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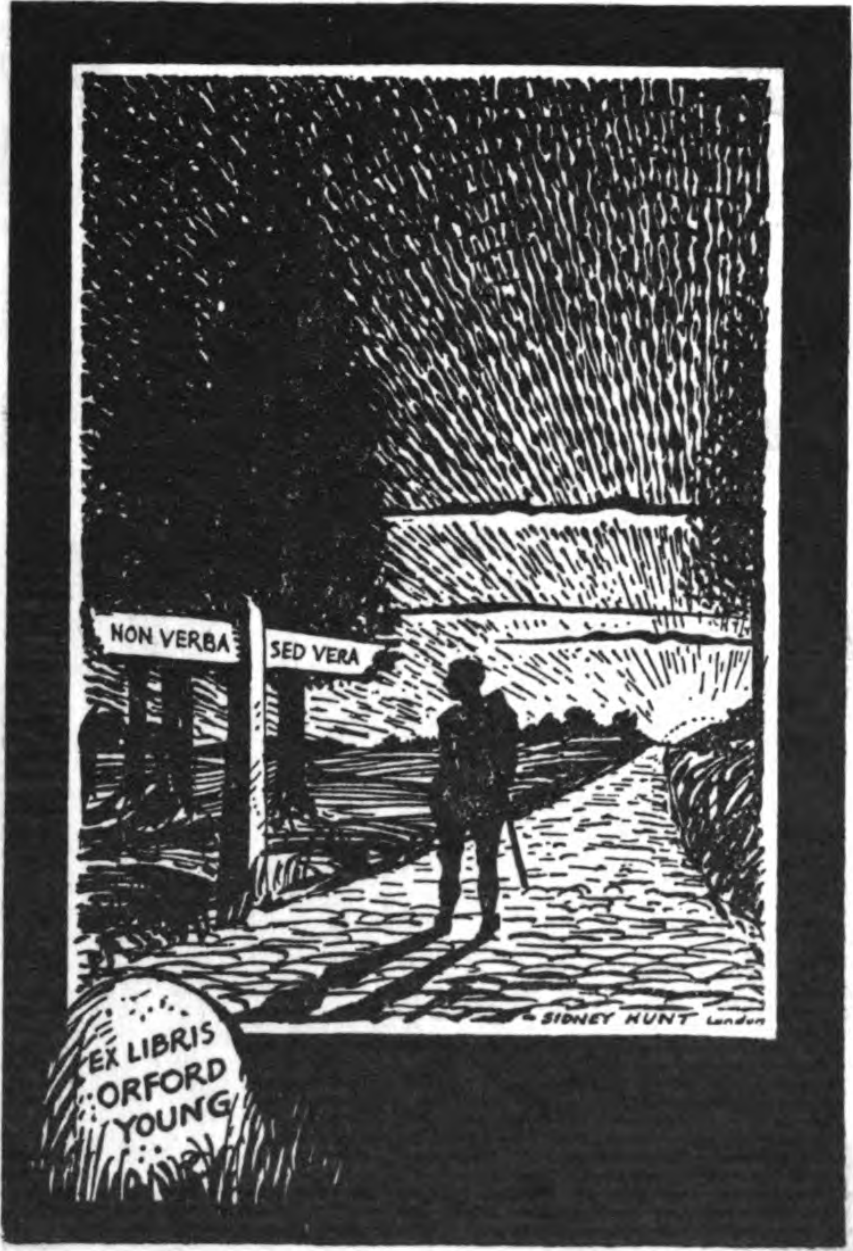
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OXFORD
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ENGLISH



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case h i.



LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

PASTORAL

AND OTHER

Poems.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

VOL. I.

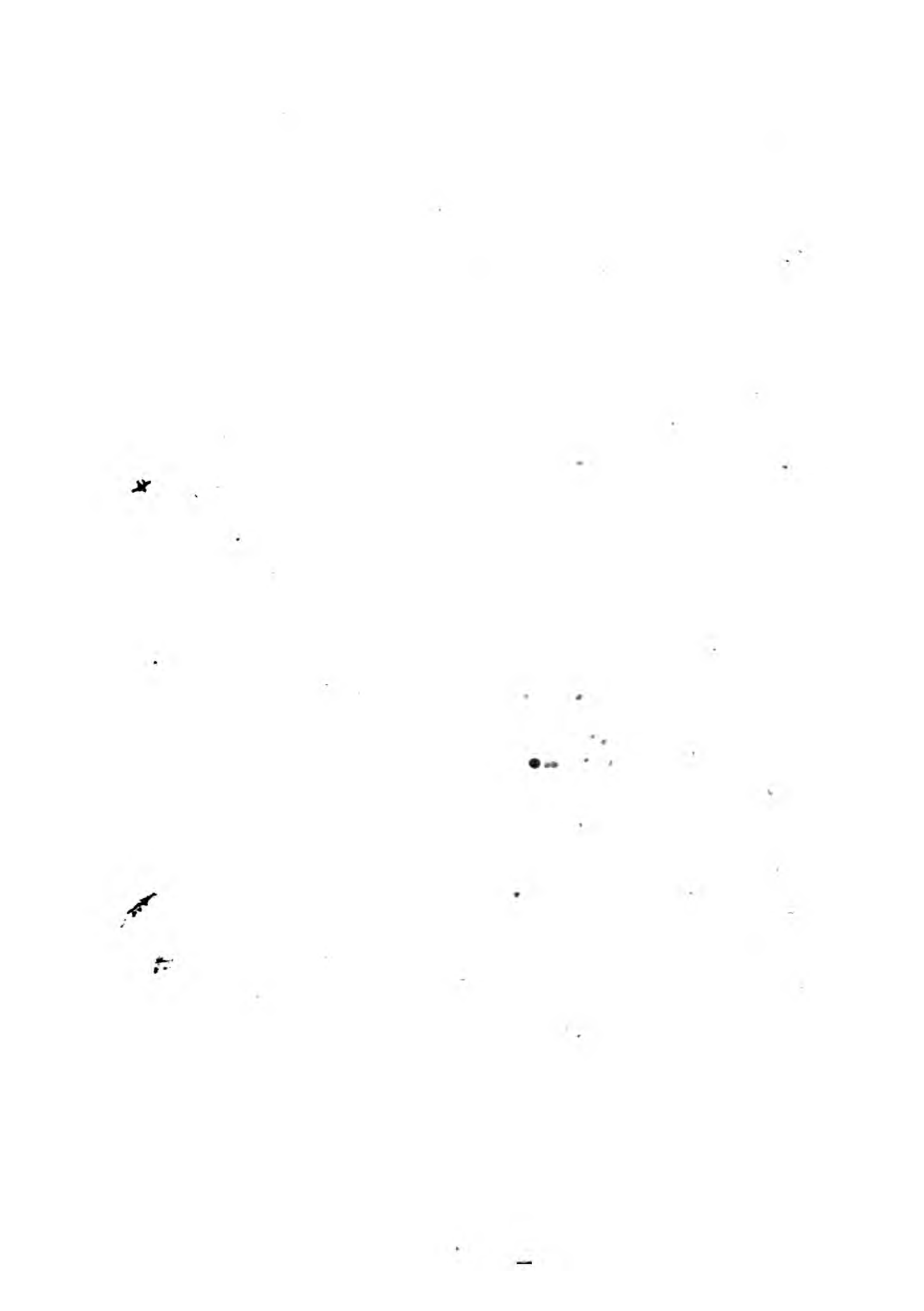
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PREFACE.

THE first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems : I flattered myself

that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that I have pleased a greater number, than I ventured to hope I should please.

For the sake of variety, and from a consciousness of my own weakness, I was induced to request the assistance of a Friend, who furnished me with the Poems of the ANCIENT MARINER, the FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE, the NIGHTINGALE, and the Poem entitled LOVE. I should not, however, have requested this assistance, had I not believed that the Poems of my Friend would in a great measure have the same tendency as my own, and that, though there would be found a difference,

there would be found no discordance in the colours of our style ; as our opinions on the subject of poetry do almost entirely coincide.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the multiplicity, and in the quality of its moral relations : and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems : and I was still more unwilling to undertake the

task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of a preface. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence, of which I believe it susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those, upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprizes the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different æras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his Reader; but I am certain, it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They

who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the Reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also, (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or,

when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men; and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity,

are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended; and are more durable; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being

less under the influence of social vanity they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation*.

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present



* It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

outcry against the triviality and meanness both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say, that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but I believe that my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the

spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: but though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached, were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the

being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be : namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means ; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtile windings, as in the poems of the IDIOT BOY and the MAD MOTHER ; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death,

cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the FORSAKEN INDIAN; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled WE ARE SEVEN, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in THE BROTHERS; or, as in the Incident of SIMON LEE, by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the TWO APRIL MORNINGS, THE FOUNTAIN, THE OLD MAN TRAVELLING, THE TWO THIEVES, &c. characters of which the elements are simple, belonging

rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my Reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my Reader to the Poems entitled *POOR SUSAN* and the *CHILDLESS FATHER*, particularly to the last Stanza of the latter Poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my Reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the

general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national

events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespear and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain

inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have pro-

posed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to

avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these Poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from

father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the

Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man

curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire ;
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics : it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word “ fruitless ” for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree;

Poetry* sheds no tears “such as Angels weep,” but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial Ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict



* I here use the word “Poetry” (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will

naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our

taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing, and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word Poet?

What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general

sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him, by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to-trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more

industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him ; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the

language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of

the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native

and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him

as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which without any other discipline than that of our daily life we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other,

and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings

join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge ; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature ; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every where ; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his

wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective Sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called

Science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not

allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet, or belonging simply to Poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language ; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of

what I have there said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sun-shine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the

spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from

him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion, whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such

answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered, that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with

the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that by such deviation more will be lost from the shock which will be thereby given to the Reader's associations, than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might perhaps, as far as relates to these Poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of

affording pleasure at the present day ; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind ; ideas and feelings do not in that state succeed each other in accustomed order. But, if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the

excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language in a certain degree of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion,

and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the *Gamester*. While Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to con-

nect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection ; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this prin-

ciple the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion,

kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind and in whatever degree, from various causes is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will upon the whole be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of

pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely, all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might perhaps include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the

other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of GOODY BLAKE and HARRY GILL, which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words

and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings even of the ludicrous may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support, and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought

never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and perhaps in a much greater degree : for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other ; and above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

“ I put my hat upon my head,
And walk'd into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.”

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly admired stanzas of the “ *Babes in the Wood.*”

“ These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town.”

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, “ the Strand,” and “ the Town,” connected with none but the most familiar ideas ; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the

superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or This is not poetry; but This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to any thing interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous." This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide independently by his own feelings, and that if he finds himself affected he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author by any single composition has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that,

on other occasions where we have been displeased, he nevertheless may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce in a high degree to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if

Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that in many cases it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received

from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible that poetry may give other

enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself: he will determine how far I have attained

this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.

LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

PASTORAL

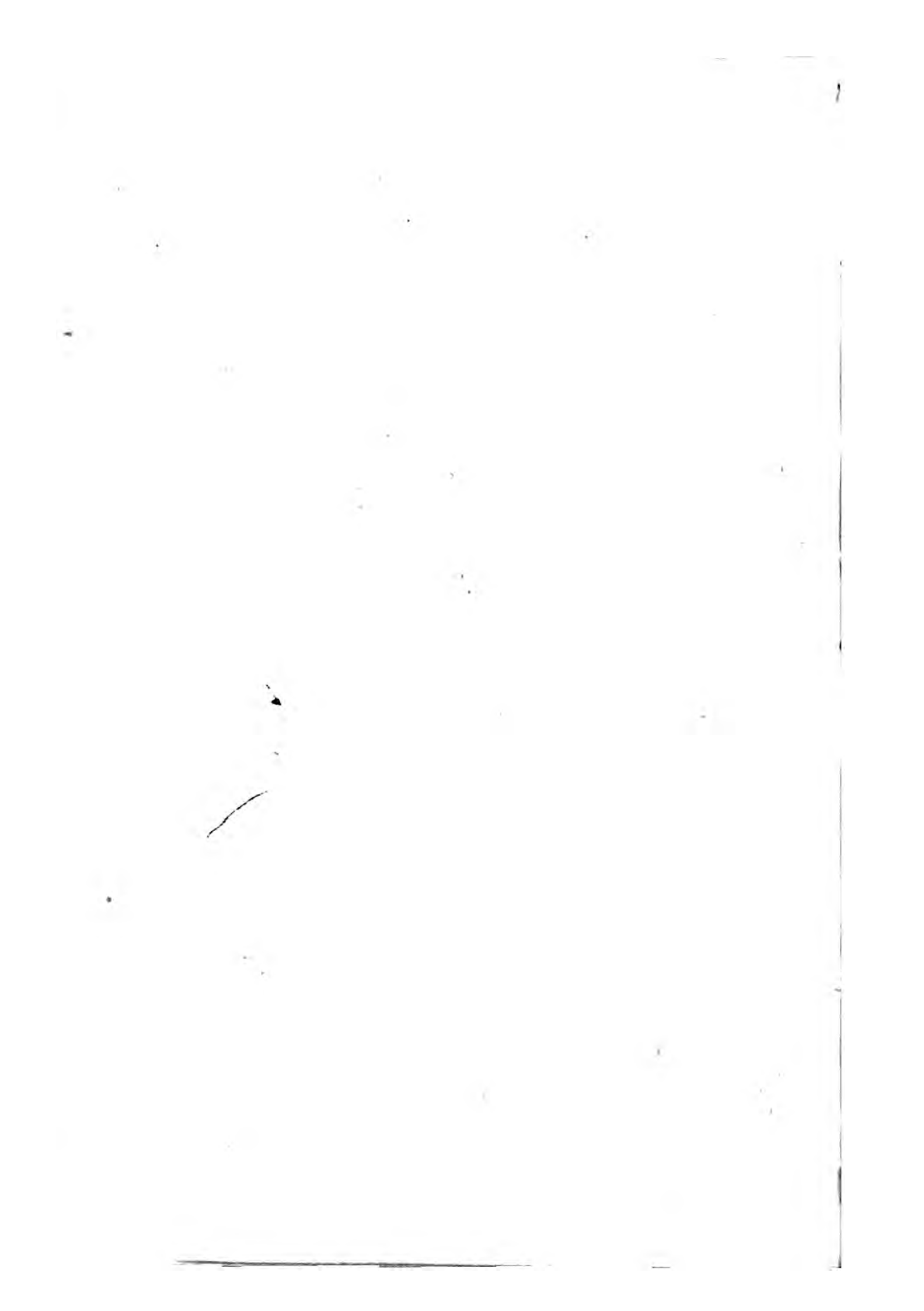
AND

OTHER POEMS.



Pectus enim id est quod disertos facit, et vis mentis;
ideoque imperitis quoque, si modo sint aliquo affectu
concitati, verba non desunt.





EXPOSTULATION

AND

REPLY.

“ Why, William, on that old gray stone,
“ Thus for the length of half a day,
“ Why, William, sit you thus alone,
“ And dream your time away ?

“ Where are your books ?—that light bequeath’d
“ To beings else forlorn and blind !
“ Up ! up ! and drink the spirit breath’d
“ From dead men to their kind.

“ You look round on your mother earth,
“ As if she for no purpose bore you ;
“ As if you were her first-born birth,
“ And none had lived before you !”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply :

“ The eye it cannot choose but see ;
“ We cannot bid the ear be still ;
“ Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
“ Against, or with our will.

“ Nor less I deem that there are powers
“ Which of themselves our minds impress ;
“ That we can feed this mind of ours
“ In a wise passiveness.

“ Think you, mid all this mighty sum

“ Of things for ever speaking,

“ That nothing of itself will come,

“ But we must still be seeking ?

“ —Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,

“ Conversing as I may,

“ I sit upon this old gray stone,

“ And dream my time away.”

THE TABLES TURNED;

An EVENING SCENE, on the same Subject.

Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music ! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

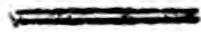
And hark ! how blithe the Thristle sings !
And he is no mean preacher :
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things ;
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up these barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

*ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY and DECAY,**A SKETCH.*

The little hedge-row birds

That peck along the road, regard him not.
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait, is one expression ; every limb,
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
 To settled quiet : he is one by whom
 All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need. He is by nature led

To peace so perfect, that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.
—I asked him whither he was bound, and what
The object of his journey : he replied
That he was going many miles to take
A last leave of his Son, a Mariner,
Who from a sea-fight had been brought to Fal-
mouth,
And there was dying in an hospital.

*GOODY BLAKE and HARRY GILL,**A TRUE STORY.*

Oh ! what 's the matter ? what 's the matter ?
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill ?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he ?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
And any man who pass'd her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :
And then her three hours' work at night !
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage ;
But she, poor Woman ! dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scatter'd many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile before hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake ;
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take ;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand :
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he 's all awake—
Again ?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull :
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The bye-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, " I've caught you then at last !"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
" God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm !"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
'Thus on her knees did Goody pray.
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas ! that day for Harry Gill !
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he :
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd ;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old ;
But ever to himself he mutters,
“ Poor Harry Gill is very cold.”
A-bed or up, by night or day ;
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

THE
LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries I have been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy Man, a Man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad high-way, I met ;
Along the broad high-way he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet.
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide :
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, " My Friend,
What ails you ? wherefore weep you so ?"
—" Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty Lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
Today I fetched him from the rock ;
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single Man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, a Ewe I bought ;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see ;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be ;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock it grew,
And from this one, this single Ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As sweet a flock as ever grazed !
Upon the mountain did they feed,
They throve, and we at home did thrive.
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive ;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

Six Children, Sir ! had I to feed,
Hard labour in a time of need !
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish ask'd relief.
They said I was a wealthy man ;
My sheep upon the mountain fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread."
“ Do this : how can we give to you,”
They cried, “ what to the poor is due ?”

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food ;
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away !
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still ! and still another !
A little lamb, and then its mother !
It was a vein that never stopp'd—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropp'd.
Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone :
They dwindled one by one away ;
For me it was a woeful day.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies cross'd my mind ;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me.
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without,
And crazily, and wearily,
I went my work about.
Oft-times I thought to run away ;
For me it was a woeful day.

Sir ! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own Children be ;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my Children more and more.
Alas ! it was an evil time ;
God cursed me in my sore distress ;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my Children less ;
And every week, and every day,
My flock, it seemed to melt away.

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
And then, at last, from three to two;
And of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one:
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none;—
Today I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock.”

L I N E S

*Left upon a Seat in a YEW-TREE, which stands near the
Lake of ESTHWAITE, on a desolate part of the shore,
yet commanding a beautiful prospect.*



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

—————Who he was

That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod
First covered o'er, and taught this aged Tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,

I well remember.—He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow, 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn, against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service : wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.—Stranger ! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him ; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper ;
And on these barren rocks, with juniper,
And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his down-cast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here

An emblem of his own unfruitful life :
 And lifting up his head, he then would gaze
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
 The beauty still more beautiful. Nor, that time,
 When Nature had subdued him to herself,
 Would he forget those beings, to whose minds,
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,
 The world, and man himself, appeared a scene
 Of kindred loveliness : then he would sigh
 With mournful joy, to think that others felt
 What he must never feel : and so, lost Man !
 On visionary views would fancy feed,
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep
 vale
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,

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

THE
FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE.

A Narration in Dramatic Blank Verse.

But that entrance, Mother!

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

MARIA.

No one.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni!—Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel;

Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
 He found a baby wrapt in mosses lined
 With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
 As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
 And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
 And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
 A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
 And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
 But knew the names of birds, and mocked their
 notes,

And whistled, as he were a bird himself :
 And all the autumn 'twas his only play
 To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
 With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
 A Friar, who sought for simples in the wood,
 A gray-haired man—he loved this little boy,
 The boy loved him--and, when the Friar taught him,
 He soon could write with the pen ; and from that
 time

Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.

So he became a very learned youth.
 But, Oh! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,
 Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year
 He had unlawful thoughts of many things :
 And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
 With holy men, nor in a holy place—
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
 The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.
 And once, as by the north side of the Chapel
 They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
 The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
 That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen
 Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely fright-
 ened;
 A fever seized him, and he made confession
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk
 Which brought this judgment: so the youth was
 seized
 And cast into that cell. My husband's father
 Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart :

And once as he was working near the cell
 He heard a voice distinctly ; 'twas the youth's,
 Who sang a doleful song about green fields,
 How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah,
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
 And wander up and down at liberty.
 Leoni doted on the youth, and now
 His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
 He made that cunning entrance I described :
 And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

'Tis a sweet tale.

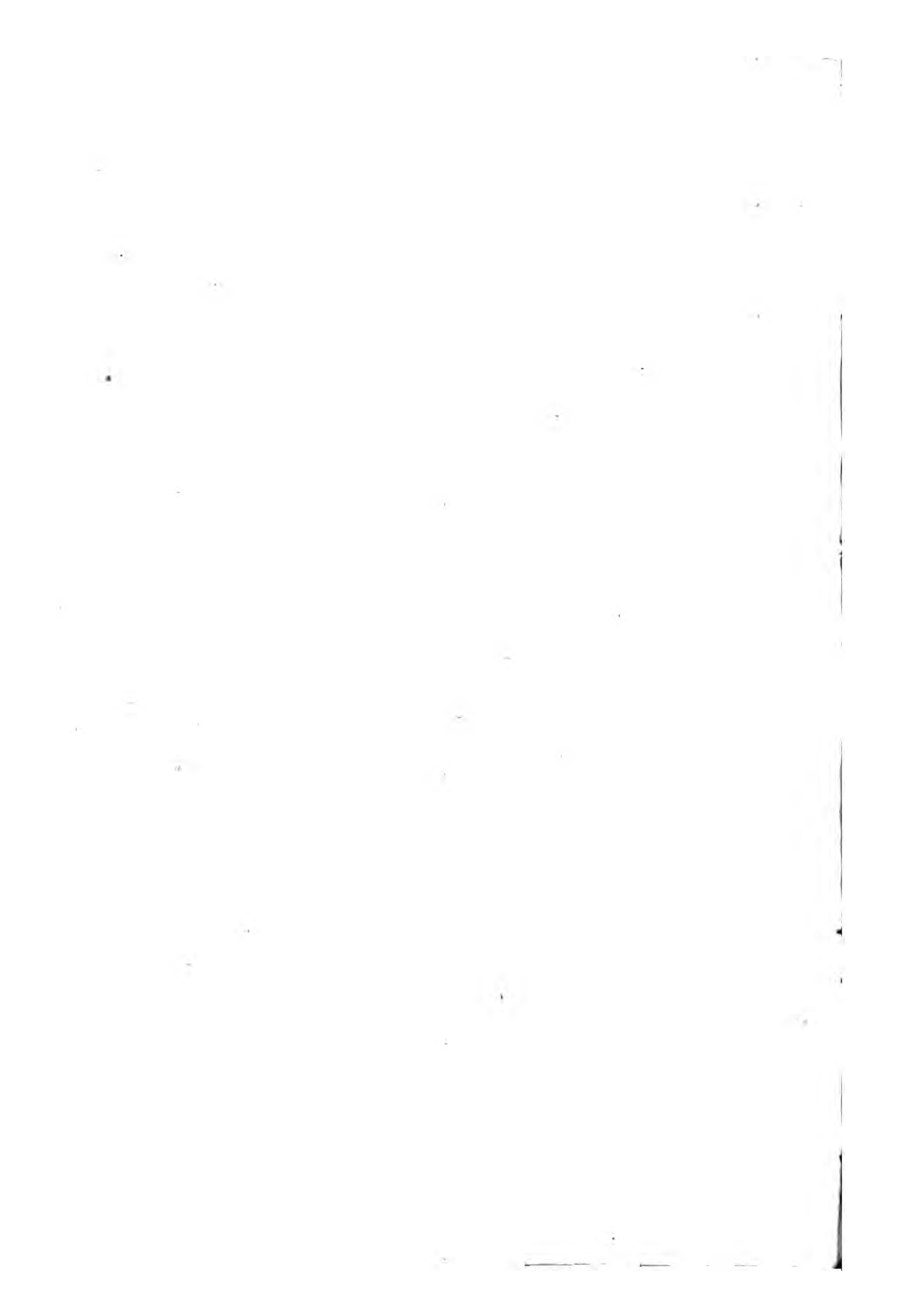
And what became of him ?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on ship-board,
 With those bold voyagers who made discovery
 Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother
 Went likewise ; and when he returned to Spain,
 He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,

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

THE
THORN.



THE THORN.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale ;
Not five yards from the mountain path,

This Thorn you on your left espy ;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy Pond
Of water never dry ;
I've measured it from side to side :
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This Pond, and beauteous Hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits, between the Heap

That's like an infant's grave in size,
And that same Pond of which I spoke,
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
“ Oh misery ! oh misery !
Oh woe is me ! oh misery !”

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

I cannot tell ; I wish I could ;
For the true reason no one knows :
But if you 'd gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes ;
The Heap that 's like an infant 's grave,

The Pond—and Thorn, so old and gray;
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
 And, if you see her in her hut,
 Then to the spot away!—
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

And they had fix'd the wedding-day,
The morning that must wed them both ;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath ;
And with this other Maid to church

Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha ! on that woeful day
A cruel, cruel fire, they say,
Into her bones was sent :
It dried her body like a cinder,
And almost turned her brain to tinder.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you ;
For what became of this poor child
There's none that ever knew :
And if a child was born or no,

There 's no one that could ever tell ;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
There 's no one knows, as I have said ;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain,
No screen, no fence could I discover,
And then the wind ! in faith, it was
A wind full ten times over.
looked around, I thought I saw

A jutting crag, and off I ran,
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain,
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A Woman seated on the ground.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

I’ve heard, the moss is spotted red
With drops of that poor infant’s blood :
But kill a new-born infant thus
I do not think she could.
Some say, if to the Pond you go,

And fix on it a steady view,
The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby's face,
And that it looks at you ;
Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
The baby looks at you again.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be ?”

“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the church-yard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven ; I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be ?”

Then did the little Maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

“ How many are you then,” said I,

“ If they two are in Heaven ?”

The little Maiden did reply,

“ O Master ! we are seven.”

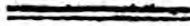
“ But they are dead : those two are dead !

Their spirits are in Heaven !”

’Twas throwing words away : for still

The little Maid would have her will,

And said, “ Nay, we are seven !”

*ANECDOTE for FATHERS,**Showing how the practice of Lying may be taught.*

I have a Boy of five years old ;
His face is fair and fresh to see ;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we stroll'd on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran :
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home, when Spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
To think, and think, and think again ;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

My Boy was by my side, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress !
And oftentimes I talked to him,
In very idleness.

The young lambs ran a pretty race ;
The morning sun shone bright and warm ;
“ Kilve,” said I, “ was a pleasant place ;
And so is Liswyn farm.

My little Boy, which like you more,"
I said, and took him by the arm—
" Our home by Kilve's delightful shore,
Or here at Liswyn farm ?

And tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and held him by the arm,
" At Kilve's smooth shore by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm ?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, " At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

" Now, little Edward, say why so ;
My little Edward, tell me why."—
" I cannot tell, I do not know."—
" Why, this is strange," said I.

“ For, here are woods, and green-hills warm :
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea.”

At this, my Boy hung down his head,
He blush'd with shame, nor made reply ;
And five times to the Child I said,
“ Why, Edward, tell me why ?”

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock ;
And thus to me he made reply :
“ At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
And that 's the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest Boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

LINES

*Written at a small distance from my House, and sent by my
little Boy to the person to whom they are addressed.*

It is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before,
The Red-breast sings from the tall Larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My Sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ; and pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress
And bring no book : for this one day
We 'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar :
We from today, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to eart :
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason :
Our minds shall drink at every por
The spirit of the season.

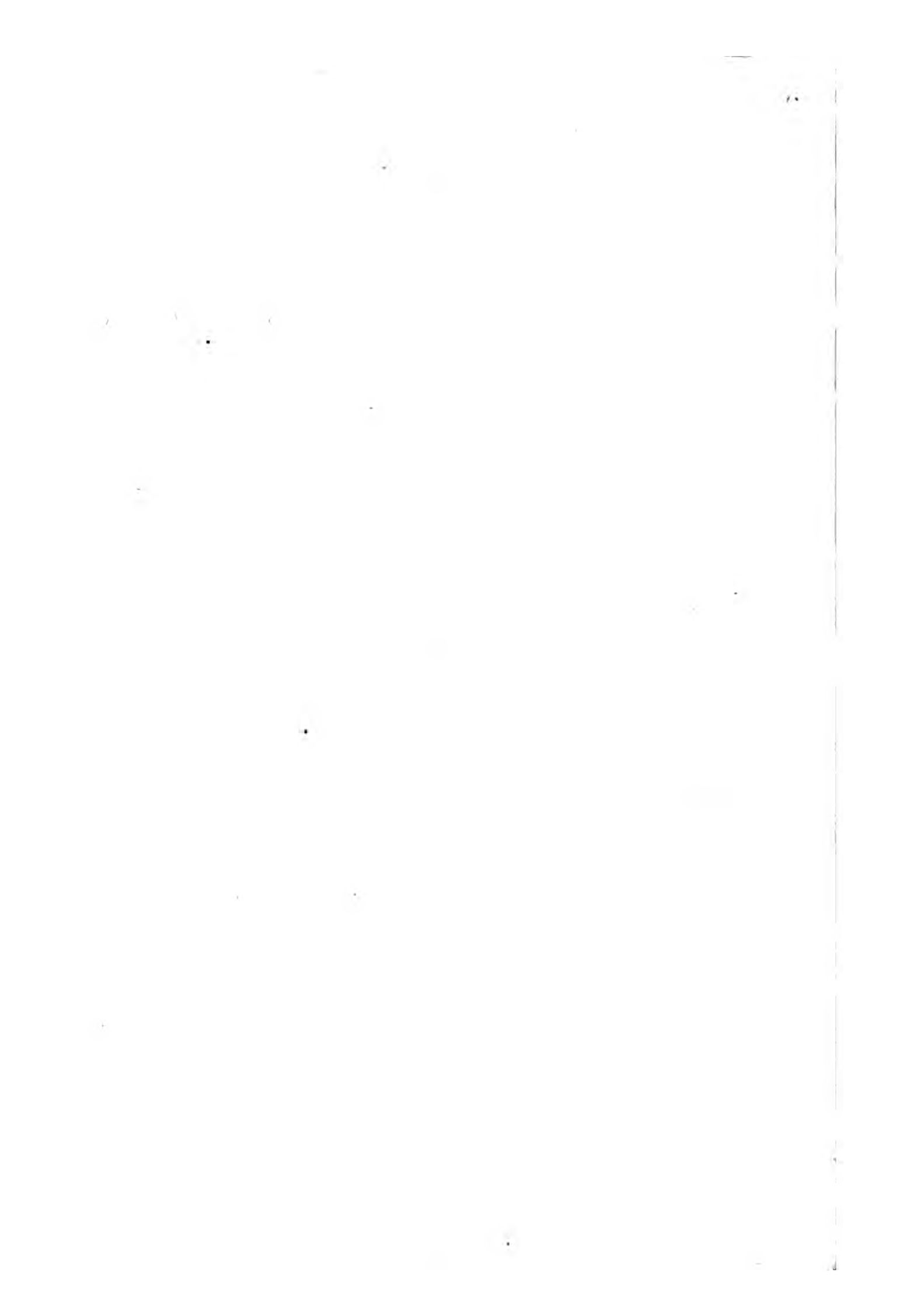
Some silent laws our hearts may make,
Which they shall long obey :
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We 'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress ;
—And bring no book : for this one day
We 'll give to idleness.



THE
FEMALE VAGRANT.



THE
FEMALE VAGRANT.

My Father was a good and pious man,
An honest man by honest parents bred ;
And I believe, that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said :
And afterwards, by my good Father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read ;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

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

But, when he had refused the proffered gold,
To cruel injuries he became a prey,
Sore traversed in whate'er he bought and sold :
His troubles grew upon him day by day,
And all his substance fell into decay.
They dealt most hardly with him, and he tried
To move their hearts—but it was vain—for they
Seized all he had ; and, weeping side by side,
We sought a home where we uninjured might abide.

It was in truth a lamentable hour,
 When, from the last hill-top, my Sire surveyed,
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
 That on his marriage-day sweet music made.
 Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,
 Close by my Mother, in their native bowers ;
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,—
 I could not pray :—through tears that fell in showers
 I saw our own dear home, that was no longer ours.

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

Two years were pass'd, since to a distant Town
He had repair'd to ply the artist's trade.
What tears of bitter grief till then unknown !
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !
To him we turned:—we had no other aid.
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept :
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said
He well could love in grief: his faith he kept ;
And in a quiet home once more my Father slept.

We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely Infants lay upon my breast ;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy Father died
When sad distress reduced the Children's meal :
Thrice happy ! that from him the grave did hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience could
not heal.

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

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

But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial Deep
Ran mountains-high before the howling blast ;
And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should rue.
We reach'd the Western World, a poor, devoted crew.

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

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain
By the first beams of dawning light impress'd,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.
The very ocean has its hour of rest.
I too was calm, though heavily distress'd !
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were !
My heart was healed within me, I was bless'd,
And looked, and looked along the silent air,
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps !
And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke !
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps !
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke !
The shriek that from the distant battle broke !
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss'd,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost !

At midnight once the storming Army came,
 Yet do I see the miserable sight,
 The Bayonet, the Soldier, and the Flame
 That followed us and faced us in our flight ;
 When Rape and Murder by the ghastly light
 Seized their joint prey, the Mother and the Child !
 But I must leave these thoughts.--From night to night,
 From day to day, the air breathed soft and mild :
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled.

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

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I at last a resting-place had found ;
“ Here will I dwell,” said I, “ my whole life-long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round :
Here will I live :—of every friend disown’d,
Here will I roam about the ocean flood.”—
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound :
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pin’d, and wanted food,

By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock ;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy Mates, the Cock
From the cross timber of an out-house hung ;
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar’s language could I frame my tongue,

So pass'd another day, and so the third ;
 Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort.
 —In deep despair by frightful wishes stirr'd,
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined Fort :
 There, pains which nature could no more support,
 With blindness link'd, did on my vitals fall,
 And I had many interruptions short
 Of hideous sense ; I sank, nor step could crawl,
 And thence was carried to a neighbouring Hospital.

Recovery came with food : but still, my brain
 Was weak, nor of the past had memory.
 I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain
 Of many things which never troubled me ;
 Of feet still bustling round with busy glee ;
 Of looks where common kindness had no part ;
 Of service done with careless cruelty,
 Fretting the fever round the languid heart ;
 And groans, which, as they said, would make a dead
 man start.

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

My heart is touched to think that men like these,
Wild houseless Wanderers, were my first relief :
How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease,
And their long holiday that feared not grief !
For all belonged to all, and each was chief.
No plough their sinews strained ; on grating road
No wain they drove ; and yet the yellow sheaf
In every vale for their delight was stow'd ;
In every field, with milk their dairy overflow'd.

They with their pannier'd Asses semblance made
 Of Potters wandering on from door to door :
 But life of happier sort to me pourtray'd,
 And other joys my fancy to allure ;
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
 In barn uplighted, and Companions boon
 Well met from far with revelry secure,
 Among the forest glades, when jocund June
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

But ill they suited me ; those journeys dark
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch !
 To charm the surly House-dog's faithful bark,
 Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch ;
 The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
 The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
 And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill :
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding
 still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?
 My Father ! gone was every friend of thine :
 And kindred of dead husband are at best
 Small help ; and, after marriage such as mine,
 With little kindness would to me incline.
 Ill was I then for toil or service fit :
 With tears whose course no effort could confine,
 By the road-side forgetful would I sit
 Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I led a wandering life among the fields ;
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
 I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
 The ground I for my bed have often used :
 But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
 Is, that I have my inner self abused,
 Forgone the home delight of constant truth,
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

Three years thus wandering, often have I view'd,
In tears, the sun towards that country tend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :
And now across this moor my steps I bend—
Oh ! tell me whither——for no earthly friend
Have I.”——She ceased, and weeping turned away,
As if because her tale was at an end
She wept ;—because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

*LINES**WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.*

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it griev'd my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

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

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

If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

SIMON LEE,**THE OLD HUNTSMAN,**

With an incident in which he was concerned.



In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An Old Man dwells, a little man,
I've heard he once was tall.
Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a burthen weighty ;
He says he is three score and ten,
But others say he 's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,
That's fair behind, and fair before ;
Yet, meet him where you will, you see
At once that he is poor.
Full five-and-twenty years he lived
A running Huntsman merry ;
And, though he has but one eye left,
His cheek is like a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And no man was so full of glee ;
To say the least, four counties round
Had heard of Simon Lee ;
His Master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivor ;
Men, Dogs, and Horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His dwindled body's half awry ;
His ancles they are swoln and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry or tillage ;
And now he's forced to work, though weak,
—The weakest in the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind ;
And often, ere the race was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices ;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices !

His hunting feats have him bereft
Of his right eye, as you may see :
And then, what limbs those feats have left
To poor old Simon Lee !
He has no son, he has no child,
His Wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,
And does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, not over stout of limb,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas ! 'tis very little, all
Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what avails the land to them,
Which they can till no longer ?

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
His poor old ancles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you 've waited,
And I'm afraid that you expect
Some tale will be related.

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

One summer-day I chanced to see
This Old Man doing all he could
About the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand ;
So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

“ You ’re overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool,” to him I said ;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor Old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I ’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

*The NIGHTINGALE.**Written in April, 1798.*

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen Light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy Bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.

And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
 "Most musical, most melancholy*" Bird!
 A melancholy Bird? O idle thought!
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 —But some night-wandering Man, whose heart
 was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper; or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with him-
 self,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
 First named these notes a melancholy strain:

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

And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
 Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell
 By sun- or moon-light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
 Should share in nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing ! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved, like nature !—But 'twill not be so ;
 And youths and maidens most poetical
 Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
 My Friend, and my Friend's Sister ! we have learnt
 A different lore : we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices always full of love

And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music ! And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not : and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales : and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,

That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day.

A most gentle Maid

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the Castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
 To something more than nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways ; she knows all their
 notes,

That gentle Maid ! and oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence : till the Moon
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful Birds
 Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden Gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps ! And she hath watched
 Many a Nightingale perch giddily
 On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,

And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again !
Full fain it would delay me ! My dear Babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star : and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once

Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well—
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate Joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! fare-
well.

THE
IDIOT BOY.



The IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The Moon is up—the Sky is blue,
The Owlet in the moonlight air,
He shouts from nobody knows where ;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

Beneath the Moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle ;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ?

There 's scarce a soul that 's out of bed ;
Good Betty, put him down again ;
His lips with joy they burr at you ;
But, Betty ! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

The world will say 'tis very idle,
Bethink you of the time of night ;
There 's not a mother, no not one,
But when she hears what you have done,
O Betty, she 'll be in a fright.

But Betty's bent on her intent ;
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress :
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's Husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A Woodman in the distant vale ;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;
What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good,
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,
And by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has up upon the saddle set,
The like was never heard of yet,
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge that's in the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand,
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a hurly-burly now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy who is her best delight
Both what follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was, " Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,
Come home again, whate'er befall,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head, and with his hand,
And proudly shook the bridle too,
And then ! his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
She gently pats the Pony's side,
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He 's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough's motionless and dead :
The Moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip
And all his skill in horsemanship,
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And Betty's standing at the door,
And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim ;
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !
He's at the Guide-post—he turns right,
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it,
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
And Johnny's in a merry tune,
The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
And on he goes beneath the Moon.

His Steed and He right well agree,
For of this Pony there's a rumour,
That should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a Horse that thinks !
And when he thinks his pace is slack ;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet for his life he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What comfort Johnny soon will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit and Johnny's glory.

And Betty's still at Susan's side :
By this time she 's not quite so flurried :
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman ! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well,
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
“ As sure as there ’s a moon in heaven,”
Cries Betty, “ he ’ll be back again ;
They ’ll both be here—’tis almost ten—
They ’ll both be here before eleven.”

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
The clock gives warning for eleven ;
’Tis on the stroke—“ If Johnny’s near,”
Quoth Betty, “ he will soon be here,
As sure as there ’s a moon in heaven.”

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight,
—The Moon 's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease ;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast :
“ A little idle sauntering Thing !”
With other names, an endless string,
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty 's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past gone,
“ How can it be he is so late ?
The Doctor he has made him wait,
Susan ! they 'll both be here anon.”

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad quandary ;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go or she must stay !
—She's in sad quandary.

The clock is on the stroke of one ;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appear along the moonlight road ;
There's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan she begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,
Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
 With, " God forbid it should be true !"
 At the first word that Susan said
 Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
 " Susan, I 'd gladly stay with you.

I must be gone, I must away,
 Consider, Johnny 's but half-wise ;
 Susan, we must take care of him,
 If he is hurt in life or limb"—
 " Oh God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

" What can I do ?" says Betty, going,
 " What can I do to ease your pain ?
 Good Susan tell me, and I 'll stay ;
 I fear you 're in a dreadful way,
 But I shall soon be back again."

“ Nay, Betty, go ! good Betty, go !
There 's nothing that can ease my pain.”
Then off she hies, but with a prayer
That God poor Susan's life would spare,
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale ;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green,
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

She 's past the bridge that 's in the dale,
And now the thought torments her sore,
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon that 's in the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

And now she 's high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide ;
There 's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse ;
There 's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

“ Oh saints ! what is become of him ?
Perhaps he 's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead ;
Or, sadly he has been misled,
And joined the wandering gypsey-folk.

Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall ;
Or in the castle he's pursuing,
Among the ghosts his own undoing ;
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away ;
" If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas ! I should have had him still.
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty ! in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self would hardly spare,
Unworthy things she talked and wild,
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

And now she 's got into the town,
And to the Doctor's door she hies ;
'Tis silence all on every side ;
The town so long, the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she 's at the Doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap ;
The Doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and dose ;
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

“ Oh Doctor ! Doctor ! where 's my Johnny ? ”
“ I 'm here, what is 't you want with me ? ”
“ Oh Sir ! you know I 'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
You know him—him you often see ;

He's not so wise as some folks be."

"The devil take his wisdom!" said

The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,

"What, Woman! should I know of him?"

And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe is me!

Here will I die; here will I die;

I thought to find my Johnny here,

But he is neither far nor near,

Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about,

Which way to turn she cannot tell.

Poor Betty! it would ease her pain

If she had heart to knock again;

—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail,
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road ;
" Oh cruel ! I'm almost threescore ;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man ;
The streams with softest sounds are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now if e'er you can.

The Owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still :
Fond lovers ! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin :
A green-grown pond she just has passed,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;
Such tears she never shed before ;
“ Oh dear, dear Pony ! my sweet joy !
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy !
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more.”

A thought is come into her head :
“ The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well ;
Perhaps he 's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.”

Then up she springs, as if on wings ;
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be,
To drown herself therein.

O Reader ! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing !
What they 've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he 's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And still and mute, in wonder lost,
All like a silent Horseman-Ghost,
He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, he 's hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
Yon valley, that 's so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be.

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so he'll gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil.

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures :
O gentle Muses ! let me tell
But half of what to him befel,
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?
Why of your further aid bereave me ?
And can ye thus unfriendly leave me ;
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well.

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,
Beneath the Moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding Horse ?

Unto his Horse, that's feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
Of Moon or Stars he takes no heed ;
Of such we in romances read,
—'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony too.
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
She hardly can sustain her fears ;
The roaring water-fall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold,
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too:
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for joy;
She darts, as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs,
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she 's at the Pony's tail,
And now she 's at the Pony's head,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again,
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy,
She 's happy here, she 's happy there,
She is uneasy every where ;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
The little Pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

“ Oh! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
You've done your best, and that is all.”
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the Pony's head
From the loud water-fall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her :
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
And who is she, be-times abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long Susan lay deep lost in thought,
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse ;
And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
Point after point did she discuss ;
And while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?
These fears can never be endured,
I'll to the wood.”—The word scarce said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come,
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting ;
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting,
As ever was in Christendom.

The Owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four Travellers homeward wend ;
The Owls have hooted all night long,
And with the Owls began my song,
And with the Owls must end.

For, while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen,
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The Owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the Moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

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

LOVE.

All Thoughts, all Passions, all Delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal Frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the Mount I lay
Beside the Ruined Tower.

The Moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the Lights of Eve ;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the Armed Man,
The Statue of the Armed Knight :
She stood and listened to my Harp
Amid the ling'ring Light.

Few Sorrows hath she of her own,
My Hope, my Joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The Songs, that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful Air,
I sang an old and moving Story—
An old rude Song that fitted well
The Ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting Blush,
With downcast Eyes and modest Grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her Face.

I told her of the Knight, that wore
Upon his Shield a burning Brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her, how he pin'd : and, ah !
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's Love,
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting Blush,
With downcast Eyes and modest Grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her Face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods
 Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage Den,
And sometimes from the darksome Shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny Glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An Angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew, it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a murd'rous Band,
And saved from Outrage worse than Death
 The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
 The Scorn, that crazed his Brain :

And that she nursed him in a Cave ;
And how his Madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying Man he lay ;

His dying words—But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the Ditty,
My falt'ring Voice and pausing Harp
Disturbed her Soul with Pity !

All impulses of Soul and Sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The Music, and the doleful Tale,
The rich and balmy Eve ;

And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,
An undistinguishable Throng !
And gentle Wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame ;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside ;
As conscious of my Look, she stepped—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful Art
That I might rather feel than see
 The Swelling of her Heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin Pride.
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride !

The MAD MOTHER.

Her eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair,
Her eye-brows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone ;
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the green-wood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among ;
And it was in the English tongue.

“ Sweet Babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely Babe, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me,
But, safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely Baby! thou shalt be,
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces one, two, three,
Hung at my breasts, and pulled at me.
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little Boy,
My little Boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

Suck, little Babe, oh suck again !
It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;
Thy lips I feel them, Baby ! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;
It loosens something at my chest ;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree ;
It comes to cool my Babe and me.

Oh ! love me, love me, little Boy !
Thou art thy Mother's only joy ;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;
The Babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul :
Then happy lie, for blest am I ;
Without me my sweet Babe would die.

Then do not fear, my Boy ! for thee
Bold as a lion I will be ;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower ; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed :
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

Thy Father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet Baby, there to rest :
'Tis all thine own ! and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !
My beauty, little Child, is flown ;
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

Dread not their taunts, my little life !
I am thy Father's wedded Wife ;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet Boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed :
From him no harm my Babe can take,
But he, poor Man ! is wretched made,
And every day we two will pray
For him that 's gone and far away.

I'll teach my Boy the sweetest things ;
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little Babe ! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear Child ?
What wicked looks are those I see ?
Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me :
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb !
For I thy own dear Mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried :
I've sought thy Father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade,
I know the earth-nuts fit for food ;
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid ;
We'll find thy Father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

THE
ANCIENT MARINER.

A POET'S REVERIE.



THE
ANCIENT MARINER.

I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three :
“ By thy long gray beard and thy glittering eye
Now wherefore stoppest me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The Guests are met, the Feast is set,—
May 'st hear the merry din.”

But still he holds the wedding-guest—

“ There was a Ship,” quoth he—

“ Nay, if thou ’st got a laughsome tale,

Mariner ! come with me.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,

Quoth he, “ There was a Ship—”

“ Now get thee hence, thou gray-beard Loon!

Or my Staff shall make thee skip.”

He holds him with his glittering eye—

The wedding-guest stood still

And listens like a three years’ child ;

The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,

He cannot choose but hear :

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ The Ship was cheered, the Harbour cleared—
Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,
Below the Light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the Sea came he :
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—”
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath paced into the Hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her go
The merry Minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,

Yet he cannot choose but hear :

And thus spake on that ancient Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner :

“ But now the North wind came more fierce,

There came a Tempest strong !

And Southward still for days and weeks

Like Chaff we drove along.

And now there came both Mist and Snow,

And it grew wondrous cold :

And Ice mast-high came floating by

As green as Emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts

Did send a dismal sheen ;

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—

The Ice was all between.

The Ice was here, the Ice was there,
The Ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
A wild and ceaseless sound.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the Fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian Soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,
And round and round it flew :
The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit ;
The Helmsman steered us through.

And a good South wind sprung up behind,
The Albatross did follow ;
And every day for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, antient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross bow
I shot the Albatross."

II.

“ The Sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the Sea came he ;
Still hid in mist ; and on the left
Went down into the Sea.

And the good South wind still blew behind,
But no sweet Bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo !

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the Bird
That made the Breeze to blow.

Nor dim nor red, like an Angel's head,

The glorious Sun uprist :

Then all averred, I had killed the Bird

That brought the fog and mist.

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay

That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow followed free :

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be,

And we did speak only to break

The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted Ship
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The Death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue through utter drouth
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the Cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

III.

“ So pass'd a weary time ; each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it ner'd and ner'd ;
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drouth all dumb we stood
Till I bit my arm and sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in
As they were drinking all.

See ! See ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal
Without a breeze, without a tide
She steddies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a flame.

The day was well nigh done !

Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun ;

When that strange shape drove suddenly

Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars

(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)

As if through a dungeon grate he peered

With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)

How fast she neres and neres !

Are those *her* Sails that glance in the Sun

Like restless gossameres ?

Are those *her* Ribs, through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And are those two all, all her crew,
That Woman, and her Mate ?

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween ;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damp and charnel crust
They were patched with purple and green.

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
And she was far liker Death than he ;
Her flesh made the still air cold.

The naked Hulk alongside came
And the Twain were playing dice ;
“ The Game is done ! I ’ve won, I ’ve won ! ”
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled through his bones ;
Thro’ the hole of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea
Off darts the Spectre-ship ;
While clombe above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright Star
Almost between the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon
 (Listen, O Stranger! to me)
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
 And cursed me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,
 With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
 They dropped down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe ;
And every soul it passed me by,
 Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.”

IV. .

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand ;
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed Sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown”—
“ Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on the wide wide Sea ;
And Christ would take no pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie !
And a million million slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting Sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the ghastly deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids and kept them close,
Till the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they ;
The look with which they looked on me,
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high :
But O ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main

Like April hoar-frost spread ;

But where the Ship's huge shadow lay,

The charmed water burnt alway

A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship

I watched the water-snakes :

They moved in tracks of shining white ;

And when they reared, the elfish light

Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship

I watched their rich attire :

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black

They coiled and swam ; and every track

Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

V.

“ O sleep, it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary-queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed Ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind,
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen
To and fro they were hurried about ;
And to and fro, and in and out
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud ;
And the sails did sigh like sedge :
And the rain poured down from one black cloud
The moon was at its edge.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the Sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute :
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased : yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we silently sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the Ship
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The Spirit slid : and it was He
That made the Ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the Ship stood still also.

The Sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell into a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.

The other was a softer voice,

As soft as honey-dew :

Quoth he, ' The man hath penance done,

And penance more will do.'

VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the Ocean doing ?’

SECOND VOICE.

‘ Still as a Slave before his Lord,
The Ocean hath no blast :
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

' But why drives on that ship so fast
 Without or wave or wind ?'

SECOND VOICE.

' The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.
 Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high,
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

“ I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away ;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there ?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat ;
And by the Holy rood
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :

It was a heavenly sight :

They stood as signals to the land,

Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,

No voice did they impart—

No voice ; but O ! the silence sank

Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,

I heard the pilot's cheer :

My head was turned perforce away,

And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy,

I heard them coming fast :

Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy

The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :

It is the Hermit good !

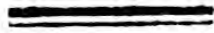
He singeth loud his godly hymns

That he makes in the wood.

He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away

The Albatross's blood.

VII.



“ This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the Sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with Mariners
That come from a far countrée.

He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old Oak-stump.

The Skiff-boat ner'd : I heard them talk,

‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !

Where are those lights so many and fair

That signal made but now ?’

‘ Strange, by my faith !’ the Hermit said—

‘ And they answered not our cheer.

The planks look warped, and see those sails

How thin they are and sere !

I never saw aught like to them

Unless perchance it were

The skeletons of leaves that lag

My forest brook along :

When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below

That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

‘ Dear Lord ! it has a fiendish look—

(The pilot made reply)

I am a-feared.’—‘ Push on, push on !’

Said the Hermit cheerily.

The Boat came closer to the Ship,

But I nor spake nor stirred :

The Boat came close beneath the Ship,

And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,

Still louder and more dread :

It reached the ship, it split the bay ;

The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,

Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days drowned

My body lay afloat :

But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the Ship,
The boat spun round and round,
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips : the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit.
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro,
' Ha ! ha ! ' quoth he—' full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

And now all in mine own countrée

I stood on the firm land !

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,

And scarcely he could stand.

' O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man !'

The Hermit crossed his brow.

' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say

What manner man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched

With a woeful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale,

And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour

That agony returns ;

And till my ghastly tale is told

This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me ;
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there ;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me
 To walk together to the Kirk
 With a goodly company :—

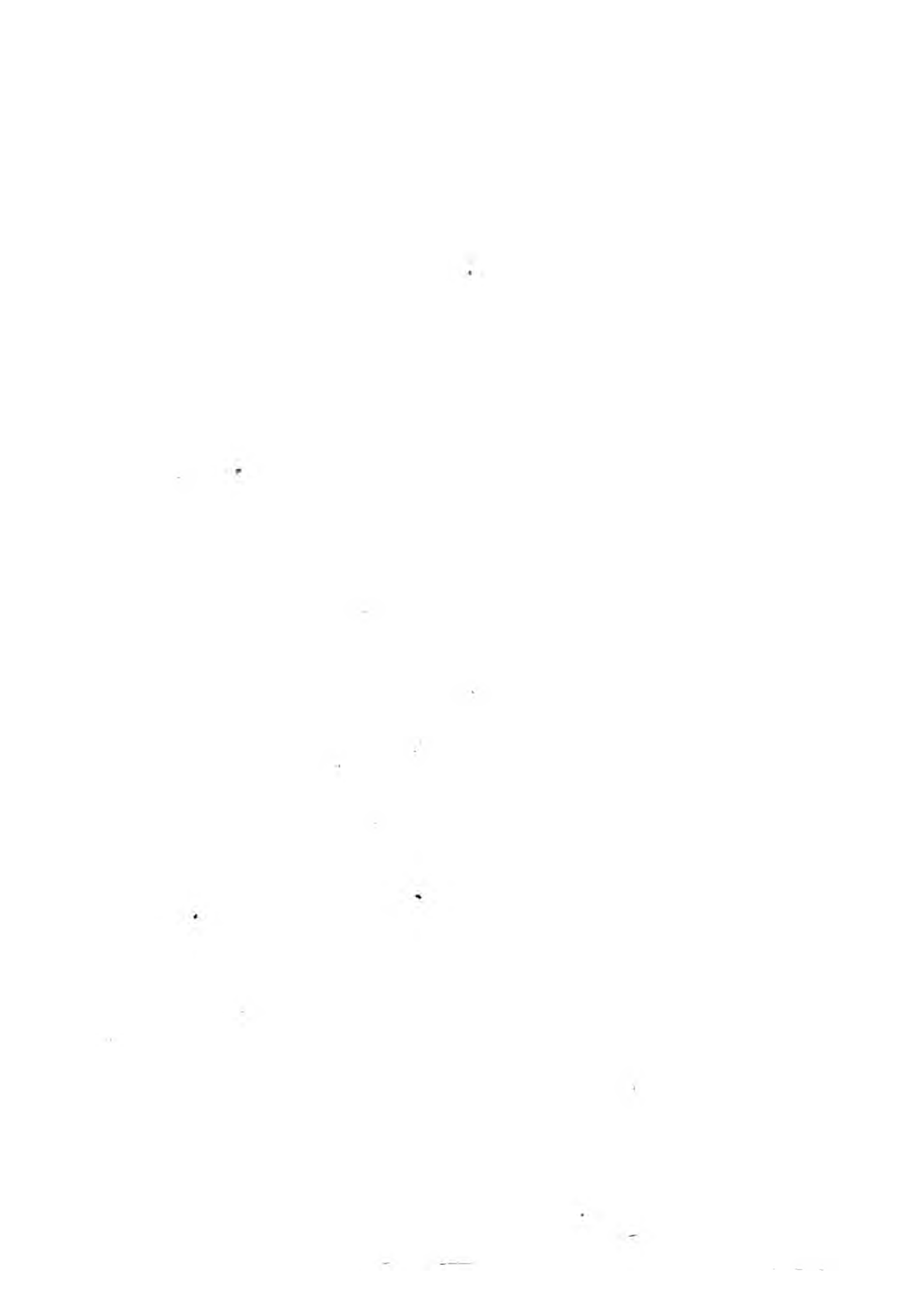
To walk together to the Kirk
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths, and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! But this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding-guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small :
 For the dear God, who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.



LINES

*Written a few miles above TINTERN ABBEY, on revisiting
the banks of the WYE during a Tour.*

July 13, 1798.

Five years have passed ; five summers, with the
length

Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur*.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose

* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles
above Tintern.

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless day-light ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope

Though changed, no doubt, from what I was,
when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
To me was all in all —I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create*,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of th's fair river ; thou, my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read

* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free

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

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

NOTES.

NOTE to THE THORN, p. 35.—This Poem ought to have been preceded by an introductory Poem, which I have been prevented from writing by never having felt myself in a mood when it was probable that I should write it well. —The character which I have here introduced speaking is sufficiently common. The Reader will perhaps have a general notion of it, if he has ever known a man, a Captain of a small trading vessel, for example, who, being past the middle age of life, had retired upon an annuity or small independent income to some village or country town of which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, having little to do, become credulous and talkative from indolence; and from the same cause, and other predisposing causes by which it is probable that such men may have been affected, they are prone to superstition. On which account it appeared to me proper to select a character like this to exhibit some of the general laws by which superstition acts upon the mind. Superstitious men are almost always men of slow faculties and deep feelings: their minds are not loose but adhesive; they have a reasonable share of imagination, by which word I mean the faculty which produces impressive

NOTES.

effects out of simple elements; but they are utterly destitute of fancy, the power by which pleasure and surprise are excited by sudden varieties of situation and by accumulated imagery.

It was my wish in this poem to show the manner in which such men cleave to the same ideas; and to follow the turns of passion, always different, yet not palpably different, by which their conversation is swayed. I had two objects to attain; first, to represent a picture which should not be unimpressive, yet consistent with the character that should describe it; secondly, while I adhered to the style in which such persons describe, to take care that words, which in their minds are impregnated with passion, should likewise convey passion to Readers who are not accustomed to sympathize with men feeling in that manner or using such language. It seemed to me that this might be done by calling in the assistance of Lyrical and rapid Metre. It was necessary that the Poem, to be natural, should in reality move slowly; yet I hoped, that, by the aid of the metre, to those who should at all enter into the spirit of the Poem, it would appear to move quickly. The Reader will have the kindness to excuse this note, as I am sensible that an introductory Poem is necessary to give this Poem its full effect.

Upon this occasion I will request permission to add a few words closely connected with **THE THORN** and many other

NOTES.

Poems in these Volumes. There is a numerous class of readers who imagine that the same words cannot be repeated without tautology: this is a great error; virtual tautology is much oftener produced by using different words when the meaning is exactly the same. Words, a Poet's words more particularly, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, and not measured by the space which they occupy upon paper. For the Reader cannot be too often reminded that Poetry is passion: it is the history or science of feelings: now every man must know that an attempt is rarely made to communicate impassioned feelings without something of an accompanying consciousness of the inadequateness of our powers, or the deficiencies of language. During such efforts there will be a craving in the mind, and as long as it is unsatisfied the Speaker will cling to the same words, or words of the same character. There are also various other reasons why repetition and apparent tautology are frequently beauties of the highest kind. Among the chief of these reasons is the interest which the mind attaches to words, not only as symbols of the passion, but as *things*, active and efficient, which are of themselves part of the passion. And further, from a spirit of fondness, exultation, and gratitude, the mind luxuriates in the repetition of words which appear successfully to communicate its feelings. The truth of these remarks might be shown by innumerable passages from the Bible, and from the impassioned Poetry of every nation.

NOTES.

“Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake, utter a song :
Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou Son of
Abinoam.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down : at her feet he
bowed, he fell ; where he bowed there he fell down dead.

Why is his Chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the
Wheels of his Chariot?”—Judges, chap. 5th. verses 12th,
27th, and part of 28th.—See also the whole of that tumultu-
ous and wonderful Poem.

NOTE to the POEM ON REVISITING THE WYE, p. 191.—
I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode ; but it was
written with a hope that in the transitions, and the impas-
sioned music of the versification, would be found the prin-
cipal requisites of that species of composition.

END OF VOL. I.

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