THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

VOL. VIII
William Wordsworth
after Thomas Woolner
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
EDITED BY
WILLIAM KNIGHT
VOL. VIII

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AND BY
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PREFATORY NOTE

The American Bibliography is almost entirely the work of Mrs. St. John of Ithaca, and is the result of laborious and careful critical research on her part. The French Bibliography is not so full. I have been assisted in it mainly by M. Legouis at Lyons, and by workers at the British Museum. I have also collected a German Bibliography, but it is in too incomplete a state for publication in its present form.

The English Bibliography is fuller than any of its predecessors; but there is no such thing as finality in such work, especially when an addition to the literature of the subject is made nearly every week. Many kind friends, and coadjutors, have assisted me in it, amongst whom I may mention Dr. Garnett of the British Museum, and very specially Mr. Tutin, of Hull, and also Mr. John J. Smith, St. Andrews, and Mr. Maclauchlan, Dundee. If I omit, either here or elsewhere, to record the assistance which I have received from any one, in my efforts to make this edition of Wordsworth as perfect as is possible at this stage of literary criticism and editorship, I sincerely regret it; but many of my correspondents have specially requested that no mention should be made of their names or their services.
In the Preface to the first volume of this edition there was an unfortunate omission. In returning the final proofs to press, I accidentally transmitted an uncorrected one, in which two names did not appear. They were those of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, Dublin, and Mr. S. C. Hill, of Hughli College, Bengal. The former kindly revised most of the sheets of Volumes I. and II., and corrected errors, besides making other valuable suggestions and additions. When his own Clarendon Press edition of Wordsworth was being prepared for press, Mr. Hutchinson asked permission to incorporate in it materials which were not afterwards inserted. This I granted cordially, as a similar permission had been given to Professor Dowden for his Aldine edition. The unfortunate omission of Mr. Hutchinson's name was not discovered by me till after the issue of volumes I. and II. (which appeared simultaneously), and it was first brought under my notice by Mr. Hutchinson's own letters to the newspapers. My debt to Mr. Hutchinson is great; and, although I have already thanked him for the services which he has rendered to the world in connection with Wordsworthian literature, I may perhaps be allowed to repeat the acknowledgment now. The revised sheets of Vols. I. and II. of this edition were, however, submitted to others at the same time that they were sent to Mr. Hutchinson; more especially to the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, and on his death to Mr. Belinfante, and then to the late Mr. Kinghorn, all of whom were engaged by my publishers to assist in the work entrusted to me. They "turned on the microscope" on my own work, and Mr. Hutchinson's; and to them I have been indebted in many ways.
Mr. Hill's services, in tracing the sources of numerous quotations from other poets which occur in Wordsworth's text, have been great. He sent me his discoveries, unsolicited, and I wish to express very cordially my indebtedness to him. To discover some of these quotations—there are several hundreds of them—cost me much labour, before I had the pleasure of hearing from, or knowing, Mr. Hill; and his assistance in this matter has been greater than that of any other person. It will be seen that I have failed—after much study and extensive correspondence—to discover them all.

In addition to actual quotations—indicated by Wordsworth by inverted commas in his poems—to trace parallel passages from other poets, or phrases which may have suggested to him what he recast and glorified, has seemed to me work not unworthy of accomplishment. At the same time, and in the same connection, to discover the somewhat similar debts of later poets to Wordsworth, and to indicate this here and there in footnotes, may not be wholly useless to posterity.

My obligations to my friend, Mr. Dykes Campbell, are greater than I can adequately express. He supplied me with much material, drawn from many quarters; and, although he did not always mention his sources, I had implicit confidence in him, both as a literary man and a friend. After his death, through the kindness of Mrs. Campbell, I examined some MS. volumes of *Wordsworthiana* written by him, which were of much use to me.

Some of these were from unknown sources, which I should perhaps have traced out before making use of them, but, in all my Wordsworth work, I have acted from first to last on the legal opinion of a distinguished
Judge, that the heir of the writer of literary work could alone authorise its subsequent publication; and, since the heirs of the Poet had kindly given me permission to collect and publish his works, I did so, with a view to the benefit of posterity.

Some of Mr. Campbell's material was derived from MSS. now in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman, and I have to express my sincere regret that in the earlier volumes I copied from Mr. Campbell's transcripts of these MSS.—which were lent to him on the condition that no public use should be made of them without Mr. Longman's permission—some variations of the text, without mentioning the source whence they were derived.

I was unaware that these MSS. were lent to Mr. Campbell with the condition attached, and regret very much that I am unable to trust my memory to indicate now what variations of text I have quoted from them. But I may add that Mr. Longman is about to publish a work which will enable Wordsworth students to become practically acquainted with the contents of his MSS.

In reference to the poems not published by Wordsworth or his sister during their lifetime, I have included in this volume not only fugitive pieces printed in Magazines and elsewhere, but also those which have been since recovered from numerous manuscript sources. They are of varying merit. It would be interesting to know, and to record in every instance, where these manuscripts now are; but this is impossible. In many cases the manuscripts have recently changed ownership. I have obtained a sight of many of them, and have been granted permission to transcribe them, from
the fortunate possessors of large autograph collections, and also from dealers in autographs; but, after the sale of manuscripts at public auction-rooms, it is, as a rule, impossible to trace them.

In many cases the MS. variants which have been published in previous volumes occur in copies of the poems, transcribed by the Wordsworth household in private letters to friends. I have occasionally indicated this in footnotes; but, to have done so always would have disfigured the pages, and frequently the notes would have been longer than the text. To trace the present possessors of the MSS. would be well-nigh impossible. It is perhaps worth mentioning that in several cases Wordsworth entered as "misprints" in future editions, what some of his editors have considered "new readings." E.g. in The Excursion, book ix. l. 679, "wild" demeanour, instead of "mild" demeanour.

On Nov. 4, 1893, Mr. Aubrey de Vere wrote to me—

"I earnestly hope that, in your 'monumental edition,' you will restore the Ode, Intimations of Immortality, to the place which Wordsworth always assigned to it, that of the High Altar of his poetic Cathedral; remitting Quillinan's laureate Ode on an unworthy, because 'occasional,' subject to an Appendix, as a work that at the time of publication was attributed to Wordsworth, but was written by another, though it probably was seen by him, and had a line or two of his in it, and corrections by him.

"This is certainly the truth; and I should think that he probably himself told all that truth to the officials, when transmitting the Ode; but that they concealed the circumstance; and that Wordsworth, then profoundly depressed in spirits, gave no more thought to the subject, and soon forgot all about it. . . . "Yours very sincerely,

"AUBREY DE VERE."
It was in compliance with Mr. Aubrey de Vere's request that, in this edition, I departed, in a single instance, from the chronological arrangement of the poems.

It may not be too trivial a detail to mention that I gladly gave permission to other editors of Wordsworth to make use of any of the material which I discovered, and brought together, in former editions; e.g. to Mr. George, in Boston, for his edition of The Prelude (in which, if the reader, or critic, compares my original edition with his notes, he will see what Mr. George has done); and to Professor Dowden, Trinity College, Dublin, for his most admirable Aldine edition. For the latter—which will always hold a high place in Wordsworth literature—I placed everything asked from me at the disposal of Mr. Dowden.

While these sheets are passing through the press, Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum—one of the kindest and ablest of bibliographers—has forwarded to me a contribution, previously sent by him to The Academy, and printed in its issue of January 2, 1897.

I have no means of knowing—or of ultimately discovering—whether that sonnet, printed as Wordsworth's, is really his. Dr. Garnett says, in his letter to me, "The verses were undoubtedly in Wordsworth's hand"; and, he adds, "I think they should be preserved, because they are Wordsworth's, and as an additional proof of his regard for Camoens, whom he enumerates elsewhere among great sonnet-writers. I have added a version of the quatrains, that the piece may be complete. From the character of the handwriting, the lines would seem to have been written down in old age; and I am
not quite certain of the word which I have transcribed as 'Austral.'"

Vasco, whose bold and happy mainyard spread
Sunward thy sails where dawning glory dyed
Heaven’s Orient gate; whose westering prow the tide
Clove, where the day star bows him to his bed:
Not sterner toil than thine, or strife more dread,
Or nobler laud to nobler lyre allied,
His, who did baffled Polypheme deride;
Or his, whose scaring shaft the Harpy fled.
Camoens, he the accomplished and the good,
Gave to thy fame a more illustrious flight
Than that brave vessel, though she sailed so far.
Through him her course along the Austral flood
Is known to all beneath the polar star,
Through him the Antipodes in thy name delight.

William Knight.
WORDS WORTH'S POETICAL WORKS

1834

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE

Composed 1834.—Published 1835

[This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q.* as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The anecdote of the saying of the monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the Doctor; but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his Italy, was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—Ed.

* Jenima Quilliman, the eldest daughter of Edward Quilliman, Wordsworth's future son-in-law. The portrait was taken when she was a schoolgirl, and while her father resided at Oporto.—Ed.
BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
The shade and light, both there and every where,
And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
Upon the mountains. Look at her, who'er
Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
Intensely—from Imagination take
The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
LINES SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT

Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered it
'Till they were plucked together; a blue flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
And the whole person.
Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but here do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm,
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific Convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British Painter (eminent for truth
In character,* and depth of feeling, shown
By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work,¹
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,

¹ 1837.
Left not unvisited a glorious work,

* Wilkie. See the Fenwick note.—Ed.
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece, The hoary Father in the Stranger’s ear Breathed out these words:—“Here daily do we sit, Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here pondering the mischiefs of these restless times, And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed, Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze upon this solemn Company unmoved by shock of circumstance, or lapse of years, until I cannot but believe that they—are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows.”

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs melting away within him like a dream ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak: and I, grown old, but in a happier land, domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned

* "When Wilkie was in the Escurial, looking at Titian’s famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronymite said to him: 'I have sate daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three score years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!' I wish I could record the name of the monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

The shows of things are better than themselves, says the author of the tragedy of Nero, whose name also I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles:

ὁρὼ γὰρ ὡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλῆν εἶδωλ’, ὅσοιπερ σώμεν, ἢ κούφην σχίαν.

These are reflections which should make us think of that same time when no more change shall be but steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd upon the pillars of Eternity, that is contrain to mutability; for all that moveth doth in change delight: but henceforth all shall rest eternally with Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight, O that great Sabaoth God grant me that Sabbath’s sight.

(Southey, The Doctor, vol. iii. p. 235.)—Ed.
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words: Words that can soothe, more than they agitate; Whose spirit, like the angel that went down 125 Into Bethesda’s pool, with healing virtue Informs the fountain in the human breast Which 1 by the visitation was disturbed. ——But why this stealing tear? Companion mute, On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well, My Song’s Inspirer, once again farewell! *

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

Composed 1834.—Published 1835.

One of the “Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.”—Ed.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter’s skill,
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong 5
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
From whose serene companionship I passed
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also—

1837.

That 1835.

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the Escorial, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.—W. W. 1835.
TO A CHILD

Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that endear
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat
In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined
In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose love,
Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.*

TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

Composed 1834.—Published 1835

[This quatraine was extempore on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.—I. F.]

1 The original title (1835) was “Written in an Album.” In 1837 it was “Written in the Album of a Child.” In 1845 the title was reconstructed as above.

* In the class entitled “Musings,” in Mr. Southey’s Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Caspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment.
In 1837 this was one of the "Inscriptions." In 1845 it was transferred to the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one!¹
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.*

LINES
Written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale,² Nov. 5, 1834

Composed 1834.—Published 1835

[This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.—I. F.]

This was placed, in 1845, among the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time

1 1845.
   Of Friends, however humble, scorn not one:
2 1837.
   Countess of ————

But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.—W. W. 1835.

* Compare the lines, written in 1845, beginning—
   So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive. — Ed.
LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

That gave them birth:—months passed, and still this hand,
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.
Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers, and Groves!
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name *
Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness ¹
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,
Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no more
Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
Snatches of music taken up and dropt
Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves
Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,
The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,

¹ 1837.

Towers, and stately Groves,
Bear witness for me; thou, too, Mountain-stream!

1835.

* The Lowther stream passes the Castle, and joins the Eamont below Brougham Hall, near Penrith.—Ed.
Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed;
Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;
And thus,¹ even on the exposed and breezy gaze
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompense for many wants)
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;
And benedications not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they, who mark thy course, behold
A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;* 
See cheerfulness undampened by stealing Time;
See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

¹ When hence . . . . . . . . . C.

* Compare September, 1819, and Upon the Same Occasion, vol. vi. pp. 201, 202, especially the lines in the latter—

Me, conscious that my leaf is sere, 
And yellow on the bough, etc.  

Ed.
And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the managed steed—¹
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.  75

Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So—at an hour yet distant for their sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

¹ 1837.
Thou tread, or on the managed steed art borne,  1835.
Two Evening Voluntaries, two Elegies (on the deaths of Charles Lamb and James Hogg), the lines on the Bird of Paradise, and a few sonnets, make up the poems belonging to the year 1835.—Ed.

"WHY ART THOU SILENT? IS THY LOVE A PLANT"

Composed 1835 (or earlier).—Published 1835

[In the month of January,—when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the Vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half-filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,¹
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

TO THE MOON

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND)

Composed 1835.—Published 1837
One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,

¹ 1845.

(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care, 1835.
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure.—But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her plains to trace
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardiest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;*
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that Sailor's Friend!

TO THE MOON

(RYDAL)

Composed 1835.—Published 1837

One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow

* Compare—

When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave,
in the lines Written in a Grotto, p. 235.—Ed.
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage,* well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still belov'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
O still belov'd, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Sparès thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

* Compare The Triad, vol. vii. p. 181.—Ed.
Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken"; *
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, stedfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope! †

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

[Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends; and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to

* Compare I. 6 of Shakespeare's sonnet, beginning—
  Let me not to the marriage of true minds.     Ed.
† See a fragment of ten lines, which was written by Wordsworth in MS. after the above, in a copy of his poems. They are printed in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.
countenance. The death of C. Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being school-fellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness. —I. F.]

In the edition of 1837, these lines had no title. They were printed privately,—before their first appearance in that edition,—as a small pamphlet of seven pages without title or heading. A copy will be found in the fifth volume of the collection of pamphlets, forming part of the library bequeathed by the late Mr. John Forster to the South Kensington Museum. There are several readings to be found only in this privately-printed edition. The poem was placed among the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—Ed.

Composed November 19, 1835.—Published 1837

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred.* Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew breath,
Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
His spirit, but the recompense was high;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets

1 1837.

To the dear memory of a frail good Man
In privately printed edition.

* Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834, and was buried in Edmonton Churchyard, in a spot selected by himself.—Ed.
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields *
Had been derived the name he bore—a name,
Wherever christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,

* This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found
fault with, perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double
sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs.
One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person
who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout,
turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can
I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any
one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own
name, and ending—

No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!

W. W. 1837.

Professor Henry Reed, in his edition of 1837, added the following note to
Wordsworth's. "In Hierologus, a Church Tour through England and
Wales, I have met with an epitaph which is probably the one alluded to
above... a Kentish epitaph on one Palmer:

Palmer all our fathers were;
I, a Palmer lived here,
And traveyled sore, till worn with age,
I ended this world's pilgrimage,
On the blest Ascension Day
In the cheerful month of May."

The above is Professor Reed's note. The following is an exact copy of the
epitaph:

Palmer all our faders were;
I, a Palmer livyd here
And travyld still till wore wyth age,
I endyd this world's pylgramage,
On the blyst assention day
In the cherful month of May;
A thousand wyth fowre hundyrd seven,
And took my jorney hense to heven.

(Printed by Weever.)

Ed.

Ed. 1837.

1 1840. Pilgrim; . . . . . . . . . . . . 1837.
Many and strange, that hung about his life;*
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins ¹
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;
For much that truth most urgently required
Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.²

¹ 1837.
He had a constant friend in Charity;
Her who, among a multitude of sins,
In privately printed edition.

² 1837.
From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
This tribute flow'd, with hope that it might guard
The dust of him whose virtues call'd it forth;
But 'tis a little space of earth that man,
Stretch'd out in death, is doom'd to occupy;
Still smaller space doth modest custom yield,
On sculptured tomb or tablet, to the claims
Of the deceased, or rights of the bereft.
'Tis well; and tho', the record overstepped
Those narrow bounds, yet on the printed page

* Compare Talfourd's Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, passim.—Ed.
Thou wert a scorners of the fields, my Friend, 
But more in show than truth; * and from the fields, 
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave 
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er 
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers; 
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still 
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity 
Which words less free presumed not even to touch) 
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp 
From infancy, through manhood, to the last 
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour, 
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined ¹ 
Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been 
The love established between man and man, 
"Passing the love of women;" and between 
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined 
Through God,² is raised a spirit and soul of love 
Without whose blissful influence Paradise 
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now

Received, there may it stand, I trust, unblamed † 
As long as verse of mine shall steal from tears 
Their bitterness, or live to shed a gleam 
Of solace over one dejected thought.

¹ 1837. 
Burned, and with ever-strengthening light, enshrined 
In privately printed edition.

² 1837. 
By God, 
In privately printed edition.

* Lamb's indifference to the country "was a sort of 'mock apparel,' in which it was his humour at times to invest himself." (H. N. Coleridge, Supplement to the Biographia Literaria, p. 333.)—Ed.

† Professor Dowden quotes, from "a slip of MS. in the poet's handwriting," the following variation of these lines—

'Tis well, and if the Record in the strength 
And earnestness of feeling, overpass'd 
Those narrow limits and so miss'd its aim, 
Yet will I trust that on the printed page 
Received, it there may keep a place unblamed.     

Ed.
A waste where creatures bearing human form,
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;¹
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she lives, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompense!

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time²
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such thro' life they might have been

¹ 1837. Our days pass on;
² 1837. Together stood they (witnessing of time
In privately printed edition.
AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore¹
With mutual help, and sailing—to their league
True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow. *

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
That the remembrance of foregone distress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
So prized, and things inward and outward held
In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,

¹ 1837.
   Yet, in all visitations, through all trials
   Still they were faithful, like two goodly ships
   Launch'd from the beach,
   In privately printed edition.

* Compare the testimony borne to Mary Lamb by Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), and by Henry Crabb Robinson.—Ed.
Your dual loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is unknown.1

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH
OF JAMES HOGG

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

[These verses were written extempore, immediately after
reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd’s death, in the
Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for
publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all
either of my friends or acquaintance. In Lockhart’s Life of Sir
Walter Scott, an account is given of my first meeting with
him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known
to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He
was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse
manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I
need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr.
Rogers’s, but more frequently and favourably at Mr. Hoare’s
upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that
family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate
friendship with Mrs. Hoare, and still more with her daughter-
in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to
herself. After the Poet’s decease, application was made to her
to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least
part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to
comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. “By no means,”
was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might
be to publishing a selection from these letters, but from an
aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling

1 1837.

. . . . . . . . . . . . The sacred tie
Is broken, to become more sacred still,
In privately printed edition.

* Wordsworth originally meant to write an epitaph on Charles Lamb, but
his verse grew into an elegy of some length. A reference to the circumstance
of its “composition” will be found in one of his letters, in a later volume.—
Ed.
back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation: accordingly in miscellaneous society his talk was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a zealous and diligent labourer: in poetry, though he wrote much as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued: his observation was—"It is not worth while." You are quite right, thought I, if the labour encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God: if there be cause to fear that, write less: but, if poetry is to be produced at all, make what you do produce as good as you can. Mr. Rogers once told me that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier. "Yes," replied he, "but then I had a reputation to make; now I can afford to relax." Whether it was from a modest estimate of his own qualifications, or from causes less creditable, his motives for writing verse and his hopes and aims were not so high as is to be desired. After being silent for more than twenty years, he again applied himself to poetry, upon the spur of applause he received from the periodical publications of the day, as he himself tells us in one of his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a man who was so conversant with permanent truth, and whose writings are so valuable an acquisition to our country's literature, should have required an impulse from such a quarter? Mrs. Hemans was unfortunate as a poetess in being obliged by circumstances to write for money, and that so
frequently and so much, that she was compelled to look out for subjects wherever she could find them, and to write as expeditiously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spoil child of the world. She had been early in life distinguished for talent, and poems of hers were published while she was a girl. She had also been handsome in her youth, but her education had been most unfortunate. She was totally ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily have managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. It was from observing these deficiencies, that, one day while she was under my roof, I purposely directed her attention to household economy, and told her I had purchased Scales which I intended to present to a young lady as a wedding present; pointed out their utility (for her especial benefit) and said that no menage ought to be without them. Mrs. Hemans, not in the least suspecting my drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a friend at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Being disposed to make large allowances for the faults of her education and the circumstances in which she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towards her, and took her part upon all occasions, and I was not a little affected by learning that after she withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickness raised her spirit as it depressed her body. This I heard from her most intimate friends, and there is striking evidence of it in a poem written and published not long before her death. These notices of Mrs. Hemans would be very unsatisfactory to her intimate friends, as indeed they are to myself, not so much for what is said, but what for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffice to add, there was much sympathy between us, and, if opportunity had been allowed me to see more of her, I should have loved and valued her accordingly; as it is, I remember her with true affection for her amiable qualities, and, above all, for her delicate and irreproachable conduct during her long separation from an unfeeling husband, whom she had been led to marry from the romantic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon this husband I never heard her cast the least reproach, nor did I ever hear her even name him, though she did not wholly forbear to touch upon her domestic position; but never so that any fault could be found with her manner of adverting to it.

—I. F.]

This first appeared in The Athenaeum, December 12, 1835, and in the edition of 1837 it was included among the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—ED.
When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.*

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,†
‘Mid mouldering ruins low he lies; ‡
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet’s eyes: §

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source; ‖

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,¶
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.**

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits, ††
Or waves that own no curbing hand,

* Compare Yarrow Visited (September, 1814), vol. vi. p. 35.—Ed.
† Compare Yarrow Revisited (1831), vol. vii. p. 278.—Ed.
‡ Scott died at Abbotsford, on the 21st September 1832, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.—Ed.
§ Hogg died at Altrive, on the 21st November 1835.—Ed.
‖ Coleridge died at Highgate, on the 25th July 1834.—Ed.
¶ Compare the Stanzas written in my Pocket Copy of Thomson’s “Castle of Indolence” (vol. ii. p. 307)—
Ed.
** Lamb died in London, on the 27th December 1834.—Ed.
†† "This expression is borrowed from a sonnet by Mr. G. Bell, the author of a small volume of poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw he says—
Yon dark cloud ‘rakes,’ and shrouds its noble brow.”
(Henry Reed, 1837.)—Ed.
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before;* but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.†

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.²

1 1845.

2 Grieve rather for that holy Spirit
Pure as the sky, as ocean deep;
For her who ere the summer faded
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns her Shepherd Poet dead. C.

* George Crabbe died at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on the 3rd of February 1832.—Ed.
† Felicia Hemans died 16th May 1835.—Ed.
UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF
THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM

Composed 1835.—Published 1836

[I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p.m., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
No tempest from his breath.

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—Ed.

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?  
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;  
How could he think of the live creature—gay  
With a divinity of colours, drest  
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest  
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train  
Extended and extending to sustain  
The motions that it graces—and forbear  
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime  
Depicted on these pages smile at time;  
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care  
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell  
Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves  
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,  
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,  
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;  
Could imitate for indolent survey,  
Perhaps for touch profane,  
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;  
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share  
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes  
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!  
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,  
Eastern Islanders have given  
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!  
And even a title higher still,  
The Bird of God!* whose blessed will  
She seems performing as she flies  
Over the earth and through the skies  
In never-wearyed search of Paradise—  
Region that crowns her beauty with the name  
She bears for us—for us how blest,  
How happy at all seasons, could like aim  
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight  
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest  
Seeking with indefatigable quest  
Above a world that deems itself most wise  
When most enslaved by gross realities!

* Compare, in Robert Browning's poem on Guercino's picture of The Guardian-Angel at Fano—Thou bird of God.  

Ed.
"DESPONDING FATHER! MARK THIS ALTERED BOUGH"

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

"FOUR FIERY STEEDS IMPATIENT OF THE REIN"

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

[Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

* Compare The Excursion (book iii. l. 649), and the sonnet (vol. vi. p. 72) beginning—
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind.  Ed.
TO ———

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

[The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.—I. F.]

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

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia * threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed.
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew

---

1 1837.
While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
Weary, and sick of strifeful 1835.

* Miss Loveday Walker, daughter of the Rector of Brinsop. See the Fenwick note to the next sonnet.—Ed.
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT
BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

[My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr. Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full view of several hills upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such was Mr. Walker's conjecture.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

Composed 1835.—Published 1835

[Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire.—
I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

* The Ledbury bells are easily audible on the Malvern hills.—Ed.
"BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED, MARY CAME" 1

Published 1835

[This lady was named Carleton; she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.—I. F.]

One of the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—Ed.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon 2 her new name;
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O dread reverse! if aught be so, which proves
That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.
Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:
Two Babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumbers at the Mother's side;
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep;
Bear with Him—judge Him gently who makes known
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
Of resignation find a hallowed place.

1 1837.
In the edition of 1835 the title was "Epitaph." .

2 1837.
From nearest kindred, * * * . . . . 1835.
"OH WHAT A WRECK! HOW CHANGED
IN MIEN AND SPEECH!"

Composed 1835.—Published 1838

[The sad condition of poor Mrs. Southey* put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
Entanglings of the brain; though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.

She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.

Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion; † both do live and move,

Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;

Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

1 1842.

* Mrs. Southey died 16th November 1837. She had long been an invalid. See Southey's Life and Correspondence, vol. vi. p. 347.—Ed.
† Compare a remark of Wordsworth's that he never saw those with mind unhinged, but he thought of the words, "Life hid in God." It is a curious oriental belief that idiots are in closer communion with the Infinite than the sane are.—Ed.
So far as can be ascertained, only one sonnet was written by Wordsworth in 1836. The verses To a Redbreast, by his sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, may however be placed alongside of the sonnet addressed to her.—Ed.

**NOVEMBER 1836**

Composed 1836.—Published 1837

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

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* Sarah Hutchinson—Mrs. Wordsworth's sister—died at Rydal on the 23rd June 1836. It was after her that the poet named one of the two "heath-clad rocks" referred to in the "Poems on the naming of Places," and which he called respectively "Mary-Point" and "Sarah-Point." In 1827 he inscribed to her the sonnet beginning—

Excuse is needless when with love sincere,
TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

Published 1842

[Almost the only verses by our lamented sister Sara Hutchinson.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, that thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

S. H.

and the lines she wrote To a Redbreast, beginning—

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,

were published among Wordsworth's own poems.

The sonnet written in 1806, beginning—

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne,

was, Wordsworth tells us, a great favourite with S. H. He adds, "When I

saw her lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet

that follows it." (See vol. iv. p. 46.)

In a letter to Southey (unpublished), Wordsworth refers to her death, and

adds: "I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace

of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human

creature had. Surely there is food for faith in these appearances: for

myself, I can say that I have passed a wakeful night, more in joy than in

sorrow, with that blessed face before my eyes perpetually as I lay in bed."
1837

The poems belonging to the year 1837 include the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy" with Henry Crabb Robinson in that year, and one or two additional sonnets.—Ed.

"SIX MONTHS TO SIX YEARS ADDED
HE REMAINED"

Published 1837

One of the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—Ed.

Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!*  

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

1837

Composed 1837.—Published 1842

[During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but

* This refers to the poet's son Thomas, who died December 1, 1812. He was buried in Grasmere churchyard, beside his sister Catherine; and Wordsworth placed these lines upon his tombstone. They may have been written much earlier than 1836, probably in 1813, but it is impossible to ascertain the date, and they were not published till 1837.—Ed.
did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who, from his childhood, had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years) "I fear, not." Is it not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed, I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions such as they are.—[F. F.]
TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON *

Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, Feb. 14th, 1842.

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1 1845.
20. To Lucca.
21. To Pisa.
22. To Volterra.
23. By Castiglonacco and Sienna.
24. To Radicofani.
25. By Aquapendente to Viterbo.
26. To Rome.

1842.

13. Excursion to Tivoli with Dr. Carlyle.
17-21. Excursion to Albano, etc., etc., with Miss Mackenzie.
23. To Terni.
24. After seeing the Falls, to Spoleto.
25. To Cortona and Perugia.
26. To Arezzo.
27. To Bibiena and Laverna.
28. To Camaldoli.
29. From Muselea to Ponte Sieve.
30. From Ponte Sieve to Val Ombrosa and Florence.

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March, 1837.
20. Posting to Samer.
21. Posting to Granvilliers.
26. To Fontainbleau.
27. Through Nemours to Cosne.
28. To Moulins.
29. To Tarare.
30. To Lyons.
31. Through Vienne to Tain.

April.
1. Through Valence to Orange.
2. To Avignon; to Vaucluse and back.
3. 4. By Pont du Gard to Nismes.
5. 6. By St. Remi to Marseilles.
7. To Toulon.
8. To Luc.
10, 11. To Nice.
12. Through Mentone to St. Remo.
13. Through Finale to Savone.
14-16. To Genoa.
17. To Chiaveri.
18. To Spezia.

* The following is the Itinerary of the Italian Tour of 1837, supplied by Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson. (See Memoirs of Wordsworth, vol. ii. pp. 316, 317.) The spelling of the names of places is Robinson's.
The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, Descriptive Sketches, "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.—W. W.

I

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL, 1837

[Not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels.

12. To the Lake of Como and back.
13. To Bergamo.
14. To Pallazuola and Isco.
15. Excursion to Riveri and back.
16. To Brescia and Desinzano.
17. On Lake of Garda to Riva.
19. To Verona.
20. Vicenza.
22. Venice.
28. To Logerone.
29. To Sillian.

July.
1. Over Kazenberg to Tweng.
2. Through Werfen to Hallein.
3. Excursion to Königsee.
4, 5. To Salzburg.
6. To Ischl, A week's stay in the Salzammer Gut, viz.—
8. Gmund.
9. Travenfalls and back.
10. Aussee.
11. Excursion to lakes, then to Hallstadt.

14. Through Salzburg to Traunstein.
15. To Miesbach.
16. To Tegernsee and Holzkirchen.
17. To Munich.
21. To Augsburg.
22. To Ulm.
23. To Stuttgart.
24. To Besingham.
25. To Heidelberg.
29. To Coblenz.
30. To Bonn.
31. Through Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle.

August.
1. To Louvain.
2. To Brussels.
3. To Antwerp.
4. To Liege.
5. Through Lille to Cassell.
6. Calais.
7. London.
His, Sir Walter Scott's, eye, did in fact kindle at them, for the lines, "Places forsaken now" and the two that follow, were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was in part read to him, and he never forgot them.

Old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing.

Sir Humphry Davy was with us at the time. We had ascended from Patterdale, and I could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called "Striding Edge." Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been interspersed, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at the top of the mountain, but left us to find our way down its steep side together into the Vale of Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs. Scott was to meet us at dinner.

With faint smile

He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."

See among these notes the one on Yarrow Revisited.

A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

This, though introduced here, I did not know till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, a lady whose friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied Sir Walter to the Janicul Mound, and, after showing him the grave of Tasso in the church upon the top, and a mural monument, there erected to his memory, they left the church and stood together on the brow of the hill overlooking the City of Rome: his daughter Anne was with them, and she, naturally desirous, for the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have some expression of pleasure from her father, half reproached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: "How can I," replied he, "having only one
leg to stand upon, and that in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy was more than fulfilled.

Over waves rough and deep.

We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recompensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. The boatman (I had only one) encouraged me saying we were quite safe, but I was not a little glad when we gained the shore, though Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter—would have probably rejoiced in such a situation: more than once I believe they both in extreme danger even on the lake of Geneva. Every man, however, has his fears of some kind or other; and no doubt they had theirs: of all men whom I have ever known, Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life.

How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
Savona.

There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there, each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay of Savona struck my fancy most; and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses. I could not forbear saying to myself—"What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!" but there, probably, the trees remained little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood.

The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the vales and hills of the Apennines, in the wild
parts of which it blows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance,* but, speaking from my own limited observations only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered and languishing compared to ours.

The note at the end of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was entrusted to my friend, Mr. Frederick Faber.† I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done.—I. F.

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YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;—
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
With fractured summit,‡ no indifferent sight

---

* Wordsworth himself, his nephew tells us, had no sense of smell (see the Memoirs, by his nephew Christopher, vol. ii. p. 322).—E.D.
† Afterwards Father Faber, priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.—E.D.
‡ Monte Amiata.—E.D.
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Bleak Radicofani! * escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide’s sultry heat
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
With golden blossoms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield.† The glad greeting given,
Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me aloft,
Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,‡
With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn’s top,§
There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
And prospect right below of deep coves shaped ||
By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain’s trunk
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,¶

* On the old high road from Siena to Rome.—Ed.
† The mountain between Rydal Head and Helvellyn.—Ed.
‡ Seat Sandal is the mountain between Tongue Ghyll and Grisedale Tarn on the south and east, and the Dunmail Raise road on the west.—Ed.
§ Compare The Eclipse of the Sun, l. 78, in “Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820” (vol. vi. p. 345).—Ed.
|| Keppelcove, Nethermost cove, and the cove in which Red Tarn lies bounded by the “skeleton arms” of Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge. Compare Fidelity, l. 17, vol. iii. p. 45—
It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December’s snow. Ed.
¶ Descending to Ullswater from Helvellyn, Greenside Fell and Mines are passed.—Ed.
And by Glenridding-screes,* and low Glencoign,†
Places forsaken now, though ¹ loving still

The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture;—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
Brought to this genial climate, when disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing,‡ as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."§ Prophecy

¹ 1845.
* The Glenridding Screes are bold rocks on the left as you descend Helvellyn to Patterdale.—Ed.
† Glencoign is an offshoot of the Patterdale valley between Glenridding and Goldbarrow.—Ed.
‡ See the Fenwick note.—Ed.
§ These words were quoted to me from Yarrow Unvisited, by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania’s shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence* which showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso’s Convent-haven, and retired grave.†

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my Soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man’s common heritage,‡
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
Am free to rove where Nature’s loveliest looks,
Art’s noblest relics, history’s rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world’s Darling—free to rove at will
O’er high and low, and if requiring rest,
Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth

For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
That He who guides and governs all, approves

departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he
looked upon Rome from the Janiculum Mount, was reported to me by a lady
who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. W. 1842. See also
the Fenwick note to this poem, and compare Lockhart’s Memoirs of the Life
of Sir Walter Scott (chapter lxxx. vol. x. p. 104).—Ed.
* The Janiculum Mount.—Ed.
† See the Fenwick note prefixed to this poem.—Ed.
‡ He was then sixty-seven years of age.—Ed.
When gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand;
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep,* that, when they broke,
Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
To lay a new world open.
Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the heart
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.
From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa’s Campo Santo,* the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,†
And through each window’s open fret-work looked
O’er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary,‡ or haply delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour’s tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on the walls
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City’s long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral roof,

* The Campo Santo, or Burial Ground, founded by Archbishop Ubaldo (1188-1200).—Ed.
† “There are forty-three flat arcades, resting on forty-four pilasters. . . . In the interior there is a spacious hall, the open round-arched windows of which, with their beautiful tracery, sixty-two in number, look out upon a green quadrangle. . . . The walls are covered with frescoes by the Tuscan School of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, below which is a collection of Roman, Etruscan, and mediaeval sculptures. . . . The tombstones of persons interred here form the pavement.” (Baedeker’s Northern Italy, p. 324.)—Ed.
‡ Ubaldo conveyed hither fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, in the Holy Land, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground.—Ed.
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery's dome,* and that which swells
From the Cathedral pile; † and with the twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower. ‡
Nor 1 less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of fear,
Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.
—Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care

1 1845.
Not . . . . . . . . . . 1842.

* The Baptistery in Pisa was begun in 1153 by Diotisalvi, and completed in 1278. It is a circular structure, covered by a conical dome, 190 feet high.—Ed.
† The Cathedral of Pisa is a basilica, built in 1063, in the Tuscan style, and has an elliptical dome.—Ed.
‡ The Campanile, or Clock-Tower, rises in eight stories to the height of 179 feet, and (from its oblique position) is known as the Leaning-Tower.—Ed.
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflection made so, which do best
And fitliest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
—How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona,* Queen of territory fair
As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length
Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy crest
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth had else
Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood

* See the Fenwick note to this poem. Savona is a town on the Gulf of Genoa, capital of the Montenotte Department under Napoleon.—Ed.
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—
Thy gentle Chiabrera! *—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse †
Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple grief
With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,
Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy height
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum; ‡
Or Sabine vales § explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Bandusian fount; ||—or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where once
He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane. ¶

* The theatre in Savona is dedicated to Chiabrera, who was a native of the place.—Ed.
† If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them in this Volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—W. W. 1842.
‡ Tusculum was the birthplace of the elder Cato, and the residence of Cicero.—Ed.
§ "Satis beatus unics Sabinis." Odes, ii. 18, 14.—Ed.
|| See Horace, Odes, iii. 13.—Ed.
¶ See Horace, Epistles, i. 10, 49—

Haec tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunae.
Vacuna was a Sabine divinity. She had a sanctuary near Horace's Villa.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,*
Parthenope’s Domain—Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,†
And, by the Poet’s laurel-shaded tomb,‡
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground
Chosen by Rome’s legendary Bards, high minds
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them birth
Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,

(Compare Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* iii. 42, 47.) A traveller in Italy writes:
“Following a path along the brink of the torrent Digentia, we passed a
towering rock, on which once stood Vacuna’s shrine.” See also Ovid, *Fasti*,
vi. 307.—Ed.
* The Bay of Naples. Neapolis (the new city) received its ancient name
of Parthenope from one of the Sirens, whose body was said to have been
washed ashore in that bay. Sil. 12, 33.—Ed.
† See Georgics, iv. 564.—Ed.
‡ Virgil died at Brundusium, but his remains were carried to his favourite
residence, Naples, and were buried by the side of the road leading to
Puteoli—the Via Puteolana. His tomb is still pointed out near Posilipo,
—close to the sea, and about half way from Naples to Puteoli, the *Scuola
di Virgilio*.

“The monument, now called the tomb of Virgil, is not on the road which
passes through the tunnel of Posilipo; but if the Via Puteolana ascended
the hill of Posilipo, as it may have done, the situation of the monument
would agree very well with the description of Donatus.” (George Long, in
Smith’s *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.*)
The inscription said to have been placed on the tomb was as follows:—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuer, tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces. Ed.
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit’s call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues.
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, ’mid your glooms convened
For safety, they of yore clasped the Cross*
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,†
Into that vault receive me from whose depth
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit lifting human to divine,
A saint, the Church’s Rock, the mystic Keys
Grasped in his hand; † and lo! with upright sword

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* The catacombs were subterranean chambers and passages, usually cut out of the solid rock, and used as places of burial, or of refuge. The early Christians made use of the catacombs in the Appian Way for worship, as well as for sepulture.—Ed.

† The Carcer Mamertinus,—one of the most ancient Roman structures,—overhung the Forum, as Livy tells us, “imminens foro,” underneath the Capitoline hill. It still exists, and is entered from the sacristy of the church of S. Giuseppe de Falagnami, to the left of the arch of Severus. It was originally a well (the Tullianum of Livy), and afterwards a prison, in which Jugurtha was starved to death, and Catiline’s accomplices perished. There are two chambers in the prison, one beneath the other; the lowermost containing, in its rock floor, a spring, which rises nearly to the surface. For the legend connected with it see the next note.—Ed.

‡ According to the legend, St. Peter, who was imprisoned in the Carcer Mamertinus under Nero, caused this spring to flow miraculously in order to baptize his jailors. Hence the building is called S. Pietro in Carcere.—Ed.
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted;—blessed Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which is and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare,* and humblest earthly Weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means

* Compare "Despondency Corrected," The Excursion, book iv. l. 1058—
Within the soul a faculty abides, etc. Ed.
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary fountains
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom’s dear neighbourhood,* the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.†

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.
† It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that,
since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or
less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes,
for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity.
It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but
my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so
repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of
a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps
in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose
labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith
in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence
to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from
this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest
and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding,
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

II

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO* AT ROME

[Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country, especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished?—I. F.]

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,†
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,

refusing, in a degree, which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.—W. W. 1842.

* The Monte Mario is to the north-west of Rome, beyond the Janiculus and the Vatican. The view from the summit embraces Rome, the Campagna, and the sea. It is capped by the villa Millini, in which the "magnificent solitary pine-tree" of this sonnet still stands, amidst its cypress plantations.—Ed.

† "It was Mr. Theed, the sculptor, who informed us of the pine-tree being the gift of Sir George Beaumont." H. C. Robinson. (See Memoirs of Wordsworth, by his nephew, vol. ii. p. 330.)—Ed.
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height) *
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting dome.†

III

AT ROME

[Sight is at first sight a sad enemy to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exer-
tions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome; not so much in respect to the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind's eye quickened; but when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is I believe invariably felt. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past.—I. F.]

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore,‡ and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,

* From the Mons Pincius, "collis hortorum," where were the gardens of Lucullus, there is a remarkable view of modern Rome.—Ed.
† Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W. W. 1842.
‡ The Tarpeian rock, from which those condemned to death were hurled, is not now precipitous, as it used to be: the ground having been much raised by successive heaps of ruin.—Ed.
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on high
With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

IV

AT ROME — REGrets — IN ALLUSION TO
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

Those old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,*
Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

* Niebuhr, in his Lectures on Roman History (1826-29), was one of the first to point out the legendary character of much of the earlier history, and its "historical impossibility." He explained the way in which much of it had originated in family and national vanity, etc.—Ed.
V

CONTINUED

Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:
Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;
He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

VI

Plea for the Historian

Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked with men,*

*Clio, daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the first-born of the Muses, presided over History. It was her office to record the actions of illustrious heroes.—Ed.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

A Muse, who,\(^1\) not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the\(^2\) theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should\(^3\) animate, but not mislead, the pen.*

VII

AT ROME

[I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it
would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me
by Anna Ricketts of what she had witnessed of the indignation
and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their
acquaintance upon the surrender, which circumstances had
oblige\(d\) them to make, of the best portion of their family
mansions to strangers.—I. F.]

They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read

\(\text{--- 1845.}\)
Her rights to claim, and vindicate the truth.
Her faithful Servants while she walked with men
Were they who, . . . . . . . \(\text{1842.}\)

\(\text{--- 1845.}\)
. . . . . their . . . . . \(\text{1842.}\)

\(\text{--- 1845.}\)
And, at the Muse's will, invoked the lyre
To animate, . . . . . . . \(\text{1842.}\)

\* Quem virum—lyra—
—sumes celebrare Clio? \(\text{W. W. 1842.}\)
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S

Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of his sudden sting,
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

1 1845.
   They—who have heard thy lettered sages treat 1842.
2 1845.
   . . . voice . . . . . . 1842.
IX

AT ALBANO *

[This Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome. That they are in many respects lamentably pernicious must be acknowledged; but, on the other hand, they who reflect, while they see and observe, cannot but be struck with instances which will prove that it is a great error to condemn in all cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This remark bears with especial force upon addresses to the Virgin.—I. F.]

Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,†
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer; 5
Our yesterday's procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track 1
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

1845.

Its own fulfilment; but her upward track 1842.

* Albano, 10 miles south-east of Rome, is a small town and episcopal residence, a favourite autumnal resort of Roman citizens. It is on the site of the ruins of the villa of Pompey. Monte Carlo (the Monte Calvo of this sonnet) is the ancient Mons Latialis, 3127 feet high. At its summit a convent of Passionist Monks occupies the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter.—Ed.
† The ilex-grove of the Villa Doria is one of the most marked features of Albano.—Ed.
"NEAR ANIO’S STREAM, I SPIED A GENTLE DOVE"

Near Anio’s stream,* I spied a gentle Dove Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing ’Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooring, While all things present told of joy and love. But restless Fancy left that olive grove To hail the exploratory Bird renewing Hope for the few, who, at the world’s undoing, On the great flood were spared to live and move. O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough Brought to the ark are coming evermore, Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough 1 This sea of life without a visible shore, Do neither promise ask nor grace implore In what alone is ours, the living Now. 2

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs, Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown With monuments decayed or overthrown, For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,

---

1 1845. 
Even though men seek them not, but, while they plough 1842.

2 1845. 
. . . . the vouchsafed Now. 1842.

* The Anio joins the Tiber north of Rome, flowing from the north-east past Tivoli.—Ed.

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Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted,* might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.†

XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,‡
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; § unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame, 5
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name ||
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify

* The ancient Classic period, and that of the Renaissance.—Ed.
† This period seems to have been already entered. Compare Mrs. Browning's "Poems before Congress," passim.—Ed.
‡ The Carthaginian general Hannibal defeated the Roman Consul C. Flaminius, near the lacus Trasimenus, 217 B.C., with a loss of 15,000 men. (See Livy, book xxii. 4, etc.)—Ed.
§ Compare Hannibal, A Historical Drama, by the late Professor John Nichol, act ii. scene vi. p. 107—Here shall shepherds tell
To passing travellers, when we are dust,
How, by the shores of reedy Thrasymene,
We fought and conquered, while the earthquake shook
The walls of Rome. — Ed.
|| Sanguinetto.—W. W. 1845.
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII

NEAR THE SAME LAKE

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene
To stir the heart that would too closely screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguinette or broad Thrasymene,*
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!† whose corse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.‡

XIV

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA§

MAY 25TH 1837

[Among a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is a personal one

* Lake Thrasymene is the largest of the Etrurian lakes, being ten miles in length and three in breadth.—Ed.
† C. Flaminius.—Ed.
‡ After the battle of Lake Thrasymene, Hannibal did not push on to Rome, but turned through the Apennines to Apulia, just as subsequently after the battle of Cannae he remained inactive.—Ed.
§ Laverna is a corruption of Alverna (now called Alverniac). It is about five or six hours' walk from Camaldoli, on a height of the Apennines, not far
which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof upon the occasion that suggested these verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr. Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it.]

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,*
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,†
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued, through various lands, a long

from the sources of the Anio. To reach it, "the southern height of the Monte Valterona is ascended as far as the chapel of St. Romaiald; then a descent is made to Moggiona, beyond which the path turns to the left, traversing a long and fatiguing succession of gorges and slopes; the path at the base of the mountain is therefore preferable. The market town of Soci in the valley of the Archiano is first reached, then the profound valley of the Corsaline; beyond it rises a blunted cone, on which the path ascends in windings to a stony plain with marshy meadows. Above this rises the abrupt sandstone mass of the Vernia, to the height of 850 feet. On its S.-W. slope, one-third of the way up, and 3906 feet above the sea-level, is seen a wall with small windows, the oldest part of the monastery, built in 1218 by St. Francis of Assisi. The church dates from 1284. . . . One of the grandest points is the Penna della Vernia (4796 feet), the ridge of the Vernia, also known as l'Apennino, the 'rugged rock between the sources of the Tiber and Anio,' as it is called by Dante (Paradiso, ii. 106). . . . Near the monastery are the Luoghi Santi, a number of grottos and rock-hewn chambers in which St. Francis once lived." (See Baedeker's Northern Italy, 1886, p. 463.)

"The Monte Alverno, or Monte della Verni is situated on the border of Tuscany, near the sources of the Tiber and Anio, not far from the Castle of Chiusi, where Orlando lived." (Mrs. Oliphant's Francis of Assisi, chap. xvi. p. 248.)

See also Herzog's Real-Encyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche, vol. iv. p. 655.—Ed.

* Compare To the Cuckoo, ll. 3, 4 (vol. ii. p. 289)—

Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

† Compare To the Cuckoo, l. 15 (vol. ii. p. 290)—

No bird, but an invisible thing.
And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
Display'd her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—*
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,†
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
Among these sterile heights of Apennine,‡

* From the difference in the colour of each side of the leaf, a grove of olives when wind-tossed is pre-eminently a "twinkling canopy."—En.
† See note §, p. 67.—En.
‡ St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the order of Friars Minors, after establishing numerous monasteries in Italy, Spain, and France, resigned his office and retired to this, one of the highest of the Apennine heights. See note §, p. 67. He was canonised in 1230. Henry Crabb Robinson tells us, "It was at Laverna that he" [W. W.] "led me to expect that he had found a subject on which he could write, and that was the love which birds bore to St. Francis. He repeated to me a short time afterwards a few lines, which I do not recollect amongst those he has written on St. Francis in this poem. On the journey, one night only I heard him in bed composing verses, and on
Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live; *
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth,
Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

the following day I offered to be his amanuensis; but I was not patient enough, I fear, and he did not employ me a second time. He made inquiries for St. Francis's biography, as if he would dub him his Leibheiliger (body-saint), as Goethe (saying that every one must have one) declared St. Philip Neri to be his." (See the Memoirs of William Wordsworth, by his nephew, vol. ii. p. 331.)—Ed.

* The characteristic feature of the Franciscan order was its vow of Poverty, and Francis desired that it should be taken in the most rigorous sense, viz. that no individual member of the fraternity, nor the fraternity itself, should be allowed to possess any property whatsoever, even in things necessary to human use.—Ed.
Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive,* and, with those gentle hearts
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
 My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled the Voice of One
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave

* The members of the Franciscan order were the Stoics of Christendom.
The order has been powerful, and of great service to the Roman Church—
alike in literature, and in practical action and enterprise.—Ed.
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
Thy course and sport around thee softly fan—
Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI *

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
And seeking consolation from above;

* This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo (or Rumwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground (campo) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensri, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the gentlemen of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 30 distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had, in the year 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 40 years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to

1 1845.
received these particulars.
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
To paint this picture of his lady-love:
Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
Thoughts that would stray from Heaven?
The dream must cease
To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
How wide a space can part from inward peace
The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI
CONTINUED

The world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests with desperate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free:
That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.

XVII

AT THE EREMITE OR UPPER CONVENT
OF CAMALDOLI

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size*
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren, who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?

1 1845.

... and so subdue 1842.

* In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.—W. W. 1842.
Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,  
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.*

**XVIII**

**AT VALLOMBROSA†**

[I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Strangers' book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned, I read the notice in the English language that if anyone would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the Vale of Arno for some leagues. To praise great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry,  

* See note, pp. 72, 73.—Ed.  
† The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in *Paradise Lost*, where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.—W. W. 1842.]
but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular part or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the Sonnet on the King of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of Paradise Lost in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs, in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.—I. F.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch’d embower.

PARADISE LOST.*

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"

Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

* Compare Paradise Lost, book i. l. 302. Vallombrosa—the shady valley—is 18 miles distant from Florence. Wordsworth’s quotation from Milton was from memory. It is not quite accurate.—Ed.

† See for the two first lines, Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass.—W. W. 1842. (See vol. vi. p. 357.)—Ed.

‡ The monastery of Vallombrosa was founded about 1050, by S. Giovanni Gnalberto. It was suppressed in 1869, and is now converted into the R. Instituto Forestale, or forest school. The "cell," the "sequestered retreat" referred to by Wordsworth, is doubtless Il Paradisino, or Le Celle, a small hermitage 266 feet above the monastery, which is itself 2980 feet above the sea.—Ed.
The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here; *
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.  16

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would  1 flee to these haunts of his prime,
And here once again a kind shelter be found.  20
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did  2 waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,†
Here also, on some favoured height, he  3 would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.

1 1845.
   . . . . might . . . . 1842.
1845.
2 1845.
   Would . . . . . . . . . 1842.
3 1845.
   . . . . they . . . . 1842.

* Compare Milton's letter to Benedetto Bonmattei of Florence, written during his stay in the city, September 10, 1638.—Ed.
† Compare Paradise Lost, book iii. l. 29—
   . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . but chief
   Thee, Sion, and the flourie Brooks beneath,
   That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
   Nightly I visit.  Ed.
Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may  
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;  
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day  
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.  
For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,  
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,  
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

XIX

AT FLORENCE

[Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a  
favourite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would  
little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy  
himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which  
traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with  
which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an  
evidence of feelings honourable to our nature. I remember  
how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college  
vacation, I was pleased on being shown a seat near a kind of  
rocky cell at the source of the river, on which it was said that  
Congreve wrote his Old Bachelor. One can scarcely hit on  
any performance less in harmony with the scene; but it was a  
local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled  
themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies;  
and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day;  
and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided  
was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante: it is  
the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot  
bring together in this way without offering some apology to the  
Shade of the great Visionary.—I. F.]

Under the shadow of a stately Pile,  
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,  
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,  
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat.* A throne, 5
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more. 10
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,
BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT
FLORENCE†

[It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at
Florence; and, never having been there before, I went through
much hard service, and am not therefore ashamed to confess
I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back
towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—in answer to one
who had spoken of his being in a sound sleep up to the moment
when one of his great battles was to be fought, as a proof of
the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts
—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he
could not help it. In like manner it is noticed that criminals
on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before
they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far
more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by
any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who

* The Sasso di Dante is built into the wall of the house, No. 29 Casa dei
Canonici, close to the Duomo.—Ed.
† This sonnet refers to the picture of the young St. John the Baptist,
now in the Tribuna, Florence, designed about the same time as the
Madonna di San Sisto, for Cardinal Colonna, who is said to have presented
it to his doctor, Jacopo da Carpi. It has been much admired, and often
copied; but it is inferior, both in drawing and in colouring, to the great
works of Raphael. How much of it was actually from his hand is uncertain;
and the Baptist is painted rather like a Bacchus than a Saint.—Ed.
might have been in the gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice.—I. F.]

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein His Father served Jehovah; but how win Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy The obstinate pride and wanton revelry Of the Jerusalem below, her sin And folly, if they with united din Drown not at once mandate and prophecy? Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence To Her, as to her opposite in peace, Silence, and holiness, and innocence, To Her and to all Lands its warning sent, Crying with earnestness that might not cease, "Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

[However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and others with whom he lived. I feel, nevertheless, a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed.* The latter, as it expresses, was

* The second of the two sonnets translated by Wordsworth is No. lxxiii. in Signor Cesare Guasti's edition of Michael Angelo (1863)

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.
Scavo d'un' importuna.
It was evidently written in old age. The following is Mr. John Addington Symond's translation of the same sonnet.
Freed from a burden sore and grievous band,
Dear Lord, and from this wearying world untied,
Like a frail bark I turn me to Thy side,
As from a fierce storm to a tranquil land.
written in his advanced years, when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other: between both there is more than poetic affinity.—I. F.]

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made the Work that Work accords
So well, that by its help and through his grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul’s embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

XXII

AT FLORENCE—FROM M. ANGELO

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;

Thy thorns, Thy nails, and either bleeding hand,
With Thy mild gentle piteous face, provide
Promise of help and mercies multiplied,
And hope that yet my soul secure may stand.
Let not Thy holy eyes be just to see
My evil part, Thy chastened ears to hear,
And stretch the arm of judgment to my crime:
Let Thy blood only love and succour me,
Yielding more perfect pardon, better cheer,
As older still I grow with lengthening time.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Tomaso Campanella,
by John Addington Symonds, p. 110.
Compare Wordsworth’s translation of other three sonnets by Michael Angelo (vol. iii. pp. 380-384).—Ed.
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN
THE APENNINES

[The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the
Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as
are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries
are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the
beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains
of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses, it will be observed,
take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but
wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France,
and Germany.—I. F.]

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects;
If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—
IN LOMBARDY

How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too,\textsuperscript{1} wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
Do but more touchingly recal
Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
Making\textsuperscript{2} the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV

IN LOMBARDY

See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most hard
Appears his lot, to the small Worm's compared,
For whom his toil with early day begins.
Acknowledging no task-master, at will
(As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—
And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.
So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
Ere long their fates do each to each conform:
Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

\textsuperscript{1} 1845.
And ye, 1842.

\textsuperscript{2} 1845.
And make 1842.
[I had proof in several instances that the Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their favourers, are opening their eyes to the necessity of patience, and are intent upon spreading knowledge actively but quietly as they can. May they have resolution to continue in this course! for it is the only one by which they can truly benefit their country. We left Italy by the way which is called the "Nuova Strada de Allmagna," to the east of the high passes of the Alps, which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland. This road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few German words that I was aware we had quitted Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the latter sonnet.—I. F.]

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few, Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame, Part from thee without pity dyed in shame: I could not—while from Venice we withdrew, Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view* Within its depths, and to the shore we came Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name, Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw. Italia! on the surface of thy spirit, (Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake) Shall a few partial breezes only creep?— Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake, Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

---

* They left Venice by the Nuova Strada de Allmagna, resting at Logerone, Sillian, Spittal (in Carinthia), and thence on to Salzburg.—Ed.
XXVI
CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock *
Parting; the casual word had power to reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE
LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837 1†

Composed 1837.—Published 1842

This was originally (1842) included in the "Memorials of a
Tour in Italy," but, in 1845, it was transferred, along with the
two which follow it, to the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and
Order."—Ed.

1 This date was omitted in the edition of 1842.

* See the Fenwick note to the last sonnet.—Ed.
† The three sonnets, At Bologna, in remembrance of the late Insurrec-
tions, 1837, are printed as a sequel to the Italian Tour of that year.—Ed.
I

AH why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.

Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

II

CONTINUED

Composed 1837.—Published 1842

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.
III

CONCLUDED

Composed 1837.—Published 1842

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

"WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY COULD
DEFY"

Composed 1837.—Published 1837

One of the "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty."—Ed.

What if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell 1 the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Composed 1837.—Published 1837

[These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs. Luff's house at Fox Ghyll one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where youth is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."—I. F.]

This poem was first published in The Tribute, a Collection of Miscellaneous unpublished Poems by various Authors, edited by Lord Northampton, in 1837, "for the benefit of the widow and family of the Rev. Edward Smedley." (The same volume contained a poem by Southey on Brough Bells.) It next found a place in "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years" (1842). A stanza given in The Tribute, No. 2 (see below), was omitted afterwards.—ED.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny; 2

---

1 1837.
   . . nor stem . . . . c.

2 1842.
The moon that sails along the sky
Moves with a happy destiny, 1837.
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!  

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.*

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

Published 1842

[The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev. R. P.

---

1 1837.
Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
Not hurried onward, when they sweep
The bosom of th' ethereal deep,
Not turned aside,
She knows an even course to keep,
Whate'er betide.

2 1842.
Perverse are we—a froward race;

3 1842.
If kindred humour e'er should make

* Compare the poem To the Daisy (1802), beginning—
Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere. Ed.
Graves,* who has long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the
great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual
was well known to him. She died before these verses were com-
posed. It is scarcely worth while to notice that the stanzas are
written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought
the matter might be included in twenty-eight lines.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—Ed.

I

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune’s spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world’s eye. Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

II

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter’s noon-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour

* The late Archdeacon of Dublin, author of Life of Sir William Rowan
Hamilton, etc. He gives the date of the composition of the poem as 1837.
—Ed.
Whate'er befel she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

II

But why that prayer? as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb,
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.
In 1838 Wordsworth wrote ten sonnets. These were published (along with the one suggested by Mrs. Southey) for the first time in the volume of collected Sonnets, several being inserted out of their intended place, while the book was passing through the press.

The Protest against the Ballot, which appeared in 1838, was never republished.—Ed.

TO THE PLANET VENUS

UPON ITS APPROXIMATION (AS AN EVENING STAR) TO THE EARTH, JANUARY 1838

Composed 1838.—Published 1838 *

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

1 1845.
Knowledge . . . . . . 1838.

* It was afterwards printed in the Saturday Magazine, Oct. 24, 1840.—Ed.
HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH

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

"HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH, UNDAUNTED,
UNDEPREST"

Composed 1838.—Published 1838
One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

Rydal Mount, 1838.

* Compare Tennyson's In Memoriam, stanza cxx.—
  Let Science prove we are, and then
  What matters Science unto men, etc. —Ed.

† Compare the poem in vol. vii. p. 299, To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star.—Ed.
"'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN"

Composed 1838.—Published 1838

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838

Composed 1st May 1838.—Published 1838

[This and the following sonnet were composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I have murmured out many thousands of verses.—I. F.]

1 1845.

The title in 1838 was "COMPOSED ON MAY-MORNING, 1838"; and "RYDAL MOUNT" was written at the foot of the sonnet.
This sonnet was first published in the Volume of Collected Sonnets in 1838. In 1842 it was classed among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets"; but in 1845 it was transferred to the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837."—Ed.

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,

1 1838.
May, if from these thy northern haunts I share
Fond looks of mind for images remote
Fetched out of milder climates, blame me not,
Nor that, upris'n thus early, I compare MS.
Let those who will or can, dear May, forbear
To rise and hail thy coming, I could not.
The vivid images of scenes remote
Rushing on memory urge me to compare MS.
Dear native Hills, the love of you I share
With . . . . . . . . MS.

Dear fields and native mountains, if I share
My love of youth with love of objects brought
From far, by faithful memory, blame me not.
Fetched from a milder climate, blame me not.
From a distant land by memory, blame me not.
Nor that, upris'n thus early,
I compare
Nor be displeased, sweet May, if
May, Thy present . . . . . . . . MS.

2 1838.
. . . . . . . . past, . . . . MS.

On May morning, 1837, Wordsworth was in Rome with Henry Crabb Robinson.—Ed.
Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum; *
Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,¹
For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,²
Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

¹ 1845.
... of sombre hue, 1838.
... by thoughts of sombre hue, MS.

² 1838.
... too,
How my heart swelled when in the mighty ring,
The mouldering, shadowy, sunny Collosseum,
I heard with some sad thoughts of local hue
Warblers there lodged, for victories won by spring MS.
... too,
Here did I a deathless joy embosoming,
\{Mid \} the shadowy Collosseum,
\{Within\} Hear not without sad thoughts of local hue MS.
... too,
Heard I, a deathless joy embosoming,
Tho' not without sad thoughts of local hue,
Amid the shadowy, sunny, Collosseum,
Warblers there lodged, for victories won by Spring MS.

* The Flavian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, A.D. 72, and continued by his son Titus, one of the noblest structures in Rome, now a ruin. —Ed.
COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838

Composed 1838.—Published 1838 *

This was one of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.²
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun³
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;⁴

¹ 1845.
The title, in 1838, was "Composed on the Same Morning"; referring to the previous sonnet in that edition, beginning—
If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share.

² 1838.
Life with yon mountain lambs is just begun,                        MS.
Yon mountain Lambs whose life is just begun                    MS.
Some guidance know to Man's grave years denied.                 MS.
Your lives, ye mountain lambs, tho' just begun
A guidance know to our best years denied.                       MS. sent to Mr. Clarkson.

³ 1838.
O that by Nature we were prompt the tide
Of joy to meet, as they are who now shun                      MS. sent to Mr. Clarkson.

⁴ 1838.
The lingering glooms of twilight, in the sun
To couch, with sober quiet satisfied.                           MS. sent to Mr. Clarkson.

* There were so many tentative efforts in the construction of this sonnet, and the one which follows it, that I feel justified in printing them from MS. sources.—Ed.
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,¹
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His² gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

1 1838.
Couch near their dams; or frisk in sportive pride
Each with his playful shadow at his side,

2 1838.
As they from turf hoary with unsunned dew
Turn and do one and all prefer the green
To chilly nooks, knolls cheered with glistening sheen,
Why may not we a kindred course pursue
And so, God's...

shun

Hollows unbrightened by the rising sun
On slopes to couch with quiet satisfied.
To couch on slopes where he his beams has tried,
Sporting and running wheresoe'er ye run.

¹ 1838.

Couch near their dams; or frisk in sportive pride
Each with his playful shadow at his side,

² 1838.

As they from turf hoary with unsunned dew
Turn and do one and all prefer the green
To chilly nooks, knolls cheered with glistening sheen,
Why may not we a kindred course pursue
And so, God's...

shun

Hollows unbrightened by the rising sun
On slopes to couch with quiet satisfied,
Or gambol each, his shadow at his side,
Running in sport wherever he may run.
As from dull turf hoary with unsunned dew
They turn, and one and all prefer the green
To chilly nooks, knolls cheered with glistening sheen,
Why may not we a kindred course pursue
And so, Heaven's...

shun

The lingering gloom of twilight in the sun,
To couch with sober quiet satisfied,
Or gambol each, his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

Failing impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common claim
Now and for ever, She, to works that came

As they from turf with thick and sleepy dew
\[
\begin{align*}
\{ \text{Yet} \} & \text{whitened o'er, turn and } \\
\{ \text{All} \} & \text{do one and all } \\
\{ \text{Turn, and} \} & \text{prefer the green }
\end{align*}
\]
To chilly nooks, \{ slopes \} warm with glistening sheen,
Why may not we thro' life such course pursue
And so, God's

As they from turf with thick and sleepy dew
Yet whitened o'er, turn and prefer the green;
To chilly nooks, slopes warm with glistening sheen,
Why may not we such course through life pursue,
And so, God's gifts and promises between,
Feed

1838.
\[
\begin{align*}
\{ \text{If} \} & \text{failing one strict measure to dispense } \\
\{ \text{When} \} & \text{To all her suitors Equity is lame, } \\
\{ \text{Law but} \} & \text{And social justice by fit reverence } \\
\{ \text{And Law} \} & \text{Of natural right unswayed is but a name, } \\
\{ \text{Guarding grossest things from common claim} \} & \text{the servile dupe of false pretence, } \\
\{ \text{If} \} & \text{guarding grossest things from common claim } \\
\{ \text{Now, and for ever, She for work that came} \} & \text{lame, } \\
\text{Justice unswayed, unmoved by reverence } \\
\text{For natural right } \{ \text{what is she but a name?} \} & \text{is but an empty name, } \\
\end{align*}
\]
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.

"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at their source!¹

¹ 1838.

From mind and spirit grudge a short-lived fence.

But no—{our} sages join in banded force

{That} books by right or wrong {may} glad the isle

{With} this serve the {future} course

{Say,} if the {people} of pure domestic hopes be checked the while

{Would} prejudice be less opposed the while

{can} toil-worn Genius want a cheering smile

And streams of truth be dried up at their source?  MS.

Out of the mind grudges a short-lived fence.

{But no—the Sages join in banded force}

{And how preposterous Sages is your course}

{Who cry give books free passage thro' the isle.}

{Say can this serve the people of our isle,}

{By right or wrong, for better or for worse,}

{Friends to the people, what care ye the while}

Tho' toil-worn genius want a cheering smile

And far-fetched truth be dried up at her source?  MS.
"BLEST STATESMAN HE, WHOSE MIND'S UNSELFISH WILL"

Composed 1838.—Published 1838

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found;
That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound. *

\[^1\] 1838.
\[^2\] 1838.
\[^3\] 1838.
\[^4\] 1838.

---

\(^*\) All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.

SPENSER.—W. W. 1838.

The passage will be found in The Faerie Queene, book v. canto xii.
stanza 36.—Ed.
VALEDICTORY SONNET *

Composed 1838.—Published 1838

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

* This closed the volume of sonnets published in 1838.—Ed.
The fourteen "Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death" were originally published in the Quarterly Review (in December 1841), in an article on the "Sonnets of William Wordsworth" by the late Sir Henry Taylor, author of Philip van Artevelde, and other poems. Towards the close of this article (of 1841), after reviewing the volume of Sonnets published in 1838, Sir Henry adds, "There is a short series written two years ago, which we have been favoured with permission to present to the public for the first time. It was suggested by the recent discussions in Parliament, and elsewhere, on the subject of the 'Punishment of Death.'"

When republishing this and other critical Essays on Poetry, in the collected edition of his works in 1878, Sir Henry omitted the paragraphs relating to these particular sonnets. Wordsworth published the sonnets in his volume of "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years," in 1842.—Ed.

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH*

IN SERIES

Composed 1839.—Published 1841

I

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still

* : : "In the session of 1836, a report by the Commissioners on Criminal Law—of which the second part was on this subject (the Punish-
II

"TENDERLY DO WE FEEL BY NATURE'S LAW"

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe

Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?*
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

* The name given to the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle of Lancaster first see it.—Ed.
† "The first sonnet prepares the reader to sympathise with the sufferings of the culprits. The next cautions him as to the limits within which his sympathies are to be restrained." (Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III *

"THE ROMAN CONSUL DOOMED HIS SONS TO DIE"

The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country.† The stern word
Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

† 1842.

that died 1841.

* "In the third and fourth sonnets the reader is prepared to regard as low and effeminate the views which would estimate life and death as the most important of all sublunary conditions." (Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.
† Lucius Junius Brutus, who condemned his sons to die for the part they took in the conspiracy to restore the Tarquins. (See Livy, book ii.)—Ed.
IV

"IS DEATH, WHEN EVIL AGAINST GOOD HAS FOUGHT"

Is Death, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a man may dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?
Is Death, for one to that condition brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be most dreaded?  Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command.

V

"NOT TO THE OBJECT SPECIALLY DESIGNED"

Not to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State;
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI *

"YE BROOD OF CONSCIENCE—SPECTRES!
THAT FREQUENT"

YE brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent
The bad man's restless walk, and haunt his bed—
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—
Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII

"BEFORE THE WORLD HAD PAST HER
TIME OF YOUTH"

Before the world had past her time of youth
While polity and discipline were weak,

* "The sixth sonnet adverts to the effect of the law in preventing the crime of murder, not merely by fear, but by horror, by investing the crime itself with the colouring of dark and terrible imaginations." (Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.
† See Chaucer, The Nonnes Priestes Tale, l. 232.—Ed.
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,  
Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break,  
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek  
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,  
Patience his law, long-suffering his school,  
And love the end, which all through peace must seek.  
But lamentably do they err who strain  
His mandates, given rash impulse to control  
And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,  
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,  
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,  
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII *

"FIT RETRIBUTION, BY THE MORAL CODE"

Fit retribution, by the moral code  
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,  
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
She plants well-measured terrors in the road  
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,  
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,  
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,  
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode  
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change  
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,  
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead  
In angry spirits for her old free range,  
And the "wild justice of revenge" † prevail.

* "In the eighth sonnet the doctrine, which would strive to measure out  
the punishments awarded by the law in proportion to the degrees of moral  
turpitude, is disavowed." (Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.  
† See Bacon's Essay Of Revenge, beginning, "Revenge is a sort of wild  
justice."—Ed.
IX

"THOUGH TO GIVE TIMELY WARNING AND DETER"

Though to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.¹
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State
Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recal,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X

"OUR BODILY LIFE, SOME PLEAD, THAT LIFE THE SHRINE"

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift

¹ 1845.

... thou shalt err. 1842.
For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI *

"AH, THINK HOW ONE COMPELLED FOR LIFE TO ABIDE"

Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in His hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII

"SEE THE CONDEMNED ALONE WITHIN HIS CELL"

See the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when remorse

* "In the eleventh and twelfth sonnets the alternatives of secondary punishment,—solitary imprisonment, and transportation,—are adverted to."
(Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.
CONCLUSION

Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal’s voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII *

CONCLUSION

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital’s source profound;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;
The social rights of man breathe purer air;
Religion deepens her preventive care;
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

* "In the thirteenth sonnet he anticipates that a time may come when
the punishment of death will be needed no longer; but he wishes that the
disuse of it should grow out of the absence of the need, not be imposed by
legislation." (Sir Henry Taylor.)—Ed.
XIV

APOLOGY

The formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoever the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.*

“MEN OF THE WESTERN WORLD! IN FATE'S DARK BOOK”

Published 1842

One of the “Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order.”—Ed.

Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent

* In the editions of 1842, 1845, and 1850 the date “1840” follows this poem. It may have been written in that year.—Ed.
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.*

* These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

Additional Note.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other states to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.—W. W. 1850.

"This editorial note is on a fly-leaf at the end of the fifth volume of the edition, which was completed only a short time before the Poet's death. It contains probably the last sentences composed by him for the press. It was promptly added by him in consequence of a suggestion from me, that the sonnet addressed "To Pennsylvanians" was no longer just—a fact which is mentioned to shew that the fine sense of truth and justice which distinguish his writings was active to the last." (Note to Professor Reed's American Edition of 1851.)—Ed.
1840

Only four poems, viz. Poor Robin, two sonnets referring to Miss Gillies, and one on Haydon’s portrait of the Duke of Wellington, belong to 1840.—Ed.

TO A PAINTER

Composed 1840.—Published 1842

[The picture which gave occasion to this and the following sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.—I. F.]

One of the “Miscellaneous Sonnets.”—Ed.

All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed; *
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee

* Miss Gillies told me that she visited Rydal Mount in 1841, at the invitation of the Wordsworths, to make a miniature portrait of the poet on ivory, which had been commissioned by Mr. Moon, the publisher, for the purpose of engraving. An engraving of this portrait was published on the 6th of August 1841. The original is now in America. I think she must have been wrong in her memory of the year, which was 1840. Miss Gillies also told me that the Wordsworths were so pleased with what she had done for Mr. Moon that they wished a replica for themselves, with Mrs. Wordsworth added. She painted this; and a copy of it, subsequently taken for Miss Quilliman, was long in her possession at Loughrigg Holme. It now belongs to Mr. Gordon Wordsworth. It is to the portrait of Mrs. Wordsworth that this sonnet and the next refer.—Ed.
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,*
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Composed 1840.—Published 1842

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

* Compare the lines in vol. iii. p. 5—
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

The fact that these two lines had been added by Mrs. Wordsworth (see note to the poem, p. 7) was doubtless remembered by the poet, when he wrote this sonnet suggested by her portrait.—Ed.

† Compare—
O dearer far than light and life are dear (1824).
Let other bards of angels sing (1824).
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright (1827).
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine (1845).—Ed.
POOR ROBIN *

Composed March 1840.—Published 1842

[I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?†—This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers.‡ Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a labouring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "rubbish" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread," and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garland, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may, without impropriety or disorder.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,

* The small wild Geranium known by that name.—W. W. 1842.
† These things remain comparatively unaltered. Rydal Mount has suffered little in picturesqueness since Wordsworth's death; while the house, and the grounds, have gained in many ways by what the present tenant has done for them. It is impossible to keep such a place exactly as it was left by its greatest tenant; and Mr. Crewdson has certainly not injured, but wisely improved the place.—Ed.
‡ Compare what is said of it in the Memoirs of Wordsworth, by his nephew, vol. i. p. 20.—Ed.
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.
But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or no?
Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility,
What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March, 1840.
ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON*

Composed August 31, 1840.—Published 1842

[This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback, and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather; and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by any one.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets"; but first published in the "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years."—Ed.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck

* Haydon worked at this picture of Wellington from June to November, 1839. (See his Autobiography, vol. iii. pp. 108-137.) He writes under date, Sept. 4, 1840:—"Hard at work. I heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke, and Copenhagen. It is very fine, and I began a new journal directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him." The following is part of Wordsworth's letter:—

"My dear Haydon,—We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived, and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it, and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it, which will add to its value in your eyes, that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday."—Ed.

1 Wellington's war-horse.—Ed.
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven;¹ hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

¹ 1842.

Since the mighty deed
Him years have brought far nearer the grave's rest,
He shows that face time-worn. But he such seed
Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven.

From a copy sent to Haydon.
EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND

Composed 1841.—Published 1842

[Owen Lloyd, the subject of this epitaph, was born at Old Brathay, near Ambleside, and was the son of Charles Lloyd and his wife Sophia (née Pemberton), both of Birmingham, who came to reside in this part of the country, soon after their marriage. They had many children, both sons and daughters, of whom the most remarkable was the subject of this epitaph. He was educated under Mr. Dawes, at Ambleside, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, and lastly at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would have been greatly distinguished as a scholar but for inherited infirmities of bodily constitution, which, from early childhood, affected his mind. His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in the epitaph.—I. F.]

One of the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—Ed.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,
Through life was Owen Lloyd endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God's chastening love,
Here, brought from far, his corse found rest,—
Fulfilment of his own request;—
Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he
Planted with such fond hope the tree;
Less for the love of stream and rock,
Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
When they no more their Pastor's voice
Could hear to guide them in their choice
Through good and evil, help might have,
Admonished, from his silent grave,
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

This commemorative epitaph to the Rev. Owen Lloyd—the friend of Hartley Coleridge and of Faber—is carved on the headstone over his grave in the churchyard at the small hamlet of Chapel Stile, Great Langdale, Westmoreland. The stone also carries the inscription, "To the memory of Owen Lloyd, M.A., nearly twelve years incumbent of this chapel. Born at Old Brathay, March 31, 1803, died at Manchester, April 18, 1841, aged 38." See a letter of Wordsworth's referring to Lloyd amongst his letters in a subsequent volume. In a previous edition I erred by giving this poem an earlier date. Professor Dowden has shown the true one conclusively.

Writing from Rydal on 11th August 1841, to his brother Christopher, Wordsworth said, "I send you with the last corrections an epitaph which I have just written for poor Owen Lloyd. His brother Edward forwarded for my perusal some verses which he had composed with a view to that object; but he expressed a wish that I would compose something myself. Not approving Edward's lines altogether, though the sentiments were sufficiently appropriate, I sent him what I now forward to you, or rather the substance of it, for something has been added, and some change of expression introduced. I hope you will approve of it. I find no fault with it myself, the circumstances considered, except that it is too long for an Epitaph, but this was inevitable if the memorial was to be as conspicuous as the subject required, at least according to the light in which it offered itself to my mind."—Ed.
The poems of 1842 include *The Floating Island*, *The Norman Boy*, *The Poet's Dream*, *Airey-Force Valley*, the lines *To the Clouds*, and a number of miscellaneous sonnets.—ED.

"INTENT ON. GATHERING WOOL FROM HEDGE AND BRAKE"

Composed 8th March 1842.—Published 1842

[Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—ED.

**INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake**

Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
With rival earnestness; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?
Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,
Love from her depths,¹ and Duty in her might,
And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

*March 8th, 1842.*

¹ 1845.

Love from on high, 1842.
PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS"

Composed March 26, 1842.—Published 1842

[These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and were finished at Rydal. As the contents of the volume, to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned to their respective classes when my poems shall be collected in one volume, I should be at a loss where with propriety to place this prelude, being too restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface for the whole. The lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League: the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the poet's regard.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
With thy Forerunners that through many a year
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeful world,
Power hath been given to please for higher ends
Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primeval doom. Such is the grace
Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend
With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
That Reason dictates; and, as even the wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers
Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger roused by venal words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgment, and divert the general heart
From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book!
Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile; and both with young and old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.
FLOATING ISLAND

Published 1842

These lines are by the Author of the *Address to the Wind*, etc., published heretofore along with my Poems. Those to a Redbreast are by a deceased female Relative.—W. W. 1842.

[My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating these verses, which she composed not long before the beginning of her sad illness.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.
Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

There is one of these floating islands in Loch Lomond in Argyll, another in Loch Dochart in Perthshire, and another in Loch Treig in Inverness. Their origin is probably due to a mass of peat being detached from the shore, and floated out into the lake. A mass of vegetable matter, however, has sometimes risen from the bottom of the water, and assumed for a time all the appearance of an island. This has been probably due to an accumulation of gas, within or under the detached portion, produced by the decay of vegetation in extremely hot weather.

Southey, in an unpublished letter to Sir George Beaumont (10th July 1824), thus describes the Island at Derwentwater: "You will have seen by the papers that the Floating Island has made its appearance. It sank again last week, when some heavy rains had raised the lake four feet. By good fortune Professor Sedgewick happened to be in Keswick, and examined it in time. Where he probed it a thin layer of mud lies upon a bed of peat, which is six feet thick, and this rests upon a stratum of fine white clay,—the same I believe which Miss Barker found in Borrowdale when building her unlucky house. Where the gas is generated remains yet to be discovered, but when the peat is filled with this gas, it separates from the clay and becomes buoyant. There must have been a considerable convulsion when this took place, for a rent was made in the bottom of the lake, several feet in depth, and not less than fifty yards long, on each side of which the bottom rose and floated. It was a pretty sight to see the small fry exploring this new made strait and darting at the bubbles which rose as the Professor was probing the bank. The discharge of air was considerable here, when a pole was thrust down. But at some distance where the rent did not extend, the bottom had been heaved up in a slight convexity, sloping equally in an
inclined plane all round: and there, when the pole was introduced, a rush like a jet followed, as it was withdrawn. The thing is the more curious, because as yet no example of it is known to have been observed in any other place."

Another of these detached islands used to float about in Esthwaite Water, and was carried from side to side of the pool at the north end of the lake—the same pool which the swans, described in The Prelude, used to frequent. This island had a few bushes on it: but it became stranded some time ago. One of the old natives of Hawkeshead described the process of trying to float it off again, by tying ropes to the bushes on its surface,—an experiment which was unsuccessful. Compare the reference to the Floating or "Buoyant" Island of Derwentwater, and to the "mossy islet" of Esthwaite, in Wordsworth's Guide through the District of the Lakes.—Ed.

"THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE STAR OF LOVE"

Published 1842

One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

"A POET!—HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL"

Published 1842

[I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word artistical, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the
present day: for artistical let them substitute artificial, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

*A Poet!—* He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.*

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

"THE MOST ALLURING CLOUDS THAT MOUNT THE SKY"

Published 1842

[Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning from the favourite walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.—I. F.]

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,

* Compare *A Poet's Epitaph* (vol. ii. p. 75).—Ed.
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,
And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?
Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whensoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune
Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers,
The house that cannot pass away be ours.*

"FEEL FOR THE WRONGS TO UNIVERSAL KEN"

Published 1842

[This Sonnet is recommended to the perusal of those who consider that the evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.—I. F.]

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!

1 1849.

. . . . whencesoe'er . . . . 1842.

* Compare To the Clouds, l. 94, p. 145.—Ed.
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;¹
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Published 1842

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;*
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
Born of Conceit, Power’s blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven’s perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

¹ 1845.

Feel for the Poor,—but not to still your qualms
By formal charity or dole of alms;
Learn

1842.

* Wordsworth wrote this sonnet against Carlyle’s French Revolution in particular. Carlyle knew it, and this may in part—although only in part—account for Carlyle’s indifference to Wordsworth.—Ed.
CONTINUED

Published 1842

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

Who ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;
And Will, whose office, by divine command,
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

CONCLUDED

Published 1842

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

Long-favoured England! be not thou misled
By monstrous theories of alien growth,
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran’s heart be thrilled with joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth,
For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

"LO! WHERE SHE STANDS FIXED IN A SAINT-LIKE TRANCE"

Published 1842

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

THE NORMAN BOY

Published 1842

[The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs. Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do
not regret that I took the trouble, for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said, however, with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with all my heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood."—Ed.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down, Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own, From home and company remote and every playful joy, Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame, Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came, With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more, Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed, And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There was he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed, For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let us before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.
THE POET'S DREAM

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY

Published 1842

One of the "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood."—Ed.

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that hid the sky,
And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut appeared;
And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate call,
Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;
His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised to sue for grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?

1845.
The title in 1842 was "SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY."
It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not transformed,  
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in my arms,  
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,  
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to pay,  
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my own,  
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.  
What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place and calm  
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs,* or the Church of Notre Dame? †

"St. Ouen's golden Shrine? ‡ Or choose what else would please thee most  
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!"

"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blesèd Tree,  
The Chapel Oak of Allonville;§ good Angel, show it me!"

* The Abbey Church of St. Denis, to the north of Paris,—one of the finest specimens of French Gothic,—was the burial-place of the French Kings for many generations.—Ed.
† In Paris.—Ed.
‡ The Church of St. Ouen, in Rouen, is the most perfect edifice of its kind in Europe.—Ed.
§ "Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

Such is the Oak of Allonville, in its state of nature. The hand of Man,
THE POET'S DREAM

On wings, from broad and stedfast poise let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we fly;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left we unsurveyed The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the shade.

however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.
The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.
Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.
The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.
Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville, in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'
—Vide 14 No. Saturday Magazine.—W. W. 1842.
I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,\(^1\)
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while from roof to floor
From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with wonder cast,\(^2\)
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the\(^3\) sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech\(^4\) I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy Mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la Paix;*
What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when the voice was stopt
By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have on this pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this shrine;\(^{1845}\)

\(^1\) 1845. touch a grated iron door, 1842.
\(^2\) 1845. his eyes the wondering creature cast. 1842.
\(^3\) 1845. a 1842.
\(^4\) 1845. And swift as lightning went the time, ere speech 1842.

* See note, p. 137.—Ed.
From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most busy days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty Dome;*
He sees the bending multitude, He hears the choral rites, Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer, delights.

"God for His service needeth not proud work of human skill;
They please Him best who labour most to do in peace His will:
So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—recorded in this book,
Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from my mind,
As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace behind.

* St. Peter's Church.—Ed.
But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this simple theme,
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous dream.¹

Alas the dream,² to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet 'twas³ bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their fancies feed.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Published 1842

[This subject has been treated of in another note. I will here only, by way of comment, direct attention to the fact; that pictures of animals and other productions of Nature, as seen in conservatories, menageries, and museums, etc., would do little for the national mind, nay, they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of Nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree, and even the cedar, from the impassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture, and by great poets, and divines who wrote as poets, the spiritual part of our nature,

¹ This stanza was added in the edition of 1845.
² 1845.
³ 1845.

And though the dream, . . . . 1842.
Was nothing, nor e'er can be aught, 'twas . 1842.
and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such subjects.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems of the Imagination."—Ed.

The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,
And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name;
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own
As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway
Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
Might bow to as their Lord. What character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?
Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
Began the pencil's strife,
O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recal the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

TO THE CLOUDS *

Published 1842

[These verses were suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale: they set my thoughts a-going, and the rest followed almost immediately.—I. F.]

First published (1842) in "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years," afterwards included in the "Poems of the Imagination."—Ed.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock,† as from a hidden world,
O whither with 1 such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale 2
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er 3 your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea

1 1842. . . in . . . . . . . . . . MS.
2 1842. . . . . . . . . . . wind MS.
3 1842. . . on . . . . . . . . . . MS.

* The title in the edition of 1842 was Address to the Clouds.—Ed.
† See the Fenwick note and compare Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal, 31st January 1802.—Ed.
Children, thus post ye over vale and height 1
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest? 2
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
Poising your splendours high above the heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?
Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone, are fled,
Buried together in yon gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant doth the region which they thronged
Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting

1 1842. over dale and mountain height MS.
2 1842. mother's joyous lap? MS.
3 1842. Or come ye as I hailed you first, a Flight Aerial, on a due migration bound, Embodied travellers not blindly led To milder climes; or rather do ye urge Your Caravan, your hasty pilgrimage With hope to pause at last upon the top Of some remoter mountains more beloved Than these, MS.
Down to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish—fleeter as days and months and years,
Fleeter as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,*
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
Shall be our hand of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds
And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn

* Compare, in the "Poems on the Naming of Places" (1805), the lines beginning, "When, to the attractions of the busy world," l. 48—
A hoary pathway traced between the trees.
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades * of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their perilous offspring; † and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse, ‡
A blazing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

* The fifty-three small islands in the Aegean surrounding Delos, as with a circle (κύκλος)—hence the name.—Ed.
† Compare Coleridge's Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni—
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! —Ed.
‡ Sol = Phoebus = Apollo.—Ed.
AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

Published 1842

First published (1842) in "Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years." Afterwards one of the "Poems of the Imagination." —Ed.

———NOT a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave,* in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

The Aira beck rises on the slopes of Great Dodd, passes Dockray, and enters Ullswater between Glencoin Park and Gowbarrow Park, about two miles from the head of the lake. The Force is quite near to Lyulph's Tower, where the stream has a fall of about eighty feet. Compare the reference to it in The Somnambulist (1833), and Wordsworth's account of "Aira-Force," in his Guide through the District of the Lakes, "Here is a powerful Brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets."—Ed.

* An ash-tree may still be seen at Aira-Force.—Ed.
"LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER DO IN THY MAGIC LIVE"

Composed 1842 (or earlier).—Published 1842
One of the "Poems of the Imagination."—Ed.

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recal the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
Of contemplation, the calm port
By reason fenced from winds that sigh
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we should part,
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
Where all things are so fair,
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
Of this Elysian weather;
And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensively;
And downward Image gaily vying
With its upright living tree
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,
To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distrest
By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
LOVE LIES BLEEDING

Or watch, with mutual teaching,
The current as it plays
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
Adown a rocky maze;
Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
So vivid that they take from keenest sight
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.*

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

Composed 1842.—Published 1842

[It has been said that the English, though their country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptation to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society. How touching and beautiful were, in most instances, the names they gave to our indigenous flowers, or any other they were familiarly acquainted with!—Every month for many years have we been importing plants and flowers from all quarters of the globe, many of which are spread through our gardens, and some perhaps likely to be met with on the few Commons which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellations, which will bring them home to our hearts by connexion with our joys and sorrows? It can never be, unless society treads back her steps towards those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life with every generation takes more and more the lead of rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to

* Compare Wordsworth's description of the Duddon as "diaphanous, because it travels slowly."—Ed.
accumulate wealth; and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round in a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh for the reign of justice, and then the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now!—I. F.]

One of the "Poems of the Fancy."—Ed.

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may,* Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops, As we have seen it here from day to day, From month to month, life passing not away: A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops, (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power) Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent Earthward in uncomplaining languishment, The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower! ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led, Though by a slender thread,) So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air The gentlest breath of resignation drew; While Venus in a passion of despair Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair Spangled with drops of that celestial shower. She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do; But pangs more lasting far, that Lover knew Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower Did press this semblance of unpitied smart Into the service of his constant heart, His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever bear.

* Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, act 11. scene i. II. 165-168.—Ed.
“THEY CALL IT LOVE LIES BLEEDING! RATHER SAY”

The previous poem was originally composed in sonnet form; and it belongs, in that form, to the year 1833. It occurs in a MS. copy of the sonnets which record the Tour of 1833 to the Isle of Man and to Scotland.—Ed.

THEY call it Love lies bleeding! rather say
That in this crimson Flower Love bleeding droops,
A Flower how sick in sadness! Thus it stoops
With languid head unpropped from day to day
From month to month, life passing not away.
Even so the dying Gladiator leans
On mother earth, and from his patience gleans
Relics of tender thoughts, regrets that stay
A moment and are gone. O fate-bowed flower!
Fair as Adonis bathed in sanguine dew,
Of his death-wound, that Lover's heart was true
As heaven, who pierced by scorn in some lone bower
Could press thy semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING

Composed (?) *—Published 1845

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.

* The date of the composition of this poem is uncertain, but, as "companion" to Love lies Bleeding, it must be placed in immediate succession to it.—Ed.
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
One after one submitting to their doom,
When her coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impress'd than we
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
Who, while each stood companionless and eyed
This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies bleeding.*

**THE CUCKOO-CLOCK**

Composed 1842.—Published 1842

[Of this clock I have nothing further to say than what the poem expresses, except that it must be here recorded that it was a present from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly undertaken, and who has written them from my dictation.—I. F.]

One of the "Poems of the Imagination."—Ed.

WOULDST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
And if to lure the truant back be well,
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour;
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
The double note, as if with living power,
Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird
in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests howl,
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiled,
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child;
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhoped for, if they come again;
Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
To mock the wandering Voice * beside some haunted
stream.†

* Compare To the Cuckoo (vol. ii. p. 289)—
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice? Ed.

† Professor Dowden has appropriately called attention to the fact that the
cuckoo-clock at Rydal Mount was not stopped during Wordsworth's last
illness.—Ed.
O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

"WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS A FAVOURED LOT"

Composed 1842.—Published 1845

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

Dec. 24, 1842.

* The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.—W. W. 1842.
"THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF POESY AFFECT"

Composed (?)—Published 1842

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

"GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW WITH OLD"

Composed 1842.*—Published 1845

One of the "Poems of the Fancy."—Ed.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;

---

1845.

Look up, look round, let things unfold
Far as they may, their mysteries;
What profits it if new with old
Unites not with some homeborn ties. MS. 31st Dec. 1842.

Welcome the sight when new with old C.

Glad sight it is when new with old MS. 1843.

* A MS. copy of this fragment in Wordsworth’s handwriting, 31st December 1842, fixes the date approximately.—Ed.
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.*

1 1845. The good.
2 1845 skies, MS. 1843.
3 1845 eyes MS. 1843.

* Compare the lines addressed to Mrs. Wordsworth in 1824, beginning—
True beauty dwells in deep' retreats. Ed.
Two sonnets, and an *Inscription* for a monument to Southey, were written in 1843.—Ed.

"WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT SHOOT WIDE AND HIGH"

Composed 1st January 1843.—Published 1845

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

---

1 1845.

. . . And blessed be her sway  
So Fancy charms the musing Poet's eye  
Fixed on that Lingerer.  

MS.

C.

* Ambleside.—W. W. 1845.
INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

(Like influence never may my soul reject)\textsuperscript{1} If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked\textsuperscript{2} With glorious forms in numberless array, To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose Gleams from\textsuperscript{3} a world in which the saints repose. \textit{Jan. 1, 1843.}

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITRE CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK

Composed 1843.—Published 1845

One of the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—Ed.

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you, His eyes have closed! And ye, lov'd books, no more Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore, To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown Adding immortal labours of his own— Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal, Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art, Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart, Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind By reverence for the rights of all mankind. Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{1} 1845. Ne'er may my soul like influence reject. \textit{MS. *}
  \item \textsuperscript{2} 1845. Endear that Lingerer. And how blest her sway, The faith how pure and holy in effect, If the calm Heavens, now to their summit decked \textit{MS. *}
  \item \textsuperscript{3} of \textit{MS. *}
\end{itemize}

* These MS. variants occur in a copy of the sonnet written by Wordsworth for Mrs. Arnold at Foxhowe.
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

I received, from the late Lord Coleridge, the following
extracts from letters written by Wordsworth to his father, the
Hon. Justice Coleridge, in reference to the Southey Inscription
in Crosthwaite Church. Wordsworth seems to have submitted
the proposed Inscription to Mr. Coleridge's judgment, and the
changes he made upon it, in deference to the opinions he
received, shew, as Lord Coleridge says, "the extreme care
Wordsworth took to have the substance, and the expression also,
as perfect as he could make it." The original draft of the
"Inscription" was as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of Robert Southey, whose mortal
remains are interred in the adjoining Churchyard.
He was born at Bristol, October ye 4th, 1774. and
died, after a residence of nearly forty years, at
Greta Hall in this Parish. March 21st, 1843.

Ye Vales and Hills, whose beauty hither drew
The Poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved Books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To Works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own,
As Fancy, disciplined by studious Art
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments rooted in a Patriot's mind
Taught to revere the rights of all mankind.
Friends, Family—ah wherefore touch that string,
To them so fondly did the good man cling!
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but He to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life; and calmed by Christian faith,
In his pure soul, the fear of change and death.

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey.
Alteration in the Epitaph—

. . . . . . He to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure; and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.—W. W.
December the 6th.

**My dear Mr. Justice Coleridge,**

Notwithstanding what I have written before, I could not but wish to meet your wishes upon the points which you mentioned, and, accordingly, have added and altered as on the other side of this paper. If you approve don't trouble yourself to answer.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, etc.
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Friends, Family—within no human breast
Could private feelings need a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished.

These alterations are approved of by friends here, and I hope will please you.

**My dear Mr. Justice Coleridge,**

Pray accept my thanks for the pains you have taken with the Inscription, and excuse the few words I shall have to say upon your remarks. There are two lakes in the Vale of Keswick; both which, along with the lateral Vale of Newlands immediately opposite Southey's study window, will be included in the words "Ye Vales and Hills" by everyone who is familiar with the neighbourhood.

I quite agree with you that the construction of the lines that particularize his writings is rendered awkward by so many participles passive, and the more so on account of the transitive verb informed. One of these participles may be got rid of, and, I think, a better couplet produced by this alteration—

Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

As I have entered into particulars as to the character of S.'s writings, and they are so various, I thought his historic works ought by no means to be omitted, and therefore, though unwilling to lengthen the Epitaph, I added the two following—
Labours of his own,
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

I do not feel with you in respect to the word "so"; it refers, of course, to the preceding line, and as the reference is to fireside feelings and intimate friends, there appears to me a propriety in an expression inclining to the colloquial. The couplet was the dictate of my own feelings, and the construction is accordingly broken and rather dramatic,—but too much of this. If you have any objection to the couplet as altered, be so kind as let me know; if not, on no account trouble yourself to answer this letter.

_Prematurely_ I object to as you do. I used the word with reference to that decay of faculties which is not uncommon in advanced life, and which often leads to dotage,—but the word must not be retained.

We regret much to hear that Lady Coleridge is unwell, pray present to her our best wishes.

What could induce the Bishop of London to forbid the choral service at St. Mark's? It was in execution, I understand, above all praise.

Ever most faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

_December 2nd, '43._

MY DEAR MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE,

The first line would certainly have more spirit by reading "your" as you suggest. I had previously considered _that_; but decided in favour of "the," as "your," I thought, would clog the sentence in sound, there being "ye" thrice repeated, and followed by "you" at the close of the 4th line. I also thought that "your" would interfere with the application of "you" at the end of the fourth line, to the _whole_ of the particular previous images as I intended it to do. But I don't trouble you with this Letter on that account, but merely to ask you whether the couplet now standing:—

_Large were his aims, yet in no human breast_
_Could private feelings find a holier nest,_
would not be better thus

Could private feelings meet in holier rest.

This alteration does not quite satisfy me, but I can do no better. The word "nest" both in itself and in conjunction with "holier" seems to me somewhat bold and rather startling for marble, particularly in a Church. I should not have thought of any alteration in a merely printed poem, but this makes a difference. If you think the proposed alteration better, don't trouble yourself to answer this; if not, pray be so kind as to tell me so by a single line. I would not on any account have trespassed on your time but for this public occasion. We are sorry to hear of Lady Coleridge's indisposition; pray present to her our kind regards and best wishes for her recovery, united with the greetings of the season both for her and yourself, and believe me faithfully,

Your obliged,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, December 23rd, '43.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, A MAN EMINENT FOR GENIUS, VERSATILE TALENTS, EXTENSIVE AND ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE, AND HABITS OF THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS INDUSTRY. NOR WAS HE LESS DISTINGUISHED FOR STRIC TEMPERANCE, PURE BENEVOLENCE, AND WARM AFFECTIONS; BUT HIS MIND, SUCH ARE THE AWFUL DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE, WAS PREMATURELY AND ALMOST TOTALLY OBSCURED BY A SLOWLY-WORKING AND INSCRUTABLE MALADY UNDER WHICH HE Languished UNTIL RELEASED BY DEATH IN THE 69TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

READER! PONDER THE CONDITION TO WHICH THIS GREAT AND GOOD MAN, NOT WITHOUT MERCIFUL ALLEVIATIONS, WAS DOOMED, AND LEARN FROM HIS EXAMPLE TO MAKE TIMELY USE OF THY ENDOWMENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD.

COPY OF THE PRINTED INSCRIPTION

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, WHOSE MORTAL REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD. HE WAS BORN AT BRISTOL, OCTOBER 4TH, 1774, AND DIED AFTER A RESIDENCE OF NEARLY 40 YEARS AT GRETA HALL, IN THIS PARISH, MARCH 21ST, 1843.

YE torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps, 

VOL. VIII M
TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The Poet's steps and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith,
In his pure soul, the fear of change and death.

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey.

Edward Quillinan wrote, 25th March 1843, "Yesterday I drove Mr. Wordsworth early over to Keswick, that he and I might attend the funeral of Mr. Southey, who was buried in Crosthwaite churchyard there at eleven A.M. It was very affecting to see Kate Southey with her brother Cuthbert, and brother-in-law Herbert Hill, at her father's grave as the coffin was lowered into it. She looked as if she yearned to be there too. She says she has now got her father back again."—Ed.

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

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus, recently published.

Composed 1843.—Published 1845

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed

* The poet's nephew, afterwards Canon of Westminster, and Bishop of Lincoln, and the biographer of his uncle.—Ed.
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine command
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843
1844

ONLY four poems were written in 1844.—Ed.

"SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SO SENSITIVE"

Composed July 1844.—Published 1845
One of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—Ed.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little Flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known *
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this 1 naked stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
High as the Sun, that he could take account
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
These delicate companionships are made;
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade;

1 1844.
Its sole companion on this C.

* Compare the lines To a Child, written in her Album, in 1834.—Ed.
And were the Sister-power that shines by night
So privileged, what a countenance of delight
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

1 1845.
Fond fancies' bond, between a smile and sigh,
Do thou more wise, where'er thou turn'st thine eye
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy.

A thankful heart all lawless wishes quelled,
To joy, to praise, to love alike compell'd,
Whatever boon be granted or withheld.

The following variation of the two last stanzas is from a MS.
copy by Wordsworth.

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall range thine eye
Among the forms and powers of earth and sky,
Converse with nature in pure sympathy.

A thankful heart, all lawless wishes quell'd,
To joy, to praise, to love alike compell'd,
Whatever boon be granted or withheld.

* The following account of the circumstance which gave rise to the preceding poem is from the Memoir of Professor Archer Butler, by Mr. Woodward, prefixed to the "First Series" of his Sermons. The late Rev. Archdeacon Graves, of Dublin (in 1849 of Windermere), in writing to Mr. Woodward, gives an interesting account of a walk, in July 1844, from Windermere, by Rydal and Grasmere, to Loughrigg Tarn, etc., in which Butler was accompanied by Wordsworth, Julius Charles Hare, Sir William Hamilton, etc. He says, "The day was additionally memorable as giving birth to an interesting minor poem of Mr. Wordsworth's. When we reached the side of Loughrigg Tarn (which you may remember he notes for its similarity, in the peculiar character of its beauty, to the Lago di Nemi—Dianae Speculum), the loveliness of the scene arrested our steps and fixed
ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Composed October 12, 1844.—Published 1844 *

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?† Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish;—how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?

* In the first edition of his pamphlet "On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway."—Ed.
† The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.—W. W. 1845.

Compare the two letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway, contributed by Wordsworth to The Morning Post in 1844, at Kendal, revised and reprinted in the same year. See The Prose Works of Wordsworth, vol. ii. pp. 383-405.—Ed.
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head *
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

*PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS, WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD*

October 12th, 1844.

"PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS, WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD"

Composed 1844.—Published 1845 †

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

The following by Canon Rawnsley—suggested by an attempt
to introduce a mineral railway into Borrowdale—may be read
in connection with Wordsworth's two sonnets.—Ed.

* Orresthead is the height close to Windermere, to the north of the
  town.—Ed.
† This sonnet was first published in The Morning Post, December 17,
  1844.—Ed.
A CRY FROM DERWENTWATER

Shall then the stream of ruinous Lodore
    Not fill the valley with its changeful sound
    Unchallenged! shall grey Derwent's sacred bound
Hear the harsh brawl and intermittent roar
    Of mocking waves upon an iron shore,
    Whereby nor health nor happiness is found!—
    While steam-wains drag from Honister's heart wound
The long cooled ashes of its fiery core!

Burst forth ye sulphurous fountains, as ye broke
    On Skiddaw, lick the waters, blast the trees,
    And let men have the earth they would desire,—
As well go pass our children through the fire
    With shrieks, Cath-Belus, round thine altar's smoke,
    As let old Derwent hear such sounds as these.

Wray Vicarage, Ambleside.

AT FURNESS ABBEY

Composed 1844.—Published 1845
One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this Structure to become Time's prey
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin*

* In the chancel of the church at Furness Abbey, ivy almost covers the north wall. In the Belfry and in the Chapter House, it is the same. The "tower," referred to in the sonnet, is evidently the belfry tower to the west. It is still "grass-crowned." The sonnet was doubtless composed on the spot, and if Wordsworth ascended to the top of the belfry tower, he might have seen the morning sunlight strike the small remaining fragment of the central tower. But it is more likely that he looked up from the nave, or choir, of the church to the belfry, when he spoke of the sun's first smile gleaming from
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dews their bloom renewing!
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower *
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish,† thine seems nothing but a name!

the top of the tall tower. "Flowers"—crowfoot, campanulas, etc.—still luxuriate on the mouldered walls. With the line,

Fall to prevent or beautify decay;

compare, Nature softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing,


* See preceding note.
† Furness Abbey is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, whose family name is Cavendish.—Ed.
The Poems of 1845 include one of the group "On the Naming of Places," *The Westmoreland Girl* (addressed to the Poet's grandchildren), several fragments addressed to Mrs. Wordsworth, and to friends, with one or two Sonnets.—Ed.

"FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE, AROUND WHOSE BASE"

Composed 1845.—Published 1845

One of the "Poems upon the Naming of Places." — Ed.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend \(^1\) *

\(^1\) 1845.
Winds our sequestered vale, two rocks ascend  

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* These two rocks rise to the left of the lower high-road from Grasmere to Rydal, after it leaves the former lake and turns eastwards towards the latter. They are still "heath-clad," and covered with the copice of the old Bane Riggs Wood, so named because the shortest road from Ambleside to Grasmere used to pass through it; "bain" or "bane" signifying, in the Westmoreland dialect, a short cut. Dr. Cradock wrote of them thus:—

"They are now difficult of approach, being enclosed in a wood, with dense undergrowth, and surrounded by a high, well-built wall. They can be well seen from the lower road, from a spot close to the three-mile stone from Ambleside. They are some fifty or sixty feet above the road, about twenty yards apart, and separated by a slight depression of, say, ten feet. The view from the easterly one is now much preferable, as it is less encumbered with shrubs; and for that reason also is more heath-clad. The twin rocks are also well seen, though at a farther distance, from the hill in White Moss Common between the roads, which Dr. Arnold used to call 'Old Corruption,' and 'Bit-by-bit Reform.' Doubtless the rocks were far more easily approached fifty years ago, when walls, if any, were low and ill-built. It is probable, however, that even then they were enclosed and protected; for heath will not grow on the Grasmere hills, on places much frequented by sheep." The best view of these "heath-clad" rocks from the lower carriage road is at a spot two or three yards to the west of a large rock on the roadside near the milestone. The view of them from the Loughrigg Terrace
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your aid
For Mary's humble, Sarah's silent, claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

1845.
O'er wood.

1845.

1845.

1845.

Gone to a common nome, their duty done,
In this dear vale the Sisters lived, but long
Have they been parted

True to a common love, their early choice
In this dear Vale, the sisters lived, but long
Have they been parted—

walks is also interesting. The two sisters were Mary and Sarah Hutchinson (Mrs. Wordsworth and her Sister); and, in the Rydal household, the rocks were respectively named "Mary-Point," and "Sarah-Point."—Ed.
THE WESTMORELAND GIRL *

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Composed June 6, 1845.—Published 1845
One of the "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood."—Ed.

PART I

SEEK who will delight in fable
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.1

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

1 1845.

. . . . . . its simple dam. MS.

* This Westmoreland Girl was Sarah Mackereth of Wyke Cottage, Grasmere. She married a man named Davis, and died in 1872 at Broughton in Furness. The swollen "flood" from which she rescued the lamb, was Wyke Gill beck, which descends from the centre of Silver Howe. The picturesque cottage, with round chimney,—a yew tree and Scotch fir behind it,—is on the western side of the road from Grasmere over to Langdale by Red Bank. The Mackereths have been a well-known Westmoreland family for some hundred years. They belong to the "gentry of the soil," and have been parish clerks in Grasmere for generations. One of them was the tenant of the Swan Inn referred to in The Waggoner—the host who painted, with his own hand, the "famous swan," used as a sign. (See vol. iii. p. 81.)

The story of The Blind Highland Boy, which gave rise to the poem bearing that name, was told to Wordsworth by one of these Mackereths of Grasmere. (See the Fenwick note, vol. ii. p. 420.) In a letter to Professor Henry Reed (31st July 1845) Wordsworth said this poem might interest him "as exhibiting what sort of characters our mountains breed. It is truth to the letter."—Ed.
Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
Sinking, rising, on they go,  
Peace and rest, as seems, before them  
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current  
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;  
Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,  
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger  
Grew, by strength the gift of love,  
And belike a guardian angel  
Came with succour from above.

**PART II**

Now, to a maturer Audience,  
Let me speak of this brave Child  
Left among her native mountains  
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
Mother's care no more her guide,  
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan  
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes him  
Loth to rule by strict command;  
Still upon his cheek are living  
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,  
Sympathy that soothed his grief,  
As the dying mother witnessed  
To her thankful mind's relief.
Time passed on; the Child was happy,  
Like a Spirit of air she moved,  
Wayward, yet by all who knew her  
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,  
Bred in house, in grove, and field,  
Link her with the inferior creatures,  
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain;  
Many a captive hath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed  
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.  

What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
And a stedfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv’rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.*

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro’ peaceful ways.  

1 1845.
   must lie in earth.
   MS.

2 1845.
   Leave that word—and here be offered
   Prayer that Grace divine would raise
   This humane courageous spirit
   Up to Heaven through peaceful ways.
   In a letter to Henry Reed, July 1845.

* Compare Grace Darling, p. 311 in this volume.—Ed.
AT FURNESS ABBEY

Composed 1845.—Published 1845

One of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."—Ed.

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

June 21st, 1845.

"YES! THOU ART FAIR, YET BE NOT MOVED"

Composed possibly in 1845.—Published 1845

One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—Ed.

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

* See the note to the previous sonnet on Furness Abbey, p. 168.—Ed.
TO A LADY

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

"WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES! O LADY MINE"

Composed 1845.—Published 1845
One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—Ed.

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine;
And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER
A POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

Composed 1845.—Published 1845
One of the "Poems of the Fancy."—Ed.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
That in Madeira bloom and fade,

1 1845.
this

MS.

VOL. VIII

N
TO A LADY

I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?
How they in sprightly dance are worn
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
Or holy festal pomps adorn,
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
No like remembrances can give,
Your portraits still may reach the heart
And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.¹

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may trace:
A Heart's-ease will perhaps be there,
A Speedwell may not want its place.
And so may we, with charmèd mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another Star-of-Bethlehem find,
A new ² Forget-me-not.

¹ 1845.
   And there in sweet communion live:
   Yet those loved most, in which we own
   A touching likeness which they bear
   To flower or herb, by Nature sown,
   To breathe our English air.
   And there in sweet communion live
   Admired for beauty of their own,
   Loved for the likeness some may bear
   To flower  .  .  .  .  .  .
   Thus tempted Fancy with free scope
   Will range, and on these aliens set
   Names among us endeared to none,
   To hearts a fond regret.
   So tempted
   May range,  .  .  .  .  .
   Nor miss  .  .  .  .  .  .

² MS.
From earth to heaven with motion fleet
From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;
Alas! that meek that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death:
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last token.

**TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS**

Composed 1845.—Published 1845

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

*Days undesiled by luxury or sloth,*
*Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,*
*Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,*
*Words that require no sanction from an oath,*
*And simple honesty a common growth—*
*This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,*
*Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed*
*At will, your power the measure of your troth!—*
*All who revere the memory of Penn*
*Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name*

*To William Penn, son of Admiral Sir W. Penn, a printer and Quaker, Charles II. granted lands in America, to which he gave the name of Pennsylvania.—Ed.*
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.*

"YOUNG ENGLAND—WHAT IS THEN BECOME OF OLD"

Composed 1845.—Published 1845

One of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old
Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
Of all who for her rights watch'd, toil'd and bled,
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and deed
To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The servum pecus of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou must thy steps retrace,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

* Mr. Ellis Yarnall wrote to me, April 27, 1885: "The three last lines of the Sonnet To the Pennsylvanians, in regard to which you inquire, I think refer to what at the time Wordsworth wrote was known as the repudiation by Pennsylvania of her State debt. The language, however, is too strong, inasmuch as there was no repudiation. For a year or two the interest on the debt was unpaid, then payment was resumed. Members of Wordsworth's family, or his near friends, held, I believe, some of the Pennsylvania bonds. They held also, as appears from the Memoirs, Mississippi bonds, and these were repudiated, or at least five million dollars of a certain class of Mississippi bonds. No such wrong-doing is chargeable to Pennsylvania. I remember the delight with which Professor Reed showed me the note on the fly-leaf at the end of the fifth volume of the edition of 1850—words written at his request, and the last sentences ever composed by the Poet for the press."—Ed.
1846

The poems written in 1846 were six sonnets, the lines beginning, "I know an aged man constrained to dwell," an "Evening Voluntary," and other two short pieces.—Ed.

SONNET *.

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

This was placed among the "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems."—Ed.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low

* This sonnet refers to the poet's grandchild, who died at Rome in the beginning of 1846. Wordsworth wrote of it thus to Professor Henry Reed, "Jan. 23, 1846.... Our daughter-in-law fell into bad health between three and four years ago. She went with her husband to Madeira, where they remained nearly a year; she was then advised to go to Italy. After a prolonged residence there, her six children (whom her husband returned to England for), went, at her earnest request, to that country, under their father's guidance; then he was obliged, on account of his duty as a clergyman, to leave them. Four of the number resided with their mother at Rome, three of whom took a fever there, of which the youngest—as noble a boy of five years as ever was seen—died, being seized with convulsions when the fever was somewhat subdued."—Ed.
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home:
When such divine communion, which we know,
Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

"WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED"

Composed 1846.—Published 1850
One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.*

1 1850.
Who that lies down and may not wake to sorrow MS.

2 1850.
They mount for rapture; this their . . . . MS.

* This sonnet was suggested by the death of Wordsworth's grandson commemorated in the previous sonnet, and by the alarming illness of his brother, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the expected death of a nephew (John Wordsworth), at Ambleside, the only son of his eldest brother, Richard.—Ed.
TO LUCCA GIORDANO

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couch'd on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

*Lucca Giordano was born at Naples, in 1629. He was at first a disciple of Spagnaletto, next of Pietro da Cortona; but after coming under the influence of Correggio, he went to Venice, where Titian was his inspiring master. In his own work the influence of all of these predecessors may be traced, but chiefly that of Titian, whose style of colouring and composition he followed so closely that many of his works might be mistaken for those of his greatest master. The picture referred to in this sonnet was brought from Italy by the poet's eldest son.—Ed.
"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON ON HIGH"

Composed 1846.—Published 1850.
One of the "Evening Voluntaries."—Ed.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

Composed 1846.—Published 1850.
One of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—Ed.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute.
SONNET, TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here, *
From manhood—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.†
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a place.

* The Illustrated London News—the pioneer of illustrated newspapers—
was first issued on 14th May 1842. The painter and artist may differ from the
poet, in the judgment here pronounced; but had Wordsworth known the
degradation to which many newspapers would sink in this direction, his
censure would have been more severe.—Ed.
† Compare Tennyson's Lines to J. S.—
God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrrove
Falls off, and love is left alone. Ed.
"I KNOW AN AGED MAN CONSTRAINED TO DWELL"

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

I know an aged man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
Think of their common peace, their simple play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng
The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.
Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone; But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed, One living Stay was left, and on * that one Some recompense for all that he had lost.

O that the good old Man had power to prove, By message sent through air or visible token, That still he loves the Bird, and still must love; That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

"THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS"

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

One of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—Ed.

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,†
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

* So all the editions have it; but, as Principal Greenwood suggested to me, the true reading should be "in that one."—Ed.
† Hamlet, act iii. scene i. l. 56.—Ed.
"HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT, ON HIGH"

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

One of the "Miscellaneous Poems."—Ed.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Composed 1846.—Published 1850

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.
ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

Composed 1803-6.—Published 1807

[This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!—

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings, etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look
back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind?* Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.—I. F.]

The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.†

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
    To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

1 1820.
   . . . . . has . . . 1807.

* Compare the Atman of the Vedanta Philosophy.—Ed.
† See vol. ii. p. 292.—Ed.
II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May,

Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee—
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,*
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,;
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother’s arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there’s a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,

---

1 1807.
   Even yet more gladness, I can hold it all.         MS.

2 1836.
   While the Earth herself ... . . . 1807.
   ... itself ... . . . 1827.
   The text of 1832 returns to that of 1807.

3 1836.
   ... ... pulling 1807.

4 1807.
   Where is it gone, ... . . . . MS.

* Compare The Idle Shepherd Boys, li. 28-30 (vol. ii. p. 138).—Ed.
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.*

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

---

1 1807. beholds it MS.
2 1807. pleasure MS.

* Compare, in Bacon's Essay Of Youth and Age, "A certaine Rabbine upon the Text, Your Young Men shall see visions, and your Old Men shall dream dreames, inferreth that Young Men are admitted nearer to God than Old, because Vision is a clearer Revelation than a Dreame."

See Professor Max Müller's note to his translation of the Upanishads (Sacred Books of the East, vol. xv. p. 164), beginning "Drivudagomga uses a curious argument in support of the existence of another world."—Ed.
VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, A six years' Darling of a pigmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies, Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly-learned art; A wedding or a festival, A mourning or a funeral; And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his song: Then will he fit his tongue To dialogues of business, love, or strife; But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside, And with new joy and pride The little Actor cons another part; Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"* With all the Persons, down to palsied Age, That Life brings with her in her equipage; As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy Soul's immensity; Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

---

1 1815. A four years' Darling . . . . . . 1807.
2 1807. . . . . presence . . . . MS.

* See, in Daniel's Musophilus, the introductory sonnet to Fulke Greville, l. 1.—Ed.
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;¹
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;²
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,³
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom⁴ lie upon thee with a weight,*
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

¹ This line is not in the editions of 1807 and 1815.
² The editions of 1807 and 1815 have, after "put by":

To whom the grave
Is but a lowly bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light,
A place of thought where we in waiting lie; †

³ 1815.
Of untamed pleasures, on thy Being's height,

¹807.

⁴ 1807.
The world upon thy noble nature seize
With all its vanities,
And custom.

⁴ MS.

* Compare The Excursion, book iv. ll. 205, 206—

Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time.   ED.

† The subsequent omission of these lines was due to Coleridge's disapproval of them, expressed in Biographia Literaria.—Ed.
ODE, INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction:¹ not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—²
   Not for these I raise
   The song of thanks and praise;
   But for those obstinate questionings
   Of sense and outward things,
   Fallings from us, vanishing;
   Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
   But for those first affections,
   Those shadowy recollections,
   Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
   Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make³
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
   To perish never;

¹ 1827.
   Perpetual benedictions: . . . 1807.

² 1815.
   Of Childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,
   With new-born hope for ever in his breast: 1807.

³ 1815.
   Uphold us, cherish us, and make 1807.
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X
Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing\(^1\) of our loves!

---

\(^1\) 1836.
Think not of any severing  .  .  .  .  .  .  1807.
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.*
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows † can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. ‡

This great Ode was first printed as the last poem in the second volume of the edition of 1807. At that date Wordsworth gave it the simple title Ode, prefixing to it the motto, "Paulo majora canamus." In 1815, when he revised the poem throughout, he named it—in the characteristic manner of many of his titles—diffuse and yet precise, Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood; and he then prefixed to it the lines of his own earlier poem on the Rainbow (March 1802):—

The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

It retained this longer title and motto in all subsequent edi-

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* Professor Dowden writes of this line: "It is a sunset reflection, natural to one who has 'kept watch o'er man's mortality': the day is closing, as human lives have closed; the sun went forth out of his chamber as a strong man to run a race, and now the race is over and the palm has been won: all things have their hour of fulfilment." (See vol. v. p. 365, of his edition of Wordsworth's Poems.)—Ed.

† Compare the introduction to the first canto of Marmion—

The vernal sun new life bestows
Upon the meanest flower that blows. Ed.

‡ Compare Wither's The Shepherd's Hunting, the fourth eclogue, ll. 368-380.—Ed.
tions. In the editions 1807 to 1820, it was placed by itself at the end of the poems, and formed their natural conclusion and climax. In the editions 1827 and 1832, it was inappropriately put amongst "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems." The evident mistake of placing it amongst these seems to have suggested to Wordsworth, in 1836, its having a place by itself,—which he gave it then and retained in the subsequent editions of 1842 and 1849,—when it closed the series of minor poems in Volume v., and preceded the Excursion in Volume vi. The same arrangement was adopted in the double-columned single volume edition of 1845.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere has urged me to take it out of its chronological place, and let it conclude the whole series of Wordsworth's poems, as the greatest, and that to which all others lead up. Mr. De Vere's wish is based on conversations which he had with the poet himself.

The Ode, Intimations of Immortality, was written at intervals, between the years 1803 and 1806; and it was subjected to frequent and careful revision. No poem of Wordsworth's bears more evident traces in its structure at once of inspiration and elaboration; of original flight of thought and afflatus on the one hand, and on the other of careful sculpture and fastidious choice of phrase. But it is remarkable that there are very few changes of text in the successive editions. Most of the alterations were made before 1815, and the omission of some feeble lines which originally stood in stanza viii. in the editions of 1807 and 1815, was a great advantage in disencumbering the poem. The main revision and elaboration of this Ode, however—an elaboration which suggests the passage of the glacier ice over the rocks of White Moss Common, where the poem was murmured out stanza by stanza—was all finished before it first saw the light in 1807. In form it is irregular and original. And perhaps the most remarkable thing in its structure, is the frequent change of the keynote, and the skill and delicacy with which the transitions are made. "The feet throughout are iambic. The lines vary in length from the Alexandrine to the line with two accents. There is a constant ebb and flow in the full tide of song, but scarce two waves are alike." (Hawes Turner, Selections from Wordsworth.)

In the "notes" to the Selections just referred to on Immortality, there is an excellent commentary on this Ode, almost every line of which is worthy of minute analysis and study. Some of the following are suggested by Mr. Turner's notes.
(1) The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep.  
The morning breeze blowing from the fields that were dark  
during the hours of sleep.

(2) —But there's a Tree, of many, one.  
Compare Browning's *May and Death*—  
Only one little sight, one plant  
Woods have in May, etc.

(3) The Pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat.  
French "Pensée." "Pansies, that's for thoughts." Ophelia  
in *Hamlet*.

(4) Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.  
This thought Wordsworth owed, consciously or unconsciously,  
to Plato. Though he tells us in the Fenwick note that he did  
not mean to *inculcate* the belief, there is no doubt that he clung  
to the notion of a life pre-existing the present, on grounds  
similar to those on which he believed in a life to come. But  
there are some differences in the way in which the idea  
commended itself to Plato and to Wordsworth. The stress was  
laid by Wordsworth on the effect of terrestrial life in putting  
the higher faculties to sleep, and making us "forget the glories  
we have known." Plato, on the other hand, looked upon the  
mingled experiences of mundane life as inducing a gradual but  
slow remembrance (ἀνάμνησις) of the past. Compare Tennyson's  
*Two Voices*, and Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning—  
Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty king.

(5) Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the Persons,  
i.e. with the *dramatis personae*.

(6) . . . thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep.  
There is an admirable parallel illustration of Wordsworth's  
use of this figure (describing one sense in terms of another), in  
the lines in *Airey-Force Valley*—  
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs.

(7) Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!
Compare with this, the lines in the fourth book of *The Excursion*, beginning—

> Alas! the endowment of immortal power
> Is matched unequally with custom, time.

(8) *Fallings from us, vanishings.*

The outward sensible universe, visible and tangible, seeming to fall away from us, as unreal, to vanish in unsubstantiality. See the explanation of this youthful experience in the Fenwick note. That confession of his boyish days at Hawkshead, "many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree, to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality" (by which he explains those—

> Fallings from us, vanishings, etc.),

suggests a similar experience and confession of Cardinal Newman's in his *Apologia* (see p. 67).

The late Rev. Robert Perceval Graves, of Windermere, and afterwards of Dublin, wrote to me in 1850:—"I remember Mr. Wordsworth saying, that at a particular stage of his mental progress, he used to be frequently so rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by clasping a tree, or something that happened to be near him. I could not help connecting this fact with that obscure passage in his great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, in which he speaks of—

> Those obstinate questionings, Of sense and outward things; Fallings from us, vanishings; etc."

Professor Bonamy Price further confirms the explanation which Wordsworth gave of the passage, in a letter written to me in 1881, giving an account of a conversation he had with the poet, as follows:—

> **Oxford, April 21, 1881.**

> "My dear Sir,—You will be glad, I am sure, to receive an interpretation, which chance enabled me to obtain from Wordsworth himself of a passage in the immortal *Ode on Immortality*, . . .

> "It happened one day that the poet, my wife, and I were taking a walk together by the side of Rydal Water. We were then by the sycamores under Nab Scar. The aged poet was in
a most genial mood, and it suddenly occurred to me that I might, without unwarrantable presumption, seize the golden opportunity thus offered, and ask him to explain these mysterious words. So I addressed him with an apology, and begged him to explain, what my own feeble mother-wit was unable to unravel, and for which I had in vain sought the assistance of others, what were those ‘fallings from us, vanishings,’ for which, above all other things, he gave God thanks. The venerable old man raised his aged form erect; he was walking in the middle, and passed across me to a five-barred gate in the wall which bounded the road on the side of the lake. He clenched the top bar firmly with his right hand, pushed strongly against it, and then uttered these ever-memorable words: ‘There was a time in my life when I had to push against something that resisted, to be sure that there was anything outside of me. I was sure of my own mind; everything else fell away, and vanished into thought.’ Thought, he was sure of; matter for him, at the moment, was an unreality—nothing but a thought. Such natural spontaneous idealism has probably never been felt by any other man.

Bonamy Price.”

This, however, was not an experience peculiar to Wordsworth, as Professor Price imagined—and its value would be much lessened if it had been so—but was one to which (as the poet said to Miss Fenwick) “every one, if he would look back, could bear testimony.”

The following is from S. T. Coleridge’s Biographia Literaria (chap. xxii. p. 29, edition 1817)—

“To the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, the poet might have prefixed the lines which Dante addresses to one of his own Canzoni—

Canzone, i’ credo, che saranno radi
Color che tua ragione intendan bene:
Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto.

O lyric song, there will be few, think I,
Who may thy import understand aright:
Thou art for them so arduous and so high!

But the Ode was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their inmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness,
and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being, to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet cannot be conveyed, save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence in the ordinary interpretation of the words, as I am to believe, that Plato himself ever meant or taught it.

\[\text{πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκώ} \]
\[\text{νος ὑκέα βέλη} \]
\[\text{ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας} \]
\[\text{φωνάντα συνετοίσων' ἐσ} \]
\[\text{δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἔρμηνέων} \]
\[\text{χατίζει. σοφός ὁ πολ-} \]
\[\text{λα εἶδώς φυ.} \]
\[\text{μαθώνες δὲ λάβροι} \]
\[\text{παγγλωσσία, κόρακες ὦς,} \]
\[\text{ἀκραντα γαρφέτων} \]
\[\text{Διὸς πρὸς δρωνχα θείον.} \]

**PINDAR, OLYMP. ii."**

The following parallel passages from *The Excursion*, *The Prelude*, Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Keble's *Praelectiones de Poeticae vi Medica* (p. 788, Prael. xxxix.), and the *Silex Scintillans* of Henry Vaughan, are quoted, in an interesting note to the *Ode on Immortality*, in Professor Henry Reed's American edition of the Poems (1851).

I

Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood—but that there the Soul discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour—thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that ascends,
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
From her own lonely altar?

*The Excursion*, book ix. ll. 36-44.

* The text of Pindar, as given by S. T. C., is corrected in the above quotation.—Ed.
II

Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come; etc.


III

"... There was never yet the child of any promise (so far as the theoretic faculties are concerned) but awaked to the sense of beauty with the first gleam of reason; and I suppose there are few, among those who love Nature otherwise than by profession and at second-hand, who look not back to their youngest and least learned days as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perception of her splendours. And the bitter decline of this glorious feeling, though many note it not, partly owing to the cares and weight of manhood, which leave them not the time nor the liberty to look for their lost treasure, and partly to the human and divine affections which are appointed to take its place, yet have formed the subject, not indeed of lamentation, but of holy thankfulness for the witness it bears to the immortal origin and end of our nature, to one whose authority is almost without appeal in all questions relating to the influence of external things upon the pure human soul.

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise
But for those obstinate questionings, etc. etc.

And if it were possible for us to recollect all the unaccountable and happy instincts of the careless time, and to reason upon them with the maturer judgment, we might arrive at more right results than either the philosophy or the sophisticated practice of art has yet attained. But we love the perceptions before we are capable of methodising or comparing them." (Ruskin's Modern Painters, vol. ii. p. 36, part iii. ch. v. sec. i.)

"... Etenim qui velit acutius indagare causas propensae in antiqua saecula voluntatis, mirum ni conjectura incidat aliquando in commentum illud Pythagorae, docentis, animarum nostrarum non tum fieri initium, cum in hoc mundo nascimur;
immo ex ignota quadam regione venire eas, in sua quamque corpora; neque tam penitus Lethaeo potu imbu, quin permanet quasi quidam antaectaæ acetatis sapor; hunc autem excitari identidem, et nescio quo sensu percipi, tacito quidem illo et obscuro, sed percipi tamen. Atque hac ferme sententia extat summi hac memoria Poetae nobilissimum carmen; nempe non aliam ob causam tangi pueritiae recordationem exquisita illa ac pervagata dulcedine, quam propter debilem quendam prioris aevi Deique propriis sensum.

Quamvis autem hanc opinionem vix ferat divinae philosophiae ratio, fatemur tamen eam eatenus ad verum accedere, quo sanctum aliquod et grave tribuit memoriae et caritati puerilium annorum. Nosmet certe infantes novimus quam prope tetigerit Divina benignitas; quis porro scit, an omnis illa temporis anteacti dulcedo habeat quandam significationem Illius Praesentiae?

(Keble, Praelectiones de Poeticae v. Medica, p. 788, Prael. xxxix.)

''Corruption''

Sure, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shined a little, and by those weak rays,
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came condemned hither,
And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progressed thither."

Henry Vaughan, Silex Scintillans.

Mr. Reed also quotes a passage from Vaughan's poem Childenhood; but a more apposite passage may be found in The Retreate, in Silex Scintillans.

Happy those early dayes, when I
Shined in my Angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded Cloud or Flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shoots of everlastingnesse.

The extent of Wordsworth's debt to Vaughan has been discussed a good deal. There was no copy of the *Silex Scintillans* in the Rydal Mount sale-catalogue. I believe that he had read *The Retreate*, and forgotten it more completely perhaps than Coleridge forgot Sir John Davies' *Orchestra, a Poem on Dancing*, when he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*.

The following may be added from *The Friend* (the edition of 1818), vol. i. p. 183:—"To find no contradiction in the union of old and new to contemplate the Ancient of Days with feelings as fresh as if they then sprang forth at his own fiat, this characterizes the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps 40 years, had rendered familiar,

With sun and moon and stars throughout the year
And man and woman——

This is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."—Ed.
POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AND BY

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITION OF 1849-50
SONNET, ON SEEING MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS WEEP AT A TALE OF DISTRESS*

She wept.—Life's purple tide began to flow
In languid streams through every thrilling vein;
Dim were my swimming eyes—my pulse beat slow,
And my full heart was swell'd to dear delicious pain.

Life left my loaded heart, and closing eye;
A sigh recall'd the wanderer to my breast;

* The only justification for republishing this sonnet is that it is the earliest authoritative record of Wordsworth's attempts in Verse. It is a much more authentic one than the Extract from the conclusion of a Poem, composed in anticipation of leaving School, or than the lines Written in very early Youth, and beginning

Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.

Wearnsworth dated the former of these poems 1786, but I do not believe that he wrote that poem, and still less that he wrote "Calm is all nature," etc., as we now have it, in that year. Doubtless he wrote verses on these two subjects; but the best evidence against the notion that the text, as we now have it, was written in 1786, is this 1787 sonnet on Miss Maria Williams. It is not only dated authoritatively, but it was published in 1787; and therefore serves (as nothing else can until we come to 1793) as evidence in regard to the development of his poetic power. The translation of Francis Wrangham's lines—which he called The Birth of Love—in 1795, is further evidence in the same direction. No doubt there were many poor poetic utterances by Wordsworth later in life—failures in his manhood, as dismal as the "Walford Tragedy" was in his youth—but I think that the Lines written in very early Youth, and the Extract from the Poem composed in anticipation of leaving School, were rehandled by him, and the text greatly improved before they were first published. The late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell wrote to me in 1892: "Poets tell dreadful fibs about their early verses—as witness S. T. C. who declared he wrote The Advent of Love at fifteen! I know he didn't, and am going to print one or two of his prize school verses of that age, which I have found in his own fifteen-year-old fist."—Ed.
Dear was the pause of life, and dear the sigh
That call'd the wanderer home, and home to rest.

That tear proclaims—in thee each virtue dwells,
And bright will shine in misery's midnight hour;
As the soft star of dewy evening tells
What radiant fires were drown'd by day's malignant pow'r,
That only wait the darkness of the night
To cheer the wand'ring wretch with hospitable light.

**AXIOLOGUS.**

*[European Magazine, 1787, vol. xi. p. 302.]*

S. T. C. addressed some lines to Wordsworth under the name Axiologus. The following is a sample, sent to me by the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, *Ad Vilmum Axiologum.*—Ed.*

**AD VILMUM AXIOLOGUM**

THIS be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo!
Sweet as the warble of woods, that awakes at the gale of the morning!
List! the Hearts of the Pure, like caves in the ancient mountains
Deep, deep in the Bosom, and from the Bosom resound it,
Each with a different tone, complete or in musical fragments—
All have welcomed thy Voice, and receive and retain and prolong it!

This is the word of the Lord! it is spoken and Beings Eternal Live and are borne as an Infant, the Eternal begets the Immortal—
Love is the Spirit of Life, and Music the Life of the Spirit!

*I should add, in a footnote, that I have no knowledge of the source whence Mr. Campbell derived this: but I am sure that it must have reached him from an authentic one.—Ed.*
LINES WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT HAWKSH-HEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14

In the "Autobiographical Memoranda"—dictated at Rydal Mount in 1847—Wordsworth said, "The first verses which I wrote were a task imposed by my master: the subject The Summer Vacation, and of my own accord I added others upon Return to School. There was nothing remarkable in either poem; but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second century from the foundation of the school in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys. These verses were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind; and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the county in which I was brought up."

The Summer Vacation, and the Return to School, were destroyed by Wordsworth.—Ed.

And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven
Two hundred times around the ring of heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred train,
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly reign?
While thus I mused, methought, before mine eyes,
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender age
Spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's rage;
But she who trains the generous British youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth:
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seem'd to move.
Stern was her forehead, but a smile serene
“Soften'd the terrors of her awful mien.” * 
Close at her side were all the powers, design'd
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind:
With panting breast, now pale as winter snows,
Now flushed as Hebe, Emulation rose;
Shame follow'd after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye;
Last Industry appear'd with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,
Threw back my eyes, return'd, and gazed again.
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents ran.

When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night;
When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful breast
And lull'd the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that roll
In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful ray,
And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter day,
So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,
Hush'd are the winds and silent are the tides;
The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and dissipates the night;
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling blaze;
Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,
Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought the cheerful isle.
The shades of night no more the soul involve,
She sheds her beam, and, lo! the shades dissolve;
No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,

* This quotation I am unable to trace.—Ed.
With mazy rules perplex the weary mind;  
No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,  
Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.

Britain, who long her warriors had adored,  
And deemed all merit centred in the sword;  
Britain, who thought to stain the field was fame,  
Now honour'd Edward's less than Bacon's name.

Her sons no more in listed fields advance  
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance;  
No longer steel their indurated hearts  
To the mild influence of the finer arts;

Quick to the secret grotto they retire  
To court majestic truth, or wake the golden lyre;  
By generous Emulation taught to rise,  
The seats of learning brave the distant skies.

Then noble Sandys, inspir'd with great design,  
Rear'd Hawkshead's happy roof, and call'd it mine;  
There have I loved to show the tender age  
The golden precepts of the classic page;

To lead the mind to those Elysian plains  
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science reigns;  
Fair to the view is sacred Truth display'd,  
In all the majesty of light array'd,

To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul  
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole to pole,  
From thence to search the mystic cause of things  
And follow Nature to her secret springs;

Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth  
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,  
To regulate the mind's disorder'd frame,  
And quench the passions kindling into flame;

The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,  
And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge.

Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,  
And all that virtue dictates, dare to do;  
Go to the world, peruse the book of man,  
And learn from thence thy own defects to scan;

Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
But coldly rest not here—be more than just;
Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
The gentler manners of the private dome;
When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,
Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow;
If Pleasure’s soothing song thy soul entice,
Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
Arise superior to the Siren’s power,
The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour;
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,
As fades the chequer’d bow that paints the sky,
    So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast inspires,
And wakes anew life’s glimmering trembling fires,
Hear Britain’s sons rehearse thy praise with joy,
Look up to heaven, and bless his darling boy.
If e’er these precepts quell’d the passions’ strife,
If e’er they smooth’d the rugged walks of life,
If e’er they pointed forth the blissful way
That guides the spirit to eternal day,
Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.
Awake, awake! and snatch the slumbering lyre,
Let this bright morn and Sandys the song inspire.

I look’d obedience: the celestial Fair
Smiled like the morn, and vanished into air.

1792 (or earlier)

"SWEET WAS THE WALK ALONG THE NARROW LANE"

This sonnet is found in one of Dorothy Wordsworth’s letters to her friend Miss Jane Polland, written from Forncett Rectory, on 6th May 1792. She wrote:
"I promised to transcribe some of William's compositions. As I made the promise I will give you a little sonnet, but all the same I charge you, as you value our friendship, not to read it, or to show it to any one—to your sister, or any other person. . . I take the first that offers. It is only valuable to me because the lane which gave birth to it was the favourite evening walk of my dear William and me." . . . "I have not chosen this sonnet because of any particular beauty it has; it was the first I laid my hands upon."—Ed.

Sweet was the walk along the narrow lane
At noon, the bank and hedgerows all the way
Shagged with wild pale green tufts of fragrant hay,
Caught by the hawthorns from the loaded wain
Which Age, with many a slow stoop, strove to gain;
And Childhood seeming still more busy, took
His little rake with cunning sidelong look,
Sauntering to pluck the strawberries wild unseen.
Now too, on melancholy's idle dream
Musing, the lone spot with my soul agrees
Quiet and dark; for through the thick-wove trees
Scarce peeps the curious star till solemn gleams
The clouded moon, and calls me forth to stray
Through tall green silent woods and ruins grey.

"WHEN LOVE WAS BORN OF HEAVENLY LINE"

Composed 1795 (or earlier).—Published 1795

Translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham, and Printed in Poems by Francis Wrangham, M.A., Member of Trinity College, Cambridge, London (1795), Sold by J. Mawman, 22 Poultry, pp. 106-111. In the edition of 1795, the original French lines are printed side by side with Wordsworth's translation, which closes the volume.—Ed.
When Love was born of heavenly line,
What dire intrigues disturb'd Cythera's joy!
Till Venus cried, "A mother's heart is mine;
None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child
In that divine embrace enchanted lay;
And, by the beauty of the vase beguiled,
Forgot the beverage—and pined away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight?"
(Alive to all a mother's pain,
The Queen of Beauty thus her court address'd)
"No: Let the most discreet of all my train
Receive him to her breast:
Think all, he is the God of young delight."

Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR join'd,
And GAIETY the charming office sought;
Nor even DELICACY stay'd behind:
But none of those fair Graces brought
Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pined.
Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seem'd inclined;
But she had surely spoil'd the boy:
And sad experience forbade a thought
On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS JOY.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice
Pronounced the name of HOPE:—The conscious child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.*

'Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averr'd
The charge belong'd to her alone)
Jealous that HOPE had been preferr'd
Laid snares to make the babe her own.

* Compare Gray's Progress of Poesy, iii. 1. 87—
The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
THE CONVICT

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
The blushing mien and downcast look;
    And came her services to proffer:
And HOPE (what has not Hope believed!)
By that seducing air deceived,
    Accepted of the offer.

It happen'd that, to sleep inclined,
    Deluded HOPE for one short hour
To that false INNOCENCE's power
Her little charge consign'd.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd
    And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store:
A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd;
    But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

THE CONVICT

Composed (!).—Published 1798

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 hair 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."

1798

"THE SNOW-TRACKS OF MY FRIENDS I SEE"

The following incomplete stanzas were evidently written when *The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman* was being composed. They were all discarded, but have a biographical interest. I assign them to the year 1798.—Ed.

The snow-tracks of my friends I see,
Their foot-marks do not trouble me,
For ever left alone am I.
Then wherefore should I fear to die?
They to the last my friends did cherish
And to the last were good and kind,
Methinks 'tis strange I did not perish
The moment I was left behind.

Why do I watch those running deer?
And wherefore, wherefore come they here?
And wherefore do I seem to love
The things that live, the things that move?
Why do I look upon the sky?
I do not live for what I see.
Why open thus mine eyes? To die
Is all that now is left for me,
If I could smother up my heart
My life would then at once depart.
My friends, you live, and yet you seem
To me the people of a dream;
A dream in which there is no love,
And yet, my friends, you live and move.

When I could live without a pain,
And feel no wish to be alive,
In quiet hopelessness I sleep,
Alas! how quiet, and how deep!

Oh no! I do not, cannot rue,
I did not strive to follow you.
I might have dropp'd, and died alone
On unknown snows, a spot unknown.

This spot to me must needs be dear,
Of my dear friends I see the trace.
You saw me, friends, you laid me here,
You know where my poor bones shall be,
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

Alas that one beloved, forlorn,
Should lie beneath the cold starlight!
With them I think I could have borne
The journey of another night,
And with my friends now far away
I could have lived another day.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGER

MS. Variants, not inserted in Vol. I.

(1. 3) On a small pile of humble masonry
Placed at the foot of

(1. 24) He travels on, a solitary man.
His age has no companion. He is weak,
ANDREW JONES

So helpless in appearance that, for him
The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
With careless hand his pence upon the ground
But stops that he may lodge the coin.
Safe in the old man's hat: nor quits him so,
But as he goes towards him turns a look
Sidelong and half-reverted.

1800

ANDREW JONES

Composed 1800.—Published 1800

Andrew Jones was included in the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1800, 1802, 1805, and in the Poems of 1815. It was also printed in The Morning Post, February 10, 1801. It was not republished after 1815. With this poem compare The Old Cumberland Beggar.—Ed.

I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press-gang or the drum
Would with its rattling music come,¹
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tipple;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

¹ 1815.
With its tantara sound would come, 1800.
For this poor crawling helpless wretch
Some horseman who was passing by,  
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stooped and took the penny up: *
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my friend, good-day to you."

And hence I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage:
And wished the press-gang, or the drum
Would with its rattling music come,  
And sweep him from the village!

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1 It chanc'd some Traveller passing by,  

2 1815.

With its tantara sound would come

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* In the text of 1800, this line is, "He stopped and took the penny up," but in the list of errata, "stooped" is substituted for "stopped."—Ed.
"THERE IS A SHAPELESS CROWD OF UNHEWN STONES"

Numerous fragments of verse, more or less unfinished, occur in the Grasmere Journals, written by Dorothy Wordsworth. One of these—which is broken up into irregular fragments, and very incomplete—is evidently part of the material which was written about the old Cumbrian shepherd Michael. The successive alterations of the text of the poem *Michael* are in the Grasmere Journal. These fragments have a special topographical interest, from their description of Helvellyn, and its spring, the fountain of the mists, and the stones on the summit. On the outside leather cover of the MS. book there is written, "May to Dec. 1802."

The following lines come first:

THERE is a shapeless crowd of unhewn stones *
That lie together, some in heaps, and some
In lines, that seem to keep themselves alive
In the last dotage of a dying form.
At least so seems it to a man who stands
In such a lonely place.

These are followed by a few lines, some of which were afterwards used in *The Prelude* (see vol. iii. p. 269):

Shall he who gives his days to low pursuits,
Amid the undistinguishable crowd
Of cities, 'mid the same eternal flow
Of the same objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end,
Shall he feel yearning to those lifeless forms,
And shall we think that Nature is less kind
To those, who all day long, through a long life,
Have walked within her sight? It cannot be.

* Compare the first line of those *Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydal*, vol. ii. p. 63.—Ed.
Mary Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, William Wordsworth.

Sat. Eve., 20 past 6, May 29.

Other fragments follow, less worthy of preservation. Then the passage, which occurs in book xiii. of The Prelude, beginning—

There are who think that strong affection, love,

(see vol. iii. p. 361), with one or two variations from the final text, which were not improvements.

Five lines on Helvellyn, afterwards included in the Musings near Aquapendente (see vol. viii. p. 47, ll. 61-65), come next.

The fragments referring to Michael are written down, probably just as the brother dictated them to his sister, and would be—if not unintelligible—certainly without any literary connection or unity, were they printed in the order in which they occur. I therefore transpose them slightly, to give something like continuity to the whole; which remains, of course, a torso.

I will relate a tale for those who love
To lie beside the lonely mountain brooks,
And hear the voices of the winds and flowers.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

It befell
At the first falling of the autumnal snows,
Old Michael and his son one day went forth
In search of a stray sheep. It was the time
When from the heights our shepherds drive their flocks
To gather all their mountain family
Into the homestalls, ere they send them back
There to defend themselves the winter long.
Old Michael for this purpose had driven down
His flock into the vale, but as it chanced,
A single sheep was wanting. They had sought
The straggler during all the previous day
All over their own pastures, and beyond.
And now at sunrise, sallying forth again
Far did they go that morning: with their search
Beginning towards the south, where from Dove Crag
(Ill home for bird so gentle), they looked down
On Deep-dale-head, and Brothers water (named
From those two Brothers that were drowned therein);
Thence northward did they pass by Arthur's seat,*
And Fairfield's highest summit, on the right
Leaving St. Sunday's Crag, to Grisdale tarn
They shot, and over that cloud-loving hill,
Seat-Sandal, a fond lover of the clouds;
Thence up Helvellyn, a superior mount,
With prospect underneath of Striding edge,
And Grisdale's houseless vale, along the brink
Of Sheep-cot-cove, and those two other coves,
Huge skeletons of crags which from the coast
Of old Helvellyn spread their arms abroad
And make a stormy harbour for the winds.
Far went these shepherds in their devious quest,
From mountain ridges peeping as they passed
Down into every nook;
. . . . . . . and many a sheep
On height or bottom † did they see, in flocks
Or single. And although it needs must seem
Hard to believe, yet could they well discern
Even at the utmost distance of two miles
(Such strength of vision to the shepherd's eye
Doth practice give) that neither in the flocks
Nor in the single sheep was what they sought.
So to Helvellyn's eastern side they went,
Down looking on that hollow, where the pool
Of Thirlmere flashes like a warrior's shield
His light high up among the gloomy rocks,
With sight of now and then a straggling gleam
On Armboth's ‡ pleasant fields. And now they came,
To that high spring which bears no human name,

* Stone Arthur. See, in the "Poems on the Naming of Places," the one
beginning—

There is an Eminence,—

ED.

† Bottom is a common Cumbrian word for valley.—ED.

‡ Armboth, on the western side of Thirlmere.—ED.
As one unknown by others, aptly called
The fountain of the mists. The father stooped
To drink of the clear water, laid himself
Flat on the ground, even as a boy might do,
To drink of the cold well. When in like sort
His son had drunk, the old man said to him
That now he might be proud, for he that day
Had slaked his thirst out of a famous well,
The highest fountain known on British land.
Thence, journeying on a second time, they passed
Those small flat stones, which, ranged by traveller's hands
In cyphers on Helvellyn's highest ridge,
Lie loose on the bare turf, some half-o'ergrown
By the grey moss, but not a single stone
Unsettled by a wanton blow from foot
Of shepherd, man or boy. They have respect
For strangers who have travelled far perhaps,
For men who in such places, feeling there
The grandeur of the earth, have left inscribed
Their epitaph, which rain and snow
And the strong wind have reverenced.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the shepherd lov'd before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations, things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old man's heart seem'd born again?
Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up;
And now when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.
Though often thus industriously they passed\(^1\)
Whole hours with but small interchange of speech,
Yet were there times in which they did not want
Discourse both wise and pleasant,\(^2\) shrewd remarks
Of moral prudence,\(^3\) clothed in images
Lively and beautiful, in rural forms,
That made their conversation fresh and fair
As is a landscape; and the shepherd oft
Would draw out of his heart the mysteries\(^4\)
And of his works: or, yielding to the bent
Of his peculiar humour, would let loose
His tongue, and give it the wind's freedom; then,
Discoursing on remote imaginations, strong
Conceits, devices, plans, and schemes,\(^5\)
Of alterations human hands might make
Among the mountains, fens which might be drained,
Mines opened, forests planted, and rocks split,
The fancies of a solitary man.\(^*\)

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\(^1\) Though in these occupations they would pass
\(^2\) prudent,
\(^3\) Of daily Providence
\(^4\) obscurities
\(^5\) Day-dreams, thoughts, and schemes.\(^\dagger\)

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\(^*\) All doubt as to these fragments being originally intended to form part
of Michael is set at rest by a letter from Wordsworth to Thomas Poole, of
Nether Stowey, written from Grasmere on the 9th of April 1801, in which he
gives first some new lines to be added to Michael, at pp. 210 and 211 of vol.
II. of the "Lyrical Ballads" (ed. 1800); to which letter Dorothy Wordsworth
added the postscript, "My brother has written the following lines, to be
inserted page 206, after the ninth line—
"Murmur as with the sound of summer flies;"
and then follow—
Though in these occupations they would pass
Whole hours, etc.
as printed above.
Dorothy Wordsworth adds, "Tell whether you think the insertion of these
lines an improvement."—Ed.

\(^\dagger\) These variants occur in a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth to Thomas
Poole.—Ed.
Not with a waste of words, but for the sake
Of pleasure which I know that I shall give
To many living now, have I described
Old Michael's manners and discourse, and thus
Minutely spoken of that aged Lamp
Round which the Shepherd and his household sate
—The light was famous in the neighbourhood
And was a public symbol

Then follow four pages of Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal
(May 4th and 5th, 1802); and then, irregularly written, and
with numerous erasures, the remainder of these unpublished
lines.

. . . . . . . At length the boy
Said, "Father, 'tis lost labour; with your leave
I will go back and range a second time
The grounds which we have hunted through before."
So saying, homeward, down the hill the boy
Sprang like a gust of wind: [and with a heart
Brimful of glory said within himself,
"I know where I shall find him, though the storm
Have driven him twenty miles."
For ye must know] * that though the storm
Drive one of those poor creatures miles and miles,
If he can crawl, he will return again
To his own hills, the spots where when a lamb
He learned to pasture at his mother's side.
Bethinking him of this, again the boy
Pursued his way toward a brook, whose course
Was through that unfenced tract of mountain ground
Which to his father's little farm belonged,
The home and ancient birthright of their flock.
Down the deep channel of the stream he went,
Prying through every nook. Meanwhile the rain
Began to fall upon the mountain tops,
Thick storm, and heavy, which for three hours' space

* An erased version.—Ed.
Abated not; and all that time the boy
Was busy in his search, until at length
He spied the sheep upon a plot of grass,
An island in the brook. It was a place
Remote and deep, piled round with rocks, where foot
Of man or beast was seldom used to tread.
But now, when everywhere the summer grass
Began to fail, this sheep by hunger pressed
Had left his fellows, made his way alone
To the green plot of pasture in the brook.
Before the boy knew well what he had seen
He leapt upon the island, with proud heart,
And with a shepherd's joy. Immediately
The sheep sprang forward to the further shore,
And was borne headlong by the roaring flood.
At this the boy looked round him, and his heart
Fainted with fear. Thrice did he turn his face
To either bank, nor could he summon up
The courage that was needful to leap back
'Cross the tempestuous torrent; so he stood
A prisoner on the island, not without
More than one thought of death, and his last hour.
Meantime the father had returned alone
To his own home, and now at the approach
Of evening he went forth to meet his son,
Nor could he guess the cause for which the boy
Had stayed so long. The shepherd took his way
Up his own mountain grounds, where, as he walked
Along the steep that overhung the brook,
He seemed to hear a voice, which was again
Repeated, like the whistling of a kite.
At this, not knowing why—as often-times
The old man afterwards was heard to say—
Down to the brook he went, and tracked its course
Upwards among the o'erhanging rocks; nor
Had he gone far ere he espied the boy
Right in the middle of the roaring stream.
Without distress or fear the shepherd heard
The outcry of his son: he stretched his staff
Towards him, bade him leap, which word scarce said
The boy was safe.

Of Michael it is said—

No doubt if you in terms direct had asked
Whether he loved the mountains, true it is
That with blunt repetition of your words
He might have stared at you, and said that they
Were frightful to behold, but had you then
Discoursed with him

Of his own business, and the goings on
Of earth and sky, then truly had you seen
That in his thoughts there were obscurities,
Wonder, and admiration, things that wrought
Not less than a religion in his heart.
And if it was his fortune to converse
With any who could talk of common things
In an unusual way, and give to them
Unusual aspects, or by questions apt
Wake sudden recognitions, that were like
Creations in the mind (and were indeed
Creations often), then when he discoursed
Of mountain sights, this untaught shepherd stood
Before the man with whom he so conversed
And looked at him as with a poet's eye.
But speaking of the vale in which he dwelt,
And those bare rocks, if you had asked if he
For other pastures would exchange the same
And dwell elsewhere, you then had seen
At once what spirit of love was in his heart.

I have related that this Shepherd loved
The fields and mountains, not alone for this
That from his very childhood he had lived
Among them, with a body hale and stout,
And with a vigorous mind . . .
But exclude
Such reasons, and he had less cause to love
His native vale and patrimonial fields
Than others have, for Michael had liv'd on
Childless, until the time when he began
To look towards the shutting in of life.

In this MS. book there are also some of the original stanzas of *Ruth*, with a few variations of text.—Ed.

**1802**

"AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN"

Composed April 12, 1802.—Published 1807

This poem—known in the Wordsworth household as *The Glowworm*—was written on the 12th of April 1802, during a ride from Middleham to Barnard Castle, and was published in the edition of 1807. It was never reproduced. The "Lucy" of this and other poems was his sister Dorothy. In a letter to Coleridge, written in April 1802, he thus refers to the poem, and to the incident which gave rise to it:—"I parted from M—on Monday afternoon, about six o'clock, a little on this side Rushyford. Soon after I missed my road in the midst of the storm. Between the beginning of Lord Darlington's park at Raby, and two or three miles beyond Staindrop, I composed the poem on the opposite page. I reached Barnard Castle about half-past ten. . . . The incident of this poem took place about seven years ago between my sister and me."

I think it probable that the "incident" occurred near Racedown, Dorsetshire, where, in the autumn of 1795 Wordsworth settled with his sister. The following is Dorothy's account of the composition of the poem:—"Tuesday, April
AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

20, 1802.—We sate in the orchard and repeated The Glowworm, and other poems. Just when William came to a well, or trough, which there is in Lord Darlington's park, he began to write that poem of The Glowworm; interrupted in going through the town of Staindrop, finished it about two miles and a-half beyond Staindrop. He did not feel the jogging of the horse while he was writing; but, when he had done, he felt the effect of it. . . . So much for The Glowworm. It was written coming from Middleham, on Monday, April 12, 1802.”—Ed.

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been;
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew
About her home; but she had never seen
A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night:
And, as before, it shone without dismay;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly;
And left the glow-worm, blessing it by name,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

The whole next day I hoped, and hoped with fear;
At night the glow-worm shone beneath the tree;
I led my Lucy to the spot, “Look here,"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!
"ALONG THE MAZES OF THIS SONG I GO"

This, and the next two fragments, by Wordsworth, are extracted from his sister's Grasmere Journal.—Ed.

Along the mazes of this song I go
As inward motions of the wandering thought
Lead me, or outward circumstance impels.
Thus do I urge a never-ending way
Year after year, with many a sleep between,
Through joy and sorrow; if my lot be joy
More joyful if it be with sorrow sooth'd.

"THE RAINS AT LENGTH HAVE CEAS'D,
THE WINDS ARE STILL'D"

The rains at length have ceas'd, the winds are still'd,
The stars shine brightly between clouds at rest,
And as a cavern is with darkness fill'd,
The vale is by a mighty sound possess'd.
"WITNESS THOU"

WITNESS thou
The dear companion of my lonely walk,
My hope, my joy, my sister, and my friend,
Or something dearer still, if reason knows
A dearer thought, or in the heart of love
There be a dearer name.*

WILD-FOWL

The order'd troops
In spiral circles mount aloft, and soar
In prospect far above the denser air
That hangs o'er the moist plain. Again they view
The glorious sun, and while the light of day
Still gleams upon their polish'd plumes—the bright
Sonorous squadrons sing their evening hymn.

WRITTEN IN A GROTTO

Published in The Morning Post, March 9, 1802

I cannot affirm, with any certainty, that these lines were
written by Wordsworth; but I agree with Mr. Ernest Coleridge
in thinking that they were. He showed them to his relative—
the late Chief Justice—who said that he did not know who else

* Compare Byron's Epistle to Augusta—
   My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
   Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.

   It is a mere coincidence, as Byron could not have seen the Wordsworth
   MS.—Ed.
could have written them, at that time. Lord Coleridge said
the same to myself.—Ed.

O Moon! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light
Danc'd to the murmuring rill on Lomond's wave,
Or sighed for thy sweet presence some dark night
When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave,*
If e'er on wings which active fancy gave
I sought thy golden vale with dancing flight
Then strecht at ease in some sequestered cave
Gaz'd on thy lovely Nymphs with fond delight,
Thy Nymphs with more than earthly beauty bright,
If e'er thy beam, as Smyrna's shepherds tell,
Soft as the gentle kiss of amorous maid
On the closed eye of young Endymion fell †
That he might wake to clasp thee in the shade,
Each night while I recline within this cell
Guide hither, O sweet Moon, the maid I love so well.

The shepherds of Smyrna show a cave, where, as they say,
Luna descended to Endymion, laid on a bed under a large oak
which was the scene of their loves. See Chandler's Travels in
Asia Minor.

HOME AT GRASMERE

The canto of Wordsworth's autobiographical poem, un-
published in The Prelude (1851), and first given to the world
in 1888, is appropriately entitled "Home at Grasmere."
The introduction to The Recluse was not only kept back by
him during his lifetime, but was omitted by his representatives
—with what must be regarded as true critical insight—when
The Prelude was published in 1850. As a whole, it is not
equal to The Prelude. Certain passages are very inferior, but

* Compare To the Moon, vol. viii. p. 15, l. 64.—Ed.
† Compare, in the "Evening Voluntaries," To Lucca Giordano (1846), p. 183.—Ed.
there are others that posterity must cherish, and "not willingly let die." It was probably a conviction of its inequality and inferiority that led Wordsworth to give only one or two selected extracts from this canto to the world, in his own lifetime. Two passages were printed in his *Guide to the District of the Lakes*; another—a description of the flight and movement of birds—was published in 1827, and subsequent editions, under the title of *Water-Fowl*; while the Bishop of Lincoln published other two passages in the *Memoirs* of his uncle, beginning respectively—

On Nature's invitation do I come,

and

Bleak season was it, turbulent and bleak.

Internal evidence (see the numerous allusions to Dorothy, and the reference to John Wordsworth) shows that this canto of *The Recluse* was written at Grasmere, not long after Wordsworth's arrival there, and certainly before his marriage. The text, as now printed, has been carefully compared with the original MS. by Mr. Gordon Wordsworth. The MS. heading is—

**THE RECLUSE. BOOK FIRST, PART FIRST.**

**HOME AT GRASMERE**

Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came
A roving school-boy; what the Adventurer's age
Hath now escaped his memory—but the hour,
One of a golden summer holiday,
He well remembers, though the year be gone.
Alone and devious from afar he came;
And, with a sudden influx overpowered
At sight of this seclusion, he forgot
His haste, for hasty had his footsteps been
As boyish his pursuits; and, sighing said,
"What happy fortune were it here to live!
And, (if a thought of dying, if a thought
Of mortal separation, could intrude
With paradise before him), here to die!"
No prophet was he, had not even a hope,
Scarcely a wish, but one bright pleasing thought;
A fancy in the heart of what might be
The lot of others, never could be his.

The station whence he looked was soft and green,
Not giddy yet aerial, with a depth
Of vale below, a height of hills above.
For rest of body, perfect was the spot,
All that luxurious nature could desire,
But stirring to the spirit. Who could gaze
And not feel motions there? He thought of clouds
That sail on winds, of breezes that delight
To play on water, or in endless chase
Pursue each other through the yielding plain
Of grass or corn, over and through and through,
In billow after billow, evermore
Disporting. Nor unmindful was the Boy
Of sunbeams, shadows, butterflies and birds,
Of fluttering Sylphs, and softly-gliding Fays,
Genii, and winged Angels that are Lords
Without restraint of all which they behold.
The illusion strengthening as he gazed, he felt
That such unfettered liberty was his,
Such power and joy; but only for this end,
To flit from field to rock, from rock to field,
From shore to island, and from isle to shore,
From open ground to covert, from a bed
Of meadow-flowers into a tuft of wood,
From high to low, from low to high, yet still
Within the bound of this high concave; here
Must be his home, this Valley be his world.

Since that day forth the place to him—to me
(For I who live to register the truth
Was that same young and happy being) became
As beautiful to thought, as it had been,
When present, to the bodily sense; a haunt
Of pure affections, shedding upon joy
A brighter joy; and through such damp and gloom
Of the gay mind, as ofttimes splenetic youth
Mistakes for sorrow darting beams of light
That no self-cherished sadness could withstand:
And now 'tis mine, perchance for life, dear Vale,
Beloved Grasmere (let the Wandering Streams
Take up, the cloud-capped hills repeat, the Name),
One of thy lowly dwellings is my Home.
And was the cost so great? and could it seem
An act of courage, and the thing itself
A conquest? who must bear the blame? sage man
Thy prudence, thy experience—thy desires;
Thy apprehensions—blush thou for them all.
Yes, the realities of life so cold,
So cowardly, so ready to betray,
So stinted in the measure of their grace
As we pronounce them, doing them much wrong,
Have been to me more bountiful than hope,
Less timid than desire—but that is passed.
On Nature's invitation do I come,*
By reason sanctioned—Can the choice mislead,
That made the calmest, fairest spot of earth,
With all its unappropriated good,
My own; and not mine only, for with me
Entrenched, say rather peacefully embowered,
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents, dwells.
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir,
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
—Oh if such silence be not thanks to God
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where then
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either She whom now I have, who now
Divides with me this loved abode, was there,

* The following lines, 71-97, and 110-125, were first published in the Memoirs of Wordsworth, in 1851.—Ed.
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned, Her Voice was like a hidden Bird that sang, The thought of her was like a flash of light, Or an unseen companionship, a breath, Or fragrance independent of the wind. In all my goings, in the new and old Of all my meditations, and in this Favourite of all, in this the most of all. —What Being, therefore, since the birth of man Had ever more abundant cause to speak Thanks, and if favours of the heavenly Muse Make him more thankful, then to call on verse To aid him, and in Song resound his joy. The boon is absolute; surpassing grace To me hath been vouchsafed; among the bowers Of blissful Eden this was neither given, Nor could be given, possession of the good Which had been sighed for, ancient thought fulfilled And dear Imaginations realized Up to their highest measure, yea and more. Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close me in, Now in the clear and open day I feel Your guardianship; I take it to my heart; 'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night. But I would call thee beautiful, for mild And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art, Dear Valley, having in thy face a smile Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art pleased, Pleased with thy crags, and woody steeps, thy Lake, Its one green Island and its winding shores; The multitude of little rocky hills, Thy Church and cottages of mountain stone Clustered like stars some few, but single most, And lurking dimly in their shy retreats, Or glancing at each other cheerful looks, Like separated stars with clouds between.  

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1 on 1851.
What want we? have we not perpetual streams, 
Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields, 
And mountains not less green, and flocks, and herds, 
And thickets full of songsters, and the voice 
Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound 
Heard now and then from morn till latest eve, 
Admonishing the man who walks below 
Of solitude, and silence in the sky? 
These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth 
Have also these, but no where else is found, 
No where (or is it fancy?) can be found 
The one sensation that is here; 'tis here, 
Here as it found its way into my heart 
In childhood, here as it abides by day, 
By night, here only; or in chosen minds 
That take it with them hence, where'er they go. 
'Tis, but I cannot name it, 'tis the sense 
Of majesty, and beauty, and repose, 
A blended holiness of earth and sky, 
Something that makes this individual Spot, 
This small abiding-place of many men, 
A termination, and a last retreat, 
A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will, 
A whole without dependence or defect, 
Made for itself; and happy in itself, 
Perfect Contentment, Unity entire.

Bleak season was it, turbulent and bleak,*
When hitherward we journeyed, side by side, 
Through bursts of sunshine and through flying showers, 
Paced the long Vales—how long they were—and yet 
How fast that length of way was left behind, 
Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's naked heights. 
The frosty wind, as if to make amends 
For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps, 
And drove us onward like two ships at sea, 
Or like two birds, companions in mid air,

* The lines 152-167 were first published in the Memoirs of Wordsworth in 1851.—Ed.
Parted and re-united by the blast.
Stern was the face of Nature. We rejoiced
In that stern countenance, for our souls thence drew
A feeling of their strength. The naked trees,
The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared
To question us. "Whence come ye? to what end?"
They seemed to say; "What would ye," said the shower,
"Wild wanderers, whither through my dark domain?"
The sunbeam said, "Be happy." When this Vale
We entered, bright and solemn was the sky
That faced us with a passionate welcoming,
And led us to our threshold. Daylight failed
Insensibly, and round us gently fell
Composing darkness, with a quiet load
Of full contentment, in a little shed
Disturbed, uneasy in itself as seemed,
And wondering at its new inhabitants.
It loves us now, this Vale so beautiful
Begins to love us! By a sullen storm,
Two months unwearied of severest storm,
It put the temper of our minds to proof,
And found us faithful through the gloom, and heard
The Poet mutter his prelusive songs
With cheerful heart, an unknown voice of joy,
Among the silence of the woods and hills;
Silent to any gladsomeness of sound
With all their Shepherds.

But the gates of Spring
Are opened. Churlish Winter hath given leave
That she should entertain for this one day,
Perhaps for many genial days to come,
His guests, and make them jocund. They are pleased,
But most of all the Birds that haunt the flood
With the mild summons; inmates though they be
Of winter's household, they keep festival
This day, who drooped, or seemed to droop, so long; They shew their pleasure, and shall I do less? Happiest of happy though I be, like them I cannot take possession of the sky, Mount with a thoughtless impulse, and wheel there, One of a mighty multitude, whose way Is a perpetual harmony, and dance Magnificent. Behold, how with a grace Of ceaseless motion,¹ that might scarcely seem Inferior to angelical, they prolong Their curious pastime, shaping in mid air, And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars High as the level of the mountain tops, A circuit ampler than the lake beneath, Their own domain;—but ever, while intent On tracing and retracing that large round, Their jubilant activity evolves Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro, Upwards and downwards, progress intricate Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed Their indefatigable flight. ¹’Tis done— Ten times and more, I fancied it had ceased; But lo! the vanished company again Ascending, they approach—I hear their wings Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound Passed in a moment—and as faint again! They tempt the sun to sport among² their plumes; Tempt the smooth water,³ or the gleaming ice, To show them a fair image; ³’tis themselves, Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain, Painted more soft and fair as they descend, Almost to touch;—then up again aloft, Up with a sally, and a flash of speed,

¹ Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood With grace of motion. . . . . . . . . . . . . MS.
² . . . . . . . . . . . . amid . . . . . . . . . . . . MS.
³ They tempt the water, or . . . . . . . . . . . . MS.
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest! *
This day is a thanksgiving, 'tis a day
Of glad emotion and deep quietness;
Not upon me alone hath been bestowed,
Me rich in many onward-looking thoughts,
The penetrating bliss; oh surely these
Have felt it, not the happy Quires of Spring,
Her own peculiar family of love
That sport among green leaves, a blither train.

But two are missing—two, a lonely pair
Of milk-white Swans, wherefore are they not seen
Partaking this day's pleasure? From afar
They came, to sojourn here in solitude,
Choosing this Valley, they who had the choice
Of the whole world.† We saw them day by day,
Through these two months of unrelenting storm,
Conspicuous at the centre of the Lake,
Their safe retreat. We knew them well, I guess
That the whole Valley knew them; but to us
They were more dear than may be well believed,
Not only for their beauty, and their still
And placid way of life, and constant love
Inseparable, not for these alone,
But that their state so much resembled ours,
They having also chosen this abode;
They strangers, and we strangers; they a pair,
And we a solitary pair like them.
They should not have departed; many days
Did I look forth in vain, nor on the wing
Could see them, nor in that small open space
Of blue unfrozen water, where they lodged,
And lived so long in quiet, side by side.
Shall we behold them, consecrated friends,
Faithful companions, yet another year

* The foregoing twenty-seven lines were published under the title Water-Fowl, in the 1827 edition of Wordsworth's "Poetical Works." They are also printed in the fifth edition of the Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England (section first).—Ed.
† Compare Paradise Lost, book xii. l. 646.—Ed.
Surviving—they for us, and we for them—
And neither pair be broken? Nay perchance
It is too late already for such hope,
The Dalesmen may have aimed the deadly tube,
And parted them; or haply both are gone
One death, and that were mercy given to both.
Recal my song the ungenerous thought; forgive,
Thrice favoured Region; the conjecture harsh
Of such inhospitable penalty,
Inflicted upon confidence so pure.
Ah, if I wished to follow where the sight
Of all that is before mine eyes, the voice
Which speaks from a presiding Spirit here,
Would lead me, I should whisper to myself;
They who are dwellers in this holy place
Must needs themselves be hallowed, they require
No benediction from the stranger’s lips,
For they are blest already. None would give
The greeting “peace be with you” unto them,
For peace they have, it cannot but be theirs,
And mercy, and forbearance. Nay—not these,
Their healing offices a pure goodwill
Precludes, and charity beyond the bounds
Of charity—an overflowing love,
Not for the creature only, but for all
That is around them, love for every thing
Which in this happy region they behold!
Thus do we soothe ourselves, and when the thought
Is past we blame it not for having come.
What, if I floated down a pleasant Stream
And now am landed, and the motion gone,
Shall I reprove myself? Ah no, the stream
Is flowing, and will never cease to flow,*
And I shall float upon that stream again.
By such forgetfulness the soul becomes,
Words cannot say, how beautiful. Then hail,

* Compare, in the After-Thought to “The Duddon Sonnets”—
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide.  

Ed.
Hail to the visible Presence, hail to thee,
Delightful Valley, habitation fair!
And to whatever else of outward form
Can give us inward help, can purify,
And elevate, and harmonise, and soothe,
And steal away, and for a while deceive
And lap in pleasing rest, and bear us on
Without desire in full complacency,
Contemplating perfection absolute
And entertained as in a placid sleep.

But not betrayed by tenderness of mind
That feared, or wholly overlooked the truth,
Did we come hither, with romantic hope
To find, in midst of so much loveliness,
Love, perfect love; of so much majesty
A like majestic frame of mind in those
Who here abide, the persons like the place.
Not from such hope, or aught of such belief
Hath issued any portion of the joy
Which I have felt this day. An awful voice,
'Tis true, hath in my walks been often heard,
Sent from the mountains or the sheltered fields;
Shout after shout—reiterated whoop
In manner of a bird that takes delight
In answering to itself; or like a hound
Single at chase among the lonely woods,
His yell repeating;* yet it was in truth
A human voice—a Spirit of coming night,
How solemn when the sky is dark, and earth
Not dark, nor yet enlightened, but by snow
Made visible, amid a noise of winds
And bleatings manifold of mountain sheep,
Which in that iteration recognise
Their summons, and are gathering round for food,
Devoured with keenness ere to grove or bank
Or rocky bield with patience they retire.

* Compare, in An Evening Walk, l. 378—
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.
That very voice, which, in some timid mood
Of superstitious fancy, might have seemed
Awful as ever stray Demoniac uttered,
His steps to govern in the Wilderness;
Or as the Norman Curfew's regular beat,
To hearths when first they darkened at the knell:
That Shepherd's voice, it may have reached mine ear
Debased and under profanation, made
The ready Organ of articulate sounds
From ribaldry, impiety, or wrath
Issuing when shame hath ceased to check the brawls
Of some abused Festivity—so be it.
I came not dreaming of unruffled life,
Untainted manners; born among the hills,
Bred also there, I wanted not a scale
To regulate my hopes. Pleased with the good,
I shrink not from the evil with disgust,
Or with immoderate pain. I look for Man,
The common creature of the brotherhood,
Differing but little from the Man elsewhere,
For selfishness, and envy, and revenge,
Ill neighbourhood—pity that this should be—
Flattery and double-dealing, strife and wrong.
Yet is it something gained, it is in truth
A mighty gain, that Labour here preserves
His rosy face, a servant only here
Of the fire-side, or of the open field,
A freeman, therefore, sound and unimpaired;
That extreme penury is here unknown,
And cold and hunger's abject wretchedness,
Mortal to body, and the heaven-born mind;
That they who want, are not too great a weight
For those who can relieve. Here may the heart
Breathe in the air of fellow-suffering
Dreadless, as in a kind of fresher breeze
Of her own native element, the hand
Be ready and unwearied without plea
From tasks too frequent, or beyond its power
For languor, or indifference, or despair.
And as these lofty barriers break the force
Of winds, this deep Vale,—as it doth in part
Conceal us from the storm,—so here abides
A power and a protection for the mind,
Dispensed indeed to other solitudes,
Favoured by noble privilege like this,
Where kindred independence of estate
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,
He, happy man! is master of the field,*
And treads the mountains which his fathers trod.

Not less than half-way up yon Mountain's side
Behold a dusky spot, a grove of Firs,
That seems still smaller than it is. This grove
Is haunted—by what ghost? a gentle spirit
Of memory faithful to the call of love;
For, as reports the dame, whose fire sends up
Yon curling smoke from the grey cot below,
The trees (her first-born child being then a babe)
Were planted by her husband and herself,
That ranging o'er the high and houseless ground
Their sheep might neither want (from perilous storms
Of winter, nor from summer's sultry heat)
A friendly covert. "And they knew it well,"
Said she, "for thither as the trees grew up,
We to the patient creatures carried food
In times of heavy snow." She then began
In fond obedience to her private thoughts
To speak of her dead husband. Is there not
An art, a music, and a strain of words
That shall be like the acknowledged voice of life,
Shall speak of what is done among the fields,
Done truly there, or felt, of solid good
And real evil, yet be sweet withal,
More grateful, more harmonious than the breath,
The idle breath of softest pipe attuned

* Compare Wordsworth's numerous references to the Cumbrian and Westmoreland "Statesmen," in his Prose Works, and elsewhere.—Ed.
To pastoral fancies? Is there such a stream,
Pure and unsullied, flowing from the heart
With motions of true dignity and grace?
Or must we seek that stream where Man is not?
Methinks I could repeat in tuneful verse,
Delicious as the gentlest breeze that sounds
Through that aerial fir-grove, could preserve
Some portion of its human history
As gathered from the Matron's lips, and tell
Of tears that have been shed at sight of it,
And moving dialogues between this pair,
Who in their prime of wedlock, with joint hands
Did plant the grove, now flourishing, while they
No longer flourish, he entirely gone,
She withering in her loneliness. Be this
A task above my skill; the silent mind
Has her own treasures, and I think of these,
Love what I see, and honour humankind.

No, we are not alone, we do not stand,
My Sister, here misplaced and desolate,
Loving what no one cares for but ourselves;
We shall not scatter through the plains and rocks
Of this fair Vale, and o'er its spacious heights
Unprofitable kindliness, bestowed
On objects unaccustomed to the gifts
Of feeling, which were cheerless and forlorn
But few weeks past, and would be so again
Were we not here; we do not tend a lamp
Whose lustre we alone participate,
Which shines dependent upon us alone,
Mortal though bright, a dying, dying flame.
Look where we will, some human hand has been
Before us with its offering; not a tree
Sprinkles these little pastures but the same
Hath furnished matter for a thought; perchance,
For some one, serves as a familiar friend.
Joy spreads, and sorrow spreads; and this whole Vale,
Home of untutored shepherds as it is,
Swarms with sensation, as with gleams of sunshine, Shadows or breezes, scents or sounds. Nor deem These feelings, though subservient more than ours To every day's demand for daily bread, And borrowing more their spirit, and their shape From self-respecting interests, deem them not Unworthy therefore, and unhallowed: no, They lift the animal being, do themselves By Nature's kind and ever-present aid Refine the selfishness from which they spring, Redeem the individual sense Of anxiousness with which they are combined. And thus it is that fitly they become Associates in the joy of purest minds, They blend therewith congenially: meanwhile, Calmly they breathe their own undying life Through this their mountain sanctuary. Long, Oh long may it remain inviolate, Diffusing health and sober cheerfulness, And giving to the moments as they pass Their little boons of animating thought That sweeten labour, make it seen and felt To be no arbitrary weight imposed, But a glad function natural to man.

Fair proof of this, newcomer though I be, Already have I gained. The inward frame Though slowly opening, opens every day With process not unlike to that which cheers A pensive stranger, journeying at his leisure Through some Helvetian dell, when low-hung mists Break up, and are beginning to recede; How pleased he is where thin and thinner grows The veil, or where it parts at once, to spy The dark pines thrusting forth their spiky heads; To watch the spreading lawns with cattle grazed, Then to be greeted by the scattered huts, As they shine out; and see the streams whose murmur Had soothed his ear while they were hidden: how pleased
To have about him, which way e’er he goes,
Something on every side concealed from view,
In every quarter something visible,
Half-seen or wholly, lost and found again,
Alternate progress and impediment,
And yet a growing prospect in the main.

Such pleasure now is mine, albeit forced,
Herein less happy than the Traveller
To cast from time to time a painful look
Upon unwelcome things, which unawares
Reveal themselves; not therefore is my heart
Depressed, nor does it fear what is to come,
But confident, enriched at every glance.
The more I see the more delight my mind
Receives, or by reflexion can create.
Truth justifies herself, and as she dwells
With Hope, who would not follow where she leads?

Nor let me pass unheeded other loves
Where no fear is, and humbler sympathies.
Already hath sprung up within my heart
A liking for the small grey horse that bears
The paralytic man, and for the brute—
In Scripture sanctified—the patient brute,
On which the cripple, in the quarry maimed,
Rides to and fro: I know them and their ways.*
The famous sheep-dog, first in all the Vale,
Though yet to me a stranger, will not be
A stranger long; nor will the blind man’s guide,
Meek and neglected thing, of no renown!
Soon will peep forth the primrose; ere it fades
Friends shall I have at dawn, blackbird and thrush
To rouse me, and a hundred warblers more;
And if those eagles to their ancient hold
Return, Helvellyn’s eagles! with the pair
From my own door I shall be free to claim
Acquaintance as they sweep from cloud to cloud.

* Compare Peter Bell.—Ed.
The owl that gives the name to Owlet-Crag
Have I heard whooping, and he soon will be
A chosen one of my regards. See there
The heifer in yon little croft belongs
To one who holds it dear; with duteous care
She reared it, and in speaking of her charge
I heard her scatter some endearing words
Domestic, and in spirit motherly
She being herself a Mother, happy Beast
If the caresses of a human voice
Can make it so, and care of human hands.
   And ye as happy under Nature's care,
Strangers to me, and all men, or at least
Strangers to all particular amity,
All intercourse of knowledge or of love
That parts the individual from his kind,
Whether in large communities ye keep
From year to year, not shunning Man's abode,
A settled residence, or be from far,
Wild creatures, and of many homes, that come
The gift of winds, and whom the winds again
Take from us at your pleasure—yet shall ye
Not want, for this, your own subordinate place
In my affections. Witness the delight
With which erewhile I saw that multitude
Wheel through the sky, and see them now at rest,
Yet not at rest, upon the glassy lake.
They cannot rest, they gambol like young whelps;
Active as lambs, and overcome with joy.
They try all frolic motions; flutter, plunge,
And beat the passive water with their wings.
Too distant are they for plain view, but lo!
Those little fountains, sparkling in the sun,
Betray their occupation, rising up,
First one and then another silver spout,
As one or other takes the fit of glee,
Fountains and spouts, yet somewhat in the guise
Of play-thing fire-works, that on festal nights
Sparkle about the feet of wanton boys.
—How vast the compass of this theatre,
Yet nothing to be seen but lovely pomp
And silent majesty; the birch-tree woods
Are hung with thousand thousand diamond drops
Of melted hoar-frost, every tiny knot
In the bare twigs, each little budding place
Cased with its several beads, what myriads there
Upon one tree, while all the distant grove
That rises to the summit of the steep
Shows like a mountain built of silver light.
See yonder the same pageant, and again
Behold the universal imagery
Inverted, all its sun-bright features touched
As with the varnish, and the gloss of dreams;
Dreamlike the blending also of the whole
Harmonious landscape; all along the shore
The boundary lost, the line invisible
That parts the image from reality;
And the clear hills, as high as they ascend
Heavenward, so piercing deep the lake below.
Admonished of the days of love to come
The raven croaks, and fills the upper air
With a strange sound of genial harmony; *
And in and all about that playful band,
Incapable although they be of rest,
And in their fashion very rioters,
There is a stillness, and they seem to make
Calm revelry in that their calm abode.
Them leaving to their joyous hours I pass,
Pass with a thought the life of the whole year
That is to come, the throng of woodland flowers,
And lilies that will dance upon the waves.
Say boldly then that solitude is not
Where these things are. He truly is alone,
He of the multitude whose eyes are doomed

* Compare The Excursion, book iv. ll. 1175-1187.—Ed.
To hold a vacant commerce day by day
With objects wanting life, repelling love;
He by the vast Metropolis immured,
Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
And neighbourhood serves rather to divide
Than to unite. What sighs more deep than his,
Whose nobler will hath long been sacrificed;
Who must inhabit, under a black sky,
A City where, if indifference to disgust
Yield not, to scorn, or sorrow, living men
Are oftentimes to their fellow-men no more
Than to the forest hermit are the leaves
That hang aloft in myriads—nay, far less,
For they protect his walk from sun and shower,
Swell his devotion with their voice in storms,
And whisper while the stars twinkle among them
His lullaby. From crowded streets remote,
Far from the living and dead wilderness
Of the thronged world, Society is here*
A true Community, a genuine frame
Of many into one incorporate.
That must be looked for here, paternal sway,
One household under God for high and low,
One family, and one mansion; to themselves
Appropriate, and divided from the world
As if it were a cave, a multitude
Human and brute, possessors undisturbed
Of this recess, their legislative hall,
Their Temple, and their glorious dwelling-place.

Dismissing therefore, all Arcadian dreams,
All golden fancies of the golden age,
The bright array of shadowy thoughts from times
That were before all time, or is to be
Ere time expire, the pageantry that stirs
And will be stirring when our eyes are fixed

* Wordsworth says elsewhere that
Solitude is blithe Society. Ed.
On lovely objects, and we wish to part
With all remembrance of a jarring world,
—Take we at once this one sufficient hope,
What need of more? that we shall neither droop,
Nor pine for want of pleasure in the life
Scattered about us, nor through dearth of aught
That keeps in health the insatiable mind;
That we shall have for knowledge and for love
Abundance; and that, feeling as we do
How goodly, how exceeding fair, how pure
From all reproach is yon ethereal vault,
And this deep vale its earthly counterpart,
By which, and under which, we are enclosed
To breathe in peace, we shall moreover find
(If sound, and what we ought to be ourselves,
If rightly we observe and justly weigh)
The inmates not unworthy of their home
The dwellers of their dwelling.

And if this
Were otherwise, we have within ourselves
Enough to fill the present day with joy,
And overspread the future years with hope,
Our beautiful and quiet home, enriched
Already with a stranger whom we love
Deeply, a stranger of our father's house,
A never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea,*
Who finds at last an hour to his content
Beneath our roof. And others whom we love
Will seek us also, sisters of our hearts,†
And one, like them, a brother of our hearts,
Philosopher and Poet,‡ in whose sight
These mountains will rejoice with open joy.
—Such is our wealth; O Vale of Peace, we are
And must be, with God's will, a happy band.
Yet 'tis not to enjoy that we exist,

* John Wordsworth.—Ed.
† The Hutchinsons.—Ed.
‡ Coleridge.—Ed.
For that end only; something must be done.
I must not walk in unreproved delight
These narrow bounds, and think of nothing more,
No duty that looks further, and no care.
Each being has his office, lowly some
And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
With zeal, acknowledgment that with the gift
Keeps pace, a harvest answering to the seed—
Of ill-advised Ambition and of Pride
I would stand clear, but yet to me I feel
That an internal brightness is vouchsafed
That must not die, that must not pass away.
Why does this inward lustre fondly seek,
And gladly blend with outward fellowship?
Why do they shine around me whom I love?
Why do they teach me whom I thus revere?
Strange question, yet it answers not itself.
That humble roof embowered among the trees,
That calm fire-side, it is not even in them,
—Blest as they are—to furnish a reply,
That satisfies and ends in perfect rest.
Possessions have I that are solely mine,
Something within which yet is shared by none,
Not even the nearest to me and most dear,
Something which power and effort may impart,
I would impart it, I would spread it wide,
Immortal in the world which is to come.
Forgive me if I add another claim,
And would not wholly perish even in this,
Lie down and be forgotten in the dust,
I and the modest partners of my days
Making a silent company in death;
Love, knowledge, all my manifold delights
All buried with me without monument
Or profit unto any but ourselves.
It must not be, if I, divinely taught,
Be privileged to speak as I have felt
Of what in man is human or divine.
While yet an innocent little-one, with a heart
That doubtless wanted not its tender moods,
I breathed (for this I better recollect)
Among wild appetites and blind desires,
Motions of savage instinct, my delight
And exaltation. Nothing at that time
So welcome, no temptation half so dear
As that which urged me to a daring feat.
Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
And tottering towers; I loved to stand and read
Their looks forbidding, read and disobey,
Sometimes in act, and evermore in thought.
With impulses that scarcely were by these
Surpassed in strength, I heard of danger, met
Or sought with courage; enterprize forlorn
By one, sole keeper of his own intent,
Or by a resolute few who for the sake
Of glory, fronted multitudes in arms.
Yea to this hour I cannot read a tale
Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,
And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
More than a wise man ought to be. I wish,
Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there;
But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to seek
For other agitations, or be calm;
Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent stream,
Some nursling of the mountains, which she leads
Through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
His strength, and had his triumph and his joy,
His desperate course of tumult and of glee.
That which in stealth by Nature was performed
Hath Reason sanctioned. Her deliberate voice
Hath said, "Be mild and cleave to gentle things,
Thy glory and thy happiness be there.
Nor fear, though thou confide in me, a want
Of aspirations that have been, of foes
To wrestle with, and victory to complete,
Bounds to be leapt, darkness to be explored,
All that inflamed thy infant heart, the love,
The longing, the contempt, the undaunted quest,
All shall survive—though changed their office, all
Shall live,—it is not in their power to die.”

Then farewell to the Warrior’s schemes, farewell
The forwardness of soul which looks that way
Upon a less incitement than the cause
Of Liberty endangered, and farewell
That other hope, long mine, the hope to fill
The heroic trumpet with the Muse’s breath!
Yet in this peaceful Vale we will not spend
Unheard-of days, though loving peaceful thoughts.
A voice shall speak, and what will be the theme?*

“SHALL HE WHO GIVES HIS DAYS TO LOW PURSUITS”

The following lines occur in the experimental efforts made
by Wordsworth to write an autobiographical poem. They
occur in one of his sister’s Journals, entitled “May to Decem-
ber, 1802”; and were probably either dictated to her in that
year, or were copied by her from some earlier fragment. They
stand related to passages in The Prelude. (See vol. iii. p.
269.)—Ed.

SHALL he who gives his days to low pursuits
Amid the undistinguishable crowd
Of cities, ’mid the same eternal flow
Of the same objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end,
Shall he feel yearning to those lifeless forms,
And shall we think that Nature is less kind
To those, who all day long, through a busy life,
Have walked within her sight? It cannot be.

* In the MS. which contains the above canto, there follow the lines in-
cluded in the Preface to the edition of The Excursion of 1814, beginning—
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, . . . . .

Ed.
I 8 0 3

"I FIND IT WRITTEN OF SIMONIDES"

Published in The Morning Post, October 10, 1803

S. T. C. writing to Tom Poole, October 14, 1803, said that Wordsworth wrote to The Morning Post "as W. L. D., and sometimes with no signature." There is ample evidence that the following sonnet was written by Wordsworth. He had contributed five sonnets to The Morning Post before the month of September 1803; and on the 10th of October in that year the following appeared.—Ed.

I FIND it written of Simonides,
That, travelling in strange countries, once he found
A corpse that lay expos'd upon the ground,
For which, with palms, he caus'd due obsequies
To be perform'd, and paid all holy fees.
Soon after this man's ghost unto him came,
And told him not to sail, as was his aim,
On board a ship then ready for the seas.
Simonides, admonish'd by the ghost,
Remain'd behind: the ship the following day
Set sail, was wreck'd, and all on board were lost.
Thus was the tenderest Poet that could be,
Who sang in antient Greece his loving lay,
Sav'd out of many by his piety.

I 8 0 4

"NO WHIMSEY OF THE PURSE IS HERE"

Writing to Sir George Beaumont, on Christmas Day, 1804, Wordsworth said: "We have lately built in our little rocky orchard a circular hut, lined with moss, like a wren's nest, and coated on the outside with heath, that stands most charm-
PEACEFUL OUR VALLEY, FAIR AND GREEN

PEACEFUL our valley, fair and green;
And beautiful the cottages
Each in its nook, its sheltered hold,
Or underneath its tuft of trees.

Many and beautiful they are;
But there is one that I love best,
A lowly roof in truth it is,
A brother of the rest.

* See the Memorials of Coleorton, vol. i. p. 81; and Wordsworth's letter on the subject in a later volume of this edition. — Ed.
Yet when I sit on rock or hill  
Down-looking on the valley fair,  
That cottage with its grove of trees  
Summons my heart; it settles there.

Others there are whose small domain  
Of fertile fields with hedgerows green  
Might more seduce the traveller's mind  
To wish that there his home had been.

Such wish be his! I blame him not,  
My fancies they, perchance, are wild;  
I love that house because it is  
The very mountain's child.

Fields hath it of its own, green fields;  
But they are craggy, steep, and bare;  
Their fence is of the mountain stone,  
And moss and lichen flourish there.

And when the storm comes from the North  
It lingers near that pastoral spot,  
And piping through the mossy walls,  
It seems delighted with its lot.

And let it take its own delight,  
And let it range the pastures bare  
Until it reach that grove of trees  
——— It may not enter there!

A green unfading grove it is,  
Skirted with many a lesser tree,  
Hazel and holly, beech and oak,  
A fair and flourishing company!

Precious the shelter of those trees!  
They screen the cottage that I love;  
The sunshine pierces to the roof  
And the tall pine trees tower above.
When first I saw that dear abode
   It was a lovely winter's day:
After a night of perilous storm
   The West wind ruled with gentle sway;

A day so mild, it might have been
   The first day of the gladsome spring;
The robins warbled; and I heard
   One solitary thrrostle sing:

A stranger in the neighbourhood,
   All faces then to me unknown,
I left my sole companion-friend
   To wander out alone.

Lur'd by a little winding path,
   I quitted soon the public road,
A smooth and tempting path it was
   By sheep and shepherds trod.

Eastward, toward the mighty hills
   This pathway led me on,
Until I reach'd a lofty Rock
   With velvet moss o'ergrown.

With russet Oak and tufts of Fern
   Its top was richly garlanded;
Its sides adorn'd with Eglantine
   Bedropp'd with hips of glossy red.

There too in many a shelter'd chink
   The foxglove's broad leaves flourish'd fair,
And silver birch whose purple twigs
   Bend to the softest breathing air.

Beneath that rock my course I stay'd
   And, looking to its summit high,
"Thou wear'st," said I, "a splendid garb,
   Here winter keeps his revelry."
"I've been a dweller on the plains,
    Have sigh'd when summer days were gone;
No more I'll sigh; for winter here
    Hath gladsome gardens of his own.

"What need of flowers? The splendid moss
    Is gayer than an April mead;
More rich its hues of various green,
    Orange and gold and glowing red."

—— Beside that gay and lovely rock
    There came with merry voice
A foaming streamlet glancing by,
    It seem'd to say "Rejoice!"

My youthful wishes all fulfill'd,
    Wishes matured by thoughtful choice,
I stood an Inmate of this vale,
    How could I but rejoice?

"AH! IF I WERE A LADY GAY"

The following two stanzas were added by Wordsworth to his sister's poem, entitled *The Cottager to her Infant*—composed in 1805, and issued in 1815 (see vol. iii. pp. 74, 75); but they were never published in Wordsworth's lifetime.—Ed.

AH! if I were a lady gay
I should not grieve with thee to play;
Right gladly would I lie awake
Thy lively spirits to partake,
    And ask no better cheer.

But, Babe! there's none to work for me,
And I must rise to industry;
Soon as the cock begins to crow
Thy mother to the fold must go
    To tend the sheep and kine.
TO THE EVENING STAR OVER GRASMERE WATER, JULY 1806

The Lake is thine,
The mountains too are thine, some clouds there are,
Some little feeble stars, but all is thine,
Thou, thou art king, and sole proprietor.

A moon among her stars, a mighty vale,
Fresh as the freshest field, scoop'd out, and green
As is the greenest billow of the sea.

The multitude of little rocky hills,
Rocky or green, that do like islands rise
From the flat meadow lonely there.

Embowering mountains, and the dome of Heaven
And waters in the midst, a Second Heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO IN REPLY TO THE PASSAGE UPON HIS STATUE OF NIGHT SLEEPING

In the first volume of a copy of the edition of 1836,—long kept by Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and afterwards the property of the late Lord Coleridge—which has been referred to in the Preface to Vol. i., and very often in the footnotes to all the volumes, signed C.—Wordsworth wrote in MS. two translations of a fragment of Michael Angelo's on Sleep, and a translation of some Latin verses by Thomas Warton on the same subject. These fragments were never included in any edition of his published works, and it is impossible to say to what year they belong. From their close relation to other
translations from Michael Angelo, made by Wordsworth in 1806, I assign them, conjecturally, to the same year. The title is from Wordsworth's own MS.—Ed.

I

Grateful is Sleep, my life, in stone bound fast,
More grateful still: while wrong and shame shall last,
On me can Time no happier state bestow
Than to be left unconscious of the woe.
Ah then, lest you awaken me, speak low.

II

Grateful is Sleep, more grateful still to be
Of marble; for while shameless wrong and woe
Prevail, 'tis best to neither hear nor see.
Then wake me not, I pray you. Hush, speak low.

"COME, GENTLE SLEEP, DEATH'S IMAGE
THO' THOU ART"

COME, gentle Sleep, Death's image tho' thou art,
Come share my couch, nor speedily depart;
How sweet thus living without life to lie,
Thus without death how sweet it is to die.

The Latin verse by Thomas Warton, of which these lines are a translation, is as follows:—

Somne veni! quamvis placidissima Mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Huc ades, haud abiture citò! nam sic sine vita
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Professor of Poetry in that University, is chiefly known by his *History of English Poetry* (1774-1781).—Ed.
"BROOK, THAT HAST BEEN MY SOLACE DAYS AND WEEKS"

The following version of the sonnet beginning "Brook! whose society the Poet seeks," probably written in 1806 and first published in 1815 (see vol. iv. p. 52), has come to light since that volume was issued. The variants throughout are sufficient to warrant its publication here. Had I received it earlier they would have appeared in vol. iv.—Ed.

Brook, that hast been my solace days and weeks,
And months, and let me add the long year through,
I come to thee, thou dost my heart renew;
O happy Thing! among thy flowery creeks,
And happy, dancing down thy water-breaks:
If I some type of thee did wish to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Poets, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears! No Naiad should'st thou be;
Have neither wings, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs.
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a better good;
The joy of fleshly life without its cares.

TRANSLATION FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

The date of this is unknown, and the original MS. is difficult to decipher. It is here and there illegible. It may belong to the year of the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," but I place it beside the other translation from Michael Angelo.—Ed.

Rid of a vexing and a heavy load,
Eternal Lord! and from the world set free,
Like a frail Bark, weary I turn to Thee,—
From frightful storms into a quiet road.
On much repentance Grace will be bestow'd.
The nails, the thorns, and thy two hands, thy face
Benign, meek, * * *, offers grace
To sinners whom their sins oppress and goad.
Let not thy justice view, O Light Divine,
My fault, and keep it from thy sacred ear.

Cleanse with thy blood my sins, to this incline
More readily, the more my years require
Prompt aid, forgiveness speedy and entire.

1808

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN

Composed 1808.—Published 1839

This poem was first printed in De Quincey's "Recollections of Grasmere," which appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, September 1839, p. 573, and afterwards in his *Recollections of the Lakes* (1853), p. 23.

The text is printed as it is found in De Quincey's article. Doubtless Wordsworth, or some member of the family, had supplied him with a copy of these verses. Wordsworth himself seemed to have thought them unworthy of publication. A copy of the poem was transcribed at Grasmere by Dorothy Wordsworth for Lady Beaumont on the 20th April 1808. In this copy there are numerous variations from the text as published by De Quincey, and these are indicated in the footnotes. In the letter to Lady Beaumont, Dorothy Wordsworth says, "I am going to transcribe a poem composed by my brother a few days after his return. It was begun in the churchyard when he was looking at the grave of the Husband
and Wife, and is in fact supposed to be entirely composed there."

Wordsworth returned to his old home at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, after a short visit to London, on the 6th April 1808; and there he remained, till Allan Bank was ready for occupation. I therefore conclude that this poem was written in April 1808.

Compare De Quincey’s account of the disaster that befell the Greens, as reported in his *Early Recollections of Grasmere*. The Wordsworths had evidently taken part in the effort to raise subscriptions in behalf of the orphan children. They issued a printed appeal on the subject. The following is an extract from a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth’s to Lady Beaumont on the subject:

"Grasmere, April 20th, 1808.

"We received your letter this morning, enclosing the half of a £5 note. I am happy to inform you that the orphans have been fixed under the care of very respectable people. The baby is with its sister—she who filled the Mother’s place in the house during their two days of fearless solitude. It has clung to her ever since, and she has been its sole nurse. I went with two ladies of the Committee (in my sister’s place, who was then confined to poor John’s bedside) to conduct the family to their separate homes. The two Girls are together, as I have said; two Boys at another Home; and the third Boy by himself at the house of an elderly man who had a particular friendship for their father. The kind reception that the children met with was very affecting." See the letters from Wordsworth to Richard Sharpe, Esq., Mark Lane, London, in a subsequent volume, referring to the catastrophe.—Ed.

**WHO weeps for strangers? Many wept**

For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair’s unhappy fate,
Whose grave may here be seen.1

1 1839.

Wept for that Pair’s unhappy end,
Whose Grave may here be seen,

MS. letter of Dorothy Wordsworth’s.
GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN

By night, upon these stormy fells,\footnote{1839.} Did wife and husband roam;\footnote{1839.}
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.\footnote{1839.}

For any dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perish'd; and a voice was heard—
The widow's lonely shriek.\footnote{1839.}

Not many steps, and she was left\footnote{1839.}
A body without life—
A few short steps were the chain that bound\footnote{1839.}
The husband to the wife.\footnote{1839.}

Now do those\footnote{1839.} sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave;

\begin{itemize}
\item \footnote{1839.} these stormy Heights, added in MS.
\item \footnote{1839.} Six little ones the Pair had left, and could not find their home, added in MS.
\item \footnote{1839.} Down the dark precipice he fell, and she was left alone, not long to think of her children dear, not long to pray, or groan. added in MS.
\item \footnote{1839.} A few wild steps—she too was left, added in MS.
\item The chain of but a few wild steps.
\item Four stanzas are here added in MS., only one of which need be given—
\begin{align*}
\text{Our peace is of the immortal soul,} \\
\text{Our anguish is of clay;} \\
\text{Such bounty is in Heaven: so pass} \\
\text{The bitterest pangs away.}
\end{align*}
\end{itemize}
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.

But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright!

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!

1 1839. is the depth
2 1839. In shelter more profound.
3 1839. ground.
4 1839. From fear, and from all need of hope
5 1839. how calm,
6 1839. That holds.
7 1839. In bond of love, in bond of God,
"THE SCOTTISH BROOM ON BIRD-NEST BRAE" *

THE Scottish Broom on Bird-nest brae
Twelve tedious years ago,
When many plants, strange blossoms bore
That puzzled high and low,
A not unnatural longing felt,
What longing would ye know?
Why, friend, to deck her supple twigs
With yellow in full blow.

To Lowther Castle she addressed
A prayer both bold and sly,
(For all the Brooms on Bird-nest brae
Can talk and speechify)
That flattering breezes blowing thence
Their succour would supply,
Then she would instantly put forth
A flag of yellow dye.

But from the Castle turret blew
A chill forbidding blast,
Which the poor Broom no sooner felt
Than she shrank up so fast;
Her wished-for yellow she forswore,
And since that time has cast
Fond looks on colours three or four
And put forth Blue at last.

* "Written, in my opinion, at the General Election of 1818."—(The Rev. Thomas Hutchinson of Kimbolton.)
† "Bird-nest" was the old name of Brougham Hall.—Ed.
And now, my lads, the Election comes
In June’s sunshining hours,
When every field and bank and brae
Is clad with yellow flowers.
While faction Blue from shops and booths
Tricks out her blustering powers,
Lo! smiling Nature’s lavish hand
Has furnished wreaths for ours.

PLACARD FOR A POLL BEARING AN OLD SHIRT

Wordsworth was deeply interested in the successive parliamentary elections for Westmoreland (see his “Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmorland, 1818,” in the Prose Works.) He particularly disliked Lord Brougham’s candidature. The following squib is in MS. at Lowther Castle. He wrote on the MS.—“For a version of part of B.’s famous London Tower Speech see opposite page.”—Ed.

If money’s slack,
The shirt on my back
Shall off, and go to the hammer:
Though I sell shirt and skin
By Jove I’ll be in,
And raise up a radical clamor!

“CRITICS, RIGHT HONOURABLE BARD, DECREE”

I have found this in a catalogue of Autograph Letters, and have no knowledge of its date, or of the Bard referred to. Solomon Gesner wrote a poem on The Death of Abel, which was translated into English. See footnote to The Prelude, book vii. l. 564.—Ed.
"CRITICS, right honourable Bard, decree
Laurels to some, a night-shade wreath to thee,
Whose muse a sure though late revenge hath ta'en
Of harmless Abel’s death, by murdering Cain."

On Cain, a Mystery, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott:—

“A German Haggis from receipt
Of him who cooked the death of Abel,
And sent ‘warm-reeking, rich and sweet,’
From Venice to Sir Walter’s table.”

1819

"THROUGH CUMBRIAN WILDS, IN MANY A MOUNTAIN COVE"

In 1819 Wordsworth wrote the sonnet beginning, "Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend." In the note to that sonnet (vol. vi. p. 196) I have given a different version of its last six lines, from a MS. sonnet. But as these six lines also form the conclusion of another unpublished sonnet, it may be given in full by itself, in this Appendix.—Ed.

Through Cumbrian wilds, in many a mountain cove,
The pastoral Muse laments the Wheel—no more
Engaged, near blazing hearth on clean-swept floor,
In tasks which guardian Angels might approve,
Friendly the weight of leisure to remove,
And to beguile the lassitude of ease;
Gracious to all the dear dependencies
Of house and field,—to plenty, peace, and love.

There too did Fancy prize the murmuring wheel;
For sympathies, inexplicably fine,
Instilled a confidence—how sweet to feel!

That ever in the night-calm, when the Sheep
Upon their grassy beds lay couch’d in sleep,
The quickening spindle drew a trustier line.
"MY SON! BEHOLD THE TIDE ALREADY SPENT"

The following sonnet occurs after the above in the same MS. whence both are extracted.—Ed.

My Son! behold the tide already spent
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's will
Among the mazy streams that backward went,
And in the sluggish Ports where ships were pent.
And now, its task performed, the flood stands still
At the green base of many an inland hill,
In placid beauty and entire content.
Such the repose that Sage and Hero find,
Such measured rest the diligent and good
Of humbler name, whose souls do like the flood
Of ocean press right on, or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned.

1820

AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE

(THIRTY YEARS AGO)

The confidence of Youth our only Art,
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold design,
We saw the living Landscapes of the Rhine,
Reach after reach, salute us and depart;
Slow sink the Spires,—and up again they start!
But who shall count the Towers as they recline
O'er the dark steeps, or in the horizon line
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart? 
More touching still, more perfect was the pleasure, 
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning stream 
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there could measure 
A smooth free course along the watery gleam, 
Think calmly on the past, and mark at leisure 
Features which else had vanished like a dream.

This sonnet was published in the first edition of the Memorials of this Tour (1822), but was struck out of the next edition, and never republished. Its rejection by Wordsworth is curious.

It refers to the pedestrian tour which the Poet took, with his friend Jones, in 1790, which he afterwards recorded in full in his Descriptive Sketches.

Dorothy Wordsworth, in her Journal of the Tour in 1820, refers to it thus:—"Our journey through the narrower and most romantic passages of the Vale of the Rhine was connected with times long past, when my brother and his Friend (it was thirty years ago) floated down the stream in their little Bark. Often did my fancy place them with a freight of happiness in the centre of some bending reach, overlooked by tower or castle, or (when expectation would be most eager) at the turning of a promontory, which had concealed from their view some delicious winding which we had left behind; but no more of my own feelings, a record of his will be more interesting."

She then quotes the sonnet, beginning

The confidence of Youth our only Art.

There are also numerous allusions in Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal to this early tour; e.g. under date August 13. "We left Meyringen; soon reached a sort of Hotel, which Wm. pointed out to us with great interest, as being the only spot where he and his friend Jones were ill used, during the course of their adventurous journey—a wild looking building, a little removed from the road, where the vale of Hasli ends." Again, in describing the sunset from the woody hill Colline de Gibet, overlooking the two lakes of Brienz and Thun, at Interlaken, "with the loveliest of green vallies between us and Jungfrau," "Surely William must have had this Paradise in his thoughts when he began his Descriptive Sketches—

Were there, below, a spot of holy ground, 
By Pain and her sad family unfound, etc.
These vales were saddened with no common gloom
When good Jemima perished in her bloom;
When, such the awful will of heaven, she died
By flames breathed on her from her own fireside.
On earth we dimly see, and but in part
We know, yet faith sustains the sorrowing heart;
And she, the pure, the patient and the meek,
Might have fit epitaph could feelings speak;

But no habitation was there among these rocky knolls, and tiny pastures. One fragment, something like a ruined convent, lurked under a steep, woody-fringed crag. What a Refuge for a pious Sisterhood!" Compare also the note to Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass, vol. vi. p. 359.—Ed.

In the Memoirs of William Wordsworth by his nephew (the late Bishop of Lincoln) vol. i. chap. xxx. the following occurs as an addendum transferred to the footnotes:—
"The first six lines of an epitaph in Grasmere Church were also his composition. The elegant marble tablet on which they were engraved was designed by Sir Francis Chantry, and prepared by Allan Cunningham, 1822. It is over the chancel door."

The following is the Inscription:—

In the Burial Ground
of this Church are deposited the remains of
Jemima Anne Deborah,
second daughter of
Sir Egerton Brydges, of Denton Court, Kent, Bart.
She departed this life at the Ivy Cottage, Rydal,
May 25th 1822, aged 28 years.
This memorial is erected by her husband
Edward Quillinan.

The entire sonnet, of which Wordsworth wrote the "first six lines," is as follows:—
If words could tell and monuments record,
How Treasures lost are inwardly deplored,
No name by grief's fond eloquence adorned
More than Jemima's would be praised and mourned.
The tender virtues of her blameless life,
Bright in the daughter, brighter in the wife,
And in the cheerful mother brightest shone,—
That light hath past away—the will of God be done.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID

Composed 1823 (?)—Published 1836

This translation was included in the *Philological Museum*, edited by Julius Charles Hare, and published at Cambridge in 1832 (vol. i. p. 382, etc.). Three Books were translated by Wordsworth, but the greater portion is still in MS., unpublished. What is now reproduced appeared in the *Museum*. As it was never included by Wordsworth himself in any edition of his Works, his own estimate of its literary value was slight. It was published by Professor Henry Reed in his American reprint of 1851. Writing to Lord Lonsdale on 9th Nov. 1823, Wordsworth says, “I have just finished a Translation into English rhyme of the First Æneid. Would you allow me to send it to you? I would be much gratified if you would take the trouble of comparing some passages with the original. I have endeavoured to be much more literal than Dryden, or Pitt—who keeps more close to the original than his predecessor.”—Ed.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE “PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM”

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation

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1. . . . . of Heaven . . . . MS.
from the Æneid to be printed in the Philological Museum was not very acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment,—for it was nothing more,—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request.—W. W.

BUT Cytherea, studious to invent
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, chang’d in form and face
To young Ascanius, should assumé his place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
Of passion at the bosom’s inmost seat.
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;
She burns, she frets—by Juno’s rancour stung;
The calm of night is powerless to remove
These cares, and thus she speaks to wingèd Love:

"O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his course,
How Juno’s hate with unrelenting force
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is known;
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.
Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
Of bland entreaty at her court detains;
Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the queen
With passion for Æneas, such strong love
That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.
Hear, and assist;—the father's mandate calls
His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest things
Preserv'd from fire and flood for presents brings.

Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
'Mid groves Idalian, lull'd to gentle sleep,
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
That he may neither know what hope is mine,
Nor by his presence traverse the design.

Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!
And when enraptured Dido shall receive
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,
And goblets crown the proud festivity,
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
At every touch, an unsuspected fire.”

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,
Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
The true Ascanius steep'd in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherish'd on her careful breast,
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
Where he on soft amaracus is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.
But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
And, as the hall he entered, there, between
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
Reclin'd in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
The Trojans, too (Aeneas at their head),
On couches lie, with purple overspread:
Meantime in canisters is heap'd the bread,
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.
Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
And fume the household deities with store
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
Match'd with an equal number of like age,
But each of manly sex, a docile page,
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
To cup or viand its appointed place.

The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.
They look with wonder on the gifts—they gaze
Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
That from his ardent countenance are flung,
And charm'd to hear his simulating tongue;
Nor pass unprais'd the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage
twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns
Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
She fastens on the boy enamour'd eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees
Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceas'd
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine; Voices of gladness roll the walls around; Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound; From gilded rafters many a blazing light Depends, and torches overcome the night. The minutes fly—till, at the queen's command, A bowl of state is offered to her hand: Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine; Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer! Productive day be this of lasting joy To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy; A day to future generations dear! Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer, Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near! And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!" She spake and shed an offering on the board; Then sipp'd the bowl whence she the wine had pour'd And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord; He rais'd the bowl, and took a long deep draught; Then every chief in turn the beverage quaff'd.  

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings, The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings; Whence human kind, and brute; what natural powers Engender lightning, whence are falling showers. He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught with rain; —Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights. The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the applause. —But, lengthening out the night with converse new, Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew; Of Priam ask'd, of Hector—o'er and o'er—
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore;—  
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;  
Among the leaders of the Grecian host  
How look'd Achilles, their dread paramount—  
"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,  
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,  
Your own grief and your friends'—your wandering  
course;  
For now, 'till this seventh summer have ye rang'd  
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estrang'd."

1823

"ARMS AND THE MAN I SING, THE FIRST  
WHO BORE"

The following version of the first few lines of the Æneid  
were copied by Professor Reed of Philadelphia, with Mrs.  
Wordsworth's permission, during a visit to Rydal Mount in  
1854, four years after the poet's death. Mrs. Reed kindly sent  
them to me.—Ed.

ARMS and the Man I sing, the first who bore  
His course to Latium from the Trojan shore,  
A fugitive of fate. Long time was he  
By powers celestial tossed on land and sea  
Thro' wrathful Juno's far-famed enmity;  
Much too from war endured till new abodes  
He planted, and in Latium fixed his Gods,  
Whence flows the Latin people, whence have come  
The Alban Sites and walls of lofty Rome.
A twofold harmony is here;
I listen with the bodily ear,
But dull and cheerless is the sound
Contrasted with the heart's rebound.

Now at the close of fervid June,
Upon this breathless hazy noon,
I seek the deepest darkest shade
Within the covert of that glade,

Which you and I first named our own
When primroses were fully blown,
Oaks just were budding, and the grove
Rang with the gladdest songs of love.

Then did the Leader of the Band,
A gallant thrush, maintain his stand
Unshrouded from the eye of day
Upon yon Beech's topmost spray.

Within the selfsame lofty tree
A thrush sings now—perchance 'tis he—
The lusty joyous gallant bird,
Which on that April morn we heard.

* I owe my knowledge of this and the following poem to the nephew of Mrs. Wordsworth, the Reverend Thomas Hutchinson of Kimbolton, Herefordshire, who wrote: "The two following poems were found among his papers on the demise of Mr. Monkhouse—a first cousin of Wordsworth; the first in the hand-writing of Wordsworth's wife, and the second of her daughter."—Ed.
But oh! how different that voice
Which bade the very hills rejoice.
Through languid air, through leafy boughs
It falls, and can no echo rouse.

But on the workings of my heart
Doth memory act a busy part;
That jocund April morn lives there,
Its cheering sounds, its hues so fair.

Why mixes with remembrance blithe
What nothing but the restless scythe
Of Death can utterly destroy,
A heaviness, a dull alloy?

Ah Friend! thy heart can answer why.
Even then I heaved a bitter sigh,
No word of sorrow did'st thou speak,
But tears stole down thy tremulous cheek.

The wished for hour at length was come,
And thou had'st housed me in thy home,
On fair Gwerndwffnant's billowy hill,
Had'st led me to its crystal rill,

And led me through the dingle deep
Up to the highest grassy steep,
The sheep walk where the snow-white lambs
Sported beside their quiet dams.

But thou wert destined to remove
From all these objects of thy love,
In this thy later day to roam
Far off, and seek another home.

Now thou art gone—belike 'tis best—
And I remain a passing guest,
Yet for thy sake, beloved Friend,
When from this spot my way shall tend,
And if my timid soul might dare
To shape the future in its prayer,
Then fervently would I entreat
Our gracious God to guide thy feet
Back to the peaceful sunny cot,
Where thou so oft hast blessed thy lot.

HOLIDAY AT GWERNDDWFFNANT, MAY 1826

IRREGULAR STANZAS

By Dorothy Wordsworth

YOU'RE here for one long vernal day;
We'll give it all to social play,
Though forty years have rolled away
Since we were young as you.

Then welcome to our spacious Hall!
Tom, Bessy, Mary, welcome all!
Though removed from busy men,
Yea lonesome as the foxes' den,
'Tis a place for joyance fit,
For frolic games and inborn wit.

'Twas nature built this hall of ours;
She shap'd the bank; she framed the bowers
That close it all around;
From her we hold our precious right,
And here, thro' live-long day and night,
She rules with modest sway.

Our carpet is our verdant sod;
A richer one was never trod
In prince's proud saloon.
Purple, and gold, and spotless white,
And quivering shade, and sunny light,
Blend with the emerald green.
She opened for the mountain brook
  A gentle winding pebbly way
Into this placid secret nook.
Its bell-like tinkling—list, you hear—
'Tis never loud, yet always clear
  As linnet's song in May.

And we have other music here:
A thousand songsters through the year
Dwell in these happy groves,
And in this season of their loves
They join their voices with the doves
  To raise a perfect harmony.

Thus spake I while with sober pace
We slipped into that chosen place
And from the centre of our Hall
  The young ones played around,
Then, like a flock of vigorous lambs,
That quit their grave and slow-paced dams
  To frolic o'er the mead,

That innocent fraternal troop
Erewhile a steady listening group
  Off starting—Girl and Boy
In gamesome race with agile bound
Beat o'er and o'er the grassy ground
  As if in motion—perfect joy.

So vanishes my idle scheme
That we through this long vernal day,
  Associates in their youthful play,
With them might travel in one stream.
  Ah! how should we whose heads are grey?
Light was my heart, my spirits gay,
  And fondly did I dream.

But now, recalled to consciousness,
With weight of years, of changed estate,
Thought is not needed to repress
Those shapeless fancies of delight
That flash before my dazzled sight
Upon this joy-devoted morn.

Gladly we seek the stillest nook
Whence we may read, as in a book,
A history of years gone by,
Recalled to faded memory's eye
By bright reflection from the mirth
Of youthful hearts—a transient second-birth
Of our own childish days.

Pleasure unbidden is their guide
Their leader—faithful to their side
Prompting each wayward feat of strength:
The ambitious leap, the emulous race,
The startling shout, the mimic chase,
The simple half-disguised wile
Detected through the flattering smile.

A truce to this unbridled course
Doth intervene—no need of force.
We spread upon the flowery grass
The noontide meal—each lad and lass
Obeys the call—we form a Round,
And all are seated on the ground.

The sun's meridian hour is passed,
Again begins the emulous race,
Again succeeds the sportive chase.
And thus was spent that vernal day,
Till twilight checked the noisy play;
Then did they feel a languor spread
Over their limbs, the beating tread
Was stilled—the busy throbbing heart—
And silently we all depart.
The shelter of our rustic cot
Receives us, and we envy not
The palace, or the stately dome;
But wish that all had such a home.
Each child repeats his nightly prayer
That God may bless their parents' care
To guide them in the way of truth
Through helpless childhood, giddy youth.

The closing hymn of cheerful praise
Doth yet again their spirits raise;
But 'tis not now a thoughtless joy.
For tender parents, loving friends,
And all the gifts God's blessing sends,
Feelingly do they bless his name.

That homage paid, the young retire
With no unsatisfied desire;
Their is one long, one steady sleep,
Till the sun, tip-toe on the steep
In front of our beloved cot,
Casts on the walls her brightest beams.
Within, a startling lustre streams.
They all awaken suddenly;
As at the touch of magic skill,
Or, as the pilgrim, at the bell
That summons him to matin-prayer.

And is it sorrow that they feel?
Nay! call it not by such a name,
The stroke of sadness that doth steal
With rapid motion through their hearts,
When comes the thought that yesterday
With all its joys is passed away,
The long expected happy day.

An instant—and all sadness goes;
Nor brighter looks the half-blown rose
Than does the countenance of each child
Whether of ardent soul or mild.
The hour was fixed—they are prepared—
And homeward now they must depart,
And after many a brisk adieu,
On pony trim, and fleet of limb,
Their bustling journey they pursue.

The fair-hair'd gentle quiet maid,
And she who is of daring mood,
The valiant and the timid Boy
Alike are ranged to hardihood;
And wheresoe'er the troop appear
They scatter smiles, a hearty cheer
Comes from both old and young,
And blessings fall from many a tongue.

They reach the dear paternal roof,
Nor dread a cold or stern reproof,
While they pour forth the history
Of three days' mirth and revelry.
Ah! Children, happy is your lot,
Still bound together in one knot
Beneath your tender mother's eye!
Too soon these blessed days shall fly,
And brothers shall from sisters part;
And, trust me, whatsoe'er your doom,
Whate'er betide through years to come,
The punctual pleasures of your home
Shall linger in your thoughts,
More dear than any future hope
Though fancy take her freest scope.
For oh! too soon your hearts shall own
The past is all that is your own.

And every day of festival
Gratefully shall ye then recal,
Less for their own sakes than for this,
That each shall be a resting-place
For memory, and divide the race
Of childhood's smooth and happy years,
Thus lengthening out that term of life
Which governed by your parents' care
Is free from sorrow and from strife.

COMPOSED WHEN A PROBABILITY EXISTED
OF OUR BEING OBLIGED TO QUIT RYDAL
MOUNT AS A RESIDENCE

The following lines were written by Wordsworth in 1826. He never published them. They were the result of a slight disagreement between the Wordsworth family and the Le Flemings, which led the former to fear that they might have to "quit Rydal Mount as a residence." It was an insignificant difference, and the Wordsworths did not leave their home. The only thing worthy of record, in connection with the matter, is that the fear of being dispossessed led the poet to write what follows.—Ed.

THE doubt to which a wavering hope had clung
Is fled; we must depart, willing or not;
Sky-piercing Hills! must bid farewell to you
And all that ye look down upon with pride,
With tenderness, embosom; to your paths,
And pleasant dwellings, to familiar trees
And wild-flowers known as well as if our hands
Had tended them: and O pellucid Spring!
Unheard of, save in one small hamlet, here
Not undistinguished, for of wells that ooze
Or founts that gurgle from yon craggy steep,
Their common sire, thou only bear'st his name.
Insensibly the foretaste of this parting
Hath ruled my steps, and seals me to thy side,
Mindful that thou (ah! wherefore by my Muse

VOL. VIII
So long unthanked) hast cheered a simple board
With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice
Of hermit, dubious where to scoop his cell;
Which Persian kings might envy; and thy meek
And gentle aspect oft has ministered
To finer uses. They for me must cease;
Days will pass on, the year, if years be given,
Fade,—and the moralising mind derive
No lessons from the presence of a Power
By the inconstant nature we inherit
Unmatched in delicate beneficence;
For neither unremitting rains avail
To swell thee into voice; nor longest drought
Thy bounty stints, nor can thy beauty mar,
Beauty not therefore wanting change to stir
The fancy pleased by spectacles unlooked for.

Nor yet, perchance, translucent Spring, had tolled
The Norman curfew bell when human hands
First offered help that the deficient rock
Might overarch thee, from pernicious heat
Defended, and appropriate to man's need.
Such ties will not be severed: but, when we
Are gone, what summer loiterer will regard,
Inquisitive, thy countenance, will peruse,
Pleased to detect the dimpling stir of life,
The breathing faculty with which thou yield'st
(Tho' a mere goblet to the careless eye)
Boons inexhaustible? Who, hurrying on
With a step quickened by November's cold,
Shall pause, the skill admiring that can work
Upon thy chance-defilements—withered twigs
That, lodged within thy crystal depths, seem bright,
As if they from a silver tree had fallen—
And oaken leaves that, driven by whirling blasts,
Sunk down, and lay immersed in dead repose
For Time's invisible tooth to prey upon
 Unsightly objects and uncoveted,
Till thou with crystal bead-drops didst encrust
Their skeletons, turned to brilliant ornaments.  
But, from thy bosom, should some venturous * hand  
Abstract those gleaming relics, and uplift them,  
However gently, toward the vulgar air,  
At once their tender brightness disappears,  
Leaving the intermeddler to upbraid  
His folly.  Thus (I feel it while I speak),  
Thus, with the fibres of these thoughts it fares;  
And oh! how much, of all that love creates  
Or beautifies, like changes undergo,  
Suffers like loss when drawn out of the soul,  
Its silent laboratory!  Words should say  
(Could they depict the marvels of thy cell)  
How often I have marked a plumy fern  
From the live rock with grace inimitable  
Bending its apex toward a paler self  
Reflected all in perfect lineaments—  
Shadow and substance kissing point to point  
In mutual stillness; or, if some faint breeze  
Entering the cell gave restlessness to one,  
The other, glassed in thy unruffled breast,  
Partook of every motion, met, retired,  
And met again.  Such playful sympathy,  
Such delicate caress as in the shape  
Of this green plant had aptly recompensed  
For baffled lips and disappointed arms  
And hopeless pangs, the spirit of that youth,  
The fair Narcissus by some pitying God  Changed to a crimson flower; when he, whose pride  
Provoked a retribution too severe,  
Had pined; upon his watery duplicate  
Wasting that love the nymphs implored in vain.  
Thus while my Fancy wanders, thou, clear Spring,  
Moved (shall I say?) like a dear friend who meets  
A parting moment with her loveliest look,  
And seemingly her happiest, look so fair

* The MS. has a second reading, "covetous hand."—Ed.
It frustrates its own purpose, and recalls
The grieved one whom it meant to send away—
Dost tempt me by disclosures exquisite
To linger, bending over thee: for now,
What witchcraft, mild enchantress, may with thee
Compare! thy earthly bed a moment past
Palpable to sight as the dry ground,
Eludes perception, not by rippling air
Concealed, nor through effect of some impure
Upstirring; but, abstracted by a charm
Of my own cunning, earth mysteriously
From under thee hath vanished, and slant beams
The silent inquest of a western sun,
Assisting, lucid well-spring! Thou revealest
Communion without check of herbs and flowers,
And the vault’s hoary sides to which they cling,
Imaged in downward show; the flower, the Herbs,*
These not of earthly texture, and the vault
Not there diminutive, but through a scale
Of vision less and less distinct, descending
To gloom imperishable. So (if truths
The highest condescend to be set forth
By processes minute), even so—when thought
Wins help from something greater than herself—
Is the firm basis of habitual sense
Supplanted, not for treacherous vacancy
And blank dissociation from a world
We love, but that the residues of flesh,
Mirrored, yet not too strictly, may refine
To Spirit; for the idealising Soul
Time wears the features of Eternity;
And Nature deepens into Nature’s God.
Millions of kneeling Hindoos at this day
Bow to the watery element, adored
In their vast stream, and if an age hath been
(As books and haply votive altars vouch)

* In MS. also "its herbs."—Ed.
When British floods were worshipped, some faint trace
Of that idolatry, through monkish rites
Transmitted far as living memory,
Might wait on thee, a silent monitor,
On thee, bright Spring, a bashful little one,
Yet to the measure of thy promises
True, as the mightiest; upon thee, sequestered
For meditation, nor inopportune
For social interest such as I have shared.
Peace to the sober matron who shall dip
Her pitcher here at early dawn, by me
No longer greeted—to the tottering sire,
For whom like service, now and then his choice,
Relieves the tedious holiday of age—
Thoughts raised above the Earth while here he sits
Feeding on sunshine—to the blushing girl
Who here forgets her errand, nothing loth
To be waylaid by her betrothed, peace
And pleasure sobered down to happiness!

But should these hills be ranged by one whose soul
Scorning love-whispers shrinks from love itself
As Fancy's snare for female vanity,
Here may the aspirant find a trysting-place
For loftier intercourse. The Muses crowned
With wreaths that have not faded to this hour
Sprung from high' Jove, of sage Mnemosyne
Enamoured, so the fable runs; but they
Certes were self-taught damsels, scattered births
Of many a Grecian vale, who sought not praise,
And, heedless even of listeners, warbled out
Their own emotions given to mountain air
In notes which mountain echoes would take up
Boldly and bear away to softer life;
Hence deified as sisters they were bound
Together in a never-dying choir;
Who with their Hippocrene and grottoed fount
Of Castaly, attest that Woman's heart
Was in the limpid age of this stained world
The most assured seat of [ ]
And new-born waters, deemed the happiest source
Of inspiration for the conscious lyre.
Lured by the crystal element in times
Stormy and fierce, the Maid of Arc withdrew
From human converse to frequent alone
The Fountain of the Fairies. What to her,
Smooth summer dreams, old favours of the place.
Pageant and revels of blithe elves—to her
Whose country groan'd under a foreign scourge?
She pondered murmurs that attuned her ear
For the reception of far other sounds
Than their too happy minstrelsy,—a Voice
Reached her with supernatural mandate charged
More awful than the chambers of dark earth
Have virtue to send forth. Upon the marge
Of the benignant fountain, while she stood
Gazing intensely, the translucent lymph
Darkened beneath the shadow of her thoughts
As if swift clouds swept o'er it, or caught
War's tincture, 'mid the forest green and still,
Turned into blood before her heart-sick eye.
Erelong, forsaking all her natural haunts,
All her accustomed offices and cares
Relinquishing, but treasuring every law
And grace of feminine humanity,
The chosen Rustic urged a warlike steed
Toward the beleaguered city, in the might
Of prophecy, accoutred to fulfil,
At the sword's point, visions conceived in love.
The cloud of rooks descending thro' mid air
Softens its evening uproar towards a close
Near and more near; for this protracted strain
A warning not unwelcome. Fare thee well!
Emblem of equanimity and truth,

From a MS. copied at Rydal by Professor Reed in 1854.
Farewell!—if thy composure be not ours, 
Yet as thou still, when we are gone, wilt keep 
Thy living chaplet of fresh flowers and fern, 
Cherished in shade tho' peeped at by the sun; 
So shall our bosoms feel a covert growth 
Of grateful recollections, tribute due 
To thy obscure and modest attributes 
To thee, dear Spring, and all-sustaining Heaven!

"I, WHOSE PRETTY VOICE YOU HEAR"

These lines were written for Miss Fanny Barlow of Middlethorpe Hall, York. She was first married to the Rev. E. Trafford Leigh, and afterwards to Dr. Eason Wilkinson of Manchester.—Ed.

I, whose pretty Voice you hear, 
Lady (you will think it queer), 
Have a Mother, once a Statue, 
I, thus boldly looking at you, 
Do the name of Paphus bear, 
Fam'd Pygmalion's Son and Heir, 
By that wondrous marble wife 
That from Venus took her life. 
Cupid's Nephew then am I, 
Nor unskill'd his darts to ply; 
But from Him I crav'd no warrant, 
Coming thus to seek my Parent; 
Not equipp'd with bow and quiver 
Her by menace to deliver, 
But resolv'd with filial care 
Her captivity to share.

1 . . . . . . . . pecked at . . . . . . From a MS. copied at Rydal by Professor Reed in 1854.
2 . . . . . . . . clear Spring . . . . . . From a MS. copied at Rydal by Professor Reed in 1854.
Hence, while on your toilet, She
Is doom'd a Pincushion to be,
By her side I'll take my place,
As a humble Needle-case;
Furnish'd too with dainty thread,
For a Sempstress thorough-bred.
Then let both be kindly treated,
Till the Term, for which She's fated
Durance to sustain, be over;
So will I ensure a Lover
Lady! to your heart's content;
But on harshness are you bent
Bitterly shall you repent,
When to Cyprus back I go
And take up my Uncle's bow.

Composed, and in part transcribed, for Fanny Barlow,
by her affectionate Friend

WM. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
Shortest Day, 1826.
TO MY NIECE DORA

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

The following lines were written in Dora Wordsworth's "Album," in which Sir Walter Scott also wrote some verses.—Ed.

CONFIDING hopes of youthful hearts,
And each bright visionary scheme,
Shall here remain in vivid hues
The hues of a celestial dream.

The farewell of the laurelled Knight
Traced by a brave but tremulous hand,
Pledge of his truth and loyalty
Thro' changeful years, unchanged shall stand.

But why should I inscribe my name,
No Poet I—no longer young?
The ambition of a loving heart
Makes garrulous the tongue.

Memorials of thy aged Friend
Dora thou dost not need;
And when the cold earth covers her
No flattery shall she heed.

Yet still a lurking wish prevails
That when from life we all have passed
The friends who loved thy Father's name
On her's a thought may cast.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

January 1827.
“MY LORD AND LADY DARLINGTON”

These lines were written by Wordsworth, after reading a sentence in the Stranger's Book at "The Station," — not a railway station! — on the western side of Windermere lake, opposite Bowness. Their poetic merit is slight, but they illustrate the honesty and directness of the writer's mind. The Stranger's Book at "The Station" contained the following:

"Lord and Lady Darlington, Lady Vane, Miss Taylor, and Captain Stamp pronounce this Lake superior to Lac de Genève, Lago de Como, Lago Maggiore, L'Eau de Zurich, Loch Lomond, Loch Katerine, or the Lakes of Killarney." — Ed.

My Lord and Lady Darlington,
I would not speak in snarling-tone;
Nor, to you, good Lady Vane,
Would I give one moment's pain;
Nor Miss Taylor, Captain Stamp,
Would I your flights of memory cramp.
Yet, having spent a summer's day
On the green margin of Loch Tay,
And doubled (prospect ever bettering)
The mazy reaches of Loch Katerine,
And more than once been free at Luss,
Loch Lomond's beauties to discuss,
And wished, at least, to hear the blarney
Of the sly boatmen of Killarney,
And dipped my hand in dancing wave
Of Eau de Zurich, Lac Genève,
And bowed to many a major domo
On stately terraces of Como,
And seen the Simplon's forehead hoary,
Reclined on Lago Maggiore.
At breathless eventide at rest
On the broad water’s placid breast,
I, not insensible, Heaven knows,
To all the charms this Station shows,
Must tell you, Captain, Lord, and Ladies—
For honest worth one poet’s trade is—
That your praise appears to me
Folly’s own hyperbole.

1833

TO THE UTILITARIANS

These lines were written and sent in a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, dated 5th May 1833.—Ed.

AVAUNT this oeconomic rage!
What would it bring?—an iron age,
Where Fact with heartless search explored
Shall be Imagination’s Lord,
And sway with absolute controul
The god-like Functions of the Soul.
Not thus can knowledge elevate
Our Nature from her fallen state.
With sober Reason Faith unites
To vindicate the ideal rights
Of human-kind—the tone agreeing
Of objects with internal seeing,
Of effort with the end of Being.

Wordsworth added, in the letter to Robinson, “Is the above intelligible? I fear not! I know, however, my own meaning, and that’s enough for Manuscripts.”—Ed.
1835

"THRONED IN THE SUN'S DESCENDING CAR"

These lines were placed by Wordsworth amongst the "Evening Voluntaries" in the two editions of *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* (1835, 1836); but they were never afterwards reprinted in his life-time.—Ed.

For printing the following Piece, some reason should be given, as not a word of it is original: it is simply a fine stanza of Akenside,* connected with a still finer from Beattie † by a couplet of Thomson.‡ This practice, in which the author sometimes indulges, of linking together, in his own mind, favourite passages from different authors, seemed in itself unobjectionable; but, as the publishing such compilations might lead to confusion in literature, he should deem himself inexcusable in giving this specimen, were it not from a hope that it might open to others a harmless source of private gratification. —W. W. 1835.

**THRONED** in the Sun's descending car,
What Power unseen diffuses far
This tenderness of mind?
What Genius smiles on yonder flood?
What God in whispers from the wood
Bids every thought be kind?

O ever-pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine
Thy charms my only theme;

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* See his Ode V., *Against Suspicion*, stanza viii.—Ed.
† See his poem, *Retirement*, 1758.—Ed.
‡ See his *Hymn on Solitude*, which begins, "Hail, ever-pleasing Solitude!" —Ed.
Why haunt the hollow cliff whose Pine  
Waves o'er the gloomy stream;  
Whence the scared Owl on pinions grey  
Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
And down the lone vale sails away  
To more profound repose!  

"AND OH! DEAR SOOTHER OF THE  
PENSIVE BREAST"

The following ten lines were written by Wordsworth in a copy of his works, after the lines To the Moon (Rydal) 1835. They may have been intended as a possible sequel to them, or to the lines To the Moon, composed by the Seaside—on the coast of Cumberland (1835).—Ed.

AND oh! dear soother of the pensive breast,  
Let homelier words without offence attest  
How where on random topics as they hit  
The moments' humour, rough Tars spend their wit.  
Thy changes, which to wiser Spirits seem  
Dark as a riddle, prove a favourite theme;  
Thy motions, intricate and manifold,  
Oft help to make bold fancy's flight more bold;  
Beget strange themes; and to freaks give birth  
Of speech as wild as ever heightened mirth.

1836

"SAID RED-RIBBONED EVANS"

On the 26th of March 1836, Wordsworth sent the following lines to Henry Crabb Robinson; written, he tells him, "immediately on reading Evans's modest self-defence speech the other
day.” George de Lacy Evans was radical member of Parliament for Westminster. “In 1835, he took command of the British Legion raised for the service of the Queen Regent of Spain against Don Carlos.” (Professor Dowden.)—Ed.

Said red-ribboned Evans:
“My legions in Spain
Were at sixes and sevens;
Now they’re famished or slain:
But no fault of mine,
For, like brave Philip Sidney,
In campaigning I shine,
A true knight of his kidney.
Sound flogging and fighting
No chief, on my troth,
E’er took such delight in
As I in them both.
Fontarabbia can tell
How my eyes watched the foe,
Hernani knows well
That our feet were not slow;
Our hospitals, too,
They are matchless in story;
Where her thousands Fate slew,
All panting for glory.”
Alas for this Hero!
His fame touched the skies,
Then fell below zero,
Never, never to rise!
For him to Westminster
Did Prudence convey,
There safe as a Spinster
The Patriot to play.
But why be so glad on
His feats or his fall?
He’s got his red ribbon,
And laughs at us all.
ON AN EVENT IN COL. EVANS'S REDOUBTED PERFORMANCES IN SPAIN

Mrs. Wordsworth sent this to Henry Crabb Robinson in 1837, "to show you that we can write an Epigram—we do not say a good one." She then quoted it, and added, "The Producer thinks it not amiss, as being murmured between sleep and awake over the fire, while thinking of you last night!"—Ed.

THE Ball whizzed by,—it grazed his ear,
And whispered as it flew,
"I only touch—not take—don't fear,
For both, my honest Buccaneer!
Are to the Pillory due."

"WOULDST THOU BE GATHERED TO CHRIST'S CHOSEN FLOCK"

The following lines were cut on the face of a rock at Rydal Mount in 1838. There, they still remain.—Ed.

WOULDST thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,
Shun the broad way too easily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,
The living Rock of God's eternal Word.
PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT, 1838 *

Composed 1838.—Published 1838

FORTH rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit, A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM, And through the astonished Island swept in storm, Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat Licence to hide at intervals her head, Where she may work, safe, undisquieted, In a close Box, covert for Justice meet. St. George of England! keep a watchful eye Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request— Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply, From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest, Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

“SAID SECRECY TO COWARDICE AND FRAUD”

Composed, probably, in 1838.—Published 1838 †

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,

* In his notes to the volume of Collected Sonnets (1838), Wordsworth writes:—"'Protest against the Ballot.' Having in this notice alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and antisocial tendency (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation), I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any contemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy; and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows, there is a deviation from this rule (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded the sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed contrivance."

Then follows the sonnet beginning—

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud.       Ed.

† This was first published in a note to the sonnet entitled Protest against the Ballot, in the volume of 1838. It was never republished by Wordsworth.
Deep under ground, in Pluto’s cabinet,
“The frost of England’s pride will soon be thawed;
“Hooded the open brow that overawed
“Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet
“By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
“For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!”
Then whispered she, “The Bill is carrying out!”
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;
All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
Hurrah for ———, hugging his Ballot-box! *

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD
(SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING) †

Published 1838

“Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
“Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
“How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
“Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand
“Of culture, even to feel or understand
“My simplest Lay that to their memory
“May cling;—hard fate! which haply need not be
“Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
“A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
“Are high rewards; but bound they Nature’s claim
“Or Reason’s? No—hopes spun in timid line
“From out the bosom of a modest home

* See the note to the previous sonnet. George Grote was the person satirised. “Since that time,” adds Mr. Reed, in a note to his American edition, “Mr. Grote’s political notoriety, as an advocate of the ballot, has been merged in the high reputation he has acquired as probably the most eminent modern historian of ancient Greece.” —Ed.
† “The foregoing” was the Sonnet named A Plea for Authors, May 1838.—Ed.
"Extend through unambitious years to come,  
"My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!"¹

1840

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES†

Composed 1840.—Published 1850

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die,  
But that the precious love this friend hath sown

¹ 1836.
Son of my buried Son, whose tiny hand
  Thus clings to mine, it {saddens} me to think
That thou pressed down by poverty mayst sink
Even till thy children shall in vain demand
{Culture and neither feel nor} understand.
{Culture required to feel and} my heart,
{My simplest lay that to their memory}
{My least recondite lay, which memory}
{Perchance may cleave}; hard fate, which need not be
Did justice mould the statutes of the land.
{A book time-cherished} and an honoured name
{A cherished volume}
Are high rewards, but bound not {Reason's} {Nature's} claim.
No—hopes {in fond hereditary line
  and wishes in a living line}
Spun from the bosom of a modest home
Extend thro' unambitious years to come,
My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!

* The author of an animated article, printed in the Law Magazine, in favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.—W. W. 1838.
This sonnet was not addressed to any grandson of the Poet's.—Ed.
† See the note to the next sonnet.—Ed.
Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood alone,
But by our best descendants be unknown,
Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.
Yet, blesse’d Art, we yield not to dejection:
Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive;
Where’er, preserved in this most true reflection,
An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, New Year’s Day, 1840.

TO I. F.*

Composed 1840.—Published 1850

The star which comes at close of day to shine
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
Is friendship’s emblem,¹ whether the forlorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life’s calm decline,
Doth make the happy happier. This have we
Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign

¹ 1850.

Bright is the star which comes at eve to shine
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
And such is Friendship, whether the forlorn, etc. 1840.

* This and the preceding sonnet, beginning “We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die,” were addressed to Miss Fenwick, to whom we owe the invaluable “Fenwick Notes.” Were it not that the date is very minutely given, I would believe that they belong to 1841, as Miss Gillies told me she resided at Rydal Mount in that year, when she painted Mrs. Wordsworth’s portrait. —Ed.
Though for brief absence. But farewell! the page Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears, Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve Our truth, when we, old yet unchill'd by age, Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years, The heart-affianced sister of our love!

William Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, Feb. 1840.

"OH BOUNTY WITHOUT MEASURE, WHILE THE GRACE"

In his copy of the edition of 1845 at the close of the poem, Animal Tranquillity and Decay (1798) (see the "Poem referring to the Period of Old Age," vol. i. p. 307), Henry Crabb Robinson wrote the following lines, sent to him by Wordsworth.—Ed.

OH Bounty without measure, while the Grace Of Heaven doth in such wise from humblest springs Pour pleasures forth, and solaces that trace A mazy course along familiar things, Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come Streaming from points above the starry sky, With angels, when their own untroubled home They leave, and speed on mighty embassy To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom? Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try, And those that seek his help and for his mercy sigh.

7th April 1840. My 70th Birthday.

W. W.
I842

The following poem was contributed to, and printed in, a volume entitled "La Petite Chouannerie, ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. Londres: Moxon, Dover Street, 1842," pp. 62, 63. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, Walter Savage Landor, and Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), were among the other English contributors to the volume, the bulk of which is in French. It was printed at Paris, and numbered 398 pages, including the title. It was a narrative of "the romantic revolt of the royalist students of the college of Vannes in 1815, and of their battles with the soldiers of the French Empire." (H. Reed.)—Ed.

Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
A flame within them that despises death,
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
A silver cross enchased with flowers of France
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.

* In the volume from which the above is copied, the original French lines (commencing at p. 106) are printed side by side with Wordsworth's translation, which ends on p. 111, and closes the volume.—Ed.
GRACE DARLING*

Composed 1842.—Published 1845

Wordsworth's lines on Grace Darling were printed privately, and anonymously, at Carlisle, before they were included in the 1845 edition of his works. A copy was sent to Mr. Dyce, and is preserved in the Dyce Library at South Kensington. Another was sent to Professor Reed (March 27, 1843), with a letter, in which the following occurs: "I threw it off two or three weeks ago, being in a great measure impelled to it by the desire I felt to do justice to the memory of a heroine, whose conduct presented, some time ago, a striking contrast to the inhumanity with which our countrymen, shipwrecked lately upon the French coast, have been treated."

Edward Quillinan, writing on 25th March 1843, enclosed a copy, adding, "Mr. Wordsworth desires me to send you the enclosed eulogy on Grace Darling, recently composed. He begs me to say that he wishes it kept out of the newspapers, as he has printed it only for some of his friends, and his friends' friends more peculiarly interested in the subject, for the present. Do not therefore give a copy to any one."

"Almost immediately after I had composed my tribute to the memory of Grace Darling, I learnt that the Queen and Queen Dowager had both just subscribed towards the erection of a monument to record her heroism, upon the spot that witnessed it." (Wordsworth to Sir W. Gomm, March 24, 1843.)—Ed.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,

* Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, the lighthouse keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands on the Northumbrian coast. On the 7th of September 1838, the Forfarshire steamship was wrecked on these islands. At the instigation of his daughter, and accompanied by her, Darling went out in his lifeboat through the surf, to the wreck, and —by their united strength and daring—rescued the nine survivors.—Ed.
Known unto few but prized as far as known,
A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
Of the world’s freezing cares—to generous Youth—
To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witness’d. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty’s call,
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert’s cell.*

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge.† With quick glance

* St. Cuthbert of Durham, born about 635, was first a shepherd boy, then
a monk in the monastery of Melrose, and afterwards its prior. He left
Melrose for the island monastery of Lindisfarne; but desiring an austerer
life than the monastic, he left Lindisfarne, and became an anchorite, in a
hut which he built with his own hands, on one of the Farne Islands. He
was afterwards induced to accept the bishopric of Hexham, but soon ex-
changed it for the see in his old island home at Lindisfarne, and after two
years there resigned his bishopric, returning to his cell in Farne Island, where
he died in 687. His remains were carried to Durham, and placed within a
costly shrine.—Ed.
† Fifty-four persons had perished, before Grace Darling’s lifeboat reached
the wreck.—Ed.
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved."
The Daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,¹
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives

¹ 1845.
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea
Were by the Almighty's sufferance prolonged,
In privately printed edition.
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout, ye Waves!
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, Grace Darling's name!

1845.

For the last three lines, the privately printed edition has the single one—

Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce Winds.
"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN"

Composed 23rd January 1842.—Published 1842

In 1842 a bazaar was held in Cardiff Castle to aid in the erection of a Church, on the site of one which had been washed away by a flood in the river Severn (and a consequent influx of waters into the estuary of the British Channel) two hundred years before. Wordsworth and James Montgomery were asked to write some verses, which might be printed and sold to assist the cause. They did so. The following was Wordsworth's contribution.—Ed.

When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry:—
"Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
That ye to him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,
Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT, 23rd Jan. 1842.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

The Fenwick note to The Pillar of Trajan mentions that the author's son having declined to attempt to compete for the Oxford prize poem on "The Pillar of Trajan," his father wrote it, to show him how the thing might be done. This son—the
THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN 315

Rev. John Wordsworth of Brigham—wrote Latin verse with considerable success; and as specimens of the poetic work of Dorothy Wordsworth and of Sarah Hutchinson are included in these volumes, the following Epistola ad Patrem suum, written at Madeira by John Wordsworth in 1844, may be reproduced. —Ed.

I PETE longinquas, non segnis Epistola, terras,
   I pete, Rydaliae conscia saxa lyrae:
I pete quà valles rident, sylvaeque lacusque,
   Quamvis Arctoo paenè sub axe jacent.
Parvos quaere Lares, non aurea Tecta, poetae,
   Qui tamen ingenii sceptraque mentis habet.
Quid faciat genitor? valeatne, an cura senilis
   Opprimat? Ista refer, filius ista rogat.
Scire velit, quare venias tu scripta latine?
   Dic "fugio linguam, magne poeta, tuam!"
Quem Regina jubet circumdare tempora lauro,
   Quem verè vatem saecula nostra vocant."
Inde refer gressus responsaque tradita curae
   Fida tuae, numeris in loca digna senis,
Haec ego tradiderim, majoribus ire per altum
   Nunc velis miserum mea mea musa rapit.
Solvimus h. portu, navisque per aequora currit
   Neptuni auxilio fluctifragisque rotis.
Neptunus videt attonitus, Neptunia conjux,
   Omnis et aequorei nympha comata chori.
Radimus Hispanum litus, loca saxea crebris
   Gallorum belli nobilitata malis.
Haud mora, sunt visae Gades,* urbs fabula quondam,
   Claraque ab Herculeo nomine, clara suo.
Hanc magnam cognovit Arabs, Romanus eandem,
   Utquare gens illi vimque decusque tuit.
Hora brevis, fragilisque viris! similisque ruina
   Viribus humanis omnia facta manet.
Pulchra jaces, olim Carthaginis aemula magnae,
   Nataque famosae non inhonesta Tyri!.

* Cadiz.
En ratibus navale caret, nautis caret alnus, Mercatorque fugit dives inane Forum. Templa vacant pompâ, nitidisque theatra catervis, Tristis et it foedâ foemina virque via. Segnis in officiis, nec rectus ad aethera miles Pauperis et vestes, armaque juris habet. Sic gens quaeqve perit,* quando civilia bella Viscera divellunt, jusque fidesque fugit. Auspiciis laetam nostris lux proxima pandit Te, Calpe † celsis imperiosa jugis. Urbs munimen habet nullo quassabile bello, Clastrum Tyrrhenis, clastrum et Atlantis, aquis. Undique nam vastae sustentant moenia rupes, Quae torvè in terras inque tuentur aquas. Arteque sunt mirâ sectae per saxa cavernae, Atria sanguineo saeva sacrata Deo. Urbs invicta tamen populis commercia tuta Praebet, et in portus illicit inque Forum. Hic Mercator adest Maurus cui rebus agendis. Ah! nimis est cordi Punica prisca fides; Afer et è mediis Libyae sitientis arenis, Suetus in immunda vivere barbarie; Multus et aequoreis, ut quondam, Graius in undis, Degener, antiquum sic probat ille genus; Niliacae potator aquae, Judaeus, et omne Litus Tyrrhenum quos, et Atlantis, alit. Hos quàm dissimiles (linguae sive ora notentur) Hos quàm felices pace Britannus habet! Anglia! dum pietas et honos, dum nota per orbem Sit tibi in intacto pectore prisca fides; Dum pia cura tibi, magnos meruisse triumphos, Justaque per populos jura tulisse feros; Longinquas teneat tua vasta potentia terras, Et maneat Calpe gloria magna Tibi! Insula Atlanteis assurgit ab aequoris undis, InsulaflammigerosemperamataDeo,

* Hispania hoc tempore bello civili divulsa fuit. † Gibraltar.
Seu teneat celsi flagrantia signa Leonis,
Seu gyro Pisces interiore petat.
“Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus aetas,”
Flavus et autumnus frugibus usque tumet.
Non jacet Ionio felicior Insula punto
Ulla, nec Eoi fluctibus oceani.
Vix, Madeira! tuum nunc refert dicere nomen,
Floribus, et Bacchi munere pingue solum.
Te vetus haud vanis cumulavit laudibus aetas,
O fortunato conspicienda choro!
Haec nunc terra sinu nos detinet alma, proculque
A Patriae curis, anxietate domi.
Sic cepisse ferunt humanae oblivia curae
Quisquis Lethaeae poca lsumpsit aquae:
Sic semota sequi studiisque odiisque docebas
Otia discipulos, docte Epicure; tuos.
Sed non ulla dies grato sine sole, nec ullo
Fruge cares hortus tempore,* fronde nemus; †
Nec levis ignotis oneratus odoribus aer,
Quales doctus equum flectere novit Arabs;
Nec caecae quaecumque jacent sub rupe cavernae, ‡
Queis nunquam radiis Phoebus adire potest;
Nec currentis aquae strepitus, § nec saxa, petensque
Mons || excelsa suis sidera culminibus;
Nec tranquilla quies, rerumque oblivia, ponti
Suadebunt iterum solicitare vias!
Rideat at quamvis haec vultu terra sereno,
Tabescit pravo gens malefida jugo:
Dum sedet heu! tristis morborum pallor in ore,
Crebraque anhelanti pectore tussis inest.
Ambitus et luxus, totoque accersita mundo,
Queis omnis populus quoque sub axe perit;

* Sunt hibernis mensibus aurea mala.
† Laureae sylvae sunt.
‡ Antris abundat Insula.
§ Multos rivos natural, miraque humani ingenii arte constructos continet
Madeira.
|| Pace Lusitanorum Insula nil nisi mons est, rectis culminibus mari
conspicua.
Famae dira sitis, rerumque onerosa cupidio,
Raptaque ab irato templae diesque Deo,
Supplicium non lene suum, poenasque tulerunt ;
Saepè petis proprio, vir miser, ense latus!
Uxor adhuc aegros dilecta resuscitat artus ;
Anxia cura suis, anxia cura mihi.
Alteraque quodque dies jam roboris attulit, illud
Alteraque dura suis febribus abstulerit.
Aurea mens illi, mollique in pectore corda,
Et clarum longā nobilitate genus.
Quanquam saepe trahunt Libycum non * aera sanum
(Gratia magna Dei), pignora nostra vigent.
Iamque vale grandæave Pater, grandæaevaque Mater,
Tuque O dilecto conjuge laeta soror !
Quaeque pias nobis partes cognata ferebas,
Nomina vana cadunt, Tu mihi Mater eras ;
Ingenioque mari, pietate ornata fideque,
Sanguine nulla domus, semper amore, soror ;
Tu quoque, care, vale, Frater, quamvis procul absis,
Per virides campos, quæ petit aequor Eden.
Denique tota domus, cunctique valet propinquii,
Carmina plura mihi musa manusque negat.

MADEIRAE, MARTIS CALENDIS,
1844.

* Ventus ex Africa.—Leste.

See also the Carmen Maiis calendis compositum, the Carmen ad Matium mensem, and the Somnivaga,—evidently by the same writer,—in the appendix to the second edition of Yarrow Revisited, 1836.—Ed.
In January 1846 Wordsworth sent a copy of his Poems to the Queen, for the Royal Library at Windsor, and inscribed the following lines upon the fly-leaf. For their republication I am indebted to the gracious permission of Her Majesty.—Ed.

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress!* to accept a lay,  
No Laureate offering of elaborate art;  
But salutation taking its glad way  
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife, and Mother! may All-judging Heaven  
Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine  
Felicity that only can be given  
On earth to goodness blest by grace divine.

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved  
Through every realm confided to thy sway;  
Mayst thou pursue thy course by God approved,  
And He will teach thy people to obey.

As thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn  
With woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid;  
So shall that earthly crown thy brows have worn  
Be changed for one whose glory cannot fade.

And now, by duty urged, I lay this Book  
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust  
That on its simplest pages thou wilt look  
With a benign indulgence more than just.

* Compare the address presented by the Deputies of the Kingdom of Italy to Buonaparte, on Oct. 27, 1808, beginning, "Deign, Sovereign Master of all Things."—Ed.
Nor wilt thou blame an aged Poet's prayer,
That issuing hence may steal into thy mind
Some solace under weight of royal care,
Or grief—the inheritance of humankind.

For know we not that from celestial spheres,
When Time was young, an inspiration came
(Oh, were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,
And help life onward in its noblest aim.

W. W.

9th January 1846.

ODE, performed in the Senate-House, Cambridge, on the 6th of July 1847, at the first commencement after the installation of His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University.*

INSTALLATION ODE

Composed 1847.—Published 1847.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,

* This "Ode" was printed and sung at Cambridge on the occasion of the installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University. It was published in the newspapers of the following day, as "written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, by royal command."

There is no evidence, however, that Wordsworth wrote a single line of it. Dr. Cradock used to attribute the authorship to the poet's nephew, the late Bishop of Lincoln. It is much more likely that Edward Quilliman was the author of the whole, although Christopher Wordsworth may have revised it. Mr. Aubrey de Vere wrote to me, November 12, 1893, "It was from Miss Fenwick that I heard that the Laureate poem (Ode, etc.), was written by Quilliman, at Wordsworth's request, he having himself wholly failed in a reluctant attempt to write one. If he had written it, I doubt much whether he would ever have admitted it to a place among his works, for he did not
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO.—TENOR
War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare;
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laureled brow?

CHORUS
War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

RECI'T. (accompanied).—CONTRALTO
But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

AIR.—SOPRANO
Time a chequered mantle wears;—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;

hold 'Laureate Odes' in honour, and had only taken the Laureateship on the condition that he was to write none. Tennyson made the same condition: which could not, of course, interfere with either poet addressing lines to the Queen, if they felt specially moved from within to do so."

Miss Frances Arnold writes, "Miss Quillinan was my authority for saying that the Cambridge Ode had been written by her father, owing to the deep depression in which Wordsworth then was."—Ed.
Again the Tree a blossom bears,—
    Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May-morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born!

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet’s clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"VICTORIA be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTETT

Time, in his mantle’s sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty;
Youth, by Pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood in pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

RECIT. (accompanied).—BASS

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
With stedfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine.—
Old Camus too on that prophetic night
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the Zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the Star serene
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR.—CONTRALTO

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught.—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a Land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel,
The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

AIR.—BASS

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A Nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptered Line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that Wise * Ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first, above the yells of bigot strife,
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the PRINCE whom we greet
From its Hero is sprung.
    Resound, resound the strain
That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again;
For the Church, the State, the Throne!—
And that Presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN!

* Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony (1847).
TO MISS SELLON

This sonnet exists, in Wordsworth's handwriting; but it is doubtful whether it was written by him, or not. Possibly Mr. Quillinan wrote it. The place, and the date of composition—given in MS.—are, "Ambleside, 22nd February, 1849." Miss Sellon was a relation of the late Count Cavour.—Ed.

THE vestal priestess of a sisterhood who knows
No self, and whom the selfish scorn—
She seeks a wilderness of weed and thorn,
And, undiverted from the blessed mood
By keen reproach or blind ingratitude,
A wreath she twines of blossoms lowly born—
An amaranthine crown of flowers forlorn—
And hangs her garland on the Holy Rood.
Sister of Mercy, bravely hast thou won
From men who winnow charity from Faith
The Pharasaic sneer that treats as dross
The works by faith ordained. Pursue thy path,
Till, at the last, thou hear the voice—"Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant of the Cross."

"THE WORSHIP OF THIS SABBATH MORN"

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

These lines were published in The Monthly Packet, in July 1891, where the following note is appended by Miss Christabel Coleridge:—"Written circa 1852-3, and given to Mrs. Derwent Coleridge." But Miss Edith Coleridge, and Mr. E. H. Coleridge, tell me that they think they "belong to an earlier period." Mr. Coleridge writes, "I have heard Miss Wordsworth repeat the lines now printed, seated in her arm-chair, on the terrace at Rydal Mount."—Ed.
The worship of this Sabbath morn,
How sweetly it begins!
With the full choral hymn of birds
Mingles no sad lament for sins.

Alas! my feet no more may join
The cheerful Sabbath train;
But if I inwardly lament,
Oh! may a will subdued all grief restrain.

No prisoner am I on this couch,
My mind is free to roam,
And leisure, peace, and loving friends,
Are the best treasures of an earthly home.

Such gifts are mine, then why deplore
The body's slow decay?
A warning mercifully sent
To fix my hopes upon a surer stay.
A WORDSWORTH BIBLIOGRAPHY
I.—*GREAT BRITAIN*

I

EDITIONS PUBLISHED DURING WORDSWORTH'S LIFETIME

1


2


3


1 In the Bibliographies by Mr. Tutin and Professor Dowden there are numerous and valuable details as to these editions, which it is unnecessary to reproduce here.—Ed.
1798. Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems. London: printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street. 8vo.¹

4


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6


¹ These two editions of 1798 are the same; but as Cottle sold to Arch most of the copies printed, the majority bear the name of Arch as publisher.

² The first volume of this edition is a reprint of the editions of 1798, The Convict being left out. In it there is one poem by Coleridge entitled Love, which was not in the edition of 1798. The poems in the second volume are new. The preface to Volume I. contains Wordsworth's poetical theory in its original form. This preface was included in the 1802 and 1805 editions of Lyrical Ballads, and also—in an expanded form—in almost every subsequent edition of his poems.—Ed.

³ This was almost a reproduction of the two volumes of 1800, with a few variations of text. The preface, however, was much enlarged. The poem A Character in the Antithetical Manner was left out, also Coleridge's poem The Dungeon.—Ed.

1809. **Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to Each Other, and to the Common Enemy, at this Crisis;** and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra: *The whole brought to the test of those principles by which alone the Independence and Freedom of Nations can be Preserved or Recovered.* Qui didicit patriae quid debeat;—Quod sit conscripi, quod judicis officium; quae Partes in bellum missi ducis. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row. 8vo.


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1 A reprint of the edition of 1802, with slight variations of text. — Ed.

2 The Essay on Epitaphs inserted in the notes to this volume was originally published in The Friend, February 22, 1810.—Ed.
Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 8vo.¹

I


II

1816. A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF ROBERT BURNS: occasioned by an intended republication of the account of the Life of Burns, by Dr. Currie; and of the Selection made by him from his Letters. By William Wordsworth. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 8vo.³

III


¹ This was the first edition of Wordsworth’s Poems arranged by him under distinctive headings, viz. “Poems referring to the Period of Childhood,” “Juvenile Pieces,” “Poems founded on the Affections,” “Poems of the Fancy,” “Poems of the Imagination,” “Poems proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection,” “Miscellaneous Sonnets,” “Sonnets, etc., dedicated to Liberty,” “Poems on the Naming of Places,” “Inscriptions,” “Poems referring to the Period of Old Age,” “Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems,” “Ode, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood.” In it, he gave dates to his poems.

In Volume I. is an engraving by Mr. Bromley from a picture by Sir George Beaumont; Volume II. has an engraving by Mr. Reynolds from Sir George’s picture of Peele Castle in a storm.—Ed.

² The poem The Force of Prayer; or, the Founding of Bolton Priory follows the White Doe of Rylstone; and the volume contains an engraving by Mr. Bromley from a painting of Bolton Abbey by Sir George Beaumont.—Ed.

³ The “Friend” was Mr. James Gray, Edinburgh.—Ed.
1818. **TWO ADDRESSES TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF WESTMORELAND.** Kendal: Printed by Airy and Bellingham. 8vo.

1819. **PETER BELL, a Tale in Verse, by William Wordsworth.** London: Printed by Strahan and Spottiswoode. Printers-Street; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 8vo.¹


1819. **THE WAGGONER, a Poem, to which are added, Sonnets.** By William Wordsworth. "What's in a NAME?" "Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar," London: Printed by Strahan & Spottiswoode, Printers-Street; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 8vo.²


¹ The volume contains an engraving by Mr. Bromley from a painting by Sir George Beaumont. In addition to *Peter Bell*, this volume contained four sonnets.—Ed.

² This volume was dedicated to Charles Lamb.—Ed.

³ In 1820 the four separate publications, *The Waggoner*, etc., *Thanksgiving Ode*, etc., *Peter Bell*, etc., and *The River Duddon, Vaudracour and Julia*, etc., were bound up together with their separate title-pages, and issued under the title, *Poems by William Wordsworth*, making Volume III. of the *Miscellaneous Poems*.—Ed.
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23

¹ Each of these volumes contained an engraving from a picture by Sir George Beaumont. They were "Lucy Gray," "Peter Bell," "The White Doe of Rylstone," and "Peele Castle." All had appeared in previous editions. The "Advertisement" states that this edition contains the whole of the published poems of the Author, with the exception of The Excursion, and that a few Sonnets "are now first published."

² Wordsworth added to this series of Sonnets, in the one-volume edition of 1845 which contained 132. In the first edition, there were 102 sonnets.—Ed.
In five volumes. London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-Row. 12mo.¹

Complete in one volume. Paris: Published by A. and W. Galignani, No. 18, Rue Vivienne. 8vo.²

1831. Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq., chiefly for the use of Schools and Young Persons. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street. 12mo.³


¹ This originally appeared as an Introduction to Wilson's Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, which was published in 1810. In 1820 it was included (see No. 18) in The River Duddon: A Series of Sonnets. In 1823 a fourth edition appeared which was a reprint of that of 1822.—Ed.
² To this edition Wordsworth prefixed the following "Advertisement": "In these volumes will be found the whole of the Author's published poems, for the first time collected in a uniform edition, with several new pieces interspersed."—Ed.
³ In this edition—copied without authority, from the poet or his publishers, and with many errata, from the issue of 1827—there is an engraving of Wordsworth by Mr. Wedgewood, after the portrait by Carruthers, now in the possession of Mr. Hutchinson at Kimbolton. The Galignani edition of Southey is even worse; three poems, not by Southey, being included in it.—Ed.
⁴ The editor of these selections was Joseph Hine.—Ed.
⁵ The "Advertisement" to this edition is as follows: "The contents of the last edition in five volumes are compressed into the present of four, with some additional pieces reprinted from miscellaneous publications."—Ed.
28


29

The Memorial Lines "Written after the Death of Charles Lamb" were issued privately, without title or date, probably late in 1835, or early in 1836. 8vo. pp. 7.

30


Poets . . . dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires and loves;
With language and with numbers.—Akenside.

London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, Paternoster-Row; and Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 12mo.

31


32


Poets . . . dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires and loves;
With language and with numbers.—Akenside.

GREAT BRITAIN

Paternoster-Row; and Edward Moxon, Dover-Street. 8vo.1

33


34


35

The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. Collected in one volume, with a few additional ones, now first published. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXVIII. 8vo.4

1 As this volume (No. 32 in the list) was the last printed for the Messrs. Longman, and issued by that firm and by Mr. Moxon jointly, it is desirable to mention here, in a footnote, that, with the exception of The Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches (which were published by J. Johnson) every one of Wordsworth's works from 1798 to 1836—thirty in number—were introduced to the world by the Messrs. Longman. It is questionable if any firm has ever had a similar "record" in connection with the works of any great poet.—Ed.

2 A reprint of the sixth volume of the 1836-37 edition. It was again reprinted in 1841, 1844, and 1847.—Ed.

3 Volumes one and two are dated 1836; the remaining four 1837. This edition was stereotyped. It was reprinted in 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1846, 1849, etc.; and some of the reprints contain slight variations of text, etc. All the editions issued after 1841 include the volume, Poems of Early and Late Years (see No. 37) as a seventh volume. After 1850 The Prelude was added as an eighth volume.

In the first volume of this edition there is a steel engraving by Mr. Watt of a portrait of the Poet by W. Pickersgill, which is in St. John's College, Cambridge. This engraving was reproduced in the editions of 1840, 1841, and following ones.—Ed.

4 This edition includes (as its "Advertisement" tells us) "twelve new Sonnets which were composed while the sheets were going through the press."—Ed.
36
YARROW REVISITED; AND OTHER POEMS. By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXIX. 18mo.¹

37
POEMS, CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS; including The Borderers, a Tragedy. By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLII. 8vo.²

1843. SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: James Burns. Sq. 12mo.³


1845. THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, etc. etc. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLV. Royal 8vo.⁴

¹ Mr. Tutin writes in his Wordsworth Bibliography:—"This Pocket edition of Yarrow Revisited, etc., is the third separate issue of the Poem. It seems to have been intended as a supplementary volume to the four vol. edition of 1832, as the sheets of it are all imprinted 'Vol. v.,' but I have no direct proof that it was ever so issued."—Ed.

² In his "Advertisement" the Author states that about one-third of the Poem Guilt and Sorrow was written in 1794, and was published in the year 1798 under the title of The Female Vagrant.—Ed.

³ This volume is dedicated "To her Most Sacred Majesty, Victoria."—Ed.

⁴ Frequently republished. After 1851 The Prelude was included. The edition of 1869 has "nine additional poems," dated 1846. All the editions which I have seen contain an engraving by Mr. Finden from the bust of Wordsworth by Chantrey—the original of which is at Coleorton Hall—and a picture of Rydal Mount engraved
1847. Ode, performed in the Senate-House, Cambridge, on the sixth of July, M.DCCC.XLVII. At the first commencement after the Installation of his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University. Cambridge: printed at the University Press. 4to.

1847. Ode on the installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. By William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate. London: Printed, by permission, by Vizetelley Brothers & Co. Published by George Bell, Fleet Street. 4to.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, etc. etc. In six volumes. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCXLIX.-MDCCCL. 12mo.1

Editions of the Poems, and of Selections from Them, Published after the Poet's Death.


by Mr. House after Finden. Professor Dowden tells us that, in some later editions "the Pickersgill portrait, engraved by J. Skelton, replaces Chantrey's bust." In this edition, as in that of 1815, Wordsworth gave dates to his poems.—Ed.

1 Volumes I. and II. are dated 1849, and Volumes III.-VI. 1850. The Excursion formed the sixth volume. It was reprinted separately in 1851, 1853, and 1857.—Ed.


Poems of William Wordsworth. Selected and Edited by Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood. Illustrated with one hundred designs by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert,

¹ In this edition—reprinted as "The Centenary Edition" in 1870, 1881, and 1882—the Fenwick notes were printed, for the first time in full, as prefatory notes to the poems.—Ed.
² Reproduced in 1864.—Ed.

8

The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. By William Wordsworth. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. Small 4to.¹

9


10

The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. With Illustrations by Birket Foster, and others. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.

11

Pastoral Poems, by William Wordsworth. London: Sampson, Low, etc.

12


13

1865. A Selection from the Works of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate. Moxon’s Minia-

¹ It contains illustrations by H. N. Humphreys and Birket Foster.—Ed.

² This volume contains eleven etchings of varying merit.—Ed.

³ These are volumes 707 and 708 of Tauchnitz’s “Collection of British Authors.”—Ed.
ture Poets. Selected and arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave. Published in London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. Sq. 12mo. ¹

14


15

1867. The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. By William Wordsworth. London: Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet Street. 8vo. ²

16


17


18


¹ It contains a steel engraving from Chantrey's bust of the Poet. This selection was re-issued in 1866, and 1869; and, recently, in a small pocket edition.—Ed.

² This is a reprint, in a different form, of No. 8.—Ed.

³ In this edition, which is a reprint, on smaller paper, of No. 19, there is an engraving from one of the portraits of the Poet by Miss Gillies. The engraving first appeared in Volume I. of The New Spirit of the Age, edited by R. H. Horne.—Ed.
19

20
1879. Poems of Wordsworth, chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan and Co. 18mo.¹

21

22
Selections from Wordsworth. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by J. S. Fletcher. London:

¹ It contains an idealised engraving of one of Haydon’s portraits of Wordsworth, after Lupton, by C. H. Jeens, and on the outside cover a drawing of Dove Cottage.—Ed.

² In this edition the Poems were arranged for the first time in the chronological order of composition; the changes of text, in the successive editions, were given in footnotes, with the dates of these changes; many new readings, or suggested changes of text—which were written by the Poet on the margins of a copy of the edition of 1836-37, kept at Rydal Mount, and afterwards in the possession of Lord Coleridge—were added; all the Fenwick notes were printed as Prefatory notes; Topographical notes—containing allusions to localities in the English Lake District, and elsewhere—were given; several Poems and Fragments hitherto unpublished were printed; a Bibliography of the Poems, and of editions published in England and America from 1793 to 1850 was added. Etchings of localities associated with the Poet, from drawings by Mr. MacWhirter, were given as frontispieces to Volumes I., II., III., IV., V., VI., and VII. The text adopted was Wordsworth’s final text of 1849-50.—Ed.
Alex. Gardner, 12 Paternoster Row, and Paisley. MDCCCLXXXIII. Fcap. 8vo. Parchment.¹


23

The Brothers, and other Poems founded on the Affections. 18mo. Collins.

24


25


26


27


28

Birthday Texts from Wordsworth. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. N. D.

29


30

¹ It contains an engraving of Rydal Mount on the fly-leaf.—Ed.
² This volume is a reprint of Wordsworth's own edition of his Sonnets, published in 1838, with the addition of Archbishop Trench's History of the English Sonnet.—Ed.


33 Ode on Immortality, and Lines on Tintern Abbey. Illustrated. Cassell. 4to.

34 Tintern Abbey, Odes, and the Happy Warrior. 8vo. Chambers. (Republished in 1892.)


38 1888. Selections from Wordsworth. By William Knight, and other Members of the Wordsworth

¹ This is one of the volumes of The Canterbury Poets. It is only a selection, though described on the title as "The Poetical Works."—Ed.

² This volume contains fifty-five engravings from drawings by Harry Goodwin of scenes in the English Lake District associated with Wordsworth, with the poems, or portions of poems, referring to the places.—Ed.


41 **Prose Writings of Wordsworth:** Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by William Knight. London: Walter Scott. No date.  

1889. **We Are Seven.** Illustrated by Agnes Gardner King. 16mo.  

1891. **Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth.** With Introduction and Bibliography. By Clement R. Shorter. Scott Library. 32mo.  

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1 The poems are arranged in chronological order of composition; and there is, as frontispiece, an etched portrait of the Poet from a miniature by Margaret Gillies in the possession of Sir Henry Doulton. Amongst those who contributed to it were Robert Browning, James Russell Lowell, the late Lord Selborne, Mr. R. H. Hutton, the Dean of Salisbury, the late Lord Coleridge, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the late Lord Houghton, Canon Rawnsley, the late Principals Shairp and Greenwood and Professor Veitch, Mr. Spence Watson, Mr. Rix, Mr. Heard, Mr. Cotterill, the late Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, and the Editor.—Ed.  

2 In the prefatory advertisement to the first edition of *The Prelude* 1850, it is stated that that poem was designed to be introductory to *The Recluse*, and that *The Recluse* if completed, would have consisted of three parts. The second part is *The Excursion*. The third part was only planned. The first book of the first part was left in manuscript by Wordsworth. It was published for the first time *in extenso* in 1888.—Ed.
44

45
1891. Lyrical Ballads, etc. A reprint of the original edition of 1798. Edited by Edward Dowden. London: David Nutt. 16mo.

46

47

48
Wordsworth for the Young. With notes by J. C. Wright. 8vo. 1893.

49

50

51

52
The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind. 18mo. London: Dent & Co.

1 This Aldine edition, by Professor Dowden, is one of great merit, and permanent value. Although it is not immaculate—as no literary work ever is—as a contribution to Wordsworthian Literature it will hold an honoured place. Its "critical apparatus" is succinct and admirable.—Ed.
"The Lansdowne Poets" included one of Wordsworth. The "Albion" edition was published by Messrs. Froude, Oxford University Press.¹

III

ESTIMATES OF WORDSWORTH IN VARIOUS BOOKS ²


1819. HAZLITT, WILLIAM. Political Essays, with Sketches of Public Characters. My First Acquaintance

¹ Mr. Andrew Lang tells me that he is about to edit a Selection of the Poems, for the Messrs. Longman; which will, no doubt, be as useful, and popular, as Matthew Arnold's Selection has been.—Ed.

² There are numerous notes and letters on Wordsworth in such Journals as The Athenæum, The Academy, Notes and Queries, the examination of which will repay perusal. In Notes and Queries there are at least twenty-four valuable ones which cannot be recorded here.—Ed.

³ A criticism of the "dancing daffodils."—Ed.
with Poets. 8vo. London: Templeman. Also
in Winterslow, pp. 255-277. Bohn's Standard
Library. 1872.

1823. SOLIGNY, VICTOIRE DE, COUNT, pseud. (i.e. Peter
George Patmore, father of the late Coventry Pat-

1824. LANDOR, W. S. Imaginary Conversations of Literary
Men and Statesmen. Southey and Porson, i. 39.
i. 11, 68, 182. London : Edward Moxon. 1846.
Hall. 1876.

1825. HAZLITT, WILLIAM. The Spirit of the Age; or,
Contemporary Portraits. 8vo. London: Henry
Colburn and Co.; Fourth Edition. George Bell 
and Sons. 1886.

1827. HONE, WILLIAM. The Table Book. Wordsworth,

COLERIDGE, S. T. Table Talk. July 21, 1832;
July 31, 1832; February 16, 1833.

1833. MONTGOMERY, JAMES. Lectures on Poetry and
General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution
in 1830 and 1831. Wordsworth’s Theory of
Poetic Diction, pp. 134-141. 8vo. London:
Longmans.

1836. Conversations at Cambridge. The Poet Wordsworth
and Professor Smythe, pp. 235-252. 8vo.
London: John W. Parker.

1837. COTTLE, JOSEPH. Early Recollections; chiefly relating
to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, during his
long Residence in Bristol. 2 vols. 8vo. London:
Longman, Rees and Co.

1838. CHORLEY, H. F. The Authors of England. 4to.
London. 1861.

HARE, JULIUS C. and AUGUSTUS W. Guesses at
Truth, by Two Brothers. Second Series. 8vo.


RUSKIN, JOHN. Modern Painters (1843-1860), passim in all the five volumes. London: George Allen.


GREAT BRITAIN


Rogers, Samuel. Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers. 8vo. London: Edward Moxon.


Patterson, A. S. Poets and Preachers of the Nineteenth Century: Four Lectures, Biographical and Critical, on Wordsworth, Montgomery, Hall, and Chalmers. 8vo. Glasgow: A. Hall.


1865. DENNIS, JOHN. Evenings in Arcadia. Edited by John Dennis. 12mo. London.


Neaves, Charles (Lord Neaves). A Lecture on Cheap and Accessible Pleasures. With a Comparative Sketch of the Poetry of Burns and Wordsworth, etc. 8vo. Edinburgh.


GREAT BRITAIN


SEELEY, J. R. Natural Religion. By the Author of Ecce Homo, pp. 94-111. 8vo. London: Macmillan and Co.

IRELAND, ALEXANDER. Recollections of George Dawson, etc., pp. 22-25.


NICHOLSON, ALBERT. The Literature of the English Lake District. Manchester.


Swinburne, A. C. Miscellanies, Wordsworth and Byron, pp. 63-156. 8vo. London. 1886.


INGLEBY, C. M. Essays. Edited by his Son. 8vo. Trübner and Co.


DAVEY, SIR HORACE. Wordsworth. An Address read to the Stockton Literary and Philosophical Society. 8vo. Stockton-on-Tees. 1890.


TUTIN, J. R. Birthday Texts. W. P. Nimmo.


Tutin, J. R. The Wordsworth Dictionary of Persons and Places, with the Familiar Quotations from his Works (including full Index) and a chronologically-arranged List of his best Poems. 8vo. Hull: J. R. Tutin.


Tutin, J. R. An Index to the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms of Wordsworth. Hull.


RAWNSLEY, H. D. Literary Associations of the English Lakes. 2 vols. 8vo. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.


In Lakeland, a Wordsworthic Pilgrimage, Easter 1895.


IV

CRITICAL ESTIMATES IN BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, AND REVIEWS


1 In the following section when the name of an author is placed within brackets, it is to be understood that the name was not given on the publication of the Review, but that it is otherwise known.—Ed.


1810. "Concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and to the Common Enemy, at this Crisis, etc." *The British Critic*, xxxiv. 305.

1814. "The Excursion; being a portion of The Recluse, a Poem." *The Edinburgh Review*, xxiv. i. (By Francis Jeffrey); *The Quarterly Review*, xii. 100. (By Charles Lamb.)


"The Excursion; being a portion of The Recluse: a Poem." *The British Review*, vi. 49.


“Letter occasioned by N.’s Vindication of Mr. Wordsworth in last Number.” Blackwood’s Magazine, ii. 201.


“Description of the Scenery of the Lakes.” Blackwood’s Magazine, xii.

449. (By F. Jeffrey.) Blackwood’s Magazine, xii. 175; The British Review, xx. 459; The Literary Gazette, 192, 210; The Museum, i. 339.

“Ecclesiastical Sketches.” Blackwood’s Magazine, xii. 175; The British Critic, xviii. 522; The Literary Gazette, 123.


“Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth.” The Quarterly Review, lii. 317. (By Henry Taylor.)


“Our Pocket Companions.” Blackwood’s Magazine, xliv. 584.


"The Sonnets of William Wordsworth." The Quarterly Review, lxix. 1. (By Henry Taylor.)

Criticism in a Review of "The Book of the Poets" in The Athenæum. (By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)
"Imaginary Conversation. Southey and Porson." Blackwood's Magazine, lii. 687. (By Walter Savage Landor.)


1845. "On Wordsworth's Poetry." Tail's Edinburgh Magazine, xii. 545. (By Thomas de Quincey.)
"Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years; including The Borderers." The Gentleman's Magazine, xxiv. 555.

"Poetical Works." The Eclectic Review, xcii. 56; The North British Review, xiii. 473. (By David Masson.)
"The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind." The


"Wordsworth and his Poetry." Chambers's Journal, xiii. 363. By C. R.


"Religious Character of Wordsworth's Poetry." The Christian Observer, i. 381.

"Death of Wordsworth." The London Examiner, 259, 265.


"The Genius of Wordsworth harmonised with the Wisdom and Integrity of his Reviewers." By J. C. Wright. The Athenæum, 824.


   "Wordsworth's Sister." By E. P. Hood. The Leisure Hour.

1859. "Passages from Wordsworth's Excursion." Illustrated with Etchings on Steel. By Agnes Fraser. The Athenæum, i. 361.
   "A Talk about Rydal Mount." Once a Week, i. 107. (By Thomas Blackburne.)

   "Richard Baxter paraphrased by Wordsworth." Varieties in The Leisure Hour.

   "William Wordsworth." The Leisure Hour, xii. 628.

1864. "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or, Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry." The National Review, xix. 27. W. B. (Walter Bagehot.)
   "Wordsworth: the Man and the Poet." The North British Review, xli. 1. (By J. C. Shairp.)

"Wordsworth at Rydal Mount in 1849." In *The Leisure Hour*.


"Wordsworth's Study," in *The Leisure Hour*.


"The Prose Works of William Wordsworth." Edited


“Wordsworth.” Transactions of the Cumberland Association for the Advancement of Literature and Science, Part III. William Knight.


“Transactions of the Wordsworth Society—No. I.


"In Wordsworth's Country." The Yorkshire Illustrated Monthly, 32. N. Paton.

"Poets' Pictures." Temple Bar, lxxx. 232.

"Old Age in Bath, to which are added a few unpublished remains of Wordsworth." Henry Julian Hunter.


"Wordsworth and 'Natural Religion.'" Good Words, xxv. 307. J. C. Shairp.


"Sonnets." Edited by the Archbishop of Dublin. The Academy, xxv. 108. Samuel Waddington.


"A Stroll up the Brathay." Good Words, xxv. 392. Herbert Rix.


“Archbishop Sandys’ Endowed School, Hawkshead, near Ambleside. Tercentenary Commemoration.”


"Reminiscences of Scott, Campbell, Jeffrey, and Wordsworth." *The Bookman*, iv. 47.


"Wordsworth and the *Morning Post."* *The Athenæum*, No. 3445. E. H. C.


V

PARODIES ON WORDSWORTH

*The Battered Tar; or, The Waggoner's Companion.* A Poem, with Sonnets, etc. J. Johnston.

1839. *Peter Bell the Third.* By Miching Mallecho, Esq. (Percy B. Shelley).
VI

POEMS ADDRESSED TO WORDSWORTH, AND ALLUSIONS TO HIM BY CONTEMPORARY AND SUBSEQUENT POETS

1. **Coleridge, S. T.** *To William Wordsworth, composed on the night after his recitation of a poem on the growth of an individual mind.* Published in "Sibylline Leaves.”

2. **Coleridge, Hartley.** *To William Wordsworth, on his seventy-fifth Birthday.*


4. **Keats, John.** In his Sonnets [the 2nd addressed to Haydon].

5. **Shelley, Percy B.** *To Wordsworth.* Another reference occurs in *Alastor.*


10. Tennyson, Alfred Lord. In the Dedication of his *Poems* “To the Queen.” March 1851.


14, 15. Byron, Lord. In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Also in *Don Juan.*

16. Hunt, Leigh. *In The Feast of the Poets.* This first appeared in *The Reflector,* which survived from 1810 to 1812.

17. Hemans, Mrs. *To Wordsworth,* in her “Miscellaneous Poems.”


34, 35, 36. Rawnsley, H. D. In “Sonnets at the English Lakes.” IX. *Wordsworth’s Seat, Rydal*; LI. A Tree planted by William Wordsworth at Wray Castle; LXII. Wordsworth’s Tomb.


II.—AMERICA

BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Various Editions of WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS, which have been printed and published in the United States of America, from 1801 to 1895, arranged in Chronological Order: also a BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CRITICAL ESSAYS, and BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, of Wordsworth's Life and Works in Books, Reviews, and Periodicals; with Notes, by Mrs. HENRY A. ST. JOHN, Ithaca, New York.

PREFATORY NOTE

My ideal in attempting to prepare a Bibliography of Wordsworth in America was high. I hoped to see each edition, or at least to identify the editions hinted at in the various catalogues. I determined to read every article, in criticism, or review; and to know if the many references, given by Poole and other authorities, were correct. As is usually the case, the reality has fallen far short of the ideal. But, while the results are not what were desired, there have been many fortunate discoveries.

Two things were learned to begin with. First, that astonishingly little care had been taken to preserve the history of the early American Editions, or to preserve, even, the earlier American Periodicals. Most of our larger libraries are amazingly deficient in these works. Second, it was found that
existing Catalogues or Lists are not only far from complete, but full of gross blunders. Roorbach (the Addenda, Supplements, etc.) was found to be a mere rehash of the old trade sales Catalogues, swarming with blunders. In the matter of dates, imprints, the particular editions, the size of books, Roorbach is utterly untrustworthy. Allibone (so far as Wordsworth is concerned) is also confusing and incomplete. I did not find much in the various Public or College Library Catalogues.

I wrote to the librarians of some of the older libraries, after I had made out a preliminary list, to ascertain if they could add thereto any editions, from their cards or manuscript catalogues. From these sources I was enabled several times to solve seemingly insolvable problems.

I had assistance from, and in some instances visited, the following libraries: Cornell University, Boston Public Library, Boston Athenæum, Harvard College, Philadelphia Public Library, the Library College of Philadelphia, Mercantile Library College, Philadelphia; the Public Library, St. Louis; that of Lennox and Astor, the University of Virginia, the State Library, Richmond, Va., and one or two other Southern libraries. I have written more than one hundred letters to publishers, editors, authors, the descendants of early American Wordsworthians, Professors of Literature, and professed Wordsworthians in Seminaries and Colleges. I have examined, or employed others to examine, the following works for editions of Wordsworth: the New York Literary World, Norton’s Literary Gazette, American Publishers’ Circular, Publishers’ Weekly, Catalogues of Congress Library, The Port Folio, American Quarterly Review, Knickerbocker Magazine, New York Quarterly Review, American Review, North American Review. And this is but half of my story.

Poole’s "Index," of course, was a great assistance. But I did not rely altogether on him, after I had discovered several mistakes in titles and numbering—mistakes which were confusing in the extreme. I have consulted all other Indexes and Reference Lists that I could procure, and have carefully
examined the periodicals in which it was possible that such articles could be found.

My greatest light, however, came from responses to personal appeals, to those in the North, South, East, and West of the Country, who enlightened me in particular directions. I needed assistance, not only to discover the articles, but more particularly to secure the articles to read, or to procure proper persons to read the few articles that I could not obtain. When valuable books were sent me, by express, from distant College Libraries, that I might read for myself, I realised the bond there is between Wordsworthians.

I cannot begin to speak of the delight that I have had in this work, delight because of the response I have met with, and in opening up unknown and rich veins of criticism. I have learned too, that Wordsworth has many enthusiastic followers in America.

I have included in the Bibliography the accounts of visits paid to Wordsworth by certain well-known Americans, a half-dozen poems on Wordsworth, and three or four unpublished Lectures.

I am exceedingly grateful to the many who (to my surprise) have answered my questions, and have given me of their valuable time. I am especially indebted to Mr. George P. Philes, of Philadelphia, and also to Mr. F. Saunders of the Astor Library, New York. Dean Murray of Princeton rendered me exceedingly gracious service, and but for Mr. Edwin H. Woodruff of Stanford University, California, I should not have known how or where to begin my investigations.

In all probability my work is not perfect. I would that it were. I only know that I have been enabled, by enthusiasm alone, to lay a foundation for Wordsworth Bibliography in America, that may be an assistance to future scholars, and will aid the next Wordsworthian who is brave enough to build enduringly.

C. M. St. John.
AMERICAN EDITIONS OF WORDSWORTH
INCLUDING A FEW WORKS WHICH ARE NOT STRICTLY
EDITIONS OF WORDSWORTH ¹

I

1801. The Port Folio. (Edited by Joseph Dennie.)
Philadelphia. 4to.
The following poems appeared in "The Port Folio,"
vol. i., before the publication of the First American
Edition of "Lyrical Ballads"—

¹ I have endeavoured to include in this list every distinctive
American edition of Wordsworth, published during the poet's
lifetime, and since his death. There are many others, issued with
the imprints of honourable publishers; which, upon investigation,
were found to be English reprints; to say nothing of those editions
made from worn-out plates, and issued by houses of less reputa-
tion for honourableness. I was puzzled to account for so many
editions of Matthew Arnold's Selections, some of them bearing
the imprint of Harper Brothers, some of Macmillan, and several of
Crowell. The Harpers wrote me that these various publications
were possible in view of the fact that there was no copyright of the
work, and that all of them might properly be called American
Editions. I have not placed those bearing the Macmillan imprint,
of course, among purely American editions. Nor have I included
the several cheap ones of Crowell. The one of Crowell, given in
the list, is copyrighted by the Crowell Company.
The fact that the introduction of Wordsworth's poetry into
America is so easily authenticated, and that the history of it is so
concise, is my apology for deviating from ordinary bibliographical
rule in including among the regular editions certain numbers of
America's first Literary Journal, and two or three other volumes.
I have confined myself to a simple chronological arrangement of
(2) The Last of the Flock, p. 48.  
(3) The Thorn, p. 94.  
(4) The Mad Mother, p. 232.  
(6) Ellen Irwin, p. 391.  
(7) Strange Fits of Passion, etc., p. 392.  
(9) Lucy Gray, p. 408.  
(10) Andrew Jones, p. 408.


1802. Lyrical Ballads, with Other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth.

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

the Editions, with place of imprint, name of publisher, number, and size of volumes. This makes the most convenient list for easy reference, especially as I have tried to mention technical points of difference.  

C. M. St. John.

1 Simon Lee was probably the first poem of Wordsworth's published in a Literary Journal in America, and is the beginning of Wordsworth's Bibliography in U.S.A. A note in "The Port Folio" (vol. i. p. 24) is as follows: "The public may remember reading in some of the newspapers the interesting little ballads, We are Seven, and Goody Blake and Harry Gill. They were extracted from the 'Lyrical Ballads,' a collection remarkable for originality, simplicity, and nature. . . . The following, Simon Lee, is from the same work."

It is evident from this that two, at least, of Wordsworth's poems were copied into American newspapers as early as 1800, and that Joseph Dennie, the founder, as well as editor, of "The Port Folio" —the first purely Literary Journal established in this country—was the first American champion of Wordsworth.  

C. M. St. John.

2 The Pet Lamb appeared in this Book almost immediately after its publication in England. It was the first poem of Wordsworth's published in a book in America. It was also the first instance of the introduction of a poem of Wordsworth's into a School Book.  

C. M. St. John.
From the London second edition. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by James Humphreys. 2 vols. in one. 12mo.¹

4


5

1824. **The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.** Boston: published by Cummings, Hilliard and Co. 4 vols. 12mo.³

6

1833. **Sketch of the Genius and Character of William Wordsworth.** With Selections from

¹ The first American edition, and the first work by Wordsworth, printed in America. It looks as if the Poet found appreciative readers in America sooner than in England; the first edition of "Lyrical Ballads," which had fallen dead in his own country in 1798, being published in Philadelphia in 1802. The American edition was delayed in the press, in order to include certain pieces which first appeared in the second (English) edition of 1802. See Humphreys' Preface.

A copy of "Lyrical Ballads," 1802, is in the possession of Judge Henry Reed, with exactly the same title-page as the above, except that it reads—

"Printed by James Humphreys for Joseph Groff."

It is believed that the work was printed at the joint expense of Humphreys and Groff, each bookseller taking a certain number of copies upon which was placed his individual imprint. Both booksellers advertised the volumes almost simultaneously. I know of another copy of (1802) "Lyrical Ballads," of which the first volume contains the imprint of Humphreys, and the second volume that of Groff. The two volumes are bound together, and are identical in type, paper, etc. C. M. St. John.

² Amongst the contents there are four long extracts from *The Excursion*, with titles attributed to W. W. Goody Blake and Harry Gill is amongst the extracts from "Lyrical Ballads," and there is a long note to the former poem by Joseph Dennie. C. M. St. John.


1835. Same Title. Boston: R. Bartlett and S. Raynor. 16mo; also, Boston: James Munroe and Co. 16mo.

1835. Same Title. Philadelphia. 12mo.


1836. THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, together with a Description of the Country of the Lakes, etc. Edited by Henry Reed. With Portrait. Philadelphia: Kay and Brother. Royal 8vo; also, by James Kay and Brother.

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1 The sketch is by R. H. Horne. The poems are The Last of the Flock, The Dungeon, The Mad Mother, Anecdote for Fathers, We are Seven, Lines Written in Early Spring, The Female Vagrant, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, The Waterfall and the Eglantine, The Oak and the Broom, Lucy Gray, Hart-Leap Well, Lucy, Nutting, Ruth. C. M. St. John.

2 Printed and published by Peck and Newton. C. M. St. John.


1844. Same Title. Philadelphia: James Kay jun.¹

II


II


Go forth, my little Book; pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good.

Philadelphia: John Locken. 32mo.
(Entered according to the Act of Congress in 1841.)

1846. Same Title. Philadelphia: Uriah Hunt and Son. 32mo.

Same Title. New York: Leavitt and Co.³

1853. Same Title. New York: Leavitt and Allen. 24mo.

1856. Same Title.⁴ New York: Leavitt and Allen.

¹ The Boxall portrait was engraved for the above. I could not find the 1844 imprint, but presume that it is the same as that of 1837 and 1839. C. M. St. John.

² In an editorial of April 16 of "The New World" is the following: "We are enabled by the purchase of the printed sheets considerably in advance of their publication in England to present the first and only American Editions of new poems by William Wordsworth." C. M. St. John.

³ This is spoken of in Ellis Yarnall's Reminiscences as having no date. When John Locken—the first publisher—failed, the plates passed into the possession of Messrs. Uriah Hunt and Son. They retired from business, and Messrs. Leavitt and Co. took the plates. It is possible that there was an edition earlier than 1843. C. M. St. John.

⁴ The last two named are exactly as in 1843, except that they are printed on larger paper. Why one is put down 32mo and the other 24mo is a mystery! C. M. St. John.
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1850. **The Excursion**, etc. New York: C. S. Francis and Co. 12mo.
1852-55. The above was again republished.

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17
1859. Same Title. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co. 16mo.

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1 If this edition was published, it seems to have disappeared. It is advertised in A. V. Blake's *American Booksellers' Complete Trade List*, published at Claremont, N.H., 1847.

C. M. St. John.

2 Copyright in 1848. It contains about one-fifth of all Wordsworth's poems. The Essay, which occupies ten pages, is taken "by permission" from Tuckerman's *Thoughts on Poets.*

C. M. St. John.


1 In connection with this edition, I can vouch for the five firms of Publishers in Philadelphia, but I cannot explain it.

C. M. St. John.

2 "This edition contains some pieces omitted—inadvertently it is believed—from the latest London edition." Additional poems have been introduced, and the arrangement changed since the 1839 edition.

C. M. St. John.

3 This edition contains a remarkable "Sketch of Wordsworth's Life," by James Russell Lowell, which was afterwards embodied, with additions, in Among my Books. Mr. Ellis Yarnall believed that this edition was an English reprint. I doubt this from the fact that it is "Entered according to the Act of Congress in 1854," and was "Printed at Cambridge by H. O. Houghton."

C. M. St. John.

1863. Selections from Wordsworth, with an Essay by H. T. Tuckerman. Philadelphia. 32mo.\(^2\)

1863. Same Title. Boston.


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\(^1\) This edition is mentioned in some lists, but I am inclined to doubt if it can be authenticated. C. M. St. John.

\(^2\) The size is given as 32mo. I have not seen the book. C. M. St. John.

\(^3\) Edited by Waldron J. Cheney, though not credited to him. C. M. St. John.

\(^4\) No date is given to this edition. The firm-name and place of business according to the Boston Directory would limit the date of the title page at least to 1863-65. It is in the New Haven Library. Allibone notes a volume of "Selections," Boston, 12mo, 1863, which may be this. C. M. St. John.

\(^5\) I have placed the two works together, as they are closely related, if not identical. The edition contains The Excursion and fifty-seven other poems. C. M. St. John.
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1882. Same Title. In paper. Hudson's Pamphlet Selections of Poetry. (No. VI. Wordsworth.)

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31
1878. The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, with Memoir. 7 vols. in 3. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Co. Riverside Press. 8vo; also,

1880. Same Title.¹

32


¹ From plates of the 1854 edition, with changes.

C. M. St. John.
33
1881. The Excursion, with a Biographical Sketch. English
Classic Series. New York: Clark and Maynard.
16mo.
1889. Same Title. With Explanatory Notes. New York:
Effingham, Maynard and Co.

34
Modern Classics, No. VII. Illustrated. Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 32mo.

35
1884. Ode, Intimations of Immortality. By William
Wordsworth. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop
Company. Small 4to. Copyright by D. Lothrop.

36
1884. Poems by William Wordsworth. Selected and
Prepared for use in Schools. (From Hudson's
Text-Book of Poetry.), Section I. Boston: Ginn,
Heath and Co. 12mo.

37
1888. Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind. With Notes
12mo.

38
1888. Bits of Burnished Gold, from William Words-
worth. Compiled by Rose Porter. New York:
A. D. F. Randolph and Co. 12mo.

39
1889. Selections from Wordsworth. With Notes by
12mo.

40
1889. Melodies from Nature. (From Wordsworth.)
Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 4to.


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1 This excellent edition—as to selection, size, paper, binding, and illustrations—is the best handy edition of Wordsworth issued in America. C. M. St. John.

2 Eighty-eight of the sonnets are here illustrated with rare skill and artistic effect. The illustrations first appeared in wood-cuts in Harper's *Monthly Magazine.* C. M. St. John.


II

REPRINTS, AND BOOKS, BOTH ENGLISH AND AMERICAN


1875. Same Title. New York: Putnam. 12mo.


1870. The above republished.

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1 A Bibliography of Wordsworth in America is not complete without some reference to the many editions of Wordsworth, and of works pertaining to him, which have—for the most part—appeared simultaneously in England and America. These works cannot properly be termed American, but they have been welcomed, and they have also supplied a want, on this side of the Atlantic. The editions are confined, for the most part, to the last twenty years. I have endeavoured to select those which are of most value.

C. M. St. John.


1885. **Ode on Immortality and Lines on Tintern Abbey.** London and New York: Cassell and Co. 12mo. (Popular Illustrated Series.)

1886. **Pastoral Poems.** London and New York: Cassell and Co. 4to.


1889. Poetical Works, with Memoir. Illustrated. 8 vols. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son. 16mo. (Printed at the University Press, Glasgow.)


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25
**We are Seven.** By William Wordsworth. With Drawings by Mary L. Grow. Small 4to. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

26

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1 This was lithographed and printed by Ernest Nister at Nuremberg.

C. M. St. John.
III

BOOKS CONTAINING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS

The Writers are arranged in Alphabetical Order

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4

1878. CALVERT, G. H. Wordsworth; A Biographic, Aesthetic Study. Boston: Lee-Sheperd. 16mo.

5

1863. CALVERT, G. H. Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. Boston: 16mo.2

6

1873. CHANNING, W. ELLERY. Address before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia,

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1 A reprint of the article was published in The Century Magazine, 1884. C. M. ST. JOHN.

2 Not of much importance—the author praises Wordsworth and criticises Jeffrey. C. M. ST. JOHN.
May 11, 1841. Also in his "Complete Works." Boston.  


1871. Fields, J. T. *Yesterdays with Authors.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.; also,


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1 About the same in the "Address" as in the "Complete Works."  
2 Contains four hundred quotations from Wordsworth.

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¹ Contains 258 pages on Wordsworth. C. M. St. John.

² The same as above with some corrections, and twenty-three new pages added. C. M. St. John.

³ The above was first given as an address to "The Wordsworth Society," 1884, and appeared in Wordsworthiana in 1889. C. M. St. John.
What follows is due to American Enterprise, but it is, of course, not strictly American.

C. M. St. John.


1884. Same Title. New York: J. W. Lovell. 12mo.


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1 In the Appendix are about twenty pages containing a ferocious criticism on "Wordsworth, his Poetry and his Misrepresentations." C. M. St. John.

2 In the Memoirs of M. F. Ossoli (Boston, vol. iii. p. 84) there is a short reference to Wordsworth. C. M. St. John.

3 Introduction and Editorial Notes by H. R., interesting and valuable. C. M. St. John.
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1 In the Lecture on the Sonnet, there are interesting allusions to Wordsworth's Sonnets.  

2 This book and the previous one have about half a dozen pages each on Wordsworth.  

3 The substance of this chapter on Wordsworth as a revealer of Childhood, first appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, October 1885.  

4 In this volume there are many references to Wordsworth of interest—especially at pp. 202, 206, 210 and 263—on Subjective Interpretation, The Pathetic Fallacy, etc.
AMERICA

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IV

REVIEW AND MAGAZINE. ARTICLES ON WORDSWORTH PUBLISHED IN AMERICA

FROM 1801 TO 1840

In examining American Reviews and Magazines, for articles on Wordsworth, I find—after much laborious search—only

¹ This essay was also published in The Complete Poetical Works. Philadelphia: James Kay jun. and Brothers, 1837. Also in The North American Review, 1844. C. M. St. John.

² The above appeared first in The North American Review. It was "written when the news came of Wordsworth's death." It is not given elsewhere in this list. C. M. St. John.

³ Letter V. contains some characteristic remarks on Wordsworth by "Christopher North," who gave Willis a note of introduction to Wordsworth and Southey. Willis did not write about Wordsworth in this book. As it is inserted in some of the lists, I include it, with this explanation. C. M. St. John.
some insignificant notices of his poems, of no critical or literary merit.

I have carefully read each article which appears in this list, and I add brief explanatory notes, indicative of the general tenor of the articles. It was disheartening to find that many of the references to Wordsworth, in Poole's elaborate Index to Periodical Literature, were inaccurate and misleading; and that nearly all the articles on Wordsworth published in Harper's Monthly Magazine for 1850 were "conveyed" from contemporary English journals.

1801. *The Port Folio.* Vol. i.
Memoranda regarding the first publication of "Lyrical Ballads" in America.

1801. December, p. 407. The Original Prospectus of "Lyrical Ballads." 1 (James Humphreys publisher.)

1801. P. 408. 2
1802. Vol. ii. p. 62. 3
1803. Vol. iii. p. 288. 4
1803. P. 320. Note on the poem beginning, "A whirl-blast from behind the hill."

1804. Vol. iv. p. 87. Announcement that the editor wishes to obtain a copy of Descriptive Sketches (1798) from some publisher or reader.

1804. P. 96. 5

2

(Published by Samuel Relf.) Friday, Jan. 15,

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1 An enthusiastic announcement. C. M. St. John.
2 An appreciative and critical Introductory Note to The Waterfall and the Eglantine. C. M. St. John.
3 Editorial reporting the increasing popularity of "Lyrical Ballads," and further commendation of the poems. C. M. St. John.
4 Note on The Fountain. C. M. St. John.
5 An editorial announcement that "Lyrical Ballads" had reached a third edition, and containing one of the most ardent tributes to Wordsworth in the language. C. M. St. John.
“Wordsworth’s Lyrical Ballads.” (The publisher’s advertisement of the First American Edition.)


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1. Not long, but of much interest. C. M. St. John.

2. An unsigned and excellent review of the 1824 (Boston) edition of the poems. The writer remarks that not a volume of Wordsworth’s poems has been published in America since 1802. Associated to F. W. P. Greenwood. C. M. St. John.


5. Anonymous. A well-written article of about twenty-four
pages, reviewing *Yarrow Revisited.* It was one of the earliest reviews in an American journal that claimed for Wordsworth a high order of genius. It was probably written by Robert Walsh, the editor of the *Review.*

1 An article on Wordsworth's sonnets on Capital Punishment, in an article on "The English Sonnet." Judge Henry Reed found this to have been written by his father, Professor Henry Reed.

C. M. St. John.

2 An appreciative criticism of eight pages. C. M. St. John.

3 Entitled "Wordsworth and his Poetry." A review of the 1824 edition and of *Yarrow Revisited,* Boston, 1835. An estimate of Wordsworth's claims as a poet, and as a man. A more comprehensive, stronger, more inviting criticism (in appealing to those to whom the poetry is unknown) has not been written. It ranks, in my opinion, among the best criticisms on Wordsworth written in America.

C. M. St. John.

H. Tuckerman wrote an article on Wordsworth for his magazine. This may be the article.

C. M. St. John.

5 The number for 7th March contains a notice of Wordsworth, in a review of Reed's *Complete Poetical Works of Wordsworth* (1837).

C. M. St. John.

6 Another mention of Reed's edition, and of the discovery that "a fellow-townsman," Dr. T. C. James, anticipated the fact of


Wordsworth's popularity. A quotation from "Memoirs of Historical Society of Pennsylvania" to prove Dr. James' prophecy.

C. M. St. John.

1 Writer unknown.

2 To class this review with others of an early date, I have placed it among Periodical Reviews. It appeared in *The North American Review,* 1844; and again, in 1850, in *Essays and Reviews.*

C. M. St. John.

3 A review of Reed's 1837 edition of "Wordsworth's Poetical Works." Professor Henry Reed's son—Judge Henry Reed of Philadelphia—informs me that it was written by his father.

C. M. St. John.

4 This article is entitled "Modern English Poetry—Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth."

C. M. St. John.

5 By an unknown author.
V

CRITICISMS AND REVIEWS IN PERIODICALS FROM 1840 TO 1870

ARRANGED as far as possible according to merit. It is difficult to distinguish between the first twelve or fifteen. After them I have placed the articles in the Literary World. Most of them have not been noted in other lists, and are especially interesting, as being additional tributes of Wordsworth's intimate friend, Henry Reed. I am indebted to Judge Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for more carefully examining his father's papers, and to the Literary World for ascertaining, as far as possible, all that his father wrote on Wordsworth. The criticisms that immediately follow are not without interest. The last half dozen are given, for the most part, because they appear in Poole's Index, or in other lists. I have omitted two or three which are of no value whatever.

C. M. St. John.


1 A review of the 1837 edition of Wordsworth's poems. Perhaps no abler or more comprehensive review of Wordsworth's life and writings has been written than this, by America's foremost critic.

C. M. St. John.

2 One of the best of the early American criticisms.

C. M. St. John.

3 A review of the 1851 edition. Contains an earnest plea for the study of Wordsworth's poetry in America. One of the noblest criticisms written.

C. M. St. John.
1850. Muzzey, A. B. *The Christian Examiner.* Vol. xlix. p. 100. (The title of this article is "Wordsworth, the Christian Poet.")

1851. Goodwin, H. M. *The New Englander.* Vol. xlvii. p. 309. (Title, "Wordsworth as a Spiritual Teacher.")


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1 On the "Life and Poetry of Wordsworth." A review of *The Prelude.* Unsigned; but the name is given elsewhere, as T. Chase.

2 A review of the *Memoirs of Wordsworth,* by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln.

3 A review of Professor Reed's edition of the *Memoirs of Wordsworth,* Boston, 1851.

4 A review of the *Memoirs,* signed O. W. W.

5 A review of *The Prelude.*

6 Anonymous. A short review of *The Prelude,* and, at greater
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length, of *The Life* (edited by Reed). An estimate of his work and influence.

¹ Traces the literary life of the poet. Claims for Wordsworth the precedence to Coleridge in the utterance of a spiritual Philosophy.

² A notice of Wordsworth's death, unsigned; but Mr. Wilberforce Eames—of the Lenox Library—informes me, that their library now owns Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck's copy of the *Literary World*, and that gentleman's own initials are appended in pencil to this article. Mr. Duyckinck was editor of the *Literary World*.

³ Judge Reed, Professor Henry Reed's son, does not attribute this article to his father. There is an impression that Professor Reed published an article on *The Prelude*. His lecture on that poem was never published.

1850. **Spencer, J. A.** *Literary World.* "Visit to Wordsworth." November 23.¹


1853. **Reed, Henry.** *Literary World.* Vol. xii. June 25.³


C. M. St. John.

¹ Possibly the same as in that scarce number of the *Southern Literary Messenger.* Vol. xvi. p. 474. C. M. St. John.

² These articles, in the opinion of Judge Henry Reed, are not by his father, Professor Henry Reed. C. M. St. John.

³ Notice to those who wish to subscribe to the Memorial to Wordsworth, signed. C. M. St. John.
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1843. *United States Democratic Review.* Vol. xii. p. 158.\(^2\)

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33
1850. *Graham Magazine.* Vol. i. pp. 322, 323.\(^3\)

34

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\(^1\) An article on the University of Cambridge, and an account of Wordsworth's residence at St. John's College, 1787-1791. C. M. St. John.

\(^2\) Six pages on Wordsworth's *Sonnet to Liberty.* C. M. St. John.

\(^3\) A brief review of The Prelude and Excursion, and a comparison between the two poems. C. M. St. John.


1850. *Southern Literary Messenger*. Vol. xvi. p. 474.¹


1850. *Southern Literary Messenger*. Vol. xvi. p. 637.⁵


¹ On the house at Rydal. C. M. St. John.
² An unsigned, four paged article on Wordsworth, Byron Scott, and Shelley. C. M. St. John.
³ In a "Review of Longfellow’s Poets and Poetry of Europe," a page on Wordsworth's influence. C. M. St. John.
⁴ In "The Origin and Uses of Poetry," a few lines on Wordsworth. C. M. St. John.
⁵ A notice, with extracts from The Prelude. C. M. St. John.

VI

CRITICISMS AND REVIEWS IN PERIODICALS

FROM 1870 TO 1895


1 These are not chronologically arranged by Mrs. St. John, but see her note to Section v.—Ed.


C. M. St. John.


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1 This is a review of Rolfs Wordsworth's Selected Poems. It contains one of the most appreciative tributes to Wordsworth's influence which has appeared in America. C. M. ST. JOHN.

2 On "Wordsworth and the Modern Age." Illustrated by W. St. J. Harper, and other artists. It deals with the especial need of Wordsworth's "calming influence in the exacting competition for success," and gives a comparison between Virgil and Wordsworth. C. M. ST. JOHN.

3 Of interest to Americans. C. M. ST. JOHN.


1 It aims to give some explanation of the lack of interest in Wordsworth’s poetry in later days. C. M. St. John.

2 An attempt, the writer says, to point out the corrections, leaving their interpretation to the reader. C. M. St. John.


¹ Written by an Englishman, but published first in an American magazine.

C. M. St. John.
VII

VISITS TO WORDSWORTH BY EMINENT AMERICANS

1

1863. Hawthorne, N. *Our Old Home, and English Note-Books*. Vol. ii. pp. 24-56, etc.; also,


2

1856. Emerson, R. W. *English Traits*. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 24-31; also,


3


4


5

1884. Bryant, W. C. Prose Works. In a chapter on "Poets and Poetry of the English Language" (New York: D. Appleton and Co.) a few pages deal with Wordsworth.

1 The following books record visits made by eminent Americans to Wordsworth. C. M. St. John.
# VIII
### A FEW POEMS ON WORDSWORTH

1. **1846. Wallace, W. Poem on Wordsworth. New York:**
   12mo.

2. **1850. Field, James T. Graham Magazine (October).**
   "Wordsworth."

3. **1850. Alexander, W. Graham Magazine (November), p. 221.**
   "Wordsworth. (A Sonnet.)"

4. **1850. H. M. R. Harper's Magazine.**

5. **1850. E. A. W. Literary World.**


7. **1890. Scollard, Clinton (?) Northern Christian Advocate.**
   "The Poet's Seat. A Sonnet on Wordsworth. Written at Ambleside, 1890."

8. **1893.**
   "To Wordsworth, after reading his xxx Ecclesiastical Sonnets" in *The Echo and the Poet*, by William Cushing Bamburgh. N. Y. 1893.
IX

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON WORDSWORTH

ESSAYS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

1


2

Winchester, C. T. "The Lake District and Wordsworth."

3

Prentiss, George L. "Hurstmonceaux Rectory and Rydal Mount." (Personal Recollections.)

4

Hoyt, A. S. "Wordsworth, the Man and the Poet." (Imperfectly reported in The Houghton Record.)
III.—FRANCE

WORDSWORTH IN FRANCE

By ÉMILE LEGOUIS, Professeur à la Faculté de Lettres, Université de Lyon, France

I

BIBLIOGRAPHY

There is no separate or whole book on Wordsworth that I know of.

ARTICLES IN MAGAZINES, OR CHAPTERS IN BOOKS


An English translation was published in London in 1825.

Revue Britannique.
Mai 1827. Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Campbell, pp. 61-79, a criticism translated from the New Monthly Magazine.
Février 1835. Poésie domestique de la grande Bretagne, translated from the New Monthly Magazine.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1er Août 1835. William Wordsworth, par A. Fontaney.\(^2\)

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1 Vol. ii. pp. 363-394.—Ed.
2 This was signed Y, which was Fontaney's pseudonym.—E. L.


Études sur la Littérature contemporaine, par Éd. Schérer.2

Revue critique d’histoire et de littérature. 16 Janvier 1882. Article de James Darmesteter sur la Biographie de Wordsworth, par Myers.3

Essais de Littérature anglaise, par James Darmesteter. Paris, 1883.4


La Renaissance de la Poesie anglaise, par Gabriel Sarrazin. 1887.


II

TRANSLATIONS

Pas de traduction complète, ni de volume spécial de traductions de Wordsworth.

Une traduction par Fontaney annoncée en 1837 comme devant paraître dans le Bibliothèque anglo-française, n’a pas paru.

1 Wordsworth et la poésie moderne de l’Angleterre.—Histoire de la Littérature anglaise, par H. Taine.—Ed.
3 pp. 227-236.—Ed.
4 pp. 227-236.—Ed.
5 Vol. ii. pp. 83; 126-134.—Ed.
En dehors des poèmes ou parties de poèmes traduit par les critiques énumérés plus haut, il n’y a guère de traduction en prose de quelque importance.

**Traductions en Vers**

**Madame Amable Tastu.** *We are Seven.*

**Sainte-Beuve.** *Joseph Delorme.* 1829.
- Sonnet, “Personal Talk,” p. 123.
- Sonnet sur le Sonnet,” p. 124.

**Consolations.** 1830.
- Sonnet, “It is a beauteous evening,” p. 234.
- Sonnet, “Not Love, nor War,” p. 239.
- Sonnet, “Quand le poète en pleurs,” p. 236.

**Pensées d’Août.** Trois sonnets imités de Wordsworth.

I. “Reposez-vous et remerciez.”
II. “La Cabane du Highlander.”
III. “Le Château de Bothwell.”

Sainte-Beuve cite en outre dans ses *Nouveaux Lundis* des 21 et 22 Avril 1862, trois sonnets de Wordsworth traduits en vers, par l’Abbé Roussel. Ces traductions assez pauvres de poésie sont celles des sonnets suivants—
- “Nuns fret not . . .”
- “Dark and more dark . . .”
- “These words were uttered as in pensive mood.”

**Jean Aicard** a traduit *We are Seven* dans *La Chanson de l’Enfant.*

**Paul Bourget** (*Études et Portraits, vol. ii. op. cit.*) a traduit l’un des sonnets au Duddon.
- “What aspect bore the Man . . .?”

**III**

**Influence**

Wordsworth’s influence on French literature was altogether very slight, nor did it make itself felt till about 1830; when, after a very limited period, it silently died away.
FRANCE

Wordsworth was but little known by his contemporary Chateaubriand, who merely names him among other poets in his Essai sur la Littérature anglaise. Byron, Walter Scott, and in a lesser degree Thomas Moore, were the only writers of Great Britain whose works told on our literature at that time. Villemain, in his criticism of Byron, contemptuously dismisses all the so-called lake-poets to fix on his hero. He calls them: “Des métaphysiciens, raisonneurs sans invention, mélancoliques sans passion, qui, dans l'éternelle rêverie d'une vie étroite et peu agitée, n'avaient produit que des singularités sans puissance sur l'imagination des autres hommes. Tel était Woodsworth (sic) et le subtil mais non touchant Coleridge.”

To Byron also, and to him alone (Ossian being excepted) among the poets of England, was Lamartine indebted. I am not sure that he names Wordsworth once; but still the striking analogy between the ideas and imaginative style of both cannot fail to be noticed by the reader. Without insisting on a parallel that might be drawn between many pages of The Excursion and of Jocelyn, I will only point out two short pieces of Lamartine that bear strong resemblance to two poems of Wordsworth, so much so that they almost read like free imitations—

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Victor Hugo, so far as I know, only names Wordsworth once, in L'Ane—

. . . Young le pleureur des nuits,
  Wordsworth l'esprit des lacs . . .

M. Sully Prudhomme when he wrote A l'Hirondelle (stanzas, la vie intérieure) appears to have borne in mind To a Skylark, “Ethereal minstrel,” etc.

M. Coppée has often been called a French Wordsworth, owing to his poetical collection called Les Humbles, wherein he shows the same partiality as the English Poet does for humble themes and characters, together with a bold attempt to naturalise trivial or ludicrous details in serious poetry; but there is no proof, as far as I know, of Wordsworth’s influence having been strong upon him.

If we except two or three disciples of Wordsworth, neither
ne, nor the lake-poets taken as a whole, seem to have been much thought of, or even read, by our contemporary verse-writers. The word Lakist has generally been used as a synonym for "weak and doleful mysticism." Ex.:

(a) Revue Encyclopédique. 1831. Article de Pierre Leroux, sur la "Poésie de notre Époque." "L'Angleterre a entendu autour de ses lacs bourdonner comme des ombres plaintives un essaim de poètes abîmés dans une mystique contemplation."

(b) Journal d'un Poète, par Alfred de Vigny. (Ed. Michel Lévy. 1867. p. 80.) "Barbier vient de publier Il Pianto. Les délices de Capone ont amolli son caractère de poésie et Brizeux a déteint sur lui ses douces couleurs virgiliennes et laquistes (sic) dérivant de Sainte-Beuve."

(c) Théophile Gautier (Portraits Contemporains, p. 174) almost seems to derive the word Lakiste from Lamartine's poem called Le Lac. He has just mentioned the poem and goes on: "Il ne faut pas croire que Lamartine, parce qu'il y a toujours chez lui une vibration et une résonnance de harpeiltonienne, ne soit qu'un mélodieux lakiste et ne sache que soupirer mollement la mélancolie et l'amour. S'il a le soupir, il a la parole et le cri..." (Journal Officiel, 8 Mars 1869.)

I now come to the man who, first and foremost among our poets and critics, paid due homage to Wordsworth, i.e. Sainte-Beuve. I have already enumerated his several translations in verse from Wordsworth. Strange to say, the voluminous critic has no single article with Wordsworth for its main subject; but, whoever will go through his many volumes will find many judicious and admiring references to the poet. Moreover, as a poet, Sainte-Beuve has endeavoured to naturalise in France the poetic style that has been associated with the name of Wordsworth. He expressly claims Wordsworth as one of his masters in his Consolations xviii. "A Antony Deschamps." Among his bosom-poets he reckons—

... Wordsworth peu connu, qui des lacs solitaires
Sait tous les bleus reflets, les bruits et les mystères,
Et qui, depuis trente ans vivant au même lieu,
En contemplation devant le même Dieu,
A travers les soupirs de la mousse et de l'onde,
Distingue, au soir, des chants venus d'un meilleur monde.

The original attempt of Sainte-Beuve (for he was original in his very choice of Wordsworth as a model at a time when Byron engrossed all the admiration of the French poets) has been ably
characterised by Théophile Gautier in his "Portraits Contemporains" (pp. 208, 209), an article reprinted from *La Gazette de Paris*, 19 Novembre 1871:

"(Sainte-Beuve) avait été en poésie un inventeur. Il avait donné une note nouvelle et toute moderne, et de tout le cénacle c'était à coup sûr le plus réellement romantique. Dans cette humble poésie qui rappelle par la sincérité du sentiment et la minutie du détail observé sur nature, les vers de Crabbe, de Wordsworth, et de Cowper, Sainte-Beuve s'est frayé de petits sentiers à mi-côte, bordés d'humbles fleurettes, où nul en France n'a passé avant lui. Sa facture un peu laborieuse et compliquée vient de la difficulté de réduire à la forme métrique des idées et des images non exprimées encore ou dédaignées jusque-là, mais que de morceaux merveilleusement venus où l'effort n'est plus sensible!"

Sainte-Beuve's admiration of Wordsworth is a well-known fact. Less generally known is the influence of this admiration on several poets of that time (*circa* 1830-40), who, either through Sainte-Beuve's imitations, or with a direct knowledge of Wordsworth's poems, to the reading of which they had thus been stimulated, offer great marks of resemblance with Wordsworth. I have quoted a judgment of De Vigny that considers Brizeux and Barbier as having turned *laquistes* through Sainte-Beuve. I know no other immediate proof of this influence. Perhaps Barbier and Brizeux have consigned it somewhere. Anyhow Brizeux with his glorification of his youthful years and school-time, with his intense love of his native Brittany, his fond attachment to local customs and habits, his lamentations on the death of the poetical poet as embodied in his own province (*Élégie de la Bretagne*), is to all extent and purposes the most thoroughly Wordsworthian of all our poets. There may be more of Wordsworth's *philosophy* in Lamartine, but there is more of his *poetry* proper in Brizeux.

The influence of Wordsworth on Maurice de Guérin and Hippolyte de la Morvonnais, is more easily ascertained than the preceding. Here, again, Sainte-Beuve appears to have been the intermediate agent.1

In 1832-33 Maurice de Guérin, fresh from the reading of the *Consolations*, and De la Morvonnais, who came to be a direct admirer of the Lake Poets, and chiefly of Wordsworth, set to

---

1 Voir Maurice de Guérin, *Journal, Lettres et Poèmes*, publiés par J. S. Trébutien avec Préface de Sainte-Beuve (1860).—E. L.
write short poems which they aspired to make as little different from prose as possible, rejecting all traditional ornaments, and making little of the rhythmical improvements of the Romantiques proper. Some of those pieces were inserted in a local paper as downright prose (no stop intervening at the end of the lines), whereas the said paper would not have made room for verse.¹ This looks like trifling, but the earnestness of this attempted revolution is shown in the interesting poems of Maurice de Guérin. Another outcome of this was an intended publication on Wordsworth, of which it is impossible to say whether it was to be a criticism, or a translation, of the English Poet. It is thus mentioned in a letter of Guérin to De la Morvonnais of June 30, 1836: “Nous avons adressé des circulaires à un grand nombre d’éditeurs pour l’impression Wordsworth. Nous attendons la réponse d’un moment à l’autre.” The answer must have been unfavourable, as nothing more was heard of the intended publication.

The early death of Guérin left it for De la Morvonnais alone to spread the influence of Wordsworth’s poetry in France. Of him we read in Sainte-Beuve’s Étude sur Maurice de Guérin:—

“La Morvonnais, vers ce temps même (1834), en était fort préoccupé (des lakistes et de leur poésie), au point d’aller visiter Wordsworth à sa résidence de Rydal Mount, près des lacs du Westmoreland, et de rester en correspondance avec ce grand et pacifique esprit, avec ce patriarche de la Muse intime. Guérin, sans tant y songer, ressemblait mieux aux Lakistes en ne visant nullement à les imiter.”

Of the supposed correspondence between Wordsworth and De la Morvonnais no trace remains. M. Hippolyte de la Blanchardière, De la Morvonnais’ grandson, has informed me that in the collection of his grandfather’s letters there is no letter of Wordsworth to be found. That at least a Study of Wordsworth existed at the time is proved by the following preface to his poem La Thébaïde des Grèves, written by his friend A. Duquesnel (ed. by Didier, Quai des Augustins. 1864. p. xxvii.):

“Nous avons trouvé dans les Reliquiae du poète de l’Arguenon² de précieuses études sur les lakistes. Il s’était

¹ In the above work—Séjour de M. de Guérin en Bretagne; Impressions et Souvenirs de M. François du Breil de Marsan, pp. 434-444.—E. L.
² H. de la Morvonnais.—E. L.
passionné pour ces hommes dans les dix dernières années de sa vie (1843-53). Wordsworth lui semblait plus grand que Byron, qu’il trouvait trop emphatique, trop solennel, pas assez près de la nature. L’auteur de l’Excursion a exercé une pénétrante influence sur l’esprit et le cœur de la Morvonnais, nous trouvons dans ses cahiers des traductions en vers de Wordsworth, de Coleridge, de Crabbe, qui, lui, ne faisait pas partie de ce groupe. Nous les publierons peut-être un jour ; elles ont d’autant plus d’intérêt que l’on ne connaît guère les lakistes en France, que par de rares extraits. Il s’était livré, comme on le verra, à une étude approfondie de la littérature anglaise. Son admiration pour Walter Scott était inexprimable.”

The study and translations above-mentioned have also been lost, many manuscripts of De la Morvonnais having been destroyed.

It remains for me to point out some allusions to, or imitations of, Wordsworth in the existing verse of De la Morvonnais.

In the Thébaïde des Grèves (1838), “Le Petit Patour” is a close imitation of We are Seven, the conclusion being—

Cet enfant en sait plus que moi sur l’existence ;
Savoir vivre est savoir souffrir avec constance.

“Le Vagabond,” a story of a vagrant by whom the poet is taught resignation, is an imitation of Resolution and Independence.

In “A Sainte-Beuve” are found these two lines—

J’ai posé sous mon bras mon penseur solitaire,
Mon Wordsworth tant aimé de l’amant du mystère.

In “Dispersion, à Mistress Hemans,” etc., we read this—

Nous prîmes un poète, une femme angélique
Dont peu savent chez nous la voix mélancolique,
Disciple de Wordsworth, le sublime penseur,
Des lakistes chéris je la nomme la sœur.

In “Dernières Paroles” we find this praise of Wordsworth—

Or, ce soir-là, je lus un homme de génie ;
Celui dont la mystique et profonde harmonie
Sonne pour les élus des poétiques dons,
Et soulève notre âme en ses grands abandonss . . .

Oh ! ne pourrai-je voir

1 A mistake: his admiration of Wordsworth began before 1832.—E. L.
Ces lacs du Westmoreland, mon désir, mon espoir?

Cet homme est honoré des puissances secrètes;
Lui mort, à ses beaux lacs, romantiques retraites,
Des pèlerins viendront, penseurs religieux.
Le monde méconnut l'homme mélodieux.

I pass over many sonnets, and divers other poems, in which the influence of Wordsworth is unmistakable, and come to a last quotation which is useful to elucidate an allusion in Wordsworth's *The Poet's Dream: Sequel to the Norman Boy*. In this poem, written in 1842, Wordsworth says—

But oh I that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this simple theme,
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous dream.

As Wordsworth read very little French poetry in his old age, I think he here alludes to a poem of his admirer De la Morvonnais, who very likely sent him that *Thébaïde des Grèves* (1838), in which Wordsworth was so highly praised. The passage alluded to is taken from "Solitude," and reads thus—

**Enfant, Il (Dieu) te promet le domaine de l'ange**

*Si tu gardes l'amour et la foi des âieux,*

*Et sa mère, aujourd'hui loin de l'humaine fange,*

*Que tu n'as pas connue et qui t'attend aux cieux.*

As a whole, De la Morvonnais, though he imitates Wordsworth, is very unlike him. Of course I do not mean to compare the two, but even in like subjects he differs from Wordsworth, owing to a sort of constitutional nervousness and brooding melancholy.¹

¹ In *Voyage historique et littéraire en Angleterre et en Écosse*, par Amédée Puchot, Lettre xxiv. there are numerous references to Wordsworth. It begins with a quotation from *Tintern Abbey*. In Lettre lxv. there is additional critical reference to Wordsworth and Coleridge. In the *Album poétique des jeunes personnes*, par Mme. Tastu, there is a "Sonnet imité de Wordsworth," by St. Beuve, pp. 101, 102.

*C'est un beau soir, un soir paisible et solennel,*

*A la fin du saint jour la nature en prière*

*Le talt, comme Marie à genoux sur la pierre, etc.—Ed.*

See also the *Nouveaux Lundis* of St. Beuve, 21 and 22 Avril 1862, where there are "trois sonnets traduits en vers par l'Abbé Roussel" from Wordsworth.
ERRATA AND ADDENDA LIST

REFERRING TO VOLUMES I. TO VIII.

1. *Instar omnium.*—I wish to explain the accidental omission of Mr. T. Hutchinson's name amongst those who helped me in Volumes i. and ii. (see the prefatory note to this volume), and also that of Mr. Hill. It was due to my returning, "for press," an uncorrected copy of my Preface.

2. Vol. ii. p. 106, *Ruth,* l. 54. —The following extract from Bartram's *Travels,* etc., illustrates Wordsworth's debt to him:

   Proceeding on our return to town in the cool of the evening... we enjoyed a most enchanting view;... companies of young innocent Cherokee virgins, some busy gathering the rich fragrant fruit, others having already filled their baskets, lay reclined under the shade of floriferous and fragrant native bowers... disclosing their beauties to the fluttering breeze... whilst other parties, more gay and libertine, were yet collecting strawberries, or wantonly chasing their companions, tantalising them, staining their lips and cheeks with the ripe fruit.

3. In vol. ii. p. 348, the date of publication should be Sept. 17, 1802, not 1803.

4. In *The Prelude* (vol. iii. p. 202, book v. l. 26) the quotation which I could not trace is from Shakespeare, Sonnet No. 64—

   This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
   But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

5. Vol. v. p. 113 (*The Excursion,* book iii. l. 187).—Mr. William E. Walcott—Laurence, Mass. U.S.A.—sends me the
following variant readings, which he has found in a copy of the edition of 1814—

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Be lodged therein} & \quad \text{crystal tube} \\
P. 151, \text{ book iv. l. 187—} & \\
\text{Nor sleep, nor} & \\
\end{align*}
\]


7. Vol. vii. p. 336.—This poem was published in the *Saturday Magazine*, May 18, 1844, in which the fifth line is—

Woe to the purblind men who fill.

8. It may be worth mentioning (1) that the quotation (not noted, unfortunately, where it occurs)—

Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon,

is from *Paradise Lost*, book xii. l. 645. See also *An Elegy delivered at the Hot Wells*, Bristol, July 1789. (2) That the phrase “numerous verse” is from *Paradise Lost*, book v. l. 150; and (3) that “lenient hand of Time” is from Bowles’ sonnet—

O Time, who know’st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow’s wound.

Amongst those which I have failed to trace are the following:

**Ecclesiastical Sonnets**, II. xxxiv.—

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{murtherer’s chain partake,} & \\
\text{Cored, and burning at the social stake.} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

xliv.—

\[
\begin{align*}
in \text{the painful art of dying} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

**The Russian Fugitive**, Part II. l. 51—

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{if house it be or bower.} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

**Elegiac Musings**, l. 41—

Let praise be mute where I am laid.

**Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off Saint Bees’ Heads**, l. 37—

Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand.
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<td>Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power,</td>
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<tr>
<td>KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady! I rifled a Parnassian cave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady! 'twas Spring were in the grove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let other bards of angels sing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let thy wheel-barrow alone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us quit the leafy arbour,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lie here, without a record of thy worth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like a shipwreck'd Sailor tost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List, the winds of March are blowing;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long-favoured England! be not thou misled,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long time have human ignorance and guilt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look at the fate of summer flowers,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of the vale! astounding Flood;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! where the Moon along the sky,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark the concerted hazels that enclose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meek Virgin Mother, more benign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methinks that to some vacant hermitage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Mid crowded obelisks and urns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine ear has wrung, my spirit sunk subdued,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Miserrimus!&quot; and neither name nor date.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monastic Domes! following my downward way,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motions and Means, on land and sea at war;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My frame hath often trembled with delight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart leaps up when I behold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Lord and Lady Darlington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Son! behold the tide already spent.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Title</td>
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<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One might believe that natural miseries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One morning (raw it was and wet—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One who was suffering tumult in his soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On his morning rounds the Master</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Nightingale! thou surely art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Nature's invitation do I come,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On to Iona!—What can she afford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O there is blessing in this gentle breeze,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O thou who movest onward with a mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our walk was far among the ancient trees:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patriots informed with Apostolic light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pause, Traveller! whoseoe'er thou be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peaceful our valley, fair and green;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;People! your chains are severing link by link;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perhaps some needful service of the State</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasures newly found are sweet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portentous change when History can appear,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prejudged by foes determined not to spare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presentiments! they judge not right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prompt transformation works the novel Lore;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen of the Stars!—so gentle, so benign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-Comb,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rapt above earth by power of one fair face</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Record we too, with just and faithful pen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redoubted King, of courage leonine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return, Content! for fondly I pursued,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rid of a vexing and a heavy load,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise!—they have risen: of brave Aneurin ask</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SACRED Religion! &quot;mother of form and fear,&quot;</td>
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<td>Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer</td>
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<td>Said red-ribboned Evans:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, what is Honour? &quot;Tis the finest sense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Screams round the Arch-druid's bow the seamew—white</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seek who will delight in fable,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the Condemned alone within his cell,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serene, and fitted to embrace,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shall he who gives his days to low pursuits</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She dwelt among the untrodden ways</td>
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<tr>
<td>She had a tall man's height or more</td>
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<tr>
<td>She was a Phantom of delight</td>
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<tr>
<td>She wept. Life's purple tide began to flow</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Show me the noblest Youth of present time,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shun not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Six changeful years have vanished since I first</td>
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<tr>
<td>Six months to six years added he remained,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Small service is true service while it lasts,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smile of the Moon!—for so I name.</td>
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<tr>
<td>So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay near me—do not take thy flight!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Strange fits of passion have I known:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead</td>
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<tr>
<td>Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Such fruitless questions may not long beguile</td>
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<tr>
<td>Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Flower, belike one day to have</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sweet is the holiness of Youth&quot;—so felt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet was the walk along the narrow lane,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanks for the lessons of this Sp—fit school</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That happy gleam of vernal eyes,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>That is work of waste and ruin—</td>
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<tr>
<td>That way look, my Infant, lo!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Baptist might have been ordained to cry,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cattle crowing round this beverage clear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cock is crowing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The confidence of Youth our only Art,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The days are cold, the nights are long,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The doubt to which a wavering hope had clung</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fields which with covetous spirit we sold,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The forest huge of ancient Caledon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The formal World relaxes her cold chain,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gallant Youth, who may have gained,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The glory of evening was spread through the west;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The God of Love—ah, benedictie!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king</td>
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<td>The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim’s eye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lake is thine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Land we from our fathers had in trust,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite’s banks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The linnet’s warble, sinking towards a close,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The little hedgerow birds,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lovers took within this ancient grove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The martial courage of a day is vain,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The massy Ways, carried across these heights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Minstrels played their Christmas tune</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The most alluring clouds that mount the sky,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The old inventive Poets, had they seen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The order’d troops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The peace which others seek they find;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pibroch’s note, discountenanced or mute;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The post-boy drove with fierce career</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The power of Armies is a visible thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The rains at length have ceas’d, the winds are still’d,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There are no colours in the fairest sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a change—and I am poor;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a little unpretending Rill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is an Eminence,—of these our hills</td>
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<tr>
<td>There is a pleasure in poetic pains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a shapeless crowd of unhewn stones</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phrase</td>
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<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
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<td>There is a Thorn—it looks so old,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There never breathed a man who, when his life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;There I&quot; said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's more in words than I can teach:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's something in a flying horse,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There was a roaring in the wind all night;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Scottish Broom on Bird-nest brae</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These times strike monied worldlings with dismay:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These Tourists, heaven preserve us! needs must live</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These vales were saddened with no common gloom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sky is overcast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The snow-tracks of my friends I see,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The soaring lark is blest as proud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The star which comes at close of day to shine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The struggling Rill insensibly is grown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun has long been set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The tears of man in various measure gush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Troop will be impatient; let us hie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The unremitting voice of nightly streams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The valley rings with mirth and joy;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The vestal priestess of a sisterhood who knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen</td>
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<td>The Voice of song from distant lands shall call</td>
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<td>The wind is now thy organist;—a clank</td>
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<td>The woman-hearted Confessor prepares</td>
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<td>The world forsaken, all its busy cares</td>
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<td>The world is too much with us; late and soon,</td>
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<td>The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,</td>
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<td>&quot;This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,</td>
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<td>Those had given earliest notice, as the lark</td>
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