*, xii. 23, "to the spirits of just men made perfect".

NOTES TO APPENDIX

p. 408. A.I. *I find it written of Simonides*: Ascribed to W. by Coleridge in a letter to Poole, dated Oct. 14, 1803. W. tells the story again in his *Essay on Epitaphs* (*init.* 4th paragraph): he found it in either Valerius Maximus I. viii, or Cicero, *de Divinatione*, I, both of which were known to him. In both the *Essay* and in *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection* XXVIII, where he refers to Simonides, he uses the epithet "tender-hearted". Mackail quotes the sonnet in his *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, p. 124, remarking that "it is written in something very near the Simonidean manner": it has "the same lucid straightforwardness that is almost like prose,—like but oh, how different!".

p. 408. II. FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO: A translation of Michael Angelo's sonnet beginning "Giunto è già '1 corso della vita mia", found among the MSS. at Coleorton by Professor Ifor Evans, and contributed by him to *The Times Lit. Sup.* of March 12, 1938. As he points out, it first appeared in Richard Dupper's *Life and Works of Michel Angelo Buonarrotti* (1806); it is there unsigned, but the Coleorton copy is headed "translated by Wordsworth". It must be pointed out, however, that in the 2nd edition, 1807, of Dupper's book, where the translations are initialled S. or W., this sonnet is initialled S., and

in the 3rd edition, 1816, it is ascribed to Southey. (v. notes to *Misc. Sonnets* I. xxiv-xxvi, p. 423, *supra*.)

p. 409. III. ON MILTON: At the bottom of the MS. W. has written "This Sonnet is suggested by Symond's Life". The *Life of Milton* by C. Symmons was published in 1806. As I have found no passage in it to which W. seems to allude I conjecture that the sonnet was inspired by the general impression of Milton left on his mind after reading the book. The simile of the pine was doubtless suggested by the comparison of Satan's spear to "the tallest pine, Hewn on Norwegian hills" (*Paradise Lost*, i. 292-3).

p. 409. IV. *Through Cumbrian wilds*] First printed by K., who dates it 1819. But as the sestet is found as a variant to the sestet of *Misc. Sonnet* I, xix (v. *app. crit.*), which was written in or before 1815, this sonnet, which is on the same theme and probably a preliminary handling of it, must be almost contemporary with it.

p. 409. V. AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE. After its publication in 1822 in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, it was omitted in subsequent editions. W. later adapted it for the *Series of Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (v. Part III, xii, p. 390 *supra*). The voyage described is that of himself and Robert Jones in their Tour of 1790.

p. 410. VI. THE MODERN ATHENS: Probably written by W. after his visit to Edinburgh in 1831; the imitation of the Parthenon had been erected on Calton Hill in 1822. Dr. Meikle of the National Library of Scotland informs me that "*Wha wants me*" was the title of a well-known political ballad on Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville, at the time when he was virtually ruler of Scotland, and refers me to the following passage from J. H. Lovat-Fraser's *Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville* (1916):

"In 1792 Mr Courtenay twitted Melville in the House of Commons with offering his services on every change of administration, by calling out 'Wha wants me?' The phrase gave rise to a ballad entitled, 'Wha wants me?' which was sung for months in the streets of Edinburgh to the tune of *My daddy is a cankered carle*. Melville himself was frequently serenaded with it while in the Scottish capital, but as he always regarded gibes at his inconsistency with indifference, if not amusement, the singers grew tired of troubling him. Another ballad with the same title as the last, sung to the tune of *He's low down, he's in the broom*, is in the British Museum Library. One verse runs:

Dear Pitt! is it not hard indeed,
Such wicked jibes should pass,
Against the pure and patriot creed
Of thy belov'd Dundas ?
But let them praise, or let them blame,
I care not a bawbee;
My text shall ever be the same—
'Sirs, wha wants me ?'

Wha wants me, my friends ?
 Wha wants me ?
 My text shall ever be the same—
 'Sirs, wha wants me ?'"

But the phrase "wha wants me" is older than the ballad. Dr. Malcolm, of the Signet Library, informs me that it was a well-known street-cry in Edinburgh: Before there were public lavatories a man went through the streets with a pail and cloak crying "Wha wants me ?" The cloak was then thrown round the person who availed himself of the offer.

p. 410. VII. A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD: cf. *Misc. Son.* III. xxxviii, p. 58 and note. When W. placed this sonnet in his Sonnet-volume of 1838 as a sequel to the above-mentioned sonnet, he appended to 1. 4 the note: The author of an animated article, printed in the Law Magazine, in favour of the principle of Serjant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.

p. 411. IX. I. F.] Isabella Fenwick, the great friend of W.'s later years, to whom he dictated the I. F. notes. Margaret Gillies was the artist who painted the portrait of M. W. on which W. wrote *Misc. Son.* III. xxxii and xxxiii, pp. 54 and 55.

p. 412. XI. These lines were found in W.'s Pocket Note-book of 1839-40, which has been edited with a commentary by G. H. Healey, with whose permission they are here reproduced. They have no title, but as Mr. Healey points out, the reference to the braided hair (1. 5) suggests that the portrait is that of I. F.

The following lines from a MS. refer clearly to the same portrait:

Upon the sight of the Portrait of a Female Friend.

Upon those lips, those placid lips, I look
 Nor grieve that they are still and mute as death;
 I gaze—I read as in an Angel's Book,
 And ask not speech from them, but long for breath.

Wm. Wordsworth.

Ambleside, 10th July, 1840.

p. 413. XII. *When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown:* "In 1842 a bazaar was held at Cardiff Castle to aid in the erection of a church, on the site of one which had been washed away by a flood in the river Severn (and a consequent influx of waters into the estuary of the Bristol Channel) two hundred years before. Wordsworth and James Montgomery were asked to write some verses which might be printed and sold to assist the cause."—K.

p. 413. XIII. WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO: Conjecturally assigned to W. by K., T. H., and N. C. S. T. H., in the *Oxford W.*, gives this note:

"A writer (Ernest Hartley Coleridge) in the *Athenaeum* of November 4, 1893, suggests that the following lines, which appeared in the *Morning Post* on February 9, 1802, were probably composed by Wordsworth. 'It may be remembered,' writes E. H. C., 'that the phrase "monthly grave" is to be found in *Lines to the Moon* (1835); and in one of Wordsworth's latest sonnets, that *To Lucca Giordano*, the aged poet turns with pleasure to the delightful vision of "young Endymion, couched on Latmos Hill"'. The suggestion is undoubtedly a happy one. The rhyme-arrangement of these lines resembles that of the piece beginning *With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the Sky*, which first appeared in *Poems in Two Volumes* (1807), but may have been written in or about 1802. Both pieces appear to be experiments in metre. They are neither sonnets nor quatorzains, but *quinzains*, or stanzas consisting of fifteen lines each; though that published in 1807 was subsequently curtailed by one line and placed amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets* (1815 onwards). Moreover the turn of the sentence in lines 8 and 9—the repetition of the substantive (*Nymphs*) in apposition, qualified by an adjective or adjectival phrase—is of frequent occurrence in Wordsworth's poetry. Cf. *Misc. Son.*, Part II, xx, 11. 7, 8:

As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged."

But this is evidence of the flimsiest. That the phrase "monthly grave" occurs in a poem written 33 years later, and that 44 years later he refers to Endymion and the Moon, one of the best known stories of classical mythology, counts for very little, whilst the turn of the sentence in 11. 8 and 9 reproduces a stylistic device common in both Spenser and Milton, of whom W. was by no means the only imitator. And further, as Mr. T. E. Casson has pointed out, the rhyme-arrangement, except in the first quatrain, does *not* resemble that of the piece beginning *With how sad steps*.

p. 414. XIV. *Just vengeance claims thy soul, etc.*: MS. 101 has three transcripts of this sonnet all of which show corrections, as recorded in the *app. crit.* My text follows what appears to be W.'s final intention. The transcripts are found on the same pages of the note-book as *Misc. Son.* II. v and viii and *Poems ded. to Nat. Ind. etc.* II. vi, and all were apparently written about the same time; v. note to *Misc. Son.* II. viii, *supra*.

3-4. A reference to Harmodius and Aristogeiton, v. Vol. I, p. 299. 12. Pelayo] v. the poem that follows, and notes.

13. The Swede] Gustavus I. v. *Prelude*, i. 211-12 and note (p. 504).

p. 414. B. PELAYO: This poem is preserve/I in the folio note-book (MS. 101) used for rough drafts of work written later than 1820, but as it is almost a clean copy it may well have been entered in the book from an earlier MS., now lost. It would be natural to attribute it to

some date between 1808 and 1810, when W. was deeply aroused by the Spanish revolt against Napoleon and the subsequent events in Spain. In his *Convention of Cintra* he speaks of the "solace, which is vouchsafed only to such nations as can recal to memory the illustrious deeds of their ancestors. The names of Pelayo and The Cid are the watch-words of the address to the people of Leon: and they are told that to these two deliverers of their country, and to the sentiments of enthusiasm which they excited in every breast, Spain owes the glory and happiness which she has *so long* enjoyed." It is noticeable that at this same time Southey was writing his *Roderick, the last of the Gotlis* (1809-14) (to which in his letters to Landor he refers as "Pelayo"), that early in 1811 Landor had completed his *Count Julian*, and in the same year Scott published his *Vision of Don Roderick*.

After the defeat and death of Roderick at the hands of the Moors in 711, his kinsman Pelayo was left at the head of the shattered forces of the Goths, and retired with the Holy Ark of their faith to a cave on the slopes of Auseva and the banks of the Dova (now the Rinnzo) in the heart of the Asturian mountains. Seven years later he inflicted a crushing defeat on the Saracens. Ford (*Handbook to Spain*, 1845) describes Pelayo as a "true warrior of Spain, a Sertorius, Cid, or Mina", and says that the Holy Ark is still exhibited at Oviedo at festivals—an oaken chest, plated with silver. Pelayo's cave is still a place of pilgrimage.

ADDENDUM

I find the following Sonnet in MS. W. in the handwriting of D. W. along with the twelve known Sonnets of W. there transcribed by her (v. p. 418, *supra*):

A plain Youth, Lady, and a simple Lover,
 Since of myself a last leave I must take
 To you devoutly of my heart I make
 An humble gift, and doing this I proffer
 A heart that is intrepid, slow to waver,
 Gracious in thought, discreet, good, prompt to wake,
 If the great earth should to her centre shake
 Arm'd in itself, and adamant all over:
 Not more secure from envy, chance, desire
 And vulgar hopes and fears that vex the earth
 Than wedded to high valour, wit and worth,
 To the sweet Muses and the sounding Lyre;
 Weak only will you find it in that part
 Where love incurably hath fix'd his dart.

I conjectured that this must be a translation by W. of an Italian Sonnet, but failed to find the original. Mr. Purves, Lecturer in Italian of the University of Edinburgh, has identified it as a translation of Milton's Italian Sonnet, "Giovane piano e semplicetto amante".

INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

Variants are shown by an asterisk or square brackets

A book came forth of late, called Peter Bell	11
A bright-haired company of youthful slaves	347
A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew	253
A fairer face of Evening cannot be*	17
A famous man is Robin Hood	79
A few bold Patriots, Reliques of the Fight	414
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	8
A genial hearth, a hospitable board	393
A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral	48
A love-lorn Maid, at some far distant time	255
A Parsonage in Oxfordshire	41
A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland	265
A plain Youth, Lady, and a simple Lover	577
A Plea for Authors, May 1838	58
A pleasant music floats along the Mere	356
A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school	52
A Poet to his Grandchild: Sequel to "A Plea for Authors"	410
A Prophecy. February, 1807	126
A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground	125
A stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee	42
A sudden conflict rises from the swell	389
A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire	49
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain	265
A voice, from long-expecting [expectant] thousands sent	388
A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found	19
A winged Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought	167
Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout	142
Abuse of Monastic Power	370
Acquittal of the Bishops	388
Address to Kilchum Castle, upon Loch Awe	78
Admonition	2
Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground	129
Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow	7
Afflictions of England	384
After landing—the Valley of Dover, November, 1820	197
After leaving Italy	228
After visiting the Field of Waterloo	167
After-thought	174, 261
Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers	85
Ah, when the Body [Frame], round which in love we clung . . .	351
Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen	135
Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light	378
Air sleeps,—from strife or stir the clouds are free*	17
Aix-la-Chapelle	168
Alas! what boots the long laborious quest	130
Alfred	354
All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed	54
Ambition—following down this far-famed slope	189

American Episcopacy.	391
American Tradition	252
Amid a fertile region green with wood	275
Amid the dark control of lawless sway	409
Amid this dance of objects sadness steals	169
Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines	227
An Interdict	358
And is this—Yarrow? ---- <i>This</i> the Stream	106
And is it among rude untutored Dales [Vales]	131
And, not in vain embodied to the sight	364
"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow	357
And what is Penance with her knotted thong	370
And what melodious sounds at times prevail!	365
Another year!—another deadly blow!	122
Anticipation. October, 1803	122
Apology.	279, 350, 373
Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V	368
Around a wild and woody hill	172
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest	365
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue	228
As star that shines dependent upon star	392
As the cold aspect of a sunless way	33
As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain	345
As with the Stream our voyage we pursue	359
Aspects of Christianity in America	391
At Albano	216
At Applethwaite, near Keswick	3
At Dover	198
At early dawn, or rather when the air	37
At Florence	225
At Florence.—From Michael Angelo	226
At Furness Abbey	62, 63
At Rome	213, 215
At Rome.—Regrets.—In Allusion to Niebuhr, and other modern Historians	213, 214
At the Convent of Camaldoli	222
At the Eremitic or Upper Convent of Camaldoli	223
At the Grave of Burns, 1803, Seven Years after his Death	65
At Vallombrosa	223
Author's Voyage down the Rhine (Thirty Years ago)	409
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind	137
Avon—a precious, an immortal name!	276
Baptism	394
Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made	10
Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod	403
Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear	3
Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence	225
Behold a pupil of the monkish gown	354
Behold her, single in the field	77
"Beloved Vale!" I said, "when I shall con.	2
Between Namur and Liège	167

Bishops and Priests blessèd are ye, if deep	392
Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head	360
Blest be the Church that, watching o'er the needs*	394
Bothwell Castle passed unseen, on account of stormy weather	275
Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight	133
Bright is the Star that comes at eve to shine*	412
Brook! whose society the Poet seeks	35
Bruges	165
Bruges I saw attired with golden light	165
But here no cannon thunders to the gale	260
But liberty, and triumphs on the Main	403
But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book	375
But to remote Northumbria's royal Hall	348
But what if One, through grove or flowery mead	352
But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord	367
By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred	177
By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand	53
By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied	396
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze	142
By such Examples moved to unbought pains	353
Calais, August, 1802	109
Calais, August 15, 1802	111
Call not the royal Swede unfortunate	133
Calm as an under-current, strong to draw	388
Calvert! it must not be unheard by them	20
Can aught survive to linger in the veins*	354
Canute	356
Captivity.—Mary Queen of Scots	33
Casual Encitement	347
Catechising	395
Cathedrals, <i>etc.</i>	404
"Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"	248
Charles the Second	386
Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride	49
Child of loud-throated War! the mountain S t r e a m	78
Child of the clouds! remote from every taint	246
Church to be erected	403
Cistercian Monastery	363
Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb	126
Clerical Integrity	387
Closing the sacred Book which long has fed	400
Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars	127
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered	357
Coleridge! I know not which way I must look*	115
Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land	121
Companion! by whose buoyant spirit cheered	202
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same	214
Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire	25
Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales	42
Composed at——Castle	83
Composed at Cora Linn in Sight of Wallace's Tower	100
Composed at Rydal on May morning, 1838	229

Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August, 1802	109
Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake . . , ...	127
Composed during a Storm	27
Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons	173
Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday	12
Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm	266
Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive	268
Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the Day of landing	114
Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802	110
Composed on a May Morning, ...	501
Composed on a May Morning, 1838	53
Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream	36
Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere	14
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802 , ...	38
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803*	38
Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra	128
Conclusion	260, 407
Conclusion. T o——.	38
Confirmation	395, 396
Congratulation	402
Conjectures	342
Content with calmer scenes around us spread*	400
Conversion	350
Corruptions of the Higher Clergy.	370
Countess's Pillar	278
Cranmer	378
Crusaders	365
Crusades	358
Danish Conquests	355
Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell	25
Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost	343
Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear	216
Dear be the Church that, watching o'er the needs	394
Dear fellow Traveller! here we are once more*	114
Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse	164
Dear native Brooks your ways I have pursu'd*	523
Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould	149
Decay of Piety	13
Dedication. T o——.	1
Deep is the lamentation! Not alone	374
Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!	83
Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, August, 1803	64
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground	363
Desponding Father! mark this altered bough	33
Desultory Stanzas	198
Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that by law	268
Dissensions	346
Dissolution of the Monasteries	371, 372
Distractions	381
Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!	36

Doomed as we are our native dust	173
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk	270
Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design	390
Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast	179
Druidical Excommunication	343
Eagles.	268
Earth has not anything to show more fair	38
Eased of a heavy and tormenting load*	226
Ecclesiastical Sonnets [Sketches] in Series	341
Echo, upon the Gemmi	190
Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent	376
Edvard VI.	376
Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf	176
Effusion in the Pleasure-Ground on the Banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld.	102
1801.	110
1810.	135, 138
1811.	139, 140
1830.	49
Ejaculation	406
Elegiac Stanzas	193
Elizabeth.	380
Ellen Irwin: or, The Braes of Kirtle.	71
Emigrant French Clergy	402
Eminent Reformers	380, 381
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung	151
Engelberg, the Hill of Angels	174
England! the time is come when thou should'st wean	119
English Reformers in Exile	379
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand	59
Enough! for see, with dim association	366
Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook	269
Ere we had reach'd the wish'd-for place, night fell*	25
Ere yet our course was graced with social trees	248
Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load	226
Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress	32
Even so for me a Vision sanctified	17
Even such the contrast that, where'er we move	383
Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France	402
Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars*	127
Excuse is needless when with love sincere	12
Failing impartial measure to dispense	58
Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate	71
Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few	228
Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild	22
Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west	109
Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap	257
Fame tells of groves—from England far away—	41
Fancy and Tradition.	277
Father! to God himself we cannot give	394

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree	382
Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke D'Enghien	149
Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals. 1810	136
Feelings of the Tyrolese	130
Festivals have I seen that were not names	111
Filial Piety.	50
Fish-women.—On landing at Calais	164
Flowers	248
Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!	88
Fly, some kind spirit, fly, to Grasmere-[Vale]*	88
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!	8
For action born, existing to be tried	218
For ever hallowed be this morning fair.	348
For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes	174
For what contend the wise?—for nothing loss	375
Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise	214
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs	217
Forms of Prayer at Sea	399
Fort Fuentes	178
Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit	411
Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein	35
From Bolton's old monastic tower	283
From false assumption rose, and fondly hail'd	362
From Little down to Least, in duo degree	395
From low to high doth dissolution climb	401
From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled	391
From Stirling castle we had seen	83
From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome	217
From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe	399
From the dark chambers of dejection freed	22
From the fierce aspects of this River, throwing	171
From the Italian of Michael Angelo	14, 15, 408
From the Italian of Michael Angelo. To the Supreme Being	15
From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase	198
From the Restoration to the Present Times	385
From the Vale of Grasmere, August, 1803	64
From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play	252
Funeral Service	399
Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars	365
General View of the Troubles of the Reformation	378
—" gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name "	34
Glad Tidings	348
Glen Almain; or, The Narrow Glen	75
Glory to God! and to the Power who came	406
Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes [ere disguise]	127
Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt	50
God's will ordained that piteous blight should reach*	56
Gordale	37
Grant that by this unsparing hurricane	374
Great men have been among us; hands that penned	116
Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend	11

Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft	222
Gunpowder Plot	382
Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !	155
Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er	251
Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!	31
Hail, universal Source of pure delight *	155
Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar , ...	380
Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye	132
Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown	1
Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string	384
Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest	56
Hart's-Horn Tree, near Penrith	277
Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill	51
Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat	5
Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall	363
Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more	114
Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise	140
Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed	277
Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing	62
High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!	126
High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art	21
High on a point of rugged ground	318
High on her speculative tower	184
Highland Hut	271
Hints of the Fancy	251
Hofer	129
Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are [were]	381
How art thou named? In search of what strange land	43
How beautiful your presence, how benign	350
How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free	186
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright	27
"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad	274
How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!	377
How profitless the relics that we cull	278
How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone	247
How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—	361
How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks	21
—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name	100
Humanity, delighting to behold	140
Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast	138
Hymn for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg	169
I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind	128
If in di't written of Simonides	408
I grieved for Buonapartè with a vain	110
I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream)	23
I listen—but no faculty of mine	178
I rose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest	258
I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent	396
I saw far off the dark top of a Pine	212
I saw the figure of a lovely Maid	385

Ishiver, Spirit fierce and bold.	65
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide	261
I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret	22
I, who accompanied with faithful pace	341
I, who descended with glad step to chase*	341
If the whole weight of what we think and feel	23
If there be prophets on whose spirits' rest	342
If these brief Records, by the Muses' art	38
If to Tradition faith be due	271
If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share	229
Illustration: the Jung-frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaff- hausen	382
Imagination—ne'er before content	151
Imaginative Regrets	374
Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave	275
In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine	169
In Bruges town is many a street	166
In due observance of an ancient rite	135
In Lombardy	227
In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud	61
In the Cathedral at Cologne	168
In the Pass of Killicranky	86
In the Sound of Mull.	269
In the Woods of Rydal	43
In this still place, remote from men	75
In trellised shed with clustering roses gay	281
Incident at Bruges	166
Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard. 1810	137
Influence abused	355
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood	114
Inscription for a National Monument in Commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo*	149
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	405, 406
Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake	57
Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you	149
Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind	109
Is then no nook of English ground secure	61
Is then the final page before me spread	198
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer	134
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?	213
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	17
It is not to be thought of that the Flood	117
It was a moral end for which they fought	131
Jesu! bless our slender Boat	169
Jones! as [when; while] from Calais southward you and I	110
Journey Renewed	268
June, 1820.	41
Just vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded?	414
Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave	28
Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove	29
Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword	344

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side	351
Last night, without a voice, that [this] Vision spake	385
Latimer and Ridley	377
Latitudinarianism	386
Laud	384
Life with yon Lambs, like day, it just begun	53
Lines on the expected Invasion, 1803	121
List—'twas the cuckoo.—O with what delight	218
Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape	196
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance	54
Lo! where the Priest before the Altar stands*	397
London, 1802	116
Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they	28
Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn	215
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid	134
Lord of the vale! astounding Flood	100
Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells	194
Malham Cove	37
Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!	349
Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose	24
Meek Virgin Mother, more benign	175
Melts into silent shades the Youth, discrowned*	377
Memorial near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun	172
Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837	202
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803	64
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814	97
Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820	164
Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy	381
Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road	343
Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil	380
Methinks that to some vacant hermitage	352
Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat	256
Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne	16
'Mid crowded obelisks and urns	69
Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead	256
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour	116
Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued	403
"Miserrimus!" and neither name nor date	48
Miss not the occasion	45
Missions and Travels	353
Monastery of Old Bangor	347
Monastic Domes! following my downward way	401
Monastic Voluptuousness	371
Monks and Schoolmen	364
More may not be by human Art express'd	412
Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost	373
Musings near Aquapendente, April, 1837	202
Mutability	401
My frame hath often trembled with delight	254
Near Anio's stream I spied a gentle Dove	216
Near Rome, in Sight of St. Peter's	215

Near the Lake of Thrasymene	217,	218
New Churches		403
New Church-Yard		404
No fiction was so fit the antique age		250
No more: the end is sudden and abrupt		279
No mortal object did these eyes behold		15
No record tells of lance opposed to lance		258
Nor can Imagination quit the shores*		365
Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend		350
Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject		387
Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid		346
Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw		246
Not envying shades which haply yet may throw*		246
Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep		260
Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly		170
Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell		24
Not 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave		128
Not sedentary all: there are who roam		353
Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance		260
Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard		45
No utterly unworthy to endure		373
November 1		27
November, 1806		122
November, 1813		143
November, 1836		17
Now as I live I pity that great Lord*		83
Now joy for you who from the towers		301
Now that a Parthenon ascends to crown		410
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright		143
Now that the farewell tear is dried		181
Now we are tired of boisterous joy		88
Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room		1
O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame		150
O for the help of Angels to complete		168
O Friend! I know not which way I must look		115
O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee		7
O Moon! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light		413
O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot		251
O thou proud City! which way shall I look*		115
Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power		136
Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty		389
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo. February, 1816	149,	150
October, 1803*		447
October, 1803	118,	119
Ode		123
Ode. 1814		143
Ode. 1815		151
Ode. The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving. January 18, 1816		155
Ode composed in January 1816*		460
O'er the wide earth, on 'mountain and on plain		131
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied		138

Of mortal parents is the Hero born	129
Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek	13
Oh Life! without thy chequered scene	174
Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!	56
Old Abbeys	401
On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History	125
On a Portrait of I.F. ?	412
On a Portrait of I.F. painted by Margaret Gillies , ...	411
On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon	53
On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen	171
On being stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne	197
On hearing the "Ranz des Vaches" on the top of the Pass of St. Gothard	178
On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on	251
On Milton.	409
On seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm*	428
On the Death of his Majesty (George the Third)	40
On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples	265
On the Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem	11
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	111
On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese	131
On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway	61
On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland	266
Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee	111
Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear	369
One might believe that natural miseries	118
One who was suffering tumult in his soul	27
Open Prospect	251
Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!	404
Other Benefits	364, 365
Other Influences	351
O ur Lady o ft h e Snow	175
Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided [upbraiding] hand	378
Oxford, May 30, 1820.	39
 Papal Abuses	 359
Papal Dominion	360
Part fenced by man, part by a rugged [ragged] steep	265
Pastoral Character	393
Patriotic Sympathies	385
Patriots informed with Apostolic light	391
Paulinus	348
Pelayo	414
Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side	3
Persecution	344
Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters	387
Persuasion	349
Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace	275
Places of Worship	392
Plea f o r t h e Historian	214
Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty	109
Praised be the art whose subtle power could stay	6

Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs	367
Prejudged by foes determined not to spare	384
Primitive Saxon Clergy	350
Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny	191
Prompt transformation works the novel Lore	350
Protest against the Ballot (1838). . . .	411
Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old	62
Pure element o f water! wheresoe'er	36
Pursued by Hate, debarred from friendly care*	384
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face	226
Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace	358
Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry the Eighth, Trinity, Lodge, Cambridge	40
Record we too, with just and faithful pen	364
Recovery	345
Redoubted King, o f courage leonine	358
Reflections	374
Regrets	400
Reproof	352
"Rest and be Thankful". At Head of Glencroe	270
Retirement	23
Return	253
Return, Content! for fondly I pursued	257
Revival o f Popery	377
Richard I	358
Rid o f a vexing and a heavy load	500
Rise!—they <i>have</i> risen: of brave Aneurin ask	346
R o b Roy's Grave	79
Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire	48
Roman Antiquities from the Roman Station at Old Penrith	278
Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey	47
Rural Ceremony	400
Sacheverel	389
Sacrament	396
Sacred Religion!" Mother of form and fear "	253
Sacred through a ll severity o f cold*	50
Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer	255
Sad thoughts, avaunt!—the fervour of the year*	255
S t . Catherine o f Ledbury	34
Saints	373
Saxon Conquest	346
Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion	353
Say, what is Honour ?—"Tis the finest sense	132
Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills	266
Scattering like birds escaped the fowler's net	379
Scenei n Venice	360
Scene o n t h e Lake o f Brirwitz	174
Scenery between Namur a n d Liège*	167
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned	20
Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew—white	342

Seathwaite Chapel	253
Seclusion	351, 352
See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot	271
See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins	227
September, 1802, near Dover	114
September, 1815	26
September 1, 1802	113
Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here	58
Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow	39
Sheep-Washing	255
Short-sighted Children of the dust*	173
Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!	122
Shun not this Rite, neglected, yoa abhorred	398
Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski. February, 1816	150
Six thousand veterans practised in war's game	85
Sky-Prospect—from the Plain of France	196
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played	248
Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand	410
Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*	109
Spanish Guerillas. 1811.	139
Sponsors	394
Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass.	189
Stepping Westward	76
Strange Visitation! at Jemima's lip*	43
Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians	346
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright	46
Such contrast in whatever track we move*	383
Such fruitless questions may not long beguile	252
Such is the contrast, which where'er we move*	383
Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm	269
Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest	276
Suggested by Mr. W. Westall's Views of the Caves, etc., in York- shire	36, 37
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind	16
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower	73
"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt	376
Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take	247
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense	405
Temptations from Roman Refinements	345
Thanksgiving after Childbirth	397
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned	346
The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan	276
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry	225
The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day	150
The Blind Highland Boy.	88
The Brownie	274
The Brownie's Cell	97
The Church of San Salvador seen from the Lake of Lugano	179
The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the way-side in the Simplon Pass	189
The Commination Service	398
The confidence of Youth our only Art	409

The Council of Clermont	357
The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837	218
The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and family Burial Place, near Killin	270
The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820	184
The Egyptian Maid; or, The Romance of the Water Lily	232
The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed	404
The Fairy Chasm	250
The Fall of the Aar—Handec	171
The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade	5
The forest huge of ancient Caledon	276
The French and the Spanish Guerillas	138
The French Army in Russia. 1812-13.	140, 141
The gallant Youth, who may have gained	262
The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains	64
The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim	142
The Harp in lowliness obeyed	293
The Highland Broach	271
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king	9
The imperial Stature, the colossal stride	40
The Infant M——M.	46
The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd	181
The King of Sweden.	112
The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye	259
The Land we from our fathers had in trust	130
The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia—Milan	183
The Liturgy	393
The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek	372
The Lovers took within this ancient grove	277
The martial courage of a day is vain	133
The Marriage Ceremony	397
The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband	85
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune	244
The Modern Athens	410
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky	52
The Norman Conquest	356
The Oak of Guernica: supposed Address to the same. 1810	136
The old inventive Poets, had they seen	254
<i>The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—</i>	347
The Peat Stack*.	435
The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute	267
The Pilgrim Fathers	390, 391
The Pillar of Trajan.	229
The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome	212
The Plain of Donnerdale	254
The Point at Issue	375
The power of Armies is a visible thing	139
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed	15
The Resting-Place	256
The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets	244
The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal	398
The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned	377

The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said	30
T h e Solitary Reaper	77
The Source of the Danube	170
T h e Spirit o f Antiquity—enshrined	165
The star which comes at close of day to shine	412
The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand	32
The Stepping-Stones	249, 250
The struggling Rill insensibly is grown	249
The tears of man in various measure gush	376
The Three Cottage Girls	186
The Town of Schwytz	177
The Trosachs	267
The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms	358
The Vaudois	367
The Vested Priest before the Altar stands	397
The Virgin	373
The Virgin-Mountain, wearing like a Queen	382
The voice of song from distant lands shall call	112
The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons	281
The Wild Duck's Nest	9
The wind is now thy organist;—a clank	266
The woman-hearted Confessor prepares	356
T h e world forsaken, a l l i t s busy cares	222
The world is too much with us; late and soon	18
The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale	395
There are no colours in the fairest sky	387
There is a bondage worse, far [which is] worse, to bear	118
There is a little unpretending Rill	4
<i>There is a pleasure in poetic pains</i>	29
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass	267
These had given earliest notice, as the lark*	368
These times strike [touch] monied worldlings with dismay	119
These who gave early notice, as the lark*	368
—"they are of the sky, And from our earthly memory fade away"	26
They dreamt not of a perishable home	406
They seek, are sought; to daily battle led	139
They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn	215
This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls	268
Those had given earliest notice, as the lark	368
Those old credulities, to nature dear	213
Those words were uttered as in pensive mood	26
Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise	180
Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand	331
Though I beheld at first with blank surprise	55
Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth	274
Though narrow be that old man's cares, and near	34
Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw	183
Though the bold wings of Poesy affect	39
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	115
Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near t h e Poet's Residence	67
Threats come which no submission may assuage	371
Through Cumbrian Wilds	409

Through Cumbrian wilds, in many a happy cove	409
Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls	42
Thus all things lead to Charity, secured	402
Thus is the storm abated by the craft	369
'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain	56
'Tis night: i n silence looking down	311
'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold	164
'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill	49
To—	1,45
To—, i n h e r Seventieth Year	46
To a Friend. Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres*	452
To a Highland Girl at Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.	73
T o a Painter	54, 55
T o a Snowdrop	28
To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield	191
To barren heath and quaking fen*	97
To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen	97
To B. R. Haydon.	21
To B. R. Haydon, on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on t h e I s l a n d o f S t . Helena	51
To Henry Crabb Robinson	202
To I.F.	412
To kneeling worshippers no earthly floor	399
T o Lady Beaumont	29
To Rotha Q.—	47
To S. H.	12
To Sleep.	7, 8
T o t h e Author's Portrait	50
To the Close of the Troubles in the Reign of Charles I	361
T o t h e Cuckoo	45
To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.	42
T o t h e Lady Mary Lowther	28
T o t h e Memory o f Raisley Calvert	20
To the Men of Kent. October, 1803	120
To the Planet Venus.	59
To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star, Composed at Loch Lomond.	274
T o t h e Poet, John Dyer	10
To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School .	59
To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth (with the Sonnets to the River Duddon, and other Poems in this Collection, 1820)	244
To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father	69
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824	43
To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. March, 1807.	126
T o Toussaint l'Ouverture	112
T o o f r a i l t o k e e p t h e l o f t y v o w	67
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!	112
Trades let me follow far from human-kind*	171
Tradition	255
Tradition, b e thou mute! Oblivion, throw	269
Translation o f t h e Bible	375
Transubstantiation	366
Trepidation o f t h e Druids	342

Tributary Stream	254
Troubles of Charles the Fi-Ht	383
Two Voices are there; one is of the sea	115
Uncertainty	343
Under the shadow of a stately Pile	225
Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget.	389
Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind	360
Unquiet Childhood here by special grace	46
Untouched through all severity of cold	50
Upon the sight of a beautiful picture	6
Upon those lips, those placid lips, I look	676
Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill	355
Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed	171
Vallombrosa ! I longed in thy shadiest wood	189
Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood	223
Valedictory Sonnet	58
Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent	120
Visitation of the Sick	398
"Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw	45
Waldenses	368
Walton's Book of Lives	387
Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot	60
Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!	40
Wars of York and Lancaster	369
Was it to disenchant, and to undo	168
Was the aim frustrated by force or guile	37
Watch and be firm! for soul-subduing vice	345
We can endure that He should waste our lands	137
We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die	411
We had a female [fellow] Passenger who came	113
Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind	19
Well have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground	63
Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye	2
Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains	270
Well worthy to be magnified are they	390
Well-nigh the voyage now is overpast	408
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size	223
"What, are you stepping westward?"—"Yea"	76
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled	249
What awful perspective! while from our sight	405
What beast in wilderness or cultured field	368
What beast of chase hath broken from the cover ?	190
What He—who, mid the kindred throng	102
What if our numbers barely could defy	120
What know we of the Blest above	174
What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose ?	167
What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay	14
What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides	59
What though the Italian pencil wrought not here	176
When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry	387

When, for and wide, swift as the beams of morn	125
When haughty expectations prostrate lie	30
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came	217
When human touch (as monkish books attest)	34
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	117
When, looking on the present face of things	119
When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle	44
When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown	413
When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch	144
When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains	354
Whence that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart	255
Where be the noisy followers of the game	197
Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends	41
Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?	18
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root	366
Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds	229
While Anna's peers and early playmates tread	44
While beams of orient light shoot wide and high	60
While flow in grivers yield a blameless sport	9
While Merlin paced the Cornish sands	232
While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields	26
While poring Antiquarians search the ground	48
While the Poor gather round, till the end of time	278
While they, her playmates once, lighthearted tread*	44
While they, who once were Anna's Playmates, tread*	44
Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caress'd	386
Who rises on the banks of Seine	123
Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce	259
Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant	51
Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore	197
Why comes not Francis ?—From the doleful City	324
Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—	6
Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled	407
Wicliffe	369
Wild Redbreast! hast thou at Jemima's lip	43
William the Third	388
With each recurrence of this glorious morn	12
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky	31
With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh	18
With smiles each happy face was overspread*	400
Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey	355
Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease	370
Woman! the Power who left His throne on high	397
Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave	400
Written in a Grotto	413
Written in London, September, 1802	115
Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler"	9
Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border in the Autumn of 1831	262
Yarrow Unvisited	83
Yarrow Visited, September, 1814	106

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales	202
Ye now are panting up lifers hill!*	69
Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Y o u t h !	39
Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King	141
Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand	373
Ye Trees! whose slender roots é twine	227
Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace	14
Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear	393
Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!*	2
Yet a rewedoomedournative dust*	173
Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade	372
Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire	371
Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade*	372
Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind	386
Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes	136

