Lyrical Ballads

by William Wordsworth

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Lyrical Ballads, With a Few Other Poems (1798)

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Lyrical Ballads, With a Few Other Poems (1798)

Author: William Wordsworth

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Release date: January 1, 2006 [eBook #9622] Most recently updated: June 17, 2021

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/9622

Credits: Jonathan Ingram and PG Distributed Proofreaders

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LYRICAL BALLADS, WITH A FEW OTHER POEMS (1798) ***

LYRICAL BALLADS, WITH A FEW OTHER POEMS.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. & A. ARCH, GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1798

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind. The evidence of this fact is to be sought, not in the writings of Critics, but in those of Poets themselves.

The majority of the following poems are to be considered as experiments. They were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure. Readers accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will perhaps frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and aukwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. It is desirable that such readers, for their own sakes, should not suffer the solitary word Poetry, a word of very disputed meaning, to stand in the way of their gratification; but that, while they are perusing this book, they should ask themselves if it contains a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents; and if the answer be favourable to the author’s wishes, that they should consent to be pleased in spite of that most dreadful enemy to our pleasures, our own pre-established codes of decision.

Readers of superior judgment may disapprove of the style in which many of these pieces are executed it must be expected that many lines and phrases will not exactly suit their taste. It will perhaps appear to them, that wishing to avoid the prevalent fault of the day, the author has sometimes descended too low, and that many of his expressions are too familiar, and not of sufficient dignity. It is apprehended, that the

more conversant the reader is with our elder writers, and with those in modern times who have been the most successful in painting manners and passions, the fewer complaints of this kind will he have to make.

An accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by severe thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself; but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous, and that in many cases it necessarily will be so.

The tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill is founded on a well-authenticated fact which happened in Warwickshire. Of the other poems in the collection, it may be proper to say that they are either absolute inventions of the author, or facts which took place within his personal observation or that of his friends. The poem of the Thorn, as the reader will soon discover, is not supposed to be spoken in the author's own person: the character of the loquacious narrator will sufficiently shew itself in the course of the story. The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere was professedly written in imitation of the style, as well as of the spirit of the elder poets; but with a few exceptions, the Author believes that the language adopted in it has been equally intelligible for these three last centuries. The lines entitled Expostulation and Reply, and those which follow, arose out of conversation with a friend who was somewhat unreasonably attached to modern books of moral philosophy.

CONTENTS.

The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere The Foster-Mother's Tale Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite The Nightingale, a Conversational Poem The Female Vagrant Goody Blake and Harry Gill Lines

written at a small distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy to the Person to whom they are addressed Simon Lee, the old Huntsman Anecdote for Fathers We are seven Lines written in early spring The Thorn The last of the Flock The Dungeon The Mad Mother The Idiot Boy Lines written near Richmond, upon the Thames, at Evening Expostulation and Reply The Tables turned; an Evening Scene, on the same subject Old Man travelling The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman The Convict Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS.

ARGUMENT.

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

I.

It is an ancyent Marinere, And he stoppeth one of three: “By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye “Now wherefore stoppest me? “The Bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide “And I am next of kin; “The Guests are met, the Feast is set,— “May’st hear the merry din.— But still he holds the wedding-guest— There was a Ship, quoth he— “Nay, if thou’st got a laughsome tale, “Marinere! come with me.” He holds him with his skinny hand, Quoth he, there was a Ship— “Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon! “Or my Staff shall make thee skip.” He holds him with his glittering eye— The wedding guest stood still And listens like a three year’s child; The Marinere hath his will. The wedding-guest sate on a stone, He cannot chuse but hear: And thus spake on that ancyent man, The bright-eyed Marinere. The Ship was

cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd— Merrily did we drop Below the Kirk, below the Hill, Below the Light-house top. The Sun came up upon the left, Out of the Sea came he: And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the Sea. Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon— The wedding-guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon. The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry Minstralsy. The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot chuse but hear: And thus spake on that ancyent Man, The bright-eyed Marinere. Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind, A Wind and Tempest strong! For days and weeks it play'd us freaks— Like Chaff we drove along. Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow, And it grew wond'rous cauld: And Ice mast-high came floating by As green as Emerauld. And thro' the drifts the snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen; Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken— The Ice was all between. The Ice was here, the Ice was there, The Ice was all around: It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd— Like noises of a swound. At length did cross an Albatross, Thorough the Fog it came; And an it were a Christian Soul, We hail'd it in God's name. The Marineres gave it biscuit-worms, And round and round it flew: The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit; The Helmsman steer'd us thro'. And a good south wind sprung up behind, The Albatross did follow; And every day for food or play Came to the Marinere's hollo! In mist or cloud on mast or shroud It perch'd for vespers nine, Whiles all the night thro' fog-smoke white Glimmer'd the white moon-shine. "God save thee, ancyent Marinere! "From the fiends that plague thee thus— "Why look'st thou so?"—with my cross bow I shot the Albatross.

II.

The Sun came up upon the right, Out of the Sea came he; And broad as a weft upon the left Went down into the Sea. And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet Bird did follow Ne any day for food or play Came to the Marinere's hollo! And I had done an hellish thing And it would work 'em woe: For all averr'd, I had

kill'd the Bird That made the Breeze to blow. Ne dim ne red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird That brought the fog and mist. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay That bring the fog and mist. The breezes blew, the white foam flew, The furrow follow'd free: We were the first that ever burst Into that silent Sea. Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down, 'Twas sad as sad could be And we did speak only to break The silence of the Sea. All in a hot and copper sky The bloody sun at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the moon. Day after day, day after day, We stuck, ne breath ne motion, As idle as a painted Ship Upon a painted Ocean. Water, water, every where And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, every where, Ne any drop to drink. The very deeps did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy Sea. About, about, in reel and rout The Death-fires danc'd at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green and blue and white. And some in dreams assured were Of the Spirit that plagued us so: Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us From the Land of Mist and Snow. And every tongue thro' utter drouth Was wither'd at the root; We could not speak no more than if We had been choked with soot. Ah wel-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young; Instead of the Cross the Albatross About my neck was hung.

III.

I saw a something in the Sky No bigger than my fist; At first it seem'd a little speck And then it seem'd a mist: It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last A certain shape, I wist. A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it ner'd and ner'd; And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite, It plung'd and tack'd and veer'd. With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd Ne could we laugh, ne wail: Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood I bit my arm and suck'd the blood And cry'd, A sail! a sail! With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd Agape they hear'd me call: Gramercy! they for joy did grin And all at once their breath drew in As they were drinking all. She doth not tack

from side to side— Hither to work us weal Withouten wind, withouten tide She steddies with upright keel. The western wave was all a flame, The day was well nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun. And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars (Heaven's mother send us grace) As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd With broad and burning face. Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she neres and neres! Are those her Sails that glance in the Sun Like restless gossameres? Are these her naked ribs, which fleck'd The sun that did behind them peer? And are these two all, all the crew, That woman and her fleshless Pheere? His bones were black with many a crack, All black and bare, I ween; Jet-black and bare, save where with rust Of mouldy damps and charnel crust They're patch'd with purple and green. Her lips are red, her looks are free, Her locks are yellow as gold: Her skin is as white as leprosy, And she is far liker Death than he; Her flesh makes the still air cold. The naked Hulk alongside came And the Twain were playing dice; "The Game is done! I've won, I've won!" Quoth she, and whistled thrice. A gust of wind sterte up behind And whistled thro' his bones; Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth Half-whistles and half-groans. With never a whisper in the Sea Off darts the Spectre-ship; While clombe above the Eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright Star Almost atween the tips. One after one by the horned Moon (Listen, O Stranger! to me) Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang And curs'd me with his ee. Four times fifty living men, With never a sigh or groan, With heavy thump, a lifeless lump They dropp'd down one by one. Their souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe; And every soul it pass'd me by, Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.

IV.

"I fear thee, ancyent Marinere! "I fear thy skinny hand; "And thou art long and lank and brown "As is the ribb'd Sea-sand. "I fear thee and thy glittering eye "And thy

skinny hand so brown”— Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest! This body dropt not down. Alone, alone, all all alone Alone on the wide wide Sea; And Christ would take no pity on My soul in agony. The many men so beautiful, And they all dead did lie! And a million million slimy things Liv’d on—and so did I. I look’d upon the rotting Sea, And drew my eyes away; I look’d upon the eldritch deck, And there the dead men lay. I look’d to Heaven, and try’d to pray; But or ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper came and made My heart as dry as dust. I clos’d my lids and kept them close, Till the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky Lay like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet. The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Ne rot, ne reek did they; The look with which they look’d on me, Had never pass’d away. An orphan’s curse would drag to Hell A spirit from on high: But O! more horrible than that Is the curse in a dead man’s eye! Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse And yet I could not die. The moving Moon went up the sky And no where did abide: Softly she was going up And a star or two beside— Her beams bemock’d the sultry main Like morning frosts yspread; But where the ship’s huge shadow lay, The charmed water burnt alway A still and awful red. Beyond the shadow of the ship I watch’d the water-snakes: They mov’d in tracks of shining white; And when they rear’d, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes. Within the shadow of the ship I watch’d their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black They coil’d and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire. O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gusht from my heart, And I bless’d them unaware! Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I bless’d them unaware. The self-same moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.

V.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing Belov’d from pole to pole! To Mary-queen the praise be yeven She sent the gentle sleep from heaven That slid into my soul. The silly

buckets on the deck That had so long remain'd, I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew And when I awoke it rain'd. My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams And still my body drank. I mov'd and could not feel my limbs, I was so light, almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessed Ghost. The roaring wind! it roar'd far off, It did not come anear; But with its sound it shook the sails That were so thin and sere. The upper air bursts into life, And a hundred fire-flags sheen To and fro they are hurried about; And to and fro, and in and out The stars dance on between. The coming wind doth roar more loud; The sails do sigh, like sedge: The rain pours down from one black cloud And the Moon is at its edge. Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft, And the Moon is at its side: Like waters shot from some high crag, The lightning falls with never a jag A river steep and wide. The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd And dropp'd down, like a stone! Beneath the lightning and the moon The dead men gave a groan. They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose, Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes: It had been strange, even in a dream To have seen those dead men rise. The helmsman steerd, the ship mov'd on; Yet never a breeze up-blew; The Marineres all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools— We were a ghastly crew. The body of my brother's son Stood by me knee to knee: The body and I pull'd at one rope, But he said nought to me— And I quak'd to think of my own voice How frightful it would be! The day-light dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms, And cluster'd round the mast: Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths And from their bodies pass'd. Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the sun: Slowly the sounds came back again Now mix'd, now one by one. Sometimes a dropping from the sky I heard the Lavrock sing; Sometimes all little birds that are How they seem'd to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning, And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song That makes the heavens be mute. It ceas'd: yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden

brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune. Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest! “Marinere! thou hast thy will: “For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make “My body and soul to be still.” Never sadder tale was told To a man of woman born: Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest! Thou’lt rise to morrow morn. Never sadder tale was heard By a man of woman born: The Marineres all return’d to work As silent as beforne. The Marineres all ’gan pull the ropes, But look at me they n’old: Thought I, I am as thin as air— They cannot me behold. Till noon we silently sail’d on Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship Mov’d onward from beneath. Under the keel nine fathom deep From the land of mist and snow The spirit slid: and it was He That made the Ship to go. The sails at noon left off their tune And the Ship stood still also. The sun right up above the mast Had fix’d her to the ocean: But in a minute she ’gan stir With a short uneasy motion— Backwards and forwards half her length With a short uneasy motion. Then, like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound: It flung the blood into my head, And I fell into a swound. How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare; But ere my living life return’d, I heard and in my soul discern’d Two voices in the air, “Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man? “By him who died on cross, “With his cruel bow he lay’d full low “The harmless Albatross. “The spirit who ’bideth by himself “In the land of mist and snow, “He lov’d the bird that lov’d the man “Who shot him with his bow.” The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he the man hath penance done, And penance more will do.

VI.

FIRST VOICE. “But tell me, tell me! speak again, “Thy soft response renewing— “What makes that ship drive on so fast? “What is the Ocean doing?” SECOND VOICE. “Still as a Slave before his Lord, “The Ocean hath no blast: “His great bright eye most silently “Up to the moon is cast— “If he may know which way to

go, “For she guides him smooth or grim. “See, brother, see! how graciously “She looketh down on him.” FIRST VOICE. “But why drives on that ship so fast “Withouten wave or wind?” SECOND VOICE. “The air is cut away before, “And closes from behind. “Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high, “Or we shall be belated: “For slow and slow that ship will go, “When the Marinere’s trance is abated.” I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: ’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high; The dead men stood together. All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fix’d on me their stony eyes That in the moon did glitter. The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never pass’d away: I could not draw my een from theirs Ne turn them up to pray. And in its time the spell was snapt, And I could move my een: I look’d far-forth, but little saw Of what might else be seen. Like one, that on a lonely road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turn’d round, walks on And turns no more his head: Because he knows, a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread. But soon there breath’d a wind on me, Ne sound ne motion made: Its path was not upon the sea In ripple or in shade. It rais’d my hair, it fann’d my cheek, Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming. Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sail’d softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew. O dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see? Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk? Is this mine own countrée? We drifted o’er the Harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray— “O let me be awake, my God! “Or let me sleep alway!” The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moon light lay, And the shadow of the moon. The moonlight bay was white all o’er, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, Like as of torches came. A little distance from the prow Those dark-red shadows were; But soon I saw that my own flesh Was red as in a glare. I turn’d my head in fear and dread, And by the holy rood, The bodies had advanc’d, and now Before the mast they stood. They lifted up their stiff right arms, They held them strait and tight; And each right-arm burnt like a

torch, A torch that’s borne upright. Their stony eye-balls glitter’d on In the red and smoky light. I pray’d and turn’d my head away Forth looking as before. There was no breeze upon the bay, No wave against the shore. The rock shone bright, the kirk no less That stands above the rock: The moonlight steep’d in silentness The steady weathercock. And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came. A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turn’d my eyes upon the deck— O Christ! what saw I there? Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat; And by the Holy rood A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood. This seraph-band, each wav’d his hand: It was a heavenly sight: They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light: This seraph-band, each wav’d his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but O! the silence sank, Like music on my heart. Eftsones I heard the dash of oars, I heard the pilot’s cheer: My head was turn’d perforce away And I saw a boat appear. Then vanish’d all the lovely lights; The bodies rose anew: With silent pace, each to his place, Came back the ghastly crew. The wind, that shade nor motion made, On me alone it blew. The pilot, and the pilot’s boy I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy, The dead men could not blast. I saw a third—I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He’ll shrieve my soul, he’ll wash away The Albatross’s blood.

VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the Sea. How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with Marineres That come from a far Contrée. He kneels at morn and noon and eve— He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss, that wholly hides The rotted old Oak-stump. The Skiff-boat ne’rd: I heard them talk, “Why, this is strange, I trow! “Where are those lights so many and fair “That signal made but now? “Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit said— “And they answer’d not our cheer. “The planks look warp’d, and see those sails “How thin they are and sere!

“I never saw aught like to them “Unless perchance it were “The skeletons of leaves that lag “My forest brook along: “When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow, “And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below “That eats the she-wolf’s young. “Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look”— (The Pilot made reply) “I am a-fear’d.—“Push on, push on!” Said the Hermit cheerily. The Boat came closer to the Ship, But I ne spake ne stirr’d! The Boat came close beneath the Ship, And strait a sound was heard! Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread: It reach’d the Ship, it split the bay; The Ship went down like lead. Stunn’d by that loud and dreadful sound, Which sky and ocean smote: Like one that hath been seven days drown’d My body lay afloat: But, swift as dreams, myself I found Within the Pilot’s boat. Upon the whirl, where sank the Ship, The boat spun round and round: And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound. I mov’d my lips: the Pilot shriek’d And fell down in a fit. The Holy Hermit rais’d his eyes And pray’d where he did sit. I took the oars: the Pilot’s boy, Who now doth crazy go, Laugh’d loud and long, and all the while His eyes went to and fro, “Ha! ha!” quoth he—“full plain I see, “The devil knows how to row.” And now all in mine own Countrée I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepp’d forth from the boat, And scarcely he could stand. “O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man!” The Hermit cross’d his brow— “Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say “What manner man art thou?” Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench’d With a woeful agony, Which forc’d me to begin my tale And then it left me free. Since then at an uncertain hour, Now oftimes and now fewer, That anguish comes and makes me tell My ghastly aventure. I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; The moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me; To him my tale I teach. What loud uproar bursts from that door! The Wedding-guests are there; But in the Garden-bower the Bride And Bride-maids singing are: And hark the little Vesper-bell Which biddeth me to prayer. O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely ’twas, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be. O sweeter than the Marriage-feast, ’Tis

sweeter far to me To walk together to the Kirk With a goodly company. To walk together to the Kirk And all together pray, While each to his great father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And Youths, and Maidens gay. Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou wedding-guest! He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast. He prayeth best who loveth best, All things both great and small: For the dear God, who loveth us, He made and loveth all. The Marinere, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone; and now the wedding-guest Turn'd from the bridegroom's door. He went, like one that hath been stunn'd And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man He rose the morrow morn.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE, A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

FOSTER-MOTHER. I never saw the man whom you describe. MARIA. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly As mine and Albert's common Foster-mother. FOSTER-MOTHER. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be, That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady, As often as I think of those dear times When you two little ones would stand at eve On each side of my chair, and make me learn All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you— 'Tis more like heaven to come than what has been. MARIA. O my dear Mother! this strange man has left me Troubled with wilder fancies, than the moon Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it, Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye She gazes idly!—But that entrance, Mother! FOSTER-MOTHER. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale! MARIA. No one. FOSTER-MOTHER My husband's father told it me, Poor old Leoni!—Angels rest his soul! He was a woodman, and could fell and saw With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel? Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree He found a baby wrapt in

mosses, lined With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home, And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost. And so the babe grew up a pretty boy, A pretty boy, but most unteachable— And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead, But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes, And whistled, as he were a bird himself: And all the autumn 'twas his only play To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them With earth and water, on the stumps of trees. A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood, A grey-haired man—he loved this little boy, The boy loved him—and, when the Friar taught him, He soon could write with the pen: and from that time, Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle. So he became a very learned youth. But Oh! poor wretch!—he read, and read, and read, 'Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year, He had unlawful thoughts of many things: And though he prayed, he never loved to pray With holy men, nor in a holy place— But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet, The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him. And once, as by the north side of the Chapel They stood together, chained in deep discourse, The earth heaved under them with such a groan, That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened; A fever seized him, and he made confession Of all the heretical and lawless talk Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized And cast into that hole. My husband's father Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart: And once as he was working in the cellar, He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's, Who sung a doleful song about green fields, How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah, To hunt for food, and be a naked man, And wander up and down at liberty. He always doted on the youth, and now His love grew desperate; and defying death, He made that cunning entrance I described: And the young man escaped. MARIA. 'Tis a sweet tale: Such as would lull a listening child to sleep, His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.— And what became of him? FOSTER-MOTHER. He went on ship-board With those bold voyagers, who made discovery Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother Went

likewise, and when he returned to Spain, He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth, Soon after they arrived in that new world, In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat, And all alone, set sail by silent moonlight Up a great river, great as any sea, And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed, He lived and died among the savage men.

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE SHORE, YET COMMANDING A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

—Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands Far from all human dwelling: what if here No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb; What if these barren boughs the bee not loves; Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves, That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind By one soft impulse saved from vacancy. —Who he was That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod First covered o'er, and taught this aged tree, Now wild, to bend its arms in circling shade, I well remember.—He was one who own'd No common soul. In youth, by genius nurs'd, And big with lofty views, he to the world Went forth, pure in his heart, against the taint Of dissolute tongues, 'gainst jealousy, and hate, And scorn, against all enemies prepared, All but neglect: and so, his spirit damped At once, with rash disdain he turned away, And with the food of pride sustained his soul In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit, His only visitants a straggling sheep, The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper; And on these barren rocks, with juniper, And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er, Fixing his downward eye, he many an hour A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here An emblem of his own unfruitful life: And lifting up his head, he then would gaze On the more distant scene; how lovely 'tis Thou seest, and he would gaze till it became Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain The beauty still more beauteous. Nor, that time, Would he forget those beings, to whose minds, Warm from the labours of benevolence, The world, and man himself, appeared a scene Of kindred loveliness:

then he would sigh With mournful joy, to think that others felt What he must never feel: and so, lost man! On visionary views would fancy feed, Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale He died, this seat his only monument. If thou be one whose heart the holy forms Of young imagination have kept pure, Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know, that pride, Howe'er disguised in its own majesty, Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used; that thought with him Is in its infancy. The man, whose eye Is ever on himself, doth look on one, The least of nature's works, one who might move The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds Unlawful, ever. O, be wiser thou! Instructed that true knowledge leads to love, True dignity abides with him alone Who, in the silent hour of inward thought, Can still suspect, and still revere himself, In lowliness of heart.

THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATIONAL POEM, WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip Of sullen Light, no obscure trembling hues. Come, we will rest on this old mossy Bridge! You see the glimmer of the stream beneath, But hear no murmuring: it flows silently O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still, A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim, Yet let us think upon the vernal showers That gladden the green earth, and we shall find A pleasure in the dimness of the stars. And hark! the Nightingale begins its song, "Most musical, most melancholy" 1 Bird! A melancholy Bird? O idle thought! In nature there is nothing melancholy. —But some night-wandering Man, whose heart was pierc'd With the remembrance of a grievous wrong, Or slow distemper or neglected love, (And so, poor Wretch! fill'd all things with himself And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale Of his own sorrows) he and such as he First nam'd these notes a melancholy strain; And many a poet echoes the conceit,

Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell By sun or moonlight, to the influxes Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song And of his fame forgetful! so his fame Should share in nature's immortality, A venerable thing! and so his song Should make all nature lovelier, and itself Be lov'd, like nature!—But 'twill not be so; And youths and maidens most poetical Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains. My Friend, and my Friend's Sister! we have learnt A different lore: we may not thus profane Nature's sweet voices always full of love And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates With fast thick warble his delicious notes, As he were fearful, that an April night Would be too short for him to utter forth His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul Of all its music! And I know a grove Of large extent, hard by a castle huge Which the great lord inhabits not: and so This grove is wild with tangling underwood, And the trim walks are broken up, and grass, Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths. But never elsewhere in one place I knew So many Nightingales: and far and near In wood and thicket over the wide grove They answer and provoke each other's songs— With skirmish and capricious passagings, And murmurs musical and swift jug jug And one low piping sound more sweet than all— Stirring the air with such an harmony, That should you close your eyes, you might almost Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes, Whose dewy leafits are but half disclos'd, You may perchance behold them on the twigs, Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full, Glistning, while many a glow-worm in the shade Lights up her love-torch. A most gentle maid Who dwelleth in her hospitable home Hard by the Castle, and at latest eve, (Even like a Lady vow'd and dedicate To something more than nature in the grove) Glides thro' the pathways; she knows all their notes, That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space, What time the moon was lost behind a cloud, Hath heard a pause of silence:

till the Moon Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky With one sensation, and those wakeful Birds Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy, As if one quick and sudden Gale had swept An hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd Many a Nightingale perch giddily On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze, And to that motion tune his wanton song, Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head. Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve, And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell! We have been loitering long and pleasantly, And now for our dear homes.—That strain again! Full fain it would delay me!—My dear Babe, Who, capable of no articulate sound, Mars all things with his imitative lisp, How he would place his hand beside his ear, His little hand, the small forefinger up, And bid us listen! And I deem it wise To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well The evening star: and once when he awoke In most distressful mood (some inward pain Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream) I hurried with him to our orchard plot, And he beholds the moon, and hush'd at once Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently, While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well— It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up Familiar with these songs, that with the night He may associate Joy! Once more farewell, Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.

Footnote 1 (return): "Most musical, most melancholy." This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description: it is spoken in the character of the melancholy Man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The Author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton: a charge than which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

By Derwent's side my Father's cottage stood, (The Woman thus her artless story

told) One field, a flock, and what the neighbouring flood Supplied, to him were more than mines of gold. Light was my sleep; my days in transport roll'd: With thoughtless joy I stretch'd along the shore My father's nets, or watched, when from the fold High o'er the cliffs I led my fleecy store, A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar. My father was a good and pious man, An honest man by honest parents bred, And I believe that, soon as I began To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed, And in his hearing there my prayers I said: And afterwards, by my good father taught, I read, and loved the books in which I read; For books in every neighbouring house I sought, And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought. Can I forget what charms did once adorn My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme, And rose and lilly for the sabbath morn? The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime; The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time; My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied; The cowslip-gathering at May's dewy prime; The swans, that, when I sought the water-side, From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride. The staff I yet remember which upbore The bending body of my active sire; His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore When the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire; When market-morning came, the neat attire With which, though bent on haste, myself I deck'd; My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire, When stranger passed, so often I have check'd; The red-breast known for years, which at my casement peck'd. The suns of twenty summers danced along,— Ah! little marked, how fast they rolled away: Then rose a mansion proud our woods among, And cottage after cottage owned its sway, No joy to see a neighbouring house, or stray Through pastures not his own, the master took; My Father dared his greedy wish gainsay; He loved his old hereditary nook, And ill could I the thought of such sad parting brook. But, when he had refused the proffered gold, To cruel injuries he became a prey, Sore traversed in whate'er he bought and sold: His troubles grew upon him day by day, Till all his substance fell into decay. His little range of water was denied; 2 All but the bed where his old body lay, All, all was seized, and

weeping, side by side, We sought a home where we uninjured might abide. Can I forget that miserable hour, When from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed, Peering above the trees, the steeple tower, That on his marriage-day sweet music made? Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid, Close by my mother in their native bowers: Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,— I could not pray:—through tears that fell in showers, Glimmer'd our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours! There was a youth whom I had loved so long, That when I loved him not I cannot say. 'Mid the green mountains many and many a song We two had sung, like little birds in May. When we began to tire of childish play We seemed still more and more to prize each other: We talked of marriage and our marriage day; And I in truth did love him like a brother, For never could I hope to meet with such another. His father said, that to a distant town He must repair, to ply the artist's trade. What tears of bitter grief till then unknown! What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed! To him we turned:—we had no other aid. Like one revived, upon his neck I wept, And her whom he had loved in joy, he said He well could love in grief: his faith he kept; And in a quiet home once more my father slept. Four years each day with daily bread was blest, By constant toil and constant prayer supplied. Three lovely infants lay upon my breast; And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed, And knew not why. My happy father died When sad distress reduced the children's meal: Thrice happy! that from him the grave did hide The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel, And tears that flowed for ills which patience could not heal. 'Twas a hard change, an evil time was come; We had no hope, and no relief could gain. But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum Beat round, to sweep the streets of want and pain. My husband's arms now only served to strain Me and his children hungering in his view: In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain: To join those miserable men he flew; And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew. There foul neglect for months and months we bore, Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor stirred. Green fields before us and our native shore, By fever, from polluted air incurred, Ravage

was made, for which no knell was heard. Fondly we wished, and wished away, nor knew, ’Mid that long sickness, and those hopes deferr’d, That happier days we never more must view: The parting signal streamed, at last the land withdrew, But from delay the summer calms were past. On as we drove, the equinoctial deep Ran mountains—high before the howling blaft. We gazed with terror on the gloomy sleep Of them that perished in the whirlwind’s sweep, Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue, Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap, That we the mercy of the waves should rue. We reached the western world, a poor, devoted crew. Oh! dreadful price of being to resign All that is dear in being! better far In Want’s most lonely cave till death to pine, Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star; Or in the streets and walks where proud men are, Better our dying bodies to obtrude, Than dog-like, wading at the heels of war, Protract a curst existence, with the brood That lap (their very nourishment!) their brother’s blood. The pains and plagues that on our heads came down, Disease and famine, agony and fear, In wood or wilderness, in camp or town, It would thy brain unsettle even to hear. All perished—all, in one remorseless year, Husband and children! one by one, by sword And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored. Peaceful as some immeasurable plain By the first beams of dawning light impress’d, In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main. The very ocean has its hour of rest, That comes not to the human mourner’s breast. Remote from man, and storms of mortal care, A heavenly silence did the waves invest; I looked and looked along the silent air, Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair. Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps! And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke, Where looks inhuman dwelt on festering heaps! The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke! The shriek that from the distant battle broke! The mine’s dire earthquake, and the pallid host Driven by the bomb’s incessant thunder-stroke To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss’d, Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost! Yet does that burst of woe congeal my frame,

When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape, While like a sea the storming army came, And Fire from Hell reared his gigantic shape, And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape Seized their joint prey, the mother and the child! But from these crazing thoughts my brain, escape! —For weeks the balmy air breathed soft and mild, And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled. Some mighty gulph of separation past, I seemed transported to another world:— A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast The impatient mariner the sail unfurl'd, And whistling, called the wind that hardly curled The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home, And from all hope I was forever hurled. For me—farthest from earthly port to roam Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come. And oft, robb'd of my perfect mind, I thought At last my feet a resting-place had found: Here will I weep in peace, (so fancy wrought,) Roaming the illimitable waters round; Here watch, of every human friend disowned, All day, my ready tomb the ocean-flood— To break my dream the vessel reached its bound: And homeless near a thousand homes I stood, And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food. By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift, Helpless as sailor cast on desart rock; Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift, Nor dared my hand at any door to knock. I lay, where with his drowsy mates, the cock From the cross timber of an out-house hung; How dismal tolled, that night, the city clock! At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung, Nor to the beggar's language could I frame my tongue. So passed another day, and so the third: Then did I try, in vain, the crowd's resort, In deep despair by frightful wishes stirr'd, Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort: There, pains which nature could no more support, With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall; Dizzy my brain, with interruption short Of hideous sense; I sunk, nor step could crawl, And thence was borne away to neighbouring hospital. Recovery came with food: but still, my brain Was weak, nor of the past had memory. I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain Of many things which never troubled me; Of feet still bustling round with busy glee, Of looks where common kindness had no part, Of service done with

careless cruelty, Fretting the fever round the languid heart, And groans, which, as they said, would make a dead man start. These things just served to stir the torpid sense, Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised. Memory, though slow, returned with strength; and thence Dismissed, again on open day I gazed, At houses, men, and common light, amazed. The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired, Came, where beneath the trees a faggot blazed; The wild brood saw me weep, my fate enquired, And gave me food, and rest, more welcome, more desired. My heart is touched to think that men like these, The rude earth's tenants, were my first relief: How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease! And their long holiday that feared not grief, For all belonged to all, and each was chief. No plough their sinews strained; on grating road No wain they drove, and yet, the yellow sheaf In every vale for their delight was stowed: For them, in nature's meads, the milky udder flowed. Semblance, with straw and pauniered ass, they made Of potters wandering on from door to door: But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed, And other joys my fancy to allure; The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor In barn uplighted, and companions boon Well met from far with revelry secure, In depth of forest glade, when jocund June Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon. But ill it suited me, in journey dark O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch; To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark. Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch; The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match, The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill, And ear still busy on its nightly watch, Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill; Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still. What could I do, unaided and unblest? Poor Father! gone was every friend of thine: And kindred of dead husband are at best Small help, and, after marriage such as mine, With little kindness would to me incline. Ill was I then for toil or service fit: With tears whose course no effort could confine, By high-way side forgetful would I sit Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit. I lived upon the mercy of the fields, And oft of cruelty the sky accused; On hazard, or what general bounty yields, Now coldly given, now utterly refused, The

fields I for my bed have often used: But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth Is, that I have my inner self abused, Foregone the home delight of constant truth, And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth. Three years a wanderer, often have I view'd, In tears, the sun towards that country tend Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude: And now across this moor my steps I bend— Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend Have I.—She ceased, and weeping turned away, As if because her tale was at an end She wept;—because she had no more to say Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

Footnote 2 (return): Several of the Lakes in the north of England are let out to different Fishermen, in parcels marked out by imaginary lines drawn from rock to rock.

GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL, A TRUE STORY.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter? What is't that ails young Harry Gill? That evermore his teeth they chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still. Of waistcoats Harry has no lack, Good duffle grey, and flannel fine; He has a blanket on his back, And coats enough to smother nine. In March, December, and in July, "Tis all the same with Harry Gill; The neighbours tell, and tell you truly, His teeth they chatter, chatter still. At night, at morning, and at noon, 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill; Beneath the sun, beneath the moon, His teeth they chatter, chatter still. Young Harry was a lusty drover, And who so stout of limb as he? His cheeks were red as ruddy clover, His voice was like the voice of three. Auld Goody Blake was old and poor, Ill fedd she was, and thinly clad; And any man who pass'd her door, Might see how poor a hut she had. All day she spun in her poor dwelling, And then her three hours' work at night! Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling, It would not pay for candle-light. —This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire, Her hut was on a cold hill-side, And in that country coals are dear, For they come far by wind and tide. By the same fire to boil

their pottage, Two poor old dames, as I have known, Will often live in one small cottage, But she, poor woman, dwelt alone. 'Twas well enough when summer came, The long, warm, lightsome summer-day, Then at her door the canty dame Would sit, as any linnet gay. But when the ice our streams did fetter, Oh! then how her old bones would shake! You would have said, if you had met her, 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake. Her evenings then were dull and dead; Sad case it was, as you may think, For very cold to go to bed, And then for cold not sleep a wink. Oh joy for her! when e'er in winter The winds at night had made a rout, And scatter'd many a lusty splinter, And many a rotten bough about. Yet never had she, well or sick, As every man who knew her says, A pile before-hand, wood or stick, Enough to warm her for three days. Now, when the frost was past enduring, And made her poor old bones to ache, Could any thing be more alluring, Than an old hedge to Goody Blake? And now and then, it must be said, When her old bones were cold and chill, She left her fire, or left her bed, To seek the hedge of Harry Gill. Now Harry he had long suspected This trespass of old Goody Blake, And vow'd that she should be detected, And he on her would vengeance take. And oft from his warm fire he'd go, And to the fields his road would take, And there, at night, in frost and snow, He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake. And once, behind a rick of barley, Thus looking out did Harry stand; The moon was full and shining clearly, And crisp with frost the stubble-land. —He hears a noise—he's all awake— Again?—on tip-toe down the hill He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake, She's at the hedge of Harry Gill. Right glad was he when he beheld her: Stick after stick did Goody pull, He stood behind a bush of elder, Till she had filled her apron full. When with her load she turned about, The bye-road back again to take, He started forward with a shout, And sprang upon poor Goody Blake. And fiercely by the arm he took her, And by the arm he held her fast, And fiercely by the arm he shook her, And cried, "I've caught you then at last!" Then Goody, who had nothing said, Her bundle from her lap let fall; And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd To God that is the judge of all. She pray'd,

her wither'd hand uprearing, While Harry held her by the arm— "God! who art never out of hearing, "O may he never more be warm!" The cold, cold moon above her head, Thus on her knees did Goody pray, Young Harry heard what she had said, And icy-cold he turned away. He went complaining all the morrow That he was cold and very chill: His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow, Alas! that day for Harry Gill! That day he wore a riding-coat, But not a whit the warmer he: Another was on Thursday brought, And ere the Sabbath he had three. 'Twas all in vain, a useless matter, And blankets were about him pinn'd; Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter, Like a loose casement in the wind. And Harry's flesh it fell away; And all who see him say 'tis plain, That, live as long as live he may, He never will be warm again. No word to any man he utters, A-bed or up, to young or old; But ever to himself he mutters, "Poor Harry Gill is very cold." A-bed or up, by night or day; His teeth they chatter, chatter still. Now think, ye farmers all, I pray, Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY TO THE PERSON TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED.

It is the first mild day of March: Each minute sweeter than before, The red-breast sings from the tall larch That stands beside our door. There is a blessing in the air, Which seems a sense of joy to yield To the bare trees, and mountains bare, And grass in the green field. My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine) Now that our morning meal is done, Make haste, your morning task resign; Come forth and feel the sun. Edward will come with you, and pray, Put on with speed your woodland dress, And bring no book, for this one day We'll give to idleness. No joyless forms shall regulate Our living Calendar: We from to-day, my friend, will date The opening of the year. Love, now an universal birth. From heart to heart is stealing, From earth to man,

from man to earth, —It is the hour of feeling. One moment now may give us more Than fifty years of reason; Our minds shall drink at every pore The spirit of the season. Some silent laws our hearts may make, Which they shall long obey; We for the year to come may take Our temper from to-day. And from the blessed power that rolls About, below, above; We'll frame the measure of our souls, They shall be tuned to love. Then come, my sister! come, I pray, With speed put on your woodland dress, And bring no book; for this one day We'll give to idleness.

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN, WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan, Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall, An old man dwells, a little man, I've heard he once was tall. Of years he has upon his back, No doubt, a burthen weighty; He says he is three score and ten, But others say he's eighty. A long blue livery-coat has he, That's fair behind, and fair before; Yet, meet him where you will, you see At once that he is poor. Full five and twenty years he lived A running huntsman merry; And, though he has but one eye left, His cheek is like a cherry. No man like him the horn could sound. And no man was so full of glee; To say the least, four counties round Had heard of Simon Lee; His master's dead, and no one now Dwells in the hall of Ivor; Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead; He is the sole survivor. His hunting feats have him bereft Of his right eye, as you may see: And then, what limbs those feats have left To poor old Simon Lee! He has no son, he has no child, His wife, an aged woman, Lives with him, near the waterfall, Upon the village common. And he is lean and he is sick, His little body's half awry His ancles they are swoln and thick His legs are thin and dry. When he was young he little knew Of husbandry or tillage; And now he's forced to work, though weak, —The weakest in the village. He all the country could outrun, Could leave both man and horse behind; And often, ere the race was done, He reeled and was stone-blind.

And still there’s something in the world At which his heart rejoices; For when the chiming hounds are out, He dearly loves their voices! Old Ruth works out of doors with him, And does what Simon cannot do; For she, not over stout of limb, Is stouter of the two. And though you with your utmost skill From labour could not wean them, Alas! ’tis very little, all Which they can do between them. Beside their moss-grown hut of clay, Not twenty paces from the door, A scrap of land they have, but they Are poorest of the poor. This scrap of land he from the heath Enclosed when he was stronger; But what avails the land to them, Which they can till no longer? Few months of life has he in store, As he to you will tell, For still, the more he works, the more His poor old ancles swell. My gentle reader, I perceive How patiently you’ve waited, And I’m afraid that you expect Some tale will be related. O reader! had you in your mind Such stores as silent thought can bring, O gentle reader! you would find A tale in every thing. What more I have to say is short, I hope you’ll kindly take it; It is no tale; but should you think, Perhaps a tale you’ll make it. One summer-day I chanced to see This old man doing all he could About the root of an old tree, A stump of rotten wood. The mattock totter’d in his hand; So vain was his endeavour That at the root of the old tree He might have worked for ever. “You’re overtasked, good Simon Lee, Give me your tool” to him I said; And at the word right gladly he Received my proffer’d aid. I struck, and with a single blow The tangled root I sever’d, At which the poor old man so long And vainly had endeavour’d. The tears into his eyes were brought, And thanks and praises seemed to run So fast out of his heart, I thought They never would have done. —I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With coldness still returning. Alas! the gratitude of men Has oftner left me mourning.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS SHEWING HOW THE ART OF LYING MAY BE TAUGHT.

I have a boy of five years old, His face is fair and fresh to see; His limbs are cast in beauty's mould, And dearly he loves me. One morn we stroll'd on our dry walk, Our quiet house all full in view, And held such intermitted talk As we are wont to do. My thoughts on former pleasures ran; I thought of Kilve's delightful shore, My pleasant home, when spring began, A long, long year before. A day it was when I could bear To think, and think, and think again; With so much happiness to spare, I could not feel a pain. My boy was by my side, so slim And graceful in his rustic dress! And oftentimes I talked to him, In very idleness. The young lambs ran a pretty race; The morning sun shone bright and warm; "Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place, "And so is Liswyn farm. "My little boy, which like you more," I said and took him by the arm— "Our home by Kilve's delightful shore, "Or here at Liswyn farm?" "And tell me, had you rather be," I said and held him by the arm, "At Kilve's smooth shore by the green sea, "Or here at Liswyn farm?" In careless mood he looked at me, While still I held him by the arm, And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be "Than here at Liswyn farm." "Now, little Edward, say why so; My little Edward, tell me why;" "I cannot tell, I do not know," "Why this is strange," said I. "For, here are woods and green-hills warm; "There surely must some reason be "Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm "For Kilve by the green sea." At this, my boy, so fair and slim, Hung down his head, nor made reply; And five times did I say to him, "Why? Edward, tell me why?" His head he raised—there was in sight, It caught his eye, he saw it plain— Upon the house-top, glittering bright, A broad and gilded vane. Then did the boy his tongue unlock, And thus to me he made reply; "At Kilve there was no weather-cock, "And that's the reason why." Oh dearest, dearest boy! my heart For better lore would seldom yearn, Could I but teach the hundredth part Of what from thee I learn.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death? I met a little cottage girl, She was eight years old, she said; Her hair was thick with many a curl That cluster’d round her head. She had a rustic, woodland air, And she was wildly clad; Her eyes were fair, and very fair, —Her beauty made me glad. “Sisters and brothers, little maid, “How many may you be?” “How many? seven in all,” she said, And wondering looked at me. “And where are they, I pray you tell?” She answered, “Seven are we, “And two of us at Conway dwell, “And two are gone to sea. “Two of us in the church-yard lie, “My sister and my brother, “And in the church-yard cottage, I “Dwell near them with my mother.” “You say that two at Conway dwell, “And two are gone to sea, “Yet you are seven; I pray you tell “Sweet Maid, how this may be?” Then did the little Maid reply, “Seven boys and girls are we; “Two of us in the church-yard lie, “Beneath the church-yard tree.” “You run about, my little maid, “Your limbs they are alive; “If two are in the church-yard laid, “Then ye are only five.” “Their graves are green, they may be seen,” The little Maid replied, “Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door, “And they are side by side. “My stockings there I often knit, “My ’kerchief there I hem; “And there upon the ground I sit— “I sit and sing to them. “And often after sunset, Sir, “When it is light and fair, “I take my little porringer, “And eat my supper there. “The first that died was little Jane; “In bed she moaning lay, “Till God released her of her pain, “And then she went away. “So in the church-yard she was laid, “And all the summer dry, “Together round her grave we played, “My brother John and I. “And when the ground was white with snow, “And I could run and slide, “My brother John was forced to go, “And he lies by her side.” “How many are you then,” said I, “If they two are in Heaven?” The little Maiden did reply, “O Master! we are seven.” “But they are dead; those two are dead! “Their spirits are in heaven!” ’Twas throwing words away; for still The little Maid would have her will, And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes, While in a grove I sate reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind. To her fair works did nature link The human soul that through me ran; And much it griev'd my heart to think What man has made of man. Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower, The periwinkle trail'd its wreathes; And 'tis my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes. The birds around me hopp'd and play'd: Their thoughts I cannot measure, But the least motion which they made, It seem'd a thrill of pleasure. The budding twigs spread out their fan, To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure there. If I these thoughts may not prevent, If such be of my creed the plan, Have I not reason to lament What man has made of man?

THE THORN.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

And close beside this aged thorn, There is a fresh and lovely sight, A beauteous heap, a hill of moss, Just half a foot in height. All lovely colours there you see, All colours that were ever seen, And mossy network too is there, As if by hand of lady fair The work had woven been, And cups, the darlings of the eye, So deep is their vermilion dye.

V.

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

VI.

Now would you see this aged thorn, This pond and beauteous hill of moss, You must take care and chuse your time The mountain when to cross. For oft there sits, between the heap That’s like an infant’s grave in size, And that same pond of which I spoke, A woman in a scarlet cloak, And to herself she cries, “Oh misery! oh misery! “Oh woe is me! oh misery!”

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

And they had fix'd the wedding-day, The morning that must wed them both; But Stephen to another maid Had sworn another oath; And with this other maid to church Unthinking Stephen went— Poor Martha! on that woful day A cruel, cruel fire, they say, Into her bones was sent: It dried her body like a cinder, And almost turn'd her brain to tinder.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries I have been, And yet I have not often seen A healthy man, a man full grown Weep in the public roads alone. But such a one, on English ground, And in the broad high-way, I met; Along the broad high-way he came, His cheeks with tears were wet. Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad; And in his arms a lamb he had. He saw me, and he turned aside, As if he wished himself to hide: Then with his coat he made essay To wipe those briny tears away. I follow’d him, and said, “My friend “What ails you? wherefore weep you so?” —“Shame on me, Sir! this lusty lamb, He makes my tears to flow. To-day I fetched him from the rock; He is the last of all my flock. When I was young, a single man, And after youthful follies ran, Though little given to care and thought, Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought; And other sheep from her I raised, As healthy sheep as you might see, And then I married, and was rich As I could wish to be; Of sheep I number’d a full score, And every year encreas’d my store. Year after year my stock it grew, And from this one, this single ewe, Full fifty comely sheep I raised, As sweet a flock as ever grazed! Upon the mountain did they feed; They throve, and we at home did thrive. —This lusty lamb of all my store Is all that is alive: And now I care not if we die, And perish all of poverty. Ten children, Sir! had I to feed, Hard labour in a time of need! My pride was tamed, and in our grief, I of the parish ask’d relief. They said I was a wealthy man; My sheep upon the mountain fed, And it was fit that thence I took Whereof to

buy us bread:" "Do this; how can we give to you," They cried, "what to the poor is due?" I sold a sheep as they had said, And bought my little children bread, And they were healthy with their food; For me it never did me good. A woeful time it was for me, To see the end of all my gains, The pretty flock which I had reared With all my care and pains, To see it melt like snow away! For me it was a woeful day. Another still! and still another! A little lamb, and then its mother! It was a vein that never stopp'd, Like blood-drops from my heart they dropp'd. Till thirty were not left alive They dwindled, dwindled, one by one, And I may say that many a time I wished they all were gone: They dwindled one by one away; For me it was a woeful day. To wicked deeds I was inclined, And wicked fancies cross'd my mind, And every man I chanc'd to see, I thought he knew some ill of me No peace, no comfort could I find, No ease, within doors or without, And crazily, and wearily, I went my work about. Oft-times I thought to run away; For me it was a woeful day. Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me, As dear as my own children be; For daily with my growing store I loved my children more and more. Alas! it was an evil time; God cursed me in my sore distress, I prayed, yet every day I thought I loved my children less; And every week, and every day, My flock, it seemed to melt away. They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see! From ten to five, from five to three, A lamb, a weather, and a ewe; And then at last, from three to two; And of my fifty, yesterday I had but only one, And here it lies upon my arm, Alas! and I have none; To-day I fetched it from the rock; It is the last of all my flock."

THE DUNGEON.

And this place our forefathers made for man! This is the process of our love and wisdom, To each poor brother who offends against us— Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty? Is this the only cure? Merciful God? Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up By ignorance and parching poverty, His energies roll

back upon his heart, And stagnate and corrupt; till changed to poison, They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot; Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks— And this is their best cure! uncomforted And friendless solitude, groaning and tears, And savage faces, at the clanking hour, Seen through the steams and vapour of his dungeon, By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies Circled with evil, till his very soul Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed By sights of ever more deformity! With other ministrations thou, O nature! Healest thy wandering and distempered child: Thou pourest on him thy soft influences, Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets, Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters, Till he relent, and can no more endure To be a jarring and a dissonant thing, Amid this general dance and minstrelsy; But, bursting into tears, wins back his way, His angry spirit healed and harmonized By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE MAD MOTHER.

Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, The sun has burnt her coal-black hair, Her eye-brows have a rusty stain, And she came far from over the main. She has a baby on her arm, Or else she were alone; And underneath the hay-stack warm, And on the green-wood stone, She talked and sung the woods among; And it was in the English tongue. "Sweet babe! they say that I am mad, But nay, my heart is far too glad; And I am happy when I sing Full many a sad and doleful thing: Then, lovely baby, do not fear! I pray thee have no fear of me, But, safe as in a cradle, here My lovely baby! thou shalt be, To thee I know too much I owe; I cannot work thee any woe. A fire was once within my brain; And in my head a dull, dull pain; And fiendish faces one, two, three, Hung at my breasts, and pulled at me. But then there came a sight of joy; It came at once to do me good; I waked, and saw my little boy, My little boy of flesh and blood; Oh joy for me that sight to see! For he was here, and only he. Suck, little babe, oh suck again! It cools my blood; it cools my brain; Thy lips I feel them, baby!

they Draw from my heart the pain away. Oh! press me with thy little hand; It loosens something at my chest; About that tight and deadly band I feel thy little fingers press'd. The breeze I see is in the tree; It comes to cool my babe and me. Oh! love me, love me, little boy! Thou art thy mother's only joy; And do not dread the waves below, When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go; The high crag cannot work me harm, Nor leaping torrents when they howl; The babe I carry on my arm, He saves for me my precious soul; Then happy lie, for blest am I; Without me my sweet babe would die. Then do not fear, my boy! for thee Bold as a lion I will be; And I will always be thy guide, Through hollow snows and rivers wide. I'll build an Indian bower; I know The leaves that make the softest bed: And if from me thou wilt not go, But still be true 'till I am dead, My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing, As merry as the birds in spring. Thy father cares not for my breast, 'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest: 'Tis all thine own! and if its hue Be changed, that was so fair to view, 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove! My beauty, little child, is flown; But thou wilt live with me in love, And what if my poor cheek be brown? 'Tis well for me; thou canst not see How pale and wan it else would be. Dread not their taunts, my little life! I am thy father's wedded wife; And underneath the spreading tree We two will live in honesty. If his sweet boy he could forsake, With me he never would have stay'd: From him no harm my babe can take, But he, poor man! is wretched made, And every day we two will pray For him that's gone and far away. I'll teach my boy the sweetest things; I'll teach him how the owlet sings. My little babe! thy lips are still, And thou hast almost suck'd thy fill. —Where art thou gone my own dear child? What wicked looks are those I see? Alas! alas! that look so wild, It never, never came from me: If thou art mad, my pretty lad, Then I must be for ever sad. Oh! smile on me, my little lamb! For I thy own dear mother am. My love for thee has well been tried: I've sought thy father far and wide. I know the poisons of the shade, I know the earth-nuts fit for food; Then, pretty dear, be not afraid; We'll find thy father in the wood. Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away! And there, my

babe; we'll live for aye.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night, The moon is up—the sky is blue, The owlet in the moonlight air, He shouts from nobody knows where; He lengthens out his lonely shout, Halloo! halloo! a long halloo! —Why bustle thus about your door, What means this bustle, Betty Foy? Why are you in this mighty fret? And why on horseback have you set Him whom you love, your idiot boy? Beneath the moon that shines so bright, Till she is tired, let Betty Foy With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle; But wherefore set upon a saddle Him whom she loves, her idiot boy? There's scarce a soul that's out of bed; Good Betty! put him down again; His lips with joy they burr at you, But, Betty! what has he to do With stirrup, saddle, or with rein? The world will say 'tis very idle, Bethink you of the time of night; There's not a mother, no not one, But when she hears what you have done, Oh! Betty she'll be in a fright. But Betty's bent on her intent, For her good neighbour, Susan Gale, Old Susan, she who dwells alone, Is sick, and makes a piteous moan, As if her very life would fail. There's not a house within a mile. No hand to help them in distress: Old Susan lies a bed in pain, And sorely puzzled are the twain, For what she ails they cannot guess. And Betty's husband's at the wood, Where by the week he doth abide, A woodman in the distant vale; There's none to help poor Susan Gale, What must be done? what will betide? And Betty from the lane has fetched Her pony, that is mild and good, Whether he be in joy or pain, Feeding at will along the lane, Or bringing faggots from the wood. And he is all in travelling trim, And by the moonlight, Betty Foy Has up upon the saddle set, The like was never heard of yet, Him whom she loves, her idiot boy. And he must post without delay Across the bridge that's in the dale, And by the church, and o'er the down, To bring a doctor from the town, Or she will die, old Susan Gale. There is no need of boot or spur, There is no need of whip or

wand, For Johnny has his holly-bough, And with a hurly-burly now He shakes the green bough in his hand. And Betty o'er and o'er has told The boy who is her best delight, Both what to follow, what to shun, What do, and what to leave undone, How turn to left, and how to right. And Betty's most especial charge, Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you "Come home again, nor stop at all, "Come home again, whate'er befal, "My Johnny do, I pray you do." To this did Johnny answer make, Both with his head, and with his hand, And proudly shook the bridle too, And then! his words were not a few, Which Betty well could understand. And now that Johnny is just going, Though Betty's in a mighty flurry, She gently pats the pony's side, On which her idiot boy must ride, And seems no longer in a hurry. But when the pony moved his legs, Oh! then for the poor idiot boy! For joy he cannot hold the bridle, For joy his head and heels are idle, He's idle all for very joy. And while the pony moves his legs, In Johnny's left-hand you may see, The green bough's motionless and dead; The moon that shines above his head Is not more still and mute than he. His heart it was so full of glee, That till full fifty yards were gone, He quite forgot his holly whip, And all his skill in horsemanship, Oh! happy, happy, happy John. And Betty's standing at the door, And Betty's face with joy o'erflows, Proud of herself, and proud of him, She sees him in his travelling trim; How quietly her Johnny goes. The silence of her idiot boy, What hopes it sends to Betty's heart! He's at the guide-post—he turns right, She watches till he's out of sight, And Betty will not then depart. Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr, As loud as any mill, or near it, Meek as a lamb the pony moves, And Johnny makes the noise he loves, And Betty listens, glad to hear it. Away she hies to Susan Gale: And Johnny's in a merry tune, The owlets hoot, the owlets curr, And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr, And on he goes beneath the moon. His steed and he right well agree, For of this pony there's a rumour, That should he lose his eyes and ears, And should he live a thousand years, He never will be out of humour. But then he is a horse that thinks! And when he thinks his pace is slack; Now, though he knows poor Johnny well, Yet

for his life he cannot tell What he has got upon his back. So through the moonlight lanes they go, And far into the moonlight dale, And by the church, and o'er the down, To bring a doctor from the town, To comfort poor old Susan Gale. And Betty, now at Susan's side, Is in the middle of her story, What comfort Johnny soon will bring, With many a most diverting thing, Of Johnny's wit and Johnny's glory. And Betty's still at Susan's side: By this time she's not quite so flurried; Demure with porringer and plate She sits, as if in Susan's fate Her life and soul were buried. But Betty, poor good woman! she, You plainly in her face may read it, Could lend out of that moment's store Five years of happiness or more, To any that might need it. But yet I guess that now and then With Betty all was not so well, And to the road she turns her ears, And thence full many a sound she hears, Which she to Susan will not tell. Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans, "As sure as there's a moon in heaven," Cries Betty, "he'll be back again; "They'll both be here, 'tis almost ten, "They'll both be here before eleven." Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans, The clock gives warning for eleven; 'Tis on the stroke—"If Johnny's near," Quoth Betty "he will soon be here, "As sure as there's a moon in heaven." The clock is on the stroke of twelve, And Johnny is not yet in sight, The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees, But Betty is not quite at ease; And Susan has a dreadful night. And Betty, half an hour ago, On Johnny vile reflections cast; "A little idle sauntering thing!" With other names, an endless string, But now that time is gone and past. And Betty's drooping at the heart, That happy time all past and gone, "How can it be he is so late? "The doctor he has made him wait, "Susan! they'll both be here anon." And Susan's growing worse and worse, And Betty's in a sad quandary; And then there's nobody to say If she must go or she must stay: —She's in a sad quandary. The clock is on the stroke of one; But neither Doctor nor his guide Appear along the moonlight road, There's neither horse nor man abroad, And Betty's still at Susan's side. And Susan she begins to fear Of sad mischances not a few, That Johnny may perhaps be drown'd, Or lost perhaps, and never found; Which they must both for ever rue. She

prefaced half a hint of this With, “God forbid it should be true!” At the first word that Susan said Cried Betty, rising from the bed, “Susan, I’d gladly stay with you. “I must be gone, I must away, “Consider, Johnny’s but half-wise; “Susan, we must take care of him, “If he is hurt in life or limb”— “Oh God forbid!” poor Susan cries. “What can I do?” says Betty, going, “What can I do to ease your pain? “Good Susan tell me, and I’ll stay; “I fear you’re in a dreadful way, “But I shall soon be back again.” “Good Betty go, good Betty go, “There’s nothing that can ease my pain.” Then off she hies, but with a prayer That God poor Susan’s life would spare, Till she comes back again. So, through the moonlight lane she goes, And far into the moonlight dale; And how she ran, and how she walked, And all that to herself she talked, Would surely be a tedious tale. In high and low, above, below, In great and small, in round and square, In tree and tower was Johnny seen, In bush and brake, in black and green, ’Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where. She’s past the bridge that’s in the dale, And now the thought torments her sore, Johnny perhaps his horse forsook, To hunt the moon that’s in the brook, And never will be heard of more. And now she’s high upon the down, Alone amid a prospect wide; There’s neither Johnny nor his horse, Among the fern or in the gorse; There’s neither doctor nor his guide. “Oh saints! what is become of him? “Perhaps he’s climbed into an oak, “Where he will stay till he is dead; “Or sadly he has been misled, “And joined the wandering gypsey-folk. “Or him that wicked pony’s carried “To the dark cave, the goblins’ hall, “Or in the castle he’s pursuing, “Among the ghosts, his own undoing; “Or playing with the waterfall.” At poor old Susan then she railed, While to the town she posts away; “If Susan had not been so ill, “Alas! I should have had him still, “My Johnny, till my dying day.” Poor Betty! in this sad distemper, The doctor’s self would hardly spare, Unworthy things she talked and wild, Even he, of cattle the most mild, The pony had his share. And now she’s got into the town, And to the doctor’s door she hies; Tis silence all on every side; The town so long, the town so wide, Is silent as the skies. And now she’s at the doctor’s door, She lifts the knocker,

rap, rap, rap, The doctor at the casement shews, His glimmering eyes that peep and doze; And one hand rubs his old night-cap. “Oh Doctor! Doctor! where’s my Johnny?” “I’m here, what is’t you want with me?” “Oh Sir! you know I’m Betty Foy, “And I have lost my poor dear boy, “You know him—him you often see; “He’s not so wise as some folks be,” “The devil take his wisdom!” said The Doctor, looking somewhat grim, “What, woman! should I know of him?” And, grumbling, he went back to bed. “O woe is me! O woe is me! “Here will I die; here will I die; “I thought to find my Johnny here, “But he is neither far nor near, “Oh! what a wretched mother I!” She stops, she stands, she looks about, Which way to turn she cannot tell. Poor Betty! it would ease her pain If she had heart to knock again; —The clock strikes three—a dismal knell! Then up along the town she hies, No wonder if her senses fail, This piteous news so much it shock’d her, She quite forgot to send the Doctor, To comfort poor old Susan Gale. And now she’s high upon the down, And she can see a mile of road, “Oh cruel! I’m almost three-score; “Such night as this was ne’er before, “There’s not a single soul abroad.” She listens, but she cannot hear The foot of horse, the voice of man; The streams with softest sound are flowing, The grass you almost hear it growing, You hear it now if e’er you can. The owlets through the long blue night Are shouting to each other still: Fond lovers, yet not quite hob nob, They lengthen out the tremulous sob, That echoes far from hill to hill. Poor Betty now has lost all hope, Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin; A green-grown pond she just has pass’d, And from the brink she hurries fast, Lest she should drown herself therein. And now she sits her down and weeps; Such tears she never shed before; “Oh dear, dear pony! my sweet joy! “Oh carry back my idiot boy! “And we will ne’er o’erload thee more.” A thought is come into her head; “The pony he is mild and good, “And we have always used him well; “Perhaps he’s gone along the dell, “And carried Johnny to the wood.” Then up she springs as if on wings; She thinks no more of deadly sin; If Betty fifty ponds should see, The last of all her thoughts would be, To drown herself therein. Oh reader! now that I might tell

What Johnny and his horse are doing! What they've been doing all this time, Oh could I put it into rhyme, A most delightful tale pursuing! Perhaps, and no unlikely thought! He with his pony now doth roam The cliffs and peaks so high that are, To lay his hands upon a star, And in his pocket bring it home. Perhaps he's turned himself about, His face unto his horse's tail, And still and mute, in wonder lost, All like a silent horseman-ghost, He travels on along the vale. And now, perhaps, he's hunting sheep, A fierce and dreadful hunter he! Yon valley, that's so trim and green, In five months' time, should he be seen, A desart wilderness will be. Perhaps, with head and heels on fire, And like the very soul of evil, He's galloping away, away, And so he'll gallop on for aye, The bane of all that dread the devil. I to the muses have been bound, These fourteen years, by strong indentures; Oh gentle muses! let me tell But half of what to him befel, For sure he met with strange adventures. Oh gentle muses! is this kind? Why will ye thus my suit repel? Why of your further aid bereave me? And can ye thus unfriended leave me? Ye muses! whom I love so well. Who's yon, that, near the waterfall, Which thunders down with headlong force, Beneath the moon, yet shining fair, As careless as if nothing were, Sits upright on a feeding horse? Unto his horse, that's feeding free, He seems, I think, the rein to give; Of moon or stars he takes no heed; Of such we in romances read, —'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live. And that's the very pony too. Where is she, where is Betty Foy? She hardly can sustain her fears; The roaring water-fall she hears, And cannot find her idiot boy. Your pony's worth his weight in gold, Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy! She's coming from among the trees, And now, all full in view, she sees Him whom she loves, her idiot boy. And Betty sees the pony too: Why stand you thus Good Betty Foy? It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost, 'Tis he whom you so long have lost, He whom you love, your idiot boy. She looks again—her arms are up— She screams—she cannot move for joy; She darts as with a torrent's force, She almost has o'erturned the horse, And fast she holds her idiot boy. And Johnny burrs and laughs aloud, Whether in cunning or in joy, I cannot tell; but while he laughs,

Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs, To hear again her idiot boy. And now she's at the pony's tail, And now she's at the pony's head, On that side now, and now on this, And almost stifled with her bliss, A few sad tears does Betty shed. She kisses o'er and o'er again, Him whom she loves, her idiot boy, She's happy here, she's happy there, She is uneasy every where; Her limbs are all alive with joy. She pats the pony, where or when She knows not, happy Betty Foy! The little pony glad may be, But he is milder far than she, You hardly can perceive his joy. "Oh! Johnny, never mind the Doctor; "You've done your best, and that is all." She took the reins, when this was said, And gently turned the pony's head From the loud water-fall. By this the stars were almost gone, The moon was setting on the hill, So pale you scarcely looked at her: The little birds began to stir, Though yet their tongues were still. The pony, Betty, and her boy, Wind slowly through the woody dale: And who is she, be-times abroad, That hobbles up the steep rough road? Who is it, but old Susan Gale? Long Susan lay deep lost in thought, And many dreadful fears beset her, Both for her messenger and nurse; And as her mind grew worse and worse, Her body it grew better. She turned, she toss'd herself in bed, On all sides doubts and terrors met her; Point after point did she discuss; And while her mind was fighting thus, Her body still grew better. "Alas! what is become of them? "These fears can never be endured, "I'll to the wood."—The word scarce said, Did Susan rise up from her bed, As if by magic cured. Away she posts up hill and down, And to the wood at length is come, She spies her friends, she shouts a greeting; Oh me! it is a merry meeting, As ever was in Christendom. The owls have hardly sung their last, While our four travellers homeward wend; The owls have hooted all night long, And with the owls began my song, And with the owls must end. For while they all were travelling home, Cried Betty, "Tell us Johnny, do, "Where all this long night you have been, "What you have heard, what you have seen, "And Johnny, mind you tell us true." Now Johnny all night long had heard The owls in tuneful concert strive; No doubt too he the moon had seen; For in the moonlight he had been From eight o'clock till five. And

thus to Betty's question, he Made answer, like a traveller bold, (His very words I give to you,) "The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo, "And the sun did shine so cold." —Thus answered Johnny in his glory, And that was all his travel's story.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND, UPON THE THAMES, AT EVENING.

How rich the wave, in front, imprest With evening-twilight's summer hues, While, facing thus the crimson west, The boat her silent path pursues! And see how dark the backward stream! A little moment past, so smiling! And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam, Some other loiterer beguiling. Such views the youthful bard allure, But, heedless of the following gloom, He deems their colours shall endure 'Till peace go with him to the tomb. —And let him nurse his fond deceit, And what if he must die in sorrow! Who would not cherish dreams so sweet, Though grief and pain may come to-morrow? Glide gently, thus for ever glide, O Thames! that other bards may see, As lovely visions by thy side As now, fair river! come to me. Oh glide, fair stream! for ever so; Thy quiet soul on all bestowing, 'Till all our minds for ever flow, As thy deep waters now are flowing. Vain thought! yet be as now thou art, That in thy waters may be seen The image of a poet's heart, How bright, how solemn, how serene! Such heart did once the poet bless, Who, pouring here a 3 later ditty, Could find no refuge from distress, But in the milder grief of pity. Remembrance! as we glide along, For him suspend the dashing oar, And pray that never child of Song May know his freezing sorrows more. How calm! how still! the only sound, The dripping of the oar suspended! —The evening darkness gathers round By virtue's holiest powers attended.

Footnote 3 (return): Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

“Why William, on that old grey stone, “Thus for the length of half a day, “Why William, sit you thus alone, “And dream your time away? “Where are your books? that light bequeath’d “To beings else forlorn and blind! “Up! Up! and drink the spirit breath’d “From dead men to their kind. “You look round on your mother earth, “As if she for no purpose bore you; “As if you were her first-born birth, “And none had lived before you!” One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake, When life was sweet I knew not why, To me my good friend Matthew spake, And thus I made reply. “The eye it cannot chuse but see, “We cannot bid the ear be still; “Our bodies feel, where’er they be, “Against, or with our will. “Nor less I deem that there are powers, “Which of themselves our minds impress, “That we can feed this mind of ours, “In a wise passiveness. “Think you, mid all this mighty sum “Of things for ever speaking, “That nothing of itself will come, “But we must still be seeking? “—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone, “Conversing as I may, “I sit upon this old grey stone, “And dream my time away.”

THE TABLES TURNED; AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks, Why all this toil and trouble? Up! up! my friend, and quit your books, Or surely you’ll grow double. The sun above the mountain’s head, A freshening lustre mellow, Through all the long green fields has spread, His first sweet evening yellow. Books! ’tis a dull and endless strife, Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music; on my life There’s more of wisdom in it. And hark! how blithe the throstle sings! And he is no mean preacher; Come forth into the light of things, Let Nature be your teacher. She has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless— Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,

Truth breathed by chearfulness. One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man; Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can. Sweet is the lore which nature brings; Our meddling intellect Misshapes the beauteous forms of things; —We murder to dissect. Enough of science and of art; Close up these barren leaves; Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives.

OLD MAN TRAVELLING; ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY, A SKETCH.

The little hedge-row birds, That peck along the road, regard him not. He travels on, and in his face, his step, His gait, is one expression; every limb, His look and bending figure, all bespeak A man who does not move with pain, but moves With thought—He is insensibly subdued To settled quiet: he is one by whom All effort seems forgotten, one to whom Long patience has such mild composure given, That patience now doth seem a thing, of which He hath no need. He is by nature led To peace so perfect, that the young behold With envy, what the old man hardly feels. —I asked him whither he was bound, and what The object of his journey; he replied "Sir! I am going many miles to take "A last leave of my son, a mariner, "Who from a sea-fight has been brought to Falmouth, And there is dying in an hospital."

THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions; he is left behind, covered over with Deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the Desart; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other Tribes of Indians. It is unnecessary to add that the females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting

work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. When the Northern Lights, as the same writer informs us, vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise. This circumstance is alluded to in the first stanza of the following poem.]

Before I see another day, Oh let my body die away! In sleep I heard the northern gleams; The stars they were among my dreams; In sleep did I behold the skies, I saw the crackling flashes drive; And yet they are upon my eyes, And yet I am alive. Before I see another day, Oh let my body die away! My fire is dead: it knew no pain; Yet is it dead, and I remain. All stiff with ice the ashes lie; And they are dead, and I will die. When I was well, I wished to live, For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire; But they to me no joy can give, No pleasure now, and no desire. Then here contented will I lie; Alone I cannot fear to die. Alas! you might have dragged me on Another day, a single one! Too soon despair o'er me prevailed; Too soon my heartless spirit failed; When you were gone my limbs were stronger, And Oh how grievously I rue, That, afterwards, a little longer, My friends, I did not follow you! For strong and without pain I lay, My friends, when you were gone away. My child! they gave thee to another, A woman who was not thy mother. When from my arms my babe they took, On me how strangely did he look! Through his whole body something ran, A most strange something did I see; —As if he strove to be a man, That he might pull the sledge for me. And then he stretched his arms, how wild! Oh mercy! like a little child. My little joy! my little pride! In two days more I must have died. Then do not weep and grieve for me; I feel I must have died with thee. Oh wind that o'er my head art flying, The way my friends their course did bend, I should not feel the pain of dying, Could I with thee a message send. Too soon, my friends, you went away; For I had many things to say. I'll follow you across the snow, You travel heavily and slow: In spite of all my weary pain, I'll look upon your tents again. My fire is dead, and snowy white The water which beside it stood; The wolf has come to me to-night, And he has stolen away my food. For ever left alone

am I, Then wherefore should I fear to die? My journey will be shortly run, I shall not see another sun, I cannot lift my limbs to know If they have any life or no. My poor forsaken child! if I For once could have thee close to me, With happy heart I then would die, And my last thoughts would happy be, I feel my body die away, I shall not see another day.

THE CONVICT.

The glory of evening was spread through the west; —On the slope of a mountain I stood; While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest Rang loud through the meadow and wood. “And must we then part from a dwelling so fair?” In the pain of my spirit I said, And with a deep sadness I turned, to repair To the cell where the convict is laid. The thick-ribbed walls that o’ershadow the gate Resound; and the dungeons unfold: I pause; and at length, through the glimmering grate, That outcast of pity behold. His black matted head on his shoulder is bent, And deep is the sigh of his breath, And with stedfast dejection his eyes are intent On the fetters that link him to death. ’Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze. That body dismiss’d from his care; Yet my fancy has pierced to his heart, and pourtrays More terrible images there. His bones are consumed, and his life-blood is dried, With wishes the past to undo; And his crime, through the pains that o’erwhelm him, descried, Still blackens and grows on his view. When from the dark synod, or blood-reeking field, To his chamber the monarch is led, All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall yield, And quietness pillow his head. But if grief, self-consumed, in oblivion would doze, And conscience her tortures appease, ’Mid tumult and uproar this man must repose; In the comfortless vault of disease. When his fetters at night have so press’d on his limbs, That the weight can no longer be borne, If, while a half-slumber his memory bedims, The wretch on his pallet should turn, While the jail-mastiff howls at the dull clanking chain, From the roots of his hair there shall start A thousand sharp

punctures of cold-sweating pain, And terror shall leap at his heart. But now he half-raises his deep-sunken eye, And the motion unsettles a tear; The silence of sorrow it seems to supply, And asks of me why I am here. “Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood “With o’erweening complacence our state to compare, “But one, whose first wish is the wish to be good, “Is come as a brother thy sorrows to share. “At thy name though compassion her nature resign, “Though in virtue’s proud mouth thy report be a stain, “My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine, “Would plant thee where yet thou might’st blossom again.”

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR, July 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length Of five long winters! and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs With a sweet inland murmur. 4—Once again Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, Which on a wild secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect The landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits, Among the woods and copses lose themselves, Nor, with their green and simple hue, disturb The wild green landscape. Once again I see These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms Green to the very door; and wreathes of smoke Sent up, in silence, from among the trees, With some uncertain notice, as might seem, Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some hermit’s cave, where by his fire The hermit sits alone. Though absent long, These forms of beauty have not been to me, As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye: But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of

weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart, And passing even into my purer mind With tranquil restoration:—feelings too Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps, As may have had no trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life; His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world Is lighten'd:—that serene and blessed mood, In which the affections gently lead us on, Until, the breath of this corporeal frame, And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul: While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things. If this Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft, In darkness, and amid the many shapes Of joyless day-light; when the fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the world, Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods, How often has my spirit turned to thee! And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity, The picture of the mind revives again: While here I stand, not only with the sense Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first I came among these hills; when like a roe I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led; more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than one Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements all gone by,) To me was all in all.—I cannot paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colours and their forms, were then to me An appetite: a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, or any

interest Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts Have followed, for such loss, I would believe, Abundant recompence. For I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold From this green earth; of all the mighty world Of eye and ear, both what they half-create, 5 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being. Nor, perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me, here, upon the banks Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend, My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make, Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; ’tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy: for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb Our chearful faith that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain winds be free To blow against thee: and in after

years, When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling-place For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, If I should be, where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams Of past existence, wilt thou then forget That on the banks of this delightful stream We stood together; and that I, so long A worshipper of Nature, hither came, Unwearied in that service: rather say With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget, That after many wanderings, many years Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs, And this green pastoral landscape, were to me More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake.

Footnote 4 (return): The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Footnote 5 (return): This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

END.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LYRICAL BALLADS, WITH A FEW OTHER POEMS (1798) ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an

eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph

1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other

Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all

works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg

trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property

infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF

ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more

about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND

DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about

new eBooks.