THE POEMS OF COLERIDGE
ALONE, ALONE, ALL, ALL ALONE, ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA!
THE POEMS OF
COLERIDGE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY ERNEST HARTLEY
COLERIDGE AND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GERALD METCALFE

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY
HEAD LONDON W JOHN
LANE COMPANY NEW YORK
Hitherto no attempt has been made to illustrate the Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Separate poems, the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "The Raven" have furnished materials for the artist, and there is a volume of Selections edited by Mr. Andrew Lang with designs by Mr. Patten Wilson, but there is no illustrated edition of the poems as a whole. There is no "illustrated Coleridge." And yet there is hardly any poet who is so entirely passive of illustration. Rossetti, himself both poet and painter, maintained that Coleridge at his best was "a pictorial artist, a spiritualised Turner." He is, indeed, an artist by "titles manifold," a child of the kingdom of nature, a painter and interpreter of visionary goings on, a seer of things hidden from the sensual eye.

"My mind," he says, "makes pictures." Nature had given him at his birth a "shaping spirit of the
imagination,” and in so far as he fulfilled his mission as a poet he transfigured and made visible the shape, and forms of that spiritual activity. In his Preface to “Kubla Khan” Coleridge says that “the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions.” The “Ancient Mariner,” and the First Part of “Christabel” translate into audible language a succession of pictures, scenes which flashed upon “his inward eye,” and which seem to have taken place in an unseen world before they were reported and embodied in verse.

He looked into the soul of things, seeking after and finding in the world outside himself a response to the solicitations of his own being. It was his aim, at first an unconscious aim, to fix and delineate these natural symbols of the identity of thought and things, and long before he rose to his full stature as a poet, he gave proof of this inborn power of divination. One of his earliest poems, is a “Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon,” a school-boy poem written at Christ’s Hospital, where, as he says, he “saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.” But this he saw—first the glimmering of the half-veiled moon, then the gradual oncoming of “the gathered blackness,” and, then, “the sudden brilliance when the full orb darted from the wind-rent cloud,” detecting in these sky-changes a similitude to the dawn, the eclipse, and the reappearance of Hope. The thought is not very profound, but the drawing, the composition, is true to nature. It is the work of an artist. Or take these lines in loving remembrance of the River Otter

... mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that veined with various dyes
Gleamed through thy bright transparence.
INTRODUCTION

Here, at least, is the saying true, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," Here, in more senses than one Nature takes his pen and writes for him. Or take this image of a soul apart which has its light from above, but shines for itself alone:

Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
Lone glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.

This, of course, is Coleridge pra- incarnated in Chatterton. "High tree" is not good verse, and the metaphor is far-fetched, but the star-beam did not glitter in vain. Micat et Micabit. The much-despised juvenile poems with their frigid conceits, their "profusion of double epithets and a general turgidness," are full of these redeeming touches, these intimations of inborn genius.

Critics have dwelt on the surprising and almost miraculous difference in kind as well as in degree, in beauty, in power and in originality between so remarkable a poem as the "Ode to the Departing Year," which was written at the close of 1796, and so wonderful a poem as the "Ancient Mariner," which was begun ten months later, in November 1797. Some would have it that the "new song" was put into his mouth by Wordsworth, and others are satisfied or relieved by the simpler theory that the arch-magician was opium. Whatever was the cause the fact remains that like one of his own anapaests Coleridge sprang "with a leap and a bound" to the height of his power, if not of his fame. For not long after he came to Stowey, and after he betrays the influence of Wordsworth both in style and thought, he wrote at least two acts of Osorio (better known as Remorse), two or three meditative poems and, it may be, his ballad of "The Three Graves," which are poetical enough, but can hardly be reckoned as a first instalment of his
great delivery. Now these, too, are illuminated by miniatures of rare design and exquisite colouring. In the lines addressed to his brother George, which he prefixed as a dedication to the Second Edition of his Poems, there is a picture of a corner in his garden at Nether-Stowey, that plot of "scanty soil" which was to have grown all manner of herbs, but grew, instead, a crop of weeds, and an object-lesson for Citizen Thelwall on undisciplinary education. It is a picture of the Passing of Spring, and it tells its own tale:

   We in our sweet sequestered orchard-plot
   Sit on the tree crooked earth-ward, whose old boughs,
   That hang above us in an arborous roof,
   Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
   Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Some six weeks later in "This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison," he makes us feel that summer is come, and that "the glorious Sun" is shining on his enchanted garden. Here there is a minuter, if not a more faithful, observation of nature, a foretaste of that intimate perception of her works and ways which rewarded the sight and insight of the authors of the Lyrical Ballads.

   Nor in this bower
   This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
   Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
   Hung the transparent foliage; and I watched
   Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
   The shadow of the leaf and stem above,
   Dappling its sunshine—

Another specimen of his earlier word-painting is to be found in Osorio at the end of the Second Act. I do not know if this fantastic scene is drawn from nature, or is, indeed, a work of art. If the first two acts of Osorio had not been written before the memorable visit to Racedown in June 1797, it might be guessed that Wordsworth, or his sister Dorothy, had told him how Launchy Beck is reflected by
Thirlmere, and that its shadow curls "upward" through the mirrored woods of Fisher's Crag. But the odds are that he was only "dreaming that which is":

It is a small green dale
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And then (a curious sight) you see the shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.

So far Coleridge had proved that he could observe and reproduce those happier accidents of natural loveliness which, seen by the poet's eyes, "become a part of sight." Thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who were or were not of a poetic turn had seen and perhaps marked the "slanting blossoms" floating downwards from the apple-trees, but he and he alone had been minded thus to symbolise the passing of spring. But a greater inspiration was at hand. A time had come when, out of the abundance of his "happy heart," he was to conceive and represent a chain of events, imaginary and yet real, contrary to experience, and, yet, conditioned by laws of its own constitution. "The Ancient Mariner" is a visionary poem, the metrical record of scenes and happenings witnessed by the inward eye and reported by the seer for our instruction and illumination, but it has neither the incoherence nor the unsubstantiality of a dream. The ingredients, the beggarly elements of the magic potion which is set before us may be analysed and tabulated for the benefit of the curious. There is nothing mysterious or unaccountable in the composition of the poem. Stanza after stanza reveals
a deliberate use of appropriate materials supplied or suggested by the books, the places, the sights and sounds which ministered to the thoughts and fancies of the waking man. What then was the immediate source of the inspiration? "The Time, the clime, the spot!" The "Ancient Mariner" was talked into shape by Wordsworth, Dorothy and Coleridge as they made their way, late in the afternoon in November from Alfoxden to Watchet, a decayed sea-port on the Bristol Channel. It was the first day of a holiday and the three friends were full of hope and happiness. Then and there, at Watchet, "by the sea-shore," doubtless at the Bell Inn, the poem was begun.

So far as we know the last work of any importance to which Coleridge had set his hand was the latter half of the fifth act of Osorio. He had been working against the grain on a task which he knew was beyond his powers, but he had taken occasion to utter a word of prophecy. The last act breaks off with a vision of redeeming woe:

The deep foundations of iniquity,
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strongholds of the Cruel Men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing;
And all that wore and had the spirit of life
Sang a new song to Her who had gone forth
Conquering and still to conquer.

The "Ancient Mariner" is a ballad of redemption through the response of the Spirit of man, not only to "everything which hath breath" but to the power and beauty, the "invisible natures" of earth and air and sea. A day came when Coleridge confessed that in a purely imaginative work the moral should be in abeyance and that the "Ancient Mariner" is over moralised, but in these "dawn golden days" it was the moral which burnt within
INTRODUCTION

him, and it was because that fire kindled that he spake with his tongue.

Whilst he was at work upon Osorio perhaps by way of interlude or distraction, he had taken to the study of early English poetry, steeping himself in Percy’s "Reliques," in Chaucer, in the "Romaunt of the Rose," in Skelton and Surrey and Wyatt. He had drunk deep of the springs and wells of Romance, a cup of purification and enchantment. Fresh from this draft of living water he suffered his imagination to present to his mind’s eye, a succession of pictures which rose for him and not another because he had cultivated the seer’s art, and, as the vision floated before him, he brought his reason to bear on what was given to him, fusing the parts into an organic whole, and representing the casual and the disconnected as unquestionable and inevitable and real. In a word he knew what he was about. The shapes were none of his, but the shaping was all his own. It was his power of visualising what he had seen, what he had read, what he had perceived, but not with the sensual eye, which makes the "Ancient Mariner" (and in a still greater degree, the First Part of "Christabel") not so much a tale that is told as a spectacle at which we are present. We see and believe.

Between these masterpieces and the marvellous fragment of "Kubla Khan" there is an essential difference. We are told, but we hardly need telling, that it was composed "during a profound sleep, at least of the external senses"; that it is a dream-poem. Here, too, the successive images may be traced to their sources in various books of travel, but they rise unbidden and without the seer’s will. They come like shadows, so depart. "Kubla Khan" is what Coleridge called it "a psychological curiosity." It is a "case" of abnormal cerebration. Such an experience could only befall
INTRODUCTION

a man of peculiar gifts—habituated to the exercise of these gifts, but it befell Coleridge because he was under the influence of "an anodyne." It was, indeed, the suspension of the determining will, the trance of the artificer which surrendered the visionary fabric to the diviner handiwork of Nature.

After he was turned thirty Coleridge seldom broke silence as a poet, and the verse which now and again escaped him was, for the most part, of an introspective and meditative character. He concerned himself less and less with this fair earth and its divinities, and sought for consolation and encouragement in metaphysical and theological research. It has been argued that his imagination was narcotised, that opium took away what it had at first bestowed, the creative energy. The theory is simple but by no means conclusive. He said himself that it was the passing away of "joy" which robbed him of his poetic birthright. It is probable that if "sickness," both the cause and the effect of the opium-habit, had not "besieged him close, even to the gates and inlets of his life," he might have left a richer legacy of verse, but, even so, there would have been, as Lamb once put it, "No more Christabels and Ancient Mariners." A happier manhood might have sustained and prolonged his poetic faculties but the radiance of his prime was of the dew of the morning. It was the ornament of his youth. But in the darkest hours of his troubled middle life and at its peaceful close there were moments of inspiration when his mind made pictures of heavenly and of earthly things. In Zapolya, which was written at Calne in 1815, there are embedded two lyrics, a love-song, and a war-cry. In the first we have a glimpse of Paradise. It cannot be paraphrased, and it can hardly be quoted too often.
A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird thou wert enchanted:

He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled,
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

In the other there is a touch of Nature, a cottage-scene of tender homeliness:

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse;
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home must stay.

Again, in 1824, in the fragment entitled, "The Advent of Love," or "Love's First Hope" which begins with a metrical version of a sentence taken from Sidney's "Arcadia" there are two lines which are in the strictest sense of the word an idyll—a little picture or likeness of Love in Harvest.

O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind!
... the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

A more finished though as lovely a picture is contained in the closing lines of the "Garden of Boccaccio," which was written to illustrate an illustration by Stothard. We might name it "The Spirit of the Renaissance, An Allegorical Design."

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves.

No artist or illustrator can hope to reproduce the pictures which rose up before the poet's eye. He will rather endeavour to interpret one picture by
INTRODUCTION

another, to make the art of the poet an occasion for the "correspondent expressions" of the art of the designer. He should be nearer to the poet than the general and should, as it were, repeat and transmit his message. It will, I think, be admitted that the artist who has illustrated this volume has caught the spirit of the poems which he has endeavoured to interpret, and has followed where the poet led.

The present edition contains all poems hitherto published which are not subject to the law of copyright. Two or three short poems have been included which have appeared in newspapers but are now collected for the first time. Save for the second part of "Christabel," written in 1800, but attached to the first part, which belongs to 1798, the order of the poems is strictly chronological. It is believed that the sequence of the several poems has been preserved with greater exactness and particularity than has, hitherto, been attained or attainable. The final cause of an illustrated edition of a poet's works is to give pleasure rather than instruction, and with this object in view, a new but, of course, absolutely faithful text has been chosen and prepared. Over and above a first publication in newspapers at least six editions of "Poems or Poetical Works" passed under the author's supervision or revision. Unlike Wordsworth Coleridge almost always altered and emended for the better, and on the principle that the latest text is the best the edition of 1834 has, for the most part been adopted; but, inasmuch as a synopsis of variants, additions and omissions would be out of place in an illustrated edition, each poem has been regarded as a separate composition and one out of many texts has been chosen.

In the lines entitled, "A Walk before Supper," and in two poems of later years, "The Reproof and
the Reply " and "Sancti Dominici Pallium," blank spaces for names have been filled up and textual corrections have been made in accordance with MS. authority and from information derived from unpublished documents.

A few poems bearing "Editorial" titles have been renamed by the present editor.

In the First Part of "Christabel," quotation marks have been affixed to lines spoken in character. The omission of these marks in the first and all subsequent editions is inconsistent with their normal and invariable use in the Second Part of the Poem.

Coleridge's poems may be divided into three classes. There are those six or seven great masterpieces "his highest work," of which Mr. Swinburne has affirmed that "the world has nothing like them and can never have." There is a motley crowd of juvenilia and epigrams which may not be excluded from a collected edition, but are of little value or interest save to the biographer or the critic. And between these two extremes there are three or four score poems, lyrics, idylls, or meditative pieces, instinct with his peculiar genius, which are seldom reckoned as great poetry because it cannot be said of them that "such melodies were never heard, such dreams never dreamed, such speech never spoken," because they are printed in the same volume with "Christabel," and "The Ancient Mariner." It is hoped that this attempt to illustrate Coleridge's poems, as a whole, will lead to a closer study and a juster appreciation of his great as well as his greatest achievement as a poet.

Ernest Hartley Coleridge.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1787</td>
<td>Elegy on a Lady who died in Early Youth</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1788</td>
<td>Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1789</td>
<td>Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Julia</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Nose</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To the Muse</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Destruction of the Bastile</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1790</td>
<td>Monody on a Tea-kettle</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Progress of Vice</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNA AND HENRY</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To THE EVENING STAR</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On receiving an Account that his only Sister’s Death was Inevitable</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INSIDE THE COACH</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEVONSHIRE ROADS</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIFE</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.</td>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAIN</td>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GENEVIEVE</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1791</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HONOUR</td>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Imitation</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAPPINESS</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EUCLID IN RHYME</td>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SONNET: on Quitting School for College</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Absence: a Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1792</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On seeing a Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister</td>
<td>33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Written after a Walk before Supper</td>
<td>34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With Fielding’s “Amelia”</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1793</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imitated from Ossian</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Complaint of Ninathôma</td>
<td>36</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rose</td>
<td>37</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kisses</td>
<td>38</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gentle Look</td>
<td>38</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to the River Otter</td>
<td>39</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village</td>
<td>40</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs of the Pixies</td>
<td>42</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on an Autumnal Evening</td>
<td>46</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Kiss</td>
<td>49</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Fortune</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to a Friend in Answer to a Melancholy Letter</td>
<td>51</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1794</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Lyram</td>
<td>52</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

To Lesbia ........................................... 53
The Death of the Starling ......................... 53
-Moriens Superstiti ............................... 54
-Morienti Superstes ............................. 54
The Sigh ........................................... 55
Lines written at the "King's Arms," Ross ...... 56
Imitated from the Welsh ......................... 56
Domestic Peace ................................... 57
Elegy, imitated from Akenside ................... 58
Translation of Wrangham's Hendecasyllables ...... 59
To Miss Brunton .................................. 60
Epitaph on an Infant ............................... 60
On a Discovery made Too Late .................. 61
To a Young Lady, with a Poem on the French
   Revolution .................................... 61
-To a Young Ass .................................. 63
The Faded Flower ................................ 64
The Outcast ....................................... 64
On a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever induced
   by calumnious reports ......................... 65
To the Author of "The Robbers" .................. 66
To a Friend together with an Unfinished Poem 67
Sonnets to Eminent Characters
   To the Honourable Mr. Erskine ............... 68
   Burke .......................................... 69
   Priestley ...................................... 69
   To the Rev. W. L. Bowles ..................... 70
   La Fayette ...................................... 70
   Koskiusko ...................................... 71
   To Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. .......... 71
   To William Godwin ............................. 72
   To Robert Southey ............................. 72
   Pitt ........................................... 73
   Mrs. Siddons .................................. 73
   To Earl Stanhope ............................... 74
   Religious Musings ............................. 75

1795

On the Prospect of establishing a Pantisocracy
in America ........................................ 87
To Poverty ......................................... 87
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To the Rev. W. J. H. while teaching a Young Lady some Song-Tunes on his Flute</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pity</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Nightingale</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines composed while Climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines in the Manner of Spenser</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eolian Harp</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hour when we shall Meet again</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Author of Poems published anonymously at Bristol</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Silver Thimble</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines written at Shurton Bars, near Bridgewater</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To an Infant</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On observing a Blossom on the First of February</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ver Perpetuum</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Primrose, the first seen in the Season</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verses addressed to J. Horne Tooke</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Friend who has declared his intention of writing no more Poetry</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Young Friend on his proposing to domesticate with the Author</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on receiving a Letter informing me of the Birth of a Son</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet composed on a Journey homeward; the Author having received intelligence of the Birth of a Son</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to a Friend who asked, how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaph on an Infant</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address to a Young Man of Fortune who abandoned himself to a Causeless Melancholy</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Charles Lloyd</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a late Connubial Rupture in High Life</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Destiny of Nations</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to the Departing Year</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
To an Unfortunate Woman whom the Author had known in the Days of her Innocence. 138
To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre 139
On the Christening of a Friend's Child 140
Translation of a Latin Inscription by the Rev. W. L. Bowles in Nether-Stowey Church 142
To the Rev. George Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, Devon 142
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison 145
The Foster-Mother's Tale 147
The Dungeon 150
Lines to W. L., Esq., while he sang a Song to Purcell's Music 151
Sonnets attempted in the manner of Contemporary Writers 151
The Three Graves 153
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 169
Melancholy: a Fragment 198

Parliamentary Oscillators 199
Ubi Thesaurus Ibi Cor 200
Fire, Famine and Slaughter: a War Eclogue 201
To a Young Lady on her Recovery from a Fever 205
Frost at Midnight 206
The Old Man of the Alps 208
The Raven: a Christmas Tale 211
Lewti, or The Circassian Love-Chant 213
France: an Ode 216
Fears in Solitude 219
The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem 225
Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Lady 229
The Ballad of the Dark Lady 230
Christabel 233
The Wanderings of Cain 257
Kubla Khan 265
Recantation, illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox 267
Poetical Fragments 271
CONTENTS

1799

Tell's Birthplace ........................................ 273
Hexameters .............................................. 275
The British Stripling’s War-Song .................... 277
Job’s Luck ............................................. 278
On a Cataract ........................................... 278
The Visit of the Gods .................................. 279
From the German ........................................ 280
Westphalian Song ....................................... 281
Water Ballad ............................................ 281
Names ................................................... 282
The Exchange ............................................ 283
Translation of a Passage in Ottfried’s Metrical
Paraphrase of the Gospel .................................. 283
On an Infant which died before Baptism .............. 284
Something Childish but very Natural .................. 284
Home-sick: Written in Germany ....................... 285
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode, in
the Hartz Forest ......................................... 286
The Day-dream from an Emigrant to his Absent
Wife .................................................... 287
Hymn to the Earth ....................................... 288
Mahomet ................................................ 290
Catullian Hendecasyllables ............................. 291
The Homeric Hexameter ................................ 291
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre ............................... 292
The Devil’s Thoughts .................................... 292
Lines composed in a Concert-Room .................... 296
Love .................................................... 298
Alcæus to Sappho ....................................... 301
Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire ........... 302
A Christmas Carol ...................................... 305

1800

Talleyrand to Lord Grenville: a Metrical
Epistle ................................................... 307
Song: Piccolomini ....................................... 312
Apologia pro Vita Sui .................................. 313
The Keepsake .......................................... 313
Ode to Tranquillity .................................... 314
### CONTENTS

**A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland**  
1801  
*The Mad Monk*  
*On revisiting the Sea-shore, after long Absence*

1802  
*Dejection: An Ode*  
*The Picture, or the Lover’s Resolution*  
*An Ode to the Rain*  
*Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouny*  
*To Matilda Betham, from a Stranger*  
*Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath*  
*The Reward of the Just*  
*Answer to a Child’s Question*  
*The Happy Husband*  
*A Day-Dream*

1803  
*The Pains of Sleep*  
*An Angel Visitant*  
*Constancy to an Ideal Object*  
*Phantom*

1805  
*What is Life?*  
*The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree*

1806  
*Farewell to Love*  
*Metrical Feet: Lesson for a Boy*

1807  
*To William Wordsworth, composed on the Night after his Recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind*  
*The Pang more Sharp than All*  
*Recollections of Love*  
*To Two Sisters: a Wanderer’s Farewell*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Child's Evening Prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tombless Epitaph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Visionary Hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1811</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Virgin's Cradle-Hymn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Lady offended by a Sportive Observation, that Women have no Souls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reason for Love's Blindness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Suicide's Argument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time, Real and Imaginary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Invocation. From &quot;Remorse&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Night-Scene: A Dramatic Fragment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Hymn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Lady with Falconer's &quot;Shipwreck&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Human Life: on the Denial of Immortality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1815</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song sung by Glycine. From &quot;Zapolya&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choral Song. From &quot;Zapolya&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sibylline Leaf. From &quot;Heraclitus&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dark Side of Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limbo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eiøenkaiśan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Knight's Tomb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Israel's Lament</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

1818
On Donne’s Poetry ........................................ 380

1819
Fancy in Nubibus .......................................... 380
What is Reason? ............................................. 381

1820
The Tears of a Grateful People ......................... 381
Hymn ......................................................... 384

1822
Youth and Age .............................................. 385

1823
The Reproof and Reply .................................. 386

1824
Desire ....................................................... 388
First Advent of Love ..................................... 388
To Edward Irving .......................................... 389

1825
Alice du Clos, or The Forked Tongue ................. 389
Lines to a Comic Author, on an Abusive Review .... 395
Sancti Dominici Pallium .................................. 396
Ne Plus Ultra .............................................. 398
Love, a Sword ............................................. 399
A Character ................................................ 399

1826
An Unwilling Witness, ἔρως αἰὲν λίπηθρος ἔταιρος .......... 401
Duty surviving Self-Love .................................. 402
The Two Founts ............................................ 402
Lines suggested by the Last Words of Berengarius .... 404
Epitaphium Testamentarium ................................ 405

1827
The Improvisatore ....................................... 406
Work without Hope ....................................... 412
CONTENTS

1828

The Garden of Boccaccio ........................................ 413
Cologne ......................................................................... 419
On my Joyful Departure from the Same City ..................... 419
Rheinwein ....................................................................... 419
Charity in Thought ...................................................... 420
Profuse Kindness ........................................................ 420
Song, "ex Improviso" .................................................... 420

1829

Verses to Miss A. T. ..................................................... 421
Love, Hope, and Patience in Education ............................ 421
Lines written in Commonplace Book of Miss Barbour ......... 422

1830

Love and Friendship Opposite ....................................... 423
Not at Home .................................................................... 423
Phantom or Fact ............................................................ 424
The Three Sorts of Friends ............................................ 425
To Baby Bates .................................................................. 425
Inscription for a Time-piece ......................................... 426
Humility the Mother of Charity ....................................... 426

1832

True Self-knowledge ...................................................... 426
Charity the Daughter of Humility .................................... 427

1833

Love's Apparition and Evanishment ................................ 428
Love's Burial-Place ...................................................... 429
To the Young Artist, Kayser of Kaserwerth ...................... 430
My Baptismal Birthday ................................................ 430
Epitaph .......................................................................... 431
Epigrams and "Jeux d'esprit" ......................................... 433
Index to the Poems ....................................................... 461
ILLUSTRATIONS

Half-title ........................................... i
"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!" ..................... Frontispiece
Title-page ........................................ iii
Heading: Introduction ............................. v
Tailpiece .......................................... xv
Tailpiece .......................................... xvi
Heading: Contents ................................ xvii
Heading: Illustrations ............................ xxvii
Vignette ........................................... xxxii
Heading ............................................ 1
"Even on the Cold Grave Lights the Cherub Hope!" To face 2
Heading: Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon ......... 2
"No more the Tea shall pour its fragrant steam around!" 9
ILLUSTRATIONS

Heading: Life .................................. 15
Heading: Monody on the Death of Chatterton .......... 16
"And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng". To face 20
Heading: Genevieve .................................. 22
Heading: On seeing a youth affectionately welcomed by a sister .... 33
Heading: Sonnet to the River Otter .................. 39
Tailpiece: Lines to a Beautiful Spring in a Village ... 41
"On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze" .......... 44
Heading: Domestic Peace .......................... 57
Heading: To the Honourable Mr. Erskine .......... 68
Tailpiece: Reflections on having left a place of retirement 104
Heading: To a young friend on his proposing to domesticate with the author ........ 111
Tailpiece: To a young friend on his proposing to domesticate with the author ........ 113
"Pity there had oft and strongly work'd,
And sometimes Indignation"
Tailpiece: The Destiny of Nations ........ 132
"By the earth's unsolaced groaning
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!"
Tailpiece: To the Rev. George Coleridge ........ 144

The Three Graves
Heading: Part III .................................. 155
"Beneath the foulest Mother's curse
No child could ever thrive" .......... 156
"She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain"
"And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung"
"'A mother too!' these self-same words
Did Edward mutter plain"

The Ancient Mariner
Vignette .................................. 167
Heading and border ........ 169
"The bride hath paced into the hall" ........ 171
"And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!"

Heading: Part II.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea"

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;"

Heading: Part III.

"When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky"

"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"

Tailpiece: Part III.

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

"The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me"

"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"

Tailpiece: Part V.: "I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air"
"But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are"

"To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!"

"On as I strode with my huge strides"

"Round and round flew the raven, and cawed to the blast"

"There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white"

"She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast"

"Christabel, with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate"

"Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight"

"With somewhat of malice, and more of dread
At Christabel she looked askance!"

Tailpiece: "The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!"

Tailpiece to Part the Second

"There was one rock by itself"

Heading: Kubla Khan

Heading: Lines composed in a Concert-Room

"These feel not Music's genuine power"
Illustrations

Tailpiece: "To hear our old musician, blind and gray"

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

Heading: A Stranger Minstrel

Heading: The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution

Heading: The Pains of Sleep

Tailpiece: "O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is kindness counterfeiting absent Love!"

Heading: A Child's Evening Prayer

Heading: Time, Real and Imaginary

"The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain" To face

"With sudden bound, beyond the boy"

The Garden of Boccaccio

Heading: "See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Maenonides"

"Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array"

"Boccaccio's Garden and its faery" To face

"And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!"

"Mid gods of Greece"

"And warriors of romance"

Tailpiece

Heading: Love's Apparition and Evanishment

Tailpiece: Epitaph

Vignette

Half-Title: Epigrams and Jeux d'Esprit

Vignette

Tailpiece: The End
O'ER the rais'd earth the gales of Evening sigh;
And, see, a Daisy peeps upon its slope!
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye;
Even on the cold Grave lights the Cherub Hope!

Elegy on a Lady Who Died in Early Youth

1787.
MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou Lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather’d blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o’er the awaken’d sky.
EVEN ON THE COLD GRAVE LIGHTS THE CHERUB HOPE!
ANTHEM

Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a Meteor kindling in its flight.

1788.

ANTHEM

FOR THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

SERAPHS! around th' Eternal's seat who throng
With tuneful ecstasies of praise:
O! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song
Of fervent gratitude to raise—
Like you, inspir'd with holy flame
To dwell on that Almighty name
Who bade the child of woe no longer sigh,
And Joy in tears o'erspread the Widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer;
The meek tear strongly pleads on high;
Wan Resignation struggling with despair
The Lord beholds with pitying eye;
Sees cheerless Want unpitied pine,
Disease on earth its head recline,
And bids Compassion seek the realms of woe
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes! she comes! the meek-ey'd Power I see
With liberal hand that loves to bless;
The clouds of Sorrow at her presence flee;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye children of distress!
The beams that play around her head
Thro' Want's dark vale their radiance spread:
The young uncultur'd mind imbibes the ray,
And Vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.
JULIA

Cease, thou lorn mother! cease thy wailings drear;
Ye babes! the unconscious sob forego;
Or let full gratitude now prompt the tear
Which erst did Sorrow force to flow.
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill
In Life's morn oft the traveller chill,
But soon his path the sun of Love shall warm;
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm!

1789.

JULIA

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

JULIA was blest with Beauty, Wit, and Grace:
Small poets lov'd to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain,
Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came
And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
What every look and action would reveal.
With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of Marriage and of Love:
The course of Hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes danc'd pleasure at the sounds.
Nought now remain'd but "Noes"—how little meant!
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptur'd fell:
The strange misfortunes, oh! what words can tell?
Tell! ye neglected Sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward?
Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?
The favourite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies.
Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and Grief divide poor Julia's breast.
THE NOSE

Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first:
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled;—he wooes a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
'Twere vain to tell, how Julia pin'd away:
Unhappy Fair! that in one luckless day—
From future Almanacks the day be crost!—
At once her Lover and her Lap-dog lost.

1789.

THE NOSE

Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse
Who sweep the earth with lowly wing,
Like sand before the blast disperse—
A Nose! a mighty Nose I sing!
As erst Prometheus stole from heaven the fire
To animate the wonder of his hand;
Thus with unhallow'd hands, O Muse, aspire,
And from my subject snatch a burning brand!
So like the Nose I sing—my verse shall glow—
Like Phlegethon my verse in waves of fire shall flow!

Light of this once all darksome spot
Where now their glad course mortals run,
First-born of Sirius begot
Upon the focus of the sun—
I'll call thee——! for such thy earthly name—
What name so high, but what too low must be?
Comets, when most they drink the solar flame
Are but faint types and images of thee!
Burn madly, Fire! o'er earth in ravage run,
Then blush for shame more red by fiercer—— outdone!

I saw when from the turtle feast
The thick dark smoke in volumes rose!
I saw the darkness of the mist
Encircle thee, O Nose!
Shorn of thy rays thou shott'st a fearful gleam
(The turtle quiver'd with prophetic fright)
Gloomy and sullen thro' the night of steam:—
So Satan's Nose when Dunstan urg'd to flight,
Glowing from grip of red-hot pincers dread
Athwart the smokes of Hell disastrous twilight shed!

The Furies to madness my brain devote—
   In robes of ice my body wrap!
On billowy flames of fire I float,
   Hear ye, my entrails how they snap?
Some power unseen forbids my lungs to snap!
   What fire-clad meteors round me whizzing fly!
I vitrify thy torrid zone beneath,
   Proboscis fierce! I am calcin'd! I die!
Thus, like great Pliny, in Vesuvius' fire,
   I perish in the blaze while I the blaze admire.

TO THE MUSE

Tho' no bold flights to thee belong;
   And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,
Shrink from Judgement's eye severe,
   Yet much I thank thee, Spirit of my song!
For, lovely Muse! thy sweet employ
Exalts my soul, refines my breast,
Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,
   And softens Sorrow into pensive Joy.
From thee I learn'd the wish to bless,
   From thee to commune with my heart;
From thee, dear Muse! the gayer part—
To laugh with pity at the crowds that press
Where Fashion flaunts her robes by Folly spun,
   Whose hues gay-varying wanton in the sun.

1789.
DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE

I

Heard'st thou yon universal cry,
And dost thou linger still on Gallia's shore?
Go, Tyranny! beneath some barbarous sky
Thy terrors lost, and ruin'd power deplore!
What tho' through many a groaning age
Was felt thy keen suspicious rage,
Yet Freedom rous'd by fierce Disdain
Has wildly broke thy triple chain,
And like the storm which Earth's deep entrails hide,
At length has burst its way and spread the ruins wide.

* * * *

IV

In sighs their sickly breath was spent; each gleam
Of Hope had ceas'd the long long day to cheer;
Or if delusive, in some flitting dream,
It gave them to their friends and children dear—
Awak'd by lordly Insult's sound
To all the doubled horrors round,
Oft shrunk they from Oppression's band
While Anguish rais'd the desperate hand
For silent death; or, lost the mind's control,
Thro' every burning vein would tides of Frenzy roll.

V

But cease, ye pitying bosoms, cease to bleed!
Such scenes no more demand the tear humane;
I see, I see! glad Liberty succeed
With every patriot virtue in her train!
And mark yon peasant's raptur'd eyes;
Secure he views his harvests rise;
No fetter vile the mind shall know,
And Eloquence shall fearless glow.
Yes! Liberty the soul of Life shall reign,
Shall throb in every pulse, shall flow thro' every vein!
MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE

VI

Shall France alone a Despot spurn?
Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care?
Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn,
Tho' Power's blood-stain'd streamers fire the air,
And wider yet thy influence spread,
Nor e'er recline thy weary head,
Till every land from pole to pole
Shall boast one independent soul!
And still, as erst, let favour'd Britain be
First ever of the first and freest of the free!

1789.

MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE

O muse who sangest late another's pain,
To griefs domestic turn thy coal-black steed!
With slowest steps thy funeral steed must go,
Nodding his head in all the pomp of woe:
Wide scatter round each dark and deadly weed,
And let the melancholy dirge complain,
(Whilst Bats shall shriek and Dogs shall howling run)
The tea-kettle is spoilt and Coleridge is undone!

Your cheerful songs, ye unseen crickets, cease!
Let songs of Grief your alter'd minds engage!
For he who sang responsive to your lay,
What time the joyous bubbles 'gan to play,
The sooty swain has felt the fire's fierce rage;—
Yes, he is gone, and all my woes increase;
I heard the Water issuing from the Wound—
No more the Tea shall pour its fragrant steam around!

O Goddess best beloved! Delightful Tea!
With whom compar'd what yields the madd'ning Wine?
Sweet Power! that know'st to spread the calm delight,
And the pure joy prolong to midmost night!
Ah! must I all thy varied sweets resign?
Enfolded close in grief thy form I see,
No more wilt thou expand thy willing arms,
Receive the fervent Jove, and yield him all thy charms!

How sink the mighty low by Fate opprest!—
Perhaps, O Kettle! thou by scornful toe
Rude urg'd t' ignoble place with plaintive din,
May'st rust obscure midst heaps of vulgar tin;—
As if no joy had ever seiz'd my breast
When from thy spout the stream did arching fly,—
As if, infus'd thou ne'er hadst known t' inspire
All the warm raptures of poetic fire!

But hark! or do I fancy the glad voice—
"What tho' the swain did wondrous charms disclose—
(Not such did Memnon's sister sable-drest)
Take these bright arms with royal face impress:
A better Kettle shall thy soul rejoice,
And with Oblivion's wings o'erspread thy woes"!
Thus fairy Hope can soothe distress and toil;
On empty Trivets she bids fancied Kettles boil!

1790.
PROGRESS OF VICE

Deep in the gulph of Vice and Woe
Leaps man at once with headlong throw?
Him inborn Truth and Virtue guide,
Whose guards are Shame and conscious Pride.
In some gay hour Vice steals into the breast;
Perchance she wears some softer Virtue’s vest.
By unperceiv’d degrees she tempts to stray,
Till far from Virtue’s path she leads the feet away.

Then swift the soul to disenthral
Will Memory the past recall,
And Fear before the Victim’s eyes
Bid future ills and dangers rise.
But hark! the voice, the lyre, their charms combine—
Gay sparkles in the cup the generous Wine—
Th’ inebriate dance the fair frail Nymph inspires,
And Virtue vanquish’d—scorn’d,—with hasty flight retires.

But soon to tempt the pleasures cease;
Yet Shame forbids return to Peace,
And stern Necessity will force
Still to urge on the desperate course.
The drear black paths of Vice the wretch must try,
Where Conscience flashes horror on each eye,
Where Hate—where Murder scowl—where starts Affright!
Ah! close the scene—ah! close—for dreadful is the sight.

1790.
MUSIC

HENCE, soul-dissolving Harmony
That lead'st th' oblivious soul astray—
Though thou sphere-descended be—
Hence away!—

Thou mightier Goddess, thou demand'st my lay,
Born when Earth was seiz'd with cholic;
Or as more sapient sages say,
What time the Legion diabolic
Compell'd their beings to enshrine
In bodies vile of herded swine,
Precipitate adown the steep
With hideous rout were plunging in the deep,
And hog and devil mingling grunt and yell
Seized on the ear with horrible obtrusion;—
Then, if aright old legendaries tell,
Wert thou begot by Discord on Confusion!

What though no name's sonorous power
Was given thee at thy natal hour!—
Yet oft I feel thy sacred might,
While concords wing their distant flight.
Such power inspires thy holy son
Sable clerk of Tiverton.
And oft where Otter sports his stream,
I hear thy banded offspring scream.
Thou Goddess! thou inspir'st each throat;
'Tis thou who pour'st the scritch-owl note!
Transported hear'st thy children all
Scrape and blow and squeak and squall,
And while old Otter's steeple rings,
Clappest hoarse thy raven wings!

1790.
ANNA AND HENRY

Along this glade was Anna wont to rove
While Henry told his love in many a sigh,
But dark on Henry roll'd her brother's eye,
They fought, they fell—her brother and her love!

To her cold grave did woe-worn Anna haste,
Yet here her pensive ghost delights to stray:
Oft pouring on the winds a broken lay—
And hark, I hear her—'twas the passing blast.

I love to sit upon her tomb's dank grass,
There Memory backward rolls Time's shadowy tide;
The forms of other days before me glide:
For fair, tho' faint, the forms of Memory gleam,
Like Heaven's bright bow reflected on the stream.

TO THE EVENING STAR

O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze,
I hail, sweet Star, thy chaste effulgent glow;
On thee full oft with fixed eye I gaze
Till I, methinks, all spirit seem to grow.

O first and fairest of the starry choir,
O loveliest 'mid the daughters of the night,
Must not the maid I love like thee inspire
Pure joy and calm Delight?

Must she not be, as is thy placid sphere
Serenely brilliant? Whilst to gaze a while
Be all my wish 'mid Fancy's high career
E'en till she quit this scene of earthly toil;
Then Hope perchance might fondly sigh to join
Her spirit in thy kindred orb, O Star benign!
ON RECEIVING AN ACCOUNT THAT HIS ONLY SISTER'S DEATH WAS INEVITABLE

The tear which mourn'd a Brother's fate scarce dry—
Pain after pain, and woe succeeding woe—
Is my heart destin'd for another blow?
O my sweet Sister! and must thou too die?
Ah! how has Disappointment pour'd the tear
O'er infant Hope destroy'd by early frost!
How are ye gone, whom most my soul held dear!
Scarce had I lov'd you ere I mourn'd you lost;
Say, is this hollow eye, this heartless pain,
Fated to rove thro' Life's wide cheerless plain—
Nor Father, Brother, Sister meet its ken—
My woes, my joys unshared! Ah! long ere then
On me thy icy dart, stern Death, be prov'd;—
Better to die, than live and not be lov'd!

INSIDE THE COACH

'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try
Unclos'd to keep the weary eye;
But ah! Oblivion's nod to get
In rattling coach is harder yet.
Slumbrous God of half-shut eye!
Who lov'est with limbs supine to lie;
Soother sweet of toil and care
Listen, listen to my prayer;
And to thy votary dispense
Thy soporific influence!
What tho' around thy drowsy head
The seven-fold cap of night be spread,
Yet lift that drowsy head awhile
And yawn propitiously a smile;
In drizzly rains poppean dews
O'er the tir'd inmates of the Coach diffuse;
And when thou'st charm'd our eyes to rest
Pillowing the chin upon the breast,
Bid many a dream from thy dominions
Wave its various-painted pinions,
Till ere the splendid visions close
We snore quartettes in ecstasy of nose.
While thus we urge our airy course,
O may no jolt's electric force
Our fancies from their steeds unhorse,
And call us from thy fairy reign
To dreary Bagshot Heath again!

The indignant Bard compos'd this furious ode,
As tired he dragg'd his way thro' Plimtree road!
Crusted with filth and stuck in mire
Dull sounds the Bard's bemudded lyre;
Nathless Revenge and Ire the Poet goad
To pour his imprecations on the road.

Curst road! whose execrable way
Was darkly shadow'd out in Milton's lay,
When the sad fiends thro' Hell's sulphureous roads
Took the first survey of their new abodes;
Or when the fall'n Archangel fierce
Dared through the realms of Night to pierce,
What time the Bloodhound lured by Human scent
Thro' all Confusion's quagmires floundering went.

Nor cheering pipe, nor Bird's shrill note
Around thy dreary paths shall float;
Their boding songs shall scritch-owls pour
To fright the guilty shepherds sore,
Led by the wandering fires astray
Thro' the dank horrors of thy way!
While they their mud-lost sandals hunt
May all the curses, which they grunt
In raging moan like goaded hog,
Alight upon thee, damnéd Bog!

1790.
LIFE

As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain
Where native Otter sports his scanty stream,
Musing in torpid woe a sister's pain,
The glorious prospect woke me from the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight,—
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary Steep,
Following in quick succession of delight,
Till all—at once—did my eye ravish'd sweep!

May this (I cried) my course through Life portray!
New scenes of wisdom may each step display,
And Knowledge open as my days advance!
Till what time Death shall pour the undarken'd ray,
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,
And Thought suspended lie in Rapture's blissful trance.

1790.
MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON

O what a wonder seems the fear of Death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths and men,
Night following night for threescore years and ten!
But doubly strange, where Life is but a breath
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away!
Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display
For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of State!
Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom
(That all bestowing, this withholding all,
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome
Sound like a seeking Mother's anxious call,
"Return, poor Child! Home, weary Truant, home!

Thee Chatterton! these unblest stones protect
From want and the bleak freezings of neglect.
MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON

Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven
Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod!
Thou! O vain word! thou dwell’st not with the clod!

Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven
Thou at the throne of Mercy and thy God
The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn
(Believe it, O my Soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perforce (’tis suffering Nature’s call)
I weep that heaven-born Genius so should fall;
And oft, in Fancy’s saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison’d bowl.

Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
Now Indignation checks the feeble sigh,
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne’er in vain
Pour’d forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment’s shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay’d;
And o’er her darling dead
Pity hopeless hung her head,
While ’mid the pelting of that merciless storm,”
Sunk to the cold earth Otway’s famish’d form!

Sublime of thought and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon * winds the Minstrel came.
Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,
He meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray’d the Dacyan foe;
And while the numbers flowing strong
In eddies whirl, in surges throng,
Exulting in the spirit’s genial throe
In tides of power his life-blood seems to flow.

* Avon, a river near Bristol; the birthplace of Chatterton.
And now his cheeks with deeper ardours flame,
His eyes have glorious meanings that declare
More than the light of outward day shines there—
A holier triumph and a stern aim!
Wings grow within him, and he soars above
On Bard's or Minstrel's lay of war or love.
Friend to the friendless, to the sufferer health,
He hears the widow's prayer, the good man's praise;
To scenes of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth,
And young and old shall now see happy days.
On many a waste he bids trim gardens rise,
Gives the blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes;
And now in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,
And his own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Sweet Flower of Hope! free Nature's genial child!
That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume!
For thee in vain all heavenly aspects smiled;
From the hard world brief respite could they win—
The frost nipp'd sharp without, the Canker preyed within!
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er thy face?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy wan forehead starts the lethal dew,
And oh! the anguish of that shuddering sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of wither'd brow,
Prepared the poison's death-cold power;
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek,
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day, 
Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay; 
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear, 
And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear; 
See, see her breast's convulsive thro' , 
Her silent agony of woe! 
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand! 

And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command, 
But that Despair and Indignation rose, 
And told again the story of thy woes, 
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart, 
The dread dependence on the low-born mind; 
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart 
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined! 
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain 
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein! 

O Spirit blest! 
Whether the Eternal's throne around 
Amidst the blaze of Seraphim, 
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn; 
Or soaring thro' the blest domain 
Enrapturest Angels with thy strain,— 
Grant me like thee the lyre to sound, 
Like thee with fire divine to glow;— 
But ah! when rage the waves of woe, 
Grant me with firmer breast to meet their hate, 
And soar beyond the storm with upright eye elate! 

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep, 
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep! 
For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave 
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve. 
Here far from men, amid this pathless grove, 
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove, 
Like star-beams on the slow sequester'd tide 
Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide. 

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON 19
And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
With wild unequal steps he passed along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song.
Anon, upon some rough rock's fear ul brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late. 130
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb,
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierc'd with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh 140
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay
The wizard Passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Would hang, enraptur'd, on thy stately song,
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar Antiquity.
AND WE, AT SOBER EVE, WOULD ROUND THEE THRONG
Alas; vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannak pours his untam'd stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmur of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind!

1790-1829.

---

Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze
All Nature charm, and gay was every hour:—
But ah! not Music's self, nor fragrant bower
Can glad the trembling sense of wan disease.

Now that the frequent pangs my frame assail,
Now that my sleepless eyes are sunk and dim,
And seas of pain seem waving through each limb—
Ah what can all Life's gilded scenes avail?

I view the crowd, whom Youth and Health inspire,
Hear the loud laugh and catch the sportive lay,
Then sigh and think—I too could laugh and play
And gaily sport it on the Muse's lyre,
Ere Tyrant Pain had chas'd away delight,
Ere the wild pulse throbb'd anguish thro' the night.

1790.
GENEVIEVE

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve! 
In Beauty's light you glide along: 
Your eye is like the Star of Eve, 
And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song. 
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives 
This heart with passion soft to glow: 
Within your soul a Voice there lives! 
It bids you hear the tale of Woe. 
When sinking low the Sufferer wan 
Beholds no hand outstretched to save, 
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan 
That rises graceful o'er the wave, 
I've seen your breast with pity heave, 
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve! 

1790.
HONOUR

O, curas hominum! O, quantum est in rebus inane!

The fervid Sun had more than halv’d the day,
When gloomy on his couch Philedon lay;
His feeble frame consumptive as his purse,
His aching head did Wine and Women curse;
His fortune ruin’d and his wealth decay’d,
Clamorous his duns, his gaming debts unpaid,
The youth indignant seiz’d his tailor’s bill,
And on its back thus wrote with moral quill:

"Various as colours in the rainbow shown,
Or similar in emptiness alone,
How false, how vain are Man’s pursuits below!
Wealth, Honour, Pleasure—what can ye bestow?
Yet see, how high and low, and young and old
Pursue the all delusive power of Gold.
Fond man! should all Peru thy empire own,
For thee tho’ all Golconda’s jewels shone,
What greater bliss could all this wealth supply?
What, but to eat and drink and sleep and die?
Go, tempt the stormy sea, the burning soil—
Go, waste the night in thought, the day in toil,
Dark frowns the rock, and fierce the tempests rave—
Thy ingots go the unconscious deep to pave!
Or thunder at thy door the midnight train,
Or Death shall knock that never knocks in vain.
Next Honour’s sons come bustling on amain;
I laugh with pity at the idle train.
Infirm of soul! who think’st to lift thy name
Upon the waxen wings of human fame,—
Who for a sound, articulated breath—
Gazest undaunted in the face of Death!
What art thou but a Meteor’s glaring light—
Blazing a moment and then sunk in night?
Caprice which rais’d thee high shall hurl thee low,
Or Envy blast the laurels on thy brow.
To such poor joys could ancient Honour lead
When empty Fame was toiling Merit’s meed;
To Modern Honour other lays belong;
Profuse of joy and Lord of right and wrong,
Honour can game, drink, riot in the stew,
Cut a friend's throat;—what cannot Honour do?
Ah me—the storm within can Honour still
For Julio's death, whom Honour made me kill?
Or will this lordly Honour tell the way
To pay those debts, which Honour makes me pay?
Or if with pistol and terrific threats
I make some traveller pay my Honour's debts,
A med'cine for this wound can Honour give?
Ah, no! my Honour dies to make my Honour live.
But see! young Pleasure, and her train advance,
And Joy and Laughter wake the inebriate dance;
Around my neck she throws her fair white arms,
I meet her loves, and madden at her charms.
For the gay grape can joys celestial move,
And what so sweet below as Woman's love?
With such high transport every moment flies,
I curse Experience that he makes me wise
For at his frown the dear deliriums flew,
And the changed scene now wears a gloomy hue.
A hideous hag th' Enchantress Pleasure seems,
And all her joys appear but feverous dreams.
The vain resolve still broken and still made,
Disease and Loathing and Remorse invade;
The charm is vanish'd and the bubble's broke,—
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke!"
Such lays repentant did the Muse supply;
When as the Sun was hastening down the sky,
In glittering state twice fifty guineas come,—
His Mother's plate antique had rais'd the sum.
Forth leap'd Philedon of new life possessed:—
'Twas Brookes's all till two,—'twas Hackett's all the rest!

1791.
ON IMITATION

All are not born to soar—and ah! how few
In tracks where Wisdom leads their paths pursue!
Contagious when to wit or wealth allied,
Folly and Vice diffuse their venom wide.
On Folly every fool his talent tries;
It asks some toil to imitate the wise;
Tho' few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

1791.

HAPPINESS

On wide or narrow scale shall Man
Most happily describe Life's plan?
Say shall he bloom and wither there,
Where first his infant buds appear;
Or upwards dart with soaring force,
And tempt some more ambitious course?
Obedient now to Hope's command,
I bid each humble wish expand,
And fair and bright Life's prospects seem,
While Hope displays her cheering beam,
And Fancy's vivid colourings stream,
While Emulation stands me nigh
The Goddess of the eager eye.
With foot advanc'd and anxious heart
Now for the fancied goal I start:—
Ah! why will Reason intervene
Me and my promis'd joys between!
She stops my course, she chains my speed,
While thus her forceful words proceed:—
"Ah! listen, youth, ere yet too late,
What evils on thy course may wait!
To bow the head, to bend the knee,
A minion of Servility;
HAPPINESS

At low Pride's frequent frowns to sigh,
And watch the glance in Folly's eye;
To toil intense, yet toil in vain,
And feel with what a hollow pain
Pale Disappointment hangs her head
O'er darling Expectation dead!

"The scene is changed and Fortune's gale
Shall belly out each prosperous sail.

Yet sudden wealth full well I know
Did never Happiness bestow.

That wealth to which we were not born
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.

Behold yon flock which long had trod
O'er the short grass of Devon's sod,

To Lincoln's rank rich meads transferr'd,

And in their fate thy own be fear'd;

Through every limb contagions fly,

Deform'd and chok'd they burst and die.

"When Luxury opens wide her arms,
And smiling wooes thee to those charms,
Whose fascination thousands own,

Shall thy brows wear the stoic frown?

And when her goblet she extends
Which madd'ning myriads press around,

What power divine thy soul befriends

That thou should'st dash it to the ground?

No, thou shalt drink, and thou shalt know
Her transient bliss, her lasting woe,

Her maniac joys, that know no measure,
And riot rude and painted pleasure;—

Till (sad reverse!) the Enchantress vile

To frowns converts her magic smile;

Her train impatient to destroy,

Observe her frown with gloomy joy;

On thee with harpy fangs they seize

The hideous offspring of Disease,

Swoln Dropsy ignorant of Rest,

And Fever garb'd in scarlet vest,

Consumption driving the quick hearse,

And Gout that howls the frequent curse,

With Apoplex of heavy head

That surely aims his dart of lead.
"But say Life's joys unmix'd were given
To thee some favourite of Heaven:
Within, without, tho' all were health—
Yet what e'en thus are Fame, Power, Wealth,
But sounds that variously express,
What's thine already—Happiness!
'Tis thine the converse deep to hold
With all the famous sons of old;
And thine the happy waking dream
While Hope pursues some favourite theme,
As oft when Night o'er Heaven is spread,
Round this maternal seat you tread,
Where far from splendid, far from riot,
In silence wrapped sleeps careless Quiet.
'Tis thine with Fancy oft to talk,
And thine the peaceful evening walk;
And what to thee the sweetest are—
The setting Sun, the Evening Star—
The tints, which live along the sky,
And Moon that meets thy raptur'd eye,
Where oft the tear shall grateful start,
Dear silent pleasures of the Heart.
Ah! Being blest, for Heaven shall lend
To share thy simple joys a friend!
Ah! doubly blest, if Love supply
His influence to complete thy joy,
If chance some lovely maid thou find
To read thy visage in thy mind.
"One blessing more demands thy care:—
Once more to Heaven address the prayer:
For humble Independence pray
The Guardian Genius of thy way,
Whom (sages say) in days of yore
Meek Competence to Wisdom bore;
So shall thy little vessel glide
With a fair breeze adown the tide,
And Hope, if e'er thou 'ginst to sorrow
Remind thee of some fair to-morrow,
Till Death shall close thy tranquil eye
While Faith proclaims 'thou shalt not die!'");
EUCLID IN RHYME

If Pegasus will let thee only ride him,
Spurning my clumsy efforts to o'erstride him,
Some fresh expedient the Muse will try,
And walk on stilts, although she cannot fly.

To the Rev. George Coleridge

Dear Brother,

I have often been surprised that Mathematics, the quintessence of Truth, should have found admirers so few and so languid. Frequent consideration and minute scrutiny have at length unravelled the cause; viz. that though Reason is feasted, Imagination is starved; whilst Reason is luxuriating in its proper Paradise, Imagination is wearily travelling on a dreary desert. To assist Reason by the stimulus of Imagination is the design of the following production. In the execution of it much may be objectionable. The verse (particularly in the introduction of the ode) may be accused of unwarrantable liberties, but they are liberties equally homogeneal with the exactness of Mathematical disquisition, and the boldness of Pindaric daring. I have three strong champions to defend me against the attacks of Criticism: the Novelty, the Difficulty, and the Utility of the work. I may justly plume myself that I first have drawn the nymph Mathesis from the visionary caves of abstracted idea, and caused her to unite with Harmony. The first-born of this Union I now present to you; with interested motives indeed—as I expect to receive in return the more valuable offspring of your Muse.

Thine ever,

S. T. C.

March 31, 1791.
This is now—this was erst,
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I
On a given finite line
Which must no way incline;
To describe an equi—
—lateral Tri—
AENGEEEL.*
Now let A. B.
Be the given line
Which must no way incline;
The great Mathematician
Makes this Requisition,
That we describe an Equi—
—lateral Tri—
—angle on it:
Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit!

II
From the centre A. at the distance A. B.
Describe the circle B. C. D.
At the distance B. A. from B. the centre
The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture.
(Third postulate see.)
And from the point C.
In which the circles make a pother
Cutting and slashing one another,
Bid the straight lines a journeying go,
(C. A. C. B. those lines will show.)
To the points, which by A. B. are reckon’d—
And postulate the second
For Authority ye know.
A. B. C.
Triumphant shall be
An Equilateral Triangle,
Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

* Poetice for Angle.
III

Because the point A. is the centre
Of the circular B. C. D.
And because the point B. is the centre
Of the circular A. C. E.
A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.
Harmoniously equal for ever must stay;
Then C. A. and B. C.
Both extend the kind hand
To the basis, A. B.
Unambitiously joint’d in Equality’s Band.
But to the same powers, when two powers are equal,
My mind forebodes the sequel;
My mind does some celestial impulse teach,
And equalises each to each.
Thus C. A. with B. C. strikes the same sure alliance,
That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before;
And in mutual affiance
None attempting to soar
Above another,
The unanimous three
C. A. and B. C. and A. B.
All are equal, each to his brother,
Preserving the balance of power so true:
Ah! the like would the proud Autocratix * do,
At taxes impending not Britain would tremble,
Nor Prussia struggle her fear to dissemble;
Nor the Mah’met-sprung wight
The great Mussulman
Would stain his Divan
With Urine the soft-flowing daughter of Fright.

IV

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine!
Should Empires bloat the scientific line?
Or with dishevell’d hair all madly do ye run
For transport that your task is done?

* Empress of Russia.
SONNET

For done it is—the cause is tried!
And Proposition, gentle maid,
Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,
Has proved her right, and A. B. C.
Of Angles three
Is shown to be of equal side;
And now our weary steed to rest in fine,
'Tis raised upon A. B. the straight, the given line.

1791.

SONNET

ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE

FAREWELL parental scenes! a sad farewell!
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.
Adieu, adieu! ye much-lov'd cloisters pale!
Ah! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when, erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

1791.
ABSENCE

A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Where grac’d with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song:—
Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illumin’d by Passion’s orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness and Health
Enrich’d me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights! that o’er my soul
On Memory’s wing, like shadows fly!
Ah flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by!—
But cease, fond Heart! this bootless moan:
Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crown’d,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The Sun who ne’er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she relumes her lovely Light,
We bless the Wanderer of the Night.

1791.
ON SEEING A YOUTH AFFECTIONATELY WELCOMED BY A SISTER

I too a sister had! too cruel Death!
How sad Remembrance bids my bosom heave!
Tranquil her soul, as sleeping Infant's breath;
Meek were her manners as a vernal Eve.
Knowledge, that frequent lifts the bloated mind.
Gave her the treasure of a lowly breast,
And Wit to venom'd Malice oft assign'd,
Dwelt in her bosom in a Turtle's nest.
Cease, busy Memory! cease to urge the dart;
Nor on my soul her love to me impress!
For oh I mourn in anguish—and my heart
Feels the keen pang, th' unutterable distress.
Yet wherefore grieve I that her sorrows cease.
For Life was misery, and the Grave is Peace!

1792.
WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER

THOUGH much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
To find a likeness for friend Vicar,
I've made through Earth, and Air, and Sea,
A Voyage of Discovery!
And let me add (to ward off strife)
For Vicar, and for Vicar's Wife—
She large and round beyond belief,
A superfluity of beef!
Her mind and body of a piece,
And both composed of kitchen grease.
In short, Dame Truth might safely dub her
Vulgarity enshrined in blubber!
He, meagre bit of littleness,
All snuff, and musk, and politesse;
So thin, that strip him of his clothing,
He'd totter on the edge of nothing!
In case of foe, he well might hide
Snug in the collops of her side.

Ah then what simile will suit?
Spindle-leg in great jack-boot?
Pismire crawling in a rut?
Or a spigot in a butt?
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,
When Madam Memory with a smile
Thus twitch'd my ear—Why sure, I ween,
In London streets thou oft hast seen
The very image of this pair:
A little Ape with huge She-Bear
Link'd by hapless chain together:
An unlick'd mass the one—the other
An antic huge with nimble crupper—
But stop, my Muse! for here comes supper.

1792.
WITH FIELDING'S *AMELIA*

Virtues and Woes alike too great for man
In the soft tale oft claim the useless sigh;
For vain the attempt to realise the plan,
On Folly's wings must Imitation fly.
With other aim has Fielding here display'd
Each social duty and each social care;
With just yet vivid colouring portray'd
What every wife should be, what many are.

And, sure, the Parent of a race so sweet
With double pleasure on the page shall dwell,
Each scene with sympathizing breast shall meet—
While Reason, still, with smiles delights to tell
Maternal hope, that her lov'd Progeny
In all but sorrows shall Amelias be!

1792.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN

The Stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless Gale!" it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!"
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:

35
THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHÓMA

His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! thou shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

1793.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHÓMA

FROM THE SAME

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my beauty I stray'd;
The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was dressed—
For lovely appear the Departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But disturb'd by the Tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my cavern by night.

1793.
THE ROSE

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck’d—the Garden’s pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow’d his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz’d the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest:
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara’s breast.

But when unweeding of the guile
Awoke the Prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp’d his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrill’d with deep delight!
Then clapp’d his wings for joy.

"And O!" he cried—"Of magic kind
What charms this Th one endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I’ll fix my empire here."

1793.
KISSES

Cupid, if storying Legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich Elixir of Delight.
A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews which Evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,
Each gentler Pleasure of th' unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd
Dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive Love.
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And Kisses was the precious Compound's name.
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

THE GENTLE LOOK

Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of Joys that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.
Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy and what mournful hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep impressed
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dyes,
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On my way,
   Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguil'd
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
   Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

1793.

LINES
TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE

Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
   (Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING

What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy—save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul impressed,
Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or, silvery, stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

1793.
SONGS OF THE PIXIES

The PIXIES, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the Author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author, during the summer months of the year 1793, conducted a party of young ladies, one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

I

Whom the untaught Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat;
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II

When fades the Moon all shadowy-pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere morn with living gems bedight,
 PURPLES THE EAST WITH STREAKY LIGHT,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues:
Or sport amid the rosy gleam
Sooth'd by the distant-tinkling team,
While lusty Labour scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
 Who jogs the accustom'd road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
SONGS OF THE PIXIES

Aye from the sultry heat
We to the Cave retreat
O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale
Fann'd by the unfrequent gale
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV

Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"
Wooes the Queen of solemn Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy Grot appear
Many a rudely-sculptur'd name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctur'd hue
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed,
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V

When Evening's dusky car
Crown'd with her dewy star
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bower'd sequester'd walk,
We listen to the enamour'd rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.
VI

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent-sandal’d, pay our defter court,
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter’s sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
Dash’d o’er the rocky channel froths along;
Or where, his silver waters smooth’d to rest,
The tall tree’s shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII

Hence thou lingerer, Light!
Eve saddens into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
SONGS OF THE PIXIES

With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!) Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew. Sorceress of the ebon throne! Thy power the Pixies own, When round thy raven brow Heaven's lucent roses glow, And clouds in watery colours dressed Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest: What time the pale Moon sheds a softer day Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam: For mid the quivering light 'tis our's to play, Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell Where the blameless Pixies dwell:
But thou sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Faery Queen, With what obeisance meet Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen Graceful Ease in artless stole, And white-robed Purity of soul, With Honour's softer mien; Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair, And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair, Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view, As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX

Unboastful Maid! though now the Lily pale Transparent grace thy beauties meek; Yet ere again along the impurpling vale, The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove, Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws, We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek; And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose Extract a Blush for Love!

1793.
LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With Western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!

O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreath'd the dewy locks of Spring.
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leapt, awaken'd by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue Eyes!
When first the lark high soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,
I mark her glancing mid the gleam of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note!
LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair,
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
Or, with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given
Form'd by the wondrous Alchemy of Heaven!
No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know
No fairer Maid e'er heav'd the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong,
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God!
A flower-entangled Arbour I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the Tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So toss'd by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellow'd ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.
THE KISS

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can Danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjur'd Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing Kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose’s hue.
Bashful, lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The Triumphs of the opening Rose;
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleas’d I hear the whisper'd "No!"
The whisper'd "No"—how little meant!
Sweet Falsehood that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts, with feigned dissuasion, coy,
The gentle violence of Joy.

1793.
TO FORTUNE

To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*

Sir,—The following poem you may perhaps deem admissible into your journal—if not, you will commit it εἰς ἑαυτὸν μένος Ἰππαρτος.—I am, with more respect and gratitude than I ordinarily feel for Editors of Papers, your obliged, &c.,

CANTAB.—S. T. C.

To FORTUNE

*On buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery*

Composed during a walk to and from the Queen's Head, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, and Hornsby's and Co., Cornhill.

Promptress of unnumber'd sighs,
O snatch that circling bandage from thine eyes!
O look, and smile! No common prayer
Solicits, Fortune! thy propitious care!
For, not a silken son of dress,
I clink the gilded chains of *politesse*:
Nor ask thy boon what time I scheme
Unholy Pleasure's frail and feverish dream;
Nor yet my view life's *dazzle* blinds—
Pomp!—Grandeur! Power!—I give you to the winds!
Let the little bosom cold
Melt only at the sunbeam ray of gold—
My pale cheeks glow—the big drops start—
The rebel *Feeling* riots at my heart!
And if in lonely durance pent,
Thy poor mite mourn a brief imprisonment—
That mite at Sorrow's faintest sound
Leaps from its scrip with an elastic bound!
But oh! if ever song thine ear
Might soothe, O haste with fost'ring hand to rear
One Flower of Hope! At Love's behest,
Trembling, I plac'd it in my secret breast:
LINES TO A FRIEND 51

And thrice I've view'd the vernal gleam,
Since oft mine eye, with joy's electric beam,
Illum'd it—and its sadder hue
Oft moistened with the Tear's ambrosial dew!
Poor wither'd floweret! on its head
Has dark Despair his sickly mildew shed!
But thou, O Fortune! canst relume
Its deaden'd tints—and thou with hardier bloom
May'st haply tinge its beauties pale,
And yield the unsunn'd stranger to the western gale!

S. T. C.
1793.

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER

Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:
To-morrow shall the many-coloured main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate;
The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.
Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest!
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

The solemn-breathing air is ended—
Cease, O Lyre! thy kindred lay!
From the poplar-branch suspended
Glitter to the eye of Day!

On thy wires hovering, dying,
Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber, careless lying,
By yon waterfall reclin'd.

In the forest hollow-roaring,
Hark! I hear a deep'ning sound—
Clouds rise thick with heavy louring!
See! th' horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,
Let me seize thy wetted string!
Swiftly flies the flatterer, Pleasure,
Headlong, ever on the wing.
TO LESBIA

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.—CATULLUS.

My Lesbia, let us love and live,
And to the winds, my Lesbia, give
Each cold restraint, each boding fear
Of Age and all its saws severe.
Yon Sun now posting to the main
Will set,—but ’tis to rise again ;—
But we, when once our little light
Is set, must sleep in endless night.
Then come, with whom alone I’ll live,
A thousand kisses take and give!
Another thousand !—to the store
Add hundreds—then a thousand more!
And when they to a million mount,
Let Confusion take the account,—
That you, the number never knowing,
May continue still bestowing—
That I for joys may never pine,
Which never can again be mine!

1794.

THE DEATH OF THE STARLING

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque.—CATULLUS.

PITY, mourn in plaintive tone
The lovely starling dead and gone!
Pity mourns in plaintive tone
The lovely starling dead and gone.
Weep, ye Loves ! and Venus, weep
The lovely starling fall’n asleep!
Venus sees with tearful eyes—
In her lap the starling lies,
While the Loves all in a ring
Softly stroke the stiffen’d wing.

1794.
MORIENS SUPERSTITI

The Hour-bell sounds, and I must go;  
Death waits—again I hear him calling;—  
No cowardly desires have I,  
Nor will I shun his face appalling.  
I die in faith and honour rich—  
But ah! I leave behind my treasure  
In widowhood and lonely pain;—  
To live were surely then a pleasure!

My lifeless eyes upon thy face  
Shall never open more to-morrow;  
To-morrow shall thy beauteous eyes  
Be clos’d to love, and drown’d in sorrow;  
To-morrow Death shall freeze this hand,  
And on thy breast, my wedded treasure,  
I never, never more shall live;—  
Alas! I quit a life of pleasure.

MORIENTI SUPERSTES

Yet art thou happier far than she  
Who feels the widow’s love for thee!  
For while her days are days of weeping,  
Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping,  
In some still world, unknown, remote,  
The Mighty Parent’s care hast found,  
Without whose tender guardian thought  
No sparrow falleth to the ground.

1794.
THE SIGH

When Youth his faery reign began
Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;
While peace the present hour beguil'd,
And all the lovely Prospect smil'd;
Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heav'd the painless Sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know
The frantic Burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea
I heav'd an anguish'd Sigh for thee!

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heav'd a languid Sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,
And lull to sleep the Joys that were!
Thy Image may not banish'd be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

1794.
LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S-ARMS, ROSS

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF "THE MAN OF ROSS"

Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Traveller, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise,
He marks the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through Life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyst onward tempest-tossed in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt!

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover.

1794.

56
DOMESTIC PEACE

Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of Scepter'd State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottag'd vale She dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour’s meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of Joy.

1794.

57
ELEGY
IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK VERSE INSCRIPTIONS

Near the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,
Where "sleeps the Moonlight" on yon verdant bed—
O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossom'd; till the faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
Where'er with wilder'd step she wander'd pale,
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious Guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of Affluence she pined;
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught:
Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
That Riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

1794.
TRANSLATION OF WRANGHAM'S
"HENDECASYLLABI AD BRUNTONAM
E GRANTA EXITURAM"

MAID of unboastful charms! whom white-robed
Truth
Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul,
And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl:
Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care;
And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart:
Whether, to rouse the sympathetic glow,
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of woe;
Or haply clothed with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast,
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep,
Th' entranced Passions their still vigil keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace,
When from the Daughter's breast the Father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.
Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul:
Bright in thy Parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, "Thou art no Actress here!
A semblance of thyself the Grecian dame,
And Brunton and Euphrasia still the same!"

O soon to seek the City's busier scene,
Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-eyed maid serene,
Till Granta's sons from all her sacred bowers
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flowers
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
Enchanting Ministress of virtuous Woe!

1794.

TO MISS BRUNTON

WITH THE PRECEDING TRANSLATION

That darling of the Tragic Muse,
When Wrangham sung her praise,
Thalia lost her rosy hues,
And sicken'd at her lays:

But transient was th' unwonted sigh;
For soon the Goddess spied
A sister-form of mirthful eye
And danced for joy and cried:

"Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud Dame,
The fates have given to you!
Still bid your Poet boast her name;
I have my Brunton too."

1794.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

1794.
ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE

Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.

Why did'st thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair

And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou should'st have lov'd it most, when most oppressed,
And nurs'd it with an agony of care,
Even as a mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

1794.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A POEM
ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly Dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of Guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo!* o'er thy tomb.

* Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the smallpox, and is buried in Greenwich churchyard. See Keate's Account.
TO A YOUNG LADY

Where'er I wander'd, Pity still was near,
Breath'd from the heart and glisten'd in the tear:
No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that one should die! *

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast,
Calm as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumbering Freedom rous'd by high Disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain!
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd;
Her Banners, like a midnight Meteor, flow'd;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came and scatter'd battles from her eyes!
Then Exultation waked the patriot fire
And swept with wilder hand the Alcean lyre:
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fallen is the Oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.
With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the Myrtle braid.
And O! if Eyes whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;
If Smiles more winning, and a gentler Mien
Than the love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand the impassion'd Poet's care—
If Mirth and soften'd Sense and Wit refin'd,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.
Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers refuse—
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues;
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
From Flattery's night-shade—as he feels he sings.

* Southey's Retrospect.
TO A YOUNG ASS

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT

Poor little Foal of an oppresséd Race!
I love the languid Patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismay’d,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?"
Or is thy sad heart thrill’d with filial pain?
To see thy wretched Mother’s shorten’d Chain?
And truly, very piteous is her Lot—
Chain’d to a Log within a narrow spot
Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting Green!

Poor Ass! thy Master should have learnt to shew
Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe!
For much I fear me that He lives, like thee,
Half famish’d in a land of Luxury!
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say, "And have I then one Friend?"
Innocent Foal! thou poor despised Forlorn!
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool’s scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his Bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty’s ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as Lamb or Kitten gay!
Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh Bray of Joy would be,
Than warbled Melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion’s vacant breast!

1794.

63
THE FADED FLOWER

UNGRATEFUL he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,
Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;
Inhal'd awhile thy odours on his walk,
Then onward pass'd and left thee to decay.
Ah! melancholy emblem! had I seen
Thy modest beauties dew'd with Evening's gem,
I had not rudely cropp'd thy parent stem,
But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven'd green.
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,
And drop the tear—as Fancy, at my side,
Deep-sighing, points the fair frail Abra's tomb—
"Like thine, sad flower, was that poor Wanderer's pride!"
Oh! lost to Love and Truth, whose selfish joy
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy!"

1794.

THE OUTCAST

PALE Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The World is pitiless: the chaste one's pride
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they that envied thee deride;
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I could weep to think that there should be
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

1794.
LINES ON A FRIEND

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIous REPORTs

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feign'd caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground,
And mingled forms of Misery rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied:
Till Frenzy, fierce-ey'd child of moping Pain,
Darts her hot lightning-flash athwart the brain.

Rest, injur'd Shade! Shall Slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a Dead Man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The zoneless Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,
And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them well!
Were they more wise, the Proud who never fell?
Rest, injur'd Shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—
Sloth-jaundic'd all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold Grave! is Death with poppies crown'd?
Tired Centinel! mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod!

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ROBBERS

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If thro' the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the Tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

1794.
TO A FRIEND

TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
I ask not now, my Friend! the aiding verse,
Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wandering far and local cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd Sister's bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I too a Sister had, an only Sister—
She lov'd me dearly, and I doted on her!
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,
(As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That will shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.
O! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year:
Such warm presagings feel I of high Hope.
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees),
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to implore * were impotence of mind)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's Joy!

* I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines—
"Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to implore were impotence of mind,"
it being written in Scripture, "Ask, and it shall be given you,"
and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propiety of offering petitions as well as thanksgivings to Diety.
[Note of S. T. C., in Poems, 1797.]
TO THE HONOURABLE MR. ERKINE

WHEN British Freedom for a happier land
  Spread her broad wings, that flutter’d with affright,
  Erskine! thy voice she heard, and paus’d her flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand

(Thy censer glowing with the hallow’d flame)
  An hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
  And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name

Her Sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
  With blessings heavenward breath’d. And when the doom
  Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West

Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

1794.
SONNETS TO EMINENT CHARACTERS

BURKE

As late I lay in Slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—

"Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.

Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure
Of Pomp, and proud precipitance of soul
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!

"That Error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!"

1794.

PRIESTLEY

Though, rous'd by that dark Vizir, Riot rude
Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell;
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;

Calm in his halls of Brightness he shall dwell!
For lo! Religion at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,

Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won

Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

1794.
SONNETS TO EMINENT CHARACTERS

TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES

My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains,
That on the still air floating, tremulously
Wak'd in me Fancy, Love, and Sympathy!
For hence, not callous to a Brother's pains

Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went;
And, when the darker day of life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man!
Thy kindred Lays an healing solace lent,

Each lonely pang with dreamy joys combin'd,
And stole from vain Regret her scorpion stings;
While shadowy Pleasure, with mysterious wings,
Brooded the wavy and tumultuous mind,

Like that great Spirit, who with plastic sweep
Mov'd on the darkness of the formless Deep!

1794.

LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprison'd matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares!

Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:

For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

* * * The above beautiful sonnet was written antecedently to the joyful account of the Patriot's escape from the Tyrant's Dungeon. [Note in M. Ch., December 15, 1794.]
KOSKIUSKO

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd!
Ah me! they view'd beneath an hireling's sword
Their Koskiusko fall! Through the swart air

(As pauses the tired Cossac's barbarous yell
Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murder'd Hope! while Freedom pale

Bends in such anguish o'er her destin'd bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrow'd cheek

Fit channel found,—and she had drain'd the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

1794.

TO RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breath'd
O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power!
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymettian* flow'rets wreath'd:

And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled thro' Vauclusa's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear.

Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance

The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's Sword.

* Hymettus, a mountain of Attica famous for honey.
SONNETS TO EMINENT CHARACTERS

TO WILLIAM GODWIN
AUTHOR OF "POLITICAL JUSTICE"

O form'd t' illume a sunless world forlorn,
   As o'er the chill and dusky brow of Night,
In Finland's wintry skies the mimic morn *
Electric pours a stream of rosy light,

Pleas'd I have mark'd Oppression, terror-pale,
   Since, thro' the windings of her dark machine,
Thy steady eye has shot its glances keen—
And bade th' all-lovely "scapes at distance hail."

Nor will I not thy holy guidance bless,
   And hymn thee, Godwin! with an ardent lay;
For that thy voice, in Passion's stormy day,
When wild I roam'd the bleak heath of Distress,

Bade the bright form of Justice meet my way—
And told me that her name was Happiness.

1794.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AUTHOR OF THE "RETROSPECT," AND OTHER POEMS

SOUTHEY! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear
   Like far-off joyance, or the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring—
Sounds of such mingled import as may cheer

The lonely breast, yet rouse a mindful tear :
   Waked by the Song doth Hope-born Fancy fling
Rich showers of dewy fragrance from her wing,
Till sickly Passion's drooping Myrtles sear

* Aurora Borealis.
SONNETS TO EMINENT CHARACTERS

Blossom anew! But O! more thrill’d, I prize
Thy sadder strains, that bid in Memory’s Dream
The faded forms of past Delight arise;
Then soft, on Love’s pale cheek, the tearful gleam

Of Pleasure smiles—as faint yet beauteous lies
The imaged Rainbow on a willowy stream.

1794.

PITT

Not always should the tear’s ambrosial dew
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow’d cheek!
Not always heaven-breath’d tones of supplication meek
Beseem thee, Mercy! Yon dark Scowler view,

Who with proud words of dear-lov’d Freedom came—
More blasting than the mildew from the South
And kiss’d his country with Iscariot mouth
(Ah! foul apostate from his Father’s fame!)

Then fix’d her on the cross of deep distress,
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
Pierce her big side! But O! if some strange trance
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow’d Sister press,

Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand!

1794.

MRS. SIDDONS

As when a child on some long winter’s night
Affrighted clinging to its Grandam’s knees
With eager wond’ring and perturb’d delight
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees

* Earl of Chatham.  
† Justice.
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;
Or of those Hags, who at the witching time
Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell:

Cold Horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear
More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame tell
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
Murder'd by cruel Uncle's mandate fell:

Even such the shivering joys thy tones impart,
Even so thou, Siddons! meltest my sad heart!

TO EARL STANHOPE

Not, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name,
I mock thy worth—Friend of the Human Race!
Since, scorning Faction's low and partial aim,
Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,

Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
Nobility: and aye unterrify'd
Pour'est thine Abdiel warnings on the train
That sit complotting with rebellious pride

'Gainst Her * who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love!
Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above:

And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice,
Champion of Freedom and her God! rejoice!

* Gallic Liberty.

1794.

1795.
This is the time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!

Yet thou more bright than all the Angel blaze,
That harbinger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despiséd Galilæan! For the Great Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppress'd good Man,
When heedless of himself the scourgéd Saint
Mourns for the Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead,
Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars—
True impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high Grove, nor many-colour'd Mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,
Nor the starr'd Azure, nor the sovran Sun,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imag'd the Supreme Beauty Uncreate,
As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
Which when the Almighty heard from forth his Throne
Diviner light fill'd Heaven with ecstacy!
Heaven's hymnings paus'd: and Hell her yawning mouth
Clos'd a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
Of him whose life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark Idolatry
Broke and misshaped the Omnipresent Sire:
And first by Fear uncharm'd the drousd Soul,*
Till of its nobler Nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections; and thence soar'd to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for his immortal Sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorb'd: and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And blessed are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of Men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor lov'd.
They nor Contempt embosom nor Revenge:
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole Operant: in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Their, too, celestial courage, inly arm'd—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

* Το Ναοτων διηρήκασιν εἰς πολλῶν
Θεῶν ιδώτητας.

Damas. de Myst. Ægypt.
Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk.
For they are Holy Things before the Lord
Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with
Hell;
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand
Fear, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye uprais'd:
And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigur'd with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming; yea, unmov'd
Views e'en the immittigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating wells of Love
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoil'd traveller's wounds!

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal Grace
Enrob'd with Light, and naturalis'd in Heaven.
As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow
foot,
Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform'd. But lo! the bursting Sun!
Touch'd by the enchantment of that sudden beam
Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blessed outstarting! From Himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty’s Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjur’d (in her best-aim’d blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide)
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew’d with wrecks, where mad
Embattling Interests on each other rush
With unhelm’d Rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wond’rous whole!
This fraternises man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffus’d through all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except,
Aught to desire,—Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
The erring Priest hath stain’d with Brother’s blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may Wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the Sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that fill the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost—
The moral world’s cohesion—we become
An Anarchy of Spirits! toy-bewitch’d,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre Man, no common Sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
Mid countless brethren (with a lonely heart)
Through courts and cities the smooth Savage roams
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self! self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffus’d as Fancy’s wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah’s destin’d victory!
But first offences needs must come! Even now *
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and listening Treachery lurks
With pious fraud to snare a brother’s life;
And childless widows o’er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!

* January 21, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an Amendment to the following effect: “That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France, &c.” This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who “considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion.” May 30, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: “The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength.”
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War,—
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful Murderess of her wedded Lord!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign’d)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagu’d with these
Each petty German princeling, nurs’d in gore!
Soul-harden’d barterers of human blood!
Death’s prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blush’d to call her sons!
Thee to defend, the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of Hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, Acomplice Deity
In the fierce jealousy of waken’d wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,*
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o’er the fix’d untrembling heart.

In the primeval age, a dateless while,
The vacant Shepherd wander’d with his flock,
Pitching his tent where’er the green grass wav’d.
But soon Imagination conjur’d up

* Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One? we shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c.—Habakkuk. i. 12.
A host of new desires: with busy aim,  
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.  
So Property began, twy-streaming fount,  
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.  
Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,  
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,  
With all the inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul  
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants  
Unsensualis'd the mind, which in the means  
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,  
Best pleasur'd with its own activity.  
And hence Disease that withers Manhood's arm,  
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,  
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills  
That vex and desolate our mortal life.  
Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source  
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities  
To ceaseless action goading human thought  
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;  
And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand  
Strong as an host of armed Deities,  
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War  
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.  
O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards  
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,  
Conscious of their high dignities from God,  
Brook not Wealth's rivalry! and they who long  
Enamour'd with the charms of order hate  
The unseemly disproportion: and who'e'er  
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car  
And the low puppetry of Thrones, to muse  
On that blest triumph, when the Patriot Sage  
Call'd the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud  
And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth  
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er  
Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound  
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,  
When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men  
Have rous'd with pealing voice the unnumber'd tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,—
These hush’d awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o’er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And moulding the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont,—bright visions of the day!—
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arch’d romantic rock reclin’d
They felt the sea breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet, inhal’d
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they stray’d
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus’d
Why there was Misery in a world so fair.
Ah! far remov’d from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognise
Their cots’ transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen,
Rudely disbranch’d! Blessed Society!
Fitliest depictur’d by some sun-scorched waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where, by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth* yells,
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression’s ruffian glutony

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general.
Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.
Drives from Life's plenteous feast! O thou poor Wretch
Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-ey'd Form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loath'd orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O agéd Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toss'd by law-forc'd Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceive'd
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak!
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cow'r'st o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of Wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh;
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins: * each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy

* Alluding to the French Revolution.
Tremble far-off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
Nursing the impatient Earthquake.

O return!
Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd
Dishertied of earth! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery;
She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
She that work'd whoredom with the Demon Power,
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtur'd: mitred Atheism,
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that stabb'd him; and pale Fear
Haunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return pure Faith! return meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart
Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
Rais'd from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing; ambrosial gales!
The favour'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognise in Heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own and in his Father’s might
The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe’er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urg’d Love’s wondrous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To Milton’s trump
The high groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom’d their glad echoes: inly hush’d,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to Heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he * first who mark’d the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
360
Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,—
370
Him, full of years, from his lov’d native land
Statesmen blood-stain’d and Priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retir’d,
And mus’d expectant on these promis’d years.

O Years! the blest preeminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraphs’ eyes,
What time they bend before the Jasper Throne †
Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seiz’d in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visag’d, red-ey’d Fiend outstretch’d ‡
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,

* David Hartley.
† Rev. chap. iv. ver. 2, and 3: And immediately I was in the Spirit: and, behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, &c.
‡ The final Destruction impersonated.
In feverish slumbers—destin’d then to wake,  
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name  
And angels shout, Destruction!  How his arm  
The last great Spirit lifting high in air  
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,  
*Time is no more!*

Believe thou, O my soul,  
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;  
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
Shapes of a dream!  The veiling clouds retire,  
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God  
Forth flashing unimaginable day  
Wraps in one blaze Earth, Heaven, and deepest Hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o’er  
With untir’d gaze the immeasurable fount  
Ebullient with creative Deity!  
And ye of plastic power, that interfus’d  
Roll through the grosser and material mass  
In organizing surge!  Holies of God!  
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind?)  
I haply journeying my immortal course  
Shall sometime join your mystic choir!  Till then  
I discipline my young noviciate thought  
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,  
And aye on Meditation’s heavenward wing  
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air  
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,  
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul  
As the great Sun, when he his influence  
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream  
Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows.  

*1794-1796.*
ON THE PROSPECT OF ESTABLISHING
A PANTISOCRACY IN AMERICA

WHILST pale Anxiety, corrosive Care,
The tear of Woe, the gloom of sad Despair,
   And deepen’d Anguish generous bosoms rend ;—
Whilst patriot souls their country’s fate lament ;
Whilst mad with rage demoniac, foul intent,
   Embattled legions Despots vainly send
To arrest the immortal mind’s expanding ray
   Of everlasting Truth ;—I other climes
Where dawns, with hope serene, a brighter day
   Than e’er saw Albion in her happiest times,
With mental eye exulting now explore,
   And soon with kindred minds shall haste to enjoy
(Free from ills which here our peace destroy)
Content and Bliss on Transatlantic shore. 1795.

TO POVERTY

Low in a barren vale I see thee sit
Cow’ring, while Winter blows her shiv’ring blast
Over thy reedy fire—pale, comfortless ;
Blest Independence with elastic foot
Spurns thy low dwelling, while the sons of joy
Turn from thy clouded brow, or with a scowl
Contemptuous, mark thee. At thy elbow stand
Famine and wan Disease! two meagre forms,
Thy only visitants, who, tho’ repell’d,
Officious tend thee—wretched Eremite!
Around thy cell, ah! wherefore see I grav’d
The sacred names of Genius! Spenser here
Found his last refuge, Otway, Butler, too,
And Scotia’s last not least heroic Bard!

87
TO THE REV. W. J. H.

WHILE TEACHING A YOUNG LADY SOME SONG-TUNES ON HIS FLUTE

I

Hush! ye clamorous Cares! be mute!

Again, dear Harmonist! again

Thro' the hollow of thy flute

Breathe that passion-warbled strain:

Till Memory each form shall bring

The loveliest of her shadowy throng;

And Hope, that soars on sky-lark wing,

Carol wild her gladdest song!

II

O skill'd with magic spell to roll

The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!

Breathe thro' thy flute those tender notes again,

While near thee sits the chaste-ey'd Maiden mild;

And bid her raise the Poet's kindred strain

In soft impassion'd voice, correctly wild.

III

In Freedom's UNDIVIDED dell,

Where Toil and Health with mellow'd Love shall dwell,

Far from Folly, far from men,

In the rude romantic glen,

Up the cliff, and thro' the glade,

Wandering with the dear-lov'd maid,

I shall listen to the lay,

And ponder on thee far away—

Still, as she bids those thrilling notes aspire

("Making my fond attunéd heart her lyre"),

Thy honour'd form, my Friend! shall reappear,

And I will thank thee with a raptur'd tear.

1795.
PITY

Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.
My Father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.—
He did not so, the Galilaean mild,
Who met the Lazars turn'd from rich men's doors,
And call'd them Friends, and heal'd their noisome sores

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!
How many Bards in city garret pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of Watchmen,
(Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of Time!)
How many wretched Bards address thy name,
And hers, the full-orb'd Queen that shines above.
But I do hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
O! I have listen'd, till my working soul,
Wak'd by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorb'd hath ceas'd to listen! Therefore oft
I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, Minstrel of the Moon!
"Most musical, most melancholy" Bird!

1795.
LINES COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING

That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-arm'd Lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love
Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
My Sara—best belov'd of human kind!
When breathing the pure soul of tenderness
She thrills me with the Husband's promis'd name!

1795.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY 1795

With many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browse:
From the forc'd fissures of the naked rock
The Yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest:—and now have gain'd the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadowed Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

1795.
LINES

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

O Peace, that on a liled bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an Olive Tree,
I would, that from the pinions of thy Dove
One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dissever'd Fair engross'd,
Chill Fancy droop'd wreathing herself with willow,
As though my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.
"From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
As night-clos'd Floweret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey."

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought,
Contrived a too successful wile, I ween:
And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught—
"Too long our Slave the Damsel's smiles hath seen:
To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien!"
He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed
The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
"Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
THE EOLIAN HARP

When twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.
Was there some Magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairer deck'd the Bowers of old Romance)
That Sleep enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his sweet
Trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest; Look divine;
Bright shone her Eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did
'bide,
That I the living Image of my Dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
"O! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide!"

THE EOLIAN HARP

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd
Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so
hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence.

And that simplest Lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!

Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong!

And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untam'd wing!

O! the One Life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its Soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-clos'd eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Pastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?
THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable Man,
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and Thee, heart-honour'd Maid!

1795.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

(COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS, AND IN ABSENCE)

DIM Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering Dove,
And give me to the bosom of my Love!
My gentle Love, caressing and caress'd,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest!
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and medicine me with sighs!
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day;
TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

Young Day returning at her promis’d hour
Weeps o’er the sorrows of her favourite Flower;
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th’ expanding flow’ret feels:
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals!
1795.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

[JOSEPH COTTLE]

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY AT BRISTOL
IN SEPTEMBER 1795

UNBOASTFUL Bard! whose verse concise yet clear
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer’d sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as "never sere"
The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence
Embowers me from Noon’s sultry influence!
For, like that nameless Rivulet stealing by,
Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow’d: the charm’d eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften’d sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion’s fount:
The vapour-poison’d Birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escap’d that heavy stream on pinion fleet
Beneath the Mountain’s lofty-frowning brow,
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th’ unlabouring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb’d rock, sublime and vast,
That like some giant king, o’er-glooms the hill;
Nor there the Pine-grove to the mid-night blast
Makes solemn music! But th’ unceasing rill
TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill
Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flowers
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
You wove th' unfinish'd * wreath of saddest hues;
And to that holier † chaplet added bloom
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
But lo! your Henderson ‡ awakes the Muse—
His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd mid richer views!
So Nature mourn'd when sank the First Day's light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar, my Friend, those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Wak'd by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!
But if the vex't air rush a stormy stream
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honor'd ground.

* "War," a Fragment.
† "John Baptist," a poem.
‡ "Monody on John Henderson."
THE SILVER THIMBLE

THE PRODUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY, ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEMS ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING EPISTLE

She had lost her Silver Thimble, and her complaint being accidentally overheard by him, her Friend, he immediately sent her four others to take her choice of

As oft mine eye with careless glance
Has gallop’d thro’ some old romance,
Of speaking Birds and Steeds with wings,
Giants and Dwarfs, and Fiends and Kings;
Beyond the rest with more attentive care
I’ve lov’d to read of elfin-favour’d Fair——
How if she long’d for aught beneath the sky
And suffer’d to escape one votive sigh,
Wafted along on viewless pinions aery
It laid itself obsequious at her feet:
Such things, I thought, one might not hope to meet
Save in the dear delicious land of Faery!
But now (by proof I know it well)
There’s still some peril in free wishing——
*Politeness* is a licensed *spell*,
And you, dear Sir! the Arch-magician.

You much perplex’d me by the various set:
They were indeed an elegant quartette!
My mind went to and fro, and waver’d long;
At length I’ve chosen (Samuel thinks me wrong)
*That*, around whose azure rim
Silver figures seem to swim,
Like fleece-white clouds, that on the skiey Blue,
Waked by no breeze, the self-same shapes retain;
Or ocean-Nymphs with limbs of snowy hue
Slow-floating o’er the calm cerulean plain.

Just such a one, *mon cher ami*,
(The finger shield of Industry)
Th’ inventive Gods, I deem, to Pallas gave
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave
Challeng’d the blue-eyed Virgin of the sky
A duel in embroider’d work to try.
And hence the thimbed Finger of grave Pallas
To th’ erring Needle’s point was more than callous.
But ah the poor Arachne! She unarm’d
Blundering thro’ hasty eagerness, alarm’d
With all a Rival’s hopes, a Mortal’s fears,
Still miss’d the stitch, and stain’d the web with tears.
Unnumber’d punctures small yet sore
Full fretfully the maiden bore,
Till she her lily finger found
Crimson’d with many a tiny wound;
And to her eyes, suffus’d with watery woe,
Her flower-embroider’d web danc’d dim, I wist,
Like blossom’d shrubs in a quick-moving mist:
Till vanquish’d the despairing Maid sunk low.

O Bard! whom sure no common Muse inspires,
I heard your Verse that glows with vestal fires!
And I from unwatch’d needle’s erring point
Had surely suffer’d on each finger joint
Those wounds, which erst did poor Arachne meet;
While he, the much-lov’d Object of my choice
(My bosom thrilling with enthusiast heat),
Pour’d on mine ear with deep impressive voice,
How the great Prophet of the Desart stood
And preach’d of Penitence by Jordan’s Flood;
On War; or else the legendary lays
In simplest measures hymn’d to Alla’s praise;
Or what the Bard from his heart’s inmost stores
O’er his Friend’s grave in loftier numbers pours:
Yes, Bard polite! you but obey’d the laws
Of Justice, when the thimble you had sent;
What wounds your thought-bewildering Muse might cause
’Tis well your finger-shielding gifts prevent.

SARA.

1795
LINES WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, 
NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER 1795 

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL

Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better 
Received from absent friend by way of Letter. 
For what so sweet can labour'd lays impart 
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart? 

Nor travels my meand’ring eye 
The starry wilderness on high; 
Nor now with curious sight 
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass, 
Move with "green radiance" * through the grass, 
An Emerald of Light. 

O ever-present to my view! 
My wafted spirit is with you, 
And soothes your boding fears: 
I see you all oppressed with gloom 
Sit lonely in that cheerless room— 
Ah me! You are in tears! 

Belovéd Woman! did you fly 
Chill’d Friendship’s dark disliking eye, 
Or Mirth’s untimely din? 
With cruel weight these trifles press 
A temper sore with Tenderness, 
When aches the Void within. 

But why with sable wand unblest 
Should Fancy rouse within my breast 
Dim-visag’d shapes of Dread? 
Untenanting its beauteous clay 
My Sara’s soul has wing’d its way, 
And hovers round my head! 

* The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure; but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring. [Note to Poems, 1796.] 

99
I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
When slowly sank the day's last gleam;
You rous'd each gentler sense,
As sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
With broad impetuous sweep
The fast-incroaching tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channel'd Isle *
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watchfire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude-cradled on the mast.

Ev'n there—beneath that lighthouse tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vex'd flame.

And there in black soul-jaundic'd fit
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain Surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plung'd foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear;

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.
And when a second sheet of light
Flash’d o’er the blackness of the night—
To see no Vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As sky-larks ’mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious Poppy o’er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The open’d Rose! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend;
Blessed visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart, they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clatt’ring sound,
To me your arms you’ll stretch:
Great God! you’ll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity’s dew divine;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answ’ring swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment, we shall meet!
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a Husband’s care
I press you to my heart!
'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-colour'd flower
A fair electric flame:
And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye
When all the Heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame!

1795.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT
A PLACE OF RETIREMENT

Sermoni propriora.—Hor.

Low was our pretty Cot; our tallest Rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our Myrtles blossom'd; and across the Porch
Thick Jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round,
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: * methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paus'd and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gaz'd round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were bless'd. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones
I've said to my belovéd, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of Happiness,

* Chatterton.
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the Soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the Heart listens!"

But the time, when first
From that low Dell, steep up the stony Mount
I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the Bleak Mount,
The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey Clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And River, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey, and the Wood,
And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire:
The Channel there, the Islands and white Sails,
Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shoreless Ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple: the whole World
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference:
No wish profaned my overwhelméd Heart.
Blest hour! It was a Luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet Dell! dear Cot, and Mount sublime!
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf Beds, pampering the coward Heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of One he lifts from Earth:
And He that works me good with unmov'd face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st
The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe!
Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My Spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping Rose,
And Myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!
Ah!—had none greater!—And that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

1795.
TO AN INFANT

Ah! cease thy Tears and Sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd Knife:
Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick Laughter change this peevish cry!
Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,
Tutor'd by Pain each source of Pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire:
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy Sense of shrill Affright!
Untaught, yet wise! mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious Heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,
Break Friendship's Mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!
O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of Souls through their long Infancy!

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY 1796

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year. Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave, Even now the keen North-East is on its way. Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth Nipp'd by Consumption mid untimely charms? Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy! An amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own, Till Disappointment came, and pelting wrong Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope, Bright flower of Hope kill'd in the opening bud? Farewell, sweet Blossom! better fate be thine And mock my boding! Dim similitudes Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour From anxious Self, Life's cruel task-master! And the warm wooings of this sunny day Tremble along my frame, and harmonize The attemper'd organ, that even saddest thoughts Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument. 1796.

VER PERPETUUM

"In my calmer moments I have the firmest faith that all things work together for good. But, alas! it seems a long and dark process."—[S. T. C.]

The early Year's fast-flying vapours stray In shadowing trains across the orb of day, And we, poor insects of a few short hours, Deem it a world of gloom. Were it not better hope, a nobler doom, Proud to believe that with more active powers, On rapid many-colour'd wing, We thro' one bright perpetual Spring Shall hover round the fruits and flowers, Screen'd by those clouds, and cherish'd by those showers?

* Chatterton. 1796.
TO A PRIMROSE

THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON

Nitens et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est: et spe delectat.

Ovid, Metam., xv. 203.

THY smiles I note, sweet early flower,
That peeping from thy rustic bower
The festive news to earth dost bring,
A fragrant messenger of Spring.

But, tender blossom, why so pale?
Dost hear stern Winter in the gale?
And didst thou tempt the ungentle sky
To catch one vernal glance and die?

Such the wan lustre sickness wears
When Health's first feeble beam appears;
So languid are the smiles that seek
To settle on the care-worn cheek,

When timorous Hope the head uprears,
Still drooping and still moist with tears;
If, through dispersing grief, be seen
Of bliss the heavenly spark serene.

And sweeter far the early blow,
Fast following after storms of woe,
Than (Comfort's riper season come)
Are full-blown joys and Pleasure's gaudy bloom.

1796.
VERSES

ADDRESSED TO J. HORNE TOKE AND THE COMPANY WHO MET ON JUNE 28, 1796, TO CELEBRATE HIS POLL AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION

Britons! when last ye met, with distant streak
So faintly promis'd the pale Dawn to break;
So dim it stain'd the precincts of the sky
E'en Expectation gaz'd with doubtful Eye.
But now such fair Varieties of Light
O'ertake the heavy-sailing Clouds of Night;
Th' Horizon kindles with so rich a red,
That, tho' the Sun still hides his glorious head,
Th' impatient Matin-bird, assur'd of Day,
Leaves his low nest to meet its earliest ray;
Loud the sweet song of Gratulation sings,
And high in air claps his rejoicing wings!
Patriot and Sage! whose breeze-like Spirit first
The lazy mists of Pedantry dispers'd,
(Mists in which Superstition's pigmy band
Seem'd Giant Forms, the Genii of the Land!),
Thy struggles soon shall wak'ning Britain bless,
And Truth and Freedom hail thy wish'd success.
Yes Tooke! tho' foul Corruption's wolfish throng
Outmalice Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue,
Thy Country's noblest and determin'd Choice,
Soon shalt thou thrill the Senate with thy voice;
With gradual Dawn bid Error's phantoms flit,
Or wither with the lightning's flash of Wit;
Or with sublimer mien and tones more deep,
Charm sworded Justice from mysterious Sleep,
"By violated Freedom's loud Lament,
Her Lamps extinguish'd and her Temple rent;
By the forc'd tears her captive Martyrs shed;
By each pale Orphan's feeble cry for bread;
By ravag'd Belgium's corse-impeded Flood,
And Vendée steaming still with brothers' blood!"
And if amid the strong impassion'd Tale,
Thy Tongue should falter and thy Lips turn pale;

108
TO A FRIEND

If transient Darkness film thy aweful Eye,
And thy tir'd Bosom struggle with a sigh:
Science and Freedom shall demand to hear
Who practis'd on a Life so doubly dear;
Infus'd the unwholesome anguish drop by drop,
Pois'ning the sacred stream they could not stop!
Shall bid thee with recover'd strength relate
How dark and deadly is a Coward's Hate:
What seeds of Death by wan Confinement sown,
When Prison-echoes mock'd Disease's groan!
Shall bid th' indignant Father flash dismay,
And drag the unnatural Villain into Day
Who * to the sports of his flesh'd Ruffians left
Two lovely Mourners of their Sire bereft!
'Twas wrong, like this, which Rome's first Consul bore,
So by th' insulted Female's name he swore
Ruin (and rais'd her reeking dagger high)
Not to the Tyrants—but the Tyranny!!

1796

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAS DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie; and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promis'd for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The World's low cares and lying vanities,

* "Dundas left thief-takers in Horne Tooke's House for three days, with his two Daughters alone: for Horne Tooke keeps no servant."—S. T. C. to Estlin, July 4, 1796.
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
Yes—you were plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis, erst her warrior Son,
And with those recreant unbaptized Heels
Thou’rt flying from thy bounden Ministeries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed,—
For thou art vulnerable, wild-ey’d Boy,
And I have arrows mystically dipped,
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwep, and sink to Earth
“Without the meed of one melodious tear?”
Thy Burns, and Nature’s own beloved Bard,
Who to the “Illustrious * of his native Land
So properly did look for Patronage.”
Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatch’d him from the sickle and the plough—
To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak Rock, midway the Aonian mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
Ere yet the unwholesome Night-dew be exhaled,
And, weeping, wreath it round thy Poet’s Tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit;
These, with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand,
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility!

1796.

* Verbatim from Burns’s Dedication of his Poems to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.
TO A YOUNG FRIEND

[CHARLES LLOYD]

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
  But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or colour'd lichens with slow oozing weep;
  Where Cypress and the darker Yew start wild,
And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the Ash;
  Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds be-
guiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep,
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy clift above,
With melancholy beat of anxious love,
Made meek enquiry for her wandering lamb:
Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ach'd with loneliness—
How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless
The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted Ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
Beneath the Cypress, or the Yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock,
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasur'd heart, arm link'd in friendly arm,—
Save if the one, his Muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain the enamour'd sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, bason'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the World's vain turmoil left,
Stretch't on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest Youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralising mood,
While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedewed:
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, domestic Bliss
Gives this the Husband's, that the Brother's kiss!
Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad, and fertilise the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of Age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world up-lifted high,
Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply)
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole:
Then when the Mind hath drunk its fill of truth,
We'll discipline the Heart to pure delight,
Rekindling sober Joy's domestic flame.
They whom I love shall love thee, honour'd Youth!
Now may Heaven realise this vision bright!

1796.
SONNET

ON RECEIVING A LETTER INFORMING ME OF THE BIRTH OF A SON

When they did greet me father, sudden awe
Weigh'd down my spirit: I retired and knelt
Seeking the Throne of Grace, but inly felt
No heavenly visitation upwards draw
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart.
Ah me! before the Eternal Sire I brought
Th' unquiet silence of confuséd thought
And shapeless feelings: my o'erwhelm'd heart
Trembled, and vacant tears stream'd down my face.
And now once more, O Lord! to thee I bend,
Lover of souls! and groan for future grace,
That, ere my babe Youth's perilous maze have trod,
Thy overshadowing Spirit may descend,
And he be born again, a child of God.

1796.

SONNET

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON,

September 20, 1796.

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul
SONNET

Self-question'd in her sleep: and some have said *
We lived, ere yet this robe of Flesh we wore.
O my sweet Baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear)
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven’s quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o’er thy little bier!

1796.

SONNET

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann’d that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its Mother’s arm
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o’er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrill’d and melted, and most warm
Impress’d a Father’s kiss: and all beguil’d
Of dark remembrance and presageful Fear,
I seem’d to see an angel-form appear—
’Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the Mother’s sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

1796.

* ἦν πού ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ πρὶν ἐν τῷ δὲ τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ ἐδει γενέσθαι.

Plat. in Phaedon.
Cap. xviii. 72, e.
EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

Its balmy lips the Infant blest
Relaxing from its Mother's breast,
How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
Of innocent Satiety!

And such my Infant's latest sigh!
O tell, rude stone! the passer by,
That here the pretty babe doth lie,
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

1796.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

[C. Lloyd]

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY

Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plunder'd Want's half-shelter'd hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten Infant hear
Moan haply in a dying Mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank churchyard with sear elm-leaves strew'd,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd limbs
The flocking flesh-birds scream'd!
Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What Nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resigned,
All effortless thou leave Life's common-weal
A prey to tyrants—murderers of Mankind.

1796.
SONNET

[TO CHARLES LLOYD]

The piteous sobs that choke the virgin's breath
For him, the fair betrothed youth, who lies
Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries
With which a mother wails her darling's death,
These from our nature's common impulse spring,
Unblam'd, unprais'd; but o'er the pilèd earth
Which hides the sheeted corse of grey-hair'd worth
If droops the soaring youth with slacken'd wing;
If he recall in saddest minstrelsy
Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth impressed,
Such grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety!
And from the Almighty Father shall descend
Comforts on his late evening, whose young breast
Mourns with no transient love the aged friend.

1796.

ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE
IN HIGH LIFE

[PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES]

I SIGH, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate;
But what shall sighs avail thee? thy poor heart,
'Mid all the "pomp and circumstance" of state,
Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start
Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream,
That shaped a seraph form, and named it Love,—
Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

117
To one soft accent of domestic joy
Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome;
Those plaudits that thy public path annoy,
Alas! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch at home!

O then retire, and weep! Their very woes
Solace the guiltless. Drop the pearly flood
On thy sweet infant, as the full-blown rose,
Surcharged with dew, bends o'er its neighbouring bud.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend
To lure thy wanderer from the Syren's power;
Then bid your souls inseparably blend
. Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower.

1796.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

A VISION

AUSPICIOUS Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!
To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good!
The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God!

Such symphony requires best instrument.
Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The Harp which hangeth high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranc'd.
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
Whose latence is the plenitude of All,
Thou with retracted Beams, and self-eclipse
Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the wing'd thought, scoffing ascent
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind Omniscent, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God: the naked mass
(If mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost)
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
That as one body seems the aggregate
Of Atoms numberless, each organiz'd;
So, by a strange and dim similitude,
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs
With absolute ubiquity of thought
(His one, eternal, self-affirming Act!)
All his involvéd Monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centering end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
Some roll the genial juices through the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda-Zhiok, * or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper, † while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back ‡

* Balda Zhiok; i.e., mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.
† Solfar Kapper; capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot vetern Lapponum superstition sacrificar cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semi-miliarior spatio a mari distans. Ipsa loca, quem curiositatis gratia alicamando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.—Leemius De Lapponibus.
‡ The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth, there is a hole for it to breathe through. —Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui visisse contigit, Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tenera, eo presertim tempore quo omnina perpetua nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse: lactantem autem infantem, si quern habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gied'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.—Leemius De Lapponibus.
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power
That first unsensualises the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of Beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,
I deem those legends terrible, with which
The Polar Ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable * shape
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never Murderer heard and lived.

Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravell'd realms of Ocean's bed
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguer'd, such
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea,
Where dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unsleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear
Lest haply 'scaping on some treacherous blast
The fateful word let slip the Elements
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Torngarsuck's † power, the Spirit of Good,  

* Jaibme Aibmo.
† They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great
but malignant spirit is a nameless Female: she dwells under the
sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean stream;—thence thro' the realm of Souls
Where live the Innocent, as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
That tumble on the surface of the Deep,
Returns with far-heard pant, hotly pursued
By the fierce Warders of the Sea, once more,
Ere by the frost foreclosed, to repossess
His fleshy mansion, that has staid the while
In the dark tent within a cow'ring group
Untenanted. Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of high God
Teaching Reliance, and medicinal Hope,
Till from Bethabara northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual steps winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up Kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic Song half fears to name,
Repell'd from all the Minstrelsy's that strike
The palace-roof and soothe the Monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witness'd by answering deeds may claim our Faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourg'd the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, Mother of retir'd Thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing—in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,

animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth
befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over an horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.

PITY THERE HAD OFT AND STRONGLY WORK'D,
AND SOMETIMES INDIGNATION
And Heaven had doom'd her early years to Toil,
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfear'd by fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor labouring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn bench
The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft
Vacantly watch'd the rudely-pictur'd board
Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learnt more than Schools could teach: Man's shifting
mind,
His Vices and his Sorrows! And full oft
At Tales of cruel Wrong and strange Distress
Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering Eld
Still as a daughter would she run: she placed
His cold limbs at the sunny door, and lov'd
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's form,
Active and tall, nor Sloth nor Luxury
Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexile eye-brows wildly-hair'd and low,
And her full eye, now bright, now unillum'd,
Spake more than Woman's thought; and all her face
Was moulded to such features as declared
That Pity there had oft and strongly work'd,
And sometimes Indignation. Bold her mien,
And like an haughty huntress of the woods
She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each motion her most innocent soul
Beam'd forth so brightly, that who saw would say
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
In this bad World, as in a place of Tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the Dead.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slow-varying their huge imagery;
When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid
had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone
Urg'd by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the Heart, shapes out Man's course
To the pre doom'd adventure. Now the ascent
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watch'd
The alien shine of unconcerning stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheep-track valeward: when, behold
In the first entrance of the level road
An unattended Team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretched limbs; the others, yet alive
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes
Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally
The dark-red dawn now glimmer'd; but its gleams
Disclos'd no face of man. The Maiden paus'd,
Then hail'd who might be near. No voice replied.
From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seem'd
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort push'd,
A miserable man crept forth: his limbs
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, mean time,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretched on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Look'd with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke
The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish. 
She shudder'd: but, each vainer pang subdued, 
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse 
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil 
The stiff cramp'd team forc'd homeward. There arrived, 
Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs, 
And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death 
Spreads o'er his limbs; and 'ere the noon-tide hour, 
The hovering spirits of his Wife and Babes 
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs, 
With interruptions long from ghastly throes, 
His voice had falter'd out this simple tale.

The Village, where he dwelt an husbandman, 
By sudden inroad had been seiz'd and fired 
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife 
And little ones he hurried his escape. 
They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame, they heard 
Uproar and shrieks! and terror-struck drove on 
Through unfrequented roads, a weary way! 
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quench'd 
Their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread. 
The air clipp'd keen, the night was fang'd with frost, 
And they provisionless! The weeping wife 
Ill hush'd her children's moans; and still they moan'd, 
Till Fright and Cold and Hunger drank their life. 
They clos'd their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas Death. 
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team, 
Gained a sad respite, till beside the base 
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead. 
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food, 
He crept beneath the covering, entranc'd, 
Till waken'd by the Maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffer'd, 
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid 
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark! 
And now her flush'd tumultuous features shot 
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye 
Of Misery fancy-crazed! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fix'd, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smoulder'd stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yea, swallow'd up in the ominous dream, she sate
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
Breath'd from her look! and still with pant and sob,
Inly she toil'd to flee, and still subdued.
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toil'd in troubous ecstasy,
A horror of great darkness wrapped her round,
And a voice utter'd forth unearthly tones,
Calming her soul,—"O Thou of the Most High
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
Behold expectant——

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the
Poem when finished.]

"Maid belov'd of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd)
Of Chaos the adventurous progeny
Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous wing
Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
A heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld
Stand beauteous on Confusion's charméd wave.
Moaning she fled, and enter'd the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the Cave
Of darkness palpable, Desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots.
There many a dateless age the beldame lurk'd
And trembled; till engender'd by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.

It rous'd the Hell-Hag: she the dew-damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retrac'd her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paus'd,
Nor dared re-enter the diminish'd Gulph.
As through the dark vaults of some moulder'd tower,
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind,
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
Night murmur'd, and the sound through Chaos went.
Leap'd at her call her hideous-fronted brood!

A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth;
Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,
Rebels from God, and Tyrants o'er Mankind!"

From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,
Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

"Even so" (the exulting Maiden said) "The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witness'd God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed * multitude of slaughter'd Saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
Entranc'd the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seiz'd, and confus'd ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a mist, the relique of that trance,
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appear'd,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretched opposite, where ever and anon
The Plough-man following sad his meagre team
Turn'd up fresh sculls, unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the fields
Stepped a fair Form, repairing all she might—
Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious Pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That blessed prophetic mandate then fulfill'd—
Peace be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief,
She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,
And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)
Their reddening shapes, transformed to Warrior-hosts,
Cours'd o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air.

* Revelations, vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth
seal, I saw under the altar the sculs of them that were slain for
the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And
white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said
unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until
their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be
killed as they were, should be fulfilled.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven Portentous! while aloft were seen to float, Like hideous features looming on the mist, Wan stains of ominous Light! Resign’d, yet sad, The fair Form bow’d her olive-crowned Brow, Then o’er the plain with oft reverted eye Fled till a Place of Tombs she reach’d, and there Within a ruin’d Sepulchre obscure Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaim’d,—
"Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
The power of Justice, like a name all light,
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
Why sow they guilt, still reaping Misery?
Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:
And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.
But boasts the shrine of Daemon War one charm
Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
Dancing around with interwoven arms,
The Maniac Suicide and Giant Murder
Exult in their fierce union? I am sad,
And know not why the simple Peasants crowd
Beneath the Chieftains’ standard!"
Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit said:
"When Luxury and Lust’s exhausted stores
No more can rouse the appetites of Kings;
When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accustom’d ear;
When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoonery make,
And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;
Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts;
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Insipid Royalty's keen condiment!
Therefore, uninjured and unprofited,
(Victims at once and Executioners)
The congregated husbandmen lay waste
The vineyard and the harvest. As along
The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
Though hush'd the winds and cloudless the high noon,
Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his island-bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and, before,
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
Still violate the unfinished works of Peace.
But yonder look! for more demands thy view!
He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapour sail'd, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
'Till o'er some death-doom'd land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steer'd its course which way the Vapour went.

The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean.
But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter Cloud
Return'd more bright; along the Plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye,
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hiss'd the locust-fiends that crawl'd
And glitter'd in Corruption's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad Tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing from their native shores,
Eboe, or * Koromantyn's plain of Palms,
The infuriate spirits of the Murder'd make
Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
Warm'd with new influence, the unwholesome Plain
Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn:
The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in Blood!

* The Slaves in the West Indies consider death as a passport
to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in
the introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, of
which the ideas are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

ocrates, Θῶνατε, προτέστων
'Eσ γένος σπεύδοις ὑποξευχθέν ὁμα' Οδ ἄνισθήσῃ γενύων σπαραγμώσις
Οδ' ὀλολύμφη,

Ἀλλὰ καὶ κύκλοις χοροιτύπουσι
Κ' ἀσμάτων χαρὰς θορήρουσ μὲν ἑσοί
Ἀλλ' ἃμως 'Ελευθερία συνοικεῖς
Στυγνὲ Τύραννε!

Δισσίως ἔπι πτερύγεσαμ σῇσι
Ἀ! υδαίσασιν καθορώντες οὐδέμα
Διθεροπλάγκτοι ὑπὸ πόσα ἀνείσι
Πατρίδ' ἐπ' υἱὸν.

"Ενθα μὲν Ἐρρασται Ἐρωμένησιν
'Ἀμφὶ πήγασιν κατίρκων ὑπ᾽ ἄλογων,
"Οσοὶ ὑπὸ βροτοῦ ἐπαθοῦν βροτοί, τὰ
Δεινὰ λέγοντι. 1796.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.
Leaving the Gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a
Race yoked with Misery! Thou wilt not be received with lacer-
tions of cheeks, nor with funereal ululation—but with circling
dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou
dwellest with Liberty, stern Genius! Borne on thy dark pinions
over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native country.
There, by the side of Fountains beneath Citron-groves, the
lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being Men, they had
endured from Men.
"Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven! 
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,
The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.
Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
But this be thy best Omen—Save thy Country!"
Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
And with him disappear'd the Heavenly Vision.

"Glory to thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
All conscious Presence of the Universe!
Nature's vast Ever-acting Energy!
In Will, in Deed, impulse of All to All!
Whether thy Love with unrefracted Ray
Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if
Diseasing Realms the Enthusiast, wild of thought,
Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
Thou both inspiring and predooming both—
Fit Instruments and best, of perfect end:
Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"

And first a Landscape rose
More wild and waste and desolate than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony.
ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR *

'Iov, iot, ó ò kaka.
'Yπ' αὐ μὲ δεινὸ όρθομαντειάς πόνος
Στροβεί, τραύσσων φροιμίους ἐφημίους.

'To μέλλον ἦζει. Καὶ σὺ μὲν τάχει παρὼν
'Αγαν ἁληθμαντιν ὀικτείρας ἐρείς.

AESCHYL. Agam. 1173-1175. 1199-1200.

ARGUMENT

The Ode commences with an Address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on November 17, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, &c., as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild Harp of Time
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven’s unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the Departing Year!
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II

Hither, from the recent Tomb,
From the Prison’s direr gloom,

* This Ode was composed on December 24, 25, and 26, 1796; and was first published on the last day of that year.
ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR

From Distemper’s midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines Manhood’s maze;
Or where o’er cradled infants bending
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze;—
Hither, in perplexéd dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time’s wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O’er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread Name that o’er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell;
And now advance in saintly Jubilee
Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailéd Monarch’s troublous cry—
“Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress
stay?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?”
Fly mailéd Monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death’s twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder’s lurid face
The insatiate Hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw’s plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail’s tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in Conquest’s glutted hour,
Mid women’s shrieks and infants’ screams!
ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR

Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating Fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven,
(The mystic Words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!"
ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR

By Peace, with proffered insult scared,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
By Years of Havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'''

VI

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot, my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart—
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stranger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead!
(The strife is o'er, the daylight fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)
"BY THE EARTH'S UNSOLACED GROANING
SEIZE THY TERRORS, ARM OF MIGHT!"
ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR

VII
Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore;
Nor ever proud Invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with
gore.

VIII
Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX
Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the Birds of Warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

I unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

1796.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soiled beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the Partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirred along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Wooed and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die.

1797.
TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE

I

MAIDEN, that with suilen brow
Sittest behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildewed bough,
Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

II

Him who lured thee and forsook,
Oft I watched with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

III

Soft the glances of the youth,
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple truth,
But no true love in his eye.

IV

Loathing thy polluted lot,
Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

V

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
Thou hast felt that Vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
Inly armed, go, Maiden! go.

VI

Mother sage of Self-dominion,
Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!
ON CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
   Is the memory of past folly.

VII

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
   While she moultst the firstling plumes,
That had skimmed the tender corn,
   Or the bean-field's odorous blooms.

VIII

Soon with renovated wing
   Shall she dare a loftier flight,
Upward to the day-star spring,
   And embathe in heavenly light.

1797.

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

This day among the faithful placed
   And fed with fontal manna,
O with maternal title graced—
   Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fair,
   A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
   May'st thou deserve thy name!

Thy mother's name, a potent spell,
   That bids the Virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell,
   Confessed to Fancy's eye;—
Meek Quietness without offence;
Content in homespun kirtle;
True Love, and True Love's Innocence,
White Blossom of the Myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Child!
These Virtues may'st thou win;
With face as eloquently mild
To say, they lodge within.

So, when her tale of days all flown,
Thy mother shall be missed here;
When Heaven at length shall claim its own
And Angels snatch their Sister;

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance,
May gaze with stifled breath;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

Even thus a lovely Rose I viewed
In summer-swelling pride;
Nor marked the bud, that, green and rude
Peeped at the Rose's side.

It chanced I passed again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the selfsame spray
Rich with the self-same flower.

Ah fond deceit! the rude green bud
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloomed where bloomed its parent stud,
Another and the same!

1797.
TRANSLATION

OF A LATIN INSCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES
IN NETHER-STOWEY CHURCH

DEPART in joy from this world's noise and strife
To the deep quiet of celestial life!
DEPART!—Affection's self reproves the tear
Which falls, O honoured Parent! on thy bier;—
Yet Nature will be heard, the heart will swell,
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

1797.

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE OF
OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON

WITH SOME POEMS

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
Hor. Carm. Lib ii. 2.

A blesséd lot hath he, who having passed
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same Dwelling where his Father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those agéd knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own Infancy
Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb Life's upland road,
Yet cheered and cheering: now fraternal Love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!
To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves—and hence through life
Chasing chance-started Friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from Life’s pelting ills;
But, like a Tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair—foliaged as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E’en mid the storm; then breathing subllest damps,
Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poisoned! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one Friend,
Beneath the impervious covert of one Oak,
I’ve raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of Husband and of Father; not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering Voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a Stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birthplace: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a Father’s eye;
And boding evil yet still hoping good
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in Silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a Son revered thee!
Oh! ’tis to me an ever new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,  
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;  
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,  
We in our sweet sequestered Orchard-Plot  
Sit on the Tree crooked earthward; whose old  
boughs,

That hang above us in an arborous roof,  
Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,  
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those hours,  
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear  
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song  
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as be seem  
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,  
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,  
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains,  
Which I have framed in many a various mood,  
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance  
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)  
If aught of Error or intemperate Truth  
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age  
Will calm it down, and let thy Love forgive it!

1797.
In the June of 1797, some long-expected friends paid a visit to the Author's Cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the Garden-Bower.

**WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain—**
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison! I have lost Beauties and Feelings, such as would have been Most sweet to my remembrance even when Age Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,

Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day Sun;
Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still Fanned by the water-fall! and there my friends Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,*
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my Friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
The many-steepled track magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up

* OF LONG LANK WEEDS. The Asplenium Scolopendrium, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's tongue; but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the Ophioglossum only.
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature, many a year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little Lime-Tree Bower, have I not marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now with blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble-bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure—
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the soul, and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had crossed the mighty Orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creeking* o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

THE FOSTER MOTHER'S TALE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

[Foster-Mother. I never saw the man whom you
describe.
Maria. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly
As mine and Albert's common Foster-mother.
Foster-Mother. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er
he be,
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet
lady,
As often as I think of those dear times

*Flew creeking. Some months after I had written this line,
it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same
circumstance of the Savanna Crane. "When those birds move
their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate, and regular;
and even when at a considerable distance on high above us,
we plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and webs upon
one another creek as the joints or working of a vessel in a tem-
pestuous sea."
THE FOSTER MOTHER'S TALE

When you two little ones would stand at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you—
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!

Maria. O my dear Mother! this strange man has left me
Troubled with wilder fancies, than the moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it,
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye,
She gazes idly!—But that entrance, Mother!

Foster-Mother. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Maria. No one.

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

Maria.
’Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.—
And what became of him?

Foster-Mother. He went on shipboard
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 DUNGEON

[From Osorio, Act v.; and Remorse, Act v. scene 1.]

AND this place our forefathers made for men!
This is the process of our love and wisdom,
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt; till changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot;
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steaming vapours of his dungeon,
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of ever more deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of Love and Beauty.

1797.
LINES TO W. L., ESQ.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC

While my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear,
L—— ! methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at Death's dread moment I should lie
With no belovéd face at my bedside,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,
Would make me pass the cup of Anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

1797.

SONNETS ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

[SIGNED "NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM"]

I

Pensive at eve on the hard world I mus'd,
And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon
I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—for, ah! how soon
Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd
With tearful vacancy the dampy grass
Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray;
And I did pause me on my lonely way,
And mused me on those wretched ones who pass
O'er the black heath of Sorrow. But, alas!

151
Most of Myself I thought: when it befell
That the sooth Spirit of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear—"All this is very well;
But much of one thing is for no thing good."
Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

II
TO SIMPLICITY

O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart and soothes each small distress,
Distress though small, yet haply great to me!
'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; yet, though I know not why,
So sad I am!—but should a friend and I
Grow cool and miff, O! I am very sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But, whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek Simplicity!

III
ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY

And this reft house is that which he built,
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the glade?
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet aye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd;
And aye beside her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white;
As when thro' broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

1797.
THE THREE GRAVES

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE

[The Author has published the following humble fragment encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic, that is suited to the narrator: and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is, therefore, presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows.

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the Father died in their infancy), retaining for the greater part, her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance: but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my daughter." From this time all their wooing passed under the Mother's eye; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion—"O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you." The Lover's eyes were now opened and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first
moment he lost the sense of guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a Curse both on him and on her own Child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh and her Mother's blasphemous prayer and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran upstairs and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her Mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the tale begins.

I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination, from an idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the Oby Witchcraft on the Negroes in the West Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to) and I conceived the design of showing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country churchyard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, "The Mercy of God is infinite."
The grapes upon the Vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in Sun and Wind
Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane
Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
There leads from Edward's door
A mossy track, all over boughed,
For half a mile or more.
And from their house-door by that track
The Bride and Bridegroom went;
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the churchyard came,
I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stepped into the sun,
Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar joined their hands,
Her limbs did creep and freeze;
But when they prayed, she thought she saw
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—
I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
The married maiden set:
That moment—I have heard her say—
She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—
Then came a chill like death:
And when the merry bells rang out,
They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest Mother's curse
No child could ever thrive:
A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed: the Mother still
Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man,
And Mary a fond wife.
Beneath the foulest mother's curse
No child could ever thrive
"My sister may not visit us,
My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 'tis a gloomy season."

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
And on the few fine days
She stirred not out, lest she might meet
Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
And weather dark and dreary,
Trudged every day to Edward's house,
And made them all more cheery.

Oh! Ellen was a faithful Friend,
More dear than any Sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
But few to Church repair:
For on that day you know we read
The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,
Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wished that service was clean out
Of our good Liturgy.

The Mother walked into the church—
To Ellen's seat she went:
Though Ellen always kept her church
All church-days during Lent.
And gentle Ellen welcomed her
With courteous looks and mild:
Thought she, "what if her heart should melt,
And all be reconciled!"

The day was scarcely like a day—
The clouds were black outright:
And many a night, with half a Moon,
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging over head,
You scarce could hear the Vicar!

And then and there the Mother knelt,
And audibly she cried—
"Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!

O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

By night and day, in bed and bower,
'O let her cursed be!!"  
So having prayed, steady and slow
She rose up from her knee,
And left the church, nor e'er again
The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale! I guessed not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and asked her why:
Giddy she seemed, and, sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.
But ere she from the church-door stepped
She smiled and told us why:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,"
Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off
Ere from the door she stept—
But all agree it would have been
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
This was her constant cry—
"It was a wicked woman's curse—
God's good, and what care I?"

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?"

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature! and she hid it all:
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale: her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw;
"Oh Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you!"

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk fast adown the lee,
He snatched a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He snapped them still with hand or knee,
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!
THE THREE GRAVES

You see, good sir! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath:
He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Fast-linked they both together came,
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike:
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike!

He reached his home, and by his looks
They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with their arms,
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
So on his breast she bowed;
Then Frenzy melted into Grief,
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
But closelier did she cling,
And turned her face and looked as if
She saw some frightful thing.

PART IV

To see a man tread over Graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the Sun and Moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord he gives
The Lord, he takes away:
O Sir! the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.
She had a sore grief of her own, a haunting in her brain.
THE THREE GRAVES

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me;
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

"Aye, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale."
You, Sir! are but a lad;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
For three good hours and more;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self, before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward looked as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.
And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
   And then her wrist she spanned:
And once when Mary was downcast,
   She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
   She gently pressed her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
   Did gripe like a convulsion!
"Alas!" said she, "we ne'er can be
   Made happy by compulsion!"

And once her both arms suddenly
   Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
   The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
   Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
   "Oh Christ! you're like your Mother!"

So gentle Ellen now no more
   Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
   Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
   Though tired in heart and limb:
He loved no other place, and yet
   Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
   And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning cried.
   "Oh! Heaven! that I were dead."

Mary looked up into his face,
   And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
   Mournfully leaned her head.
And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer:
"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
It is too great to bear!"

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
Old Sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we knew not how:
You looked about for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.
THE THREE GRAVES

It happened then ('twas in the bower,  
A furlong up the wood:  
Perhaps you know the place, and yet  
I scarce know how you should),

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh  
To any pasture-plot;  
But clustered near the chattering brook,  
Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape  
As of an arbour took,  
A close, round arbour; and it stands  
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still  
With scarlet berries hung,  
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,  
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet  
To hear the Sabbath-bell,  
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,  
Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head  
Upon a mossy heap,  
With shut-up senses, Edward lay:  
That brook e'en on a working day  
Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,  
And was not well in health;  
The women sat down by his side,  
And talked as 'twere by stealth.

"The Sun peeps through the close thick leaves.  
See, dearest Ellen! See!  
'Tis in the leaves, a little Sun,  
No bigger than your ee;
"A MOTHER TOO!" THESE SELF-SAME WORDS DID EDWARD MUTTER PLAIN
A tiny Sun, and it has got
A perfect glory too:
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
Round that small orb, so blue."

And then they argued of those rays,
What colour they might be:
Says this, "they're mostly green;" says that,
"They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast.

"A Mother, too!" these self-same words
Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
With horror and huge pain.

Both groaned at once, for both knew well
What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
Had had time to depart,
"O God, forgive me!" (he exclaimed)
"I have torn out her heart."

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shivered, where she sat,
And never she smiled after.

1797-1798.

Carmen reliquum, in futurum tempus relegatum! To-morrow!
and to-morrow! and to-morrow! [S. T. C. 1809.]
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.''

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
' 'There was a ship,' quoth he.  
''Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!''  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

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 sat 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 lighthouse 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 goes  
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.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

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 cliffs
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,
Like noises in a swound!

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.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
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 mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.''

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! — "
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."
AND EVERY DAY, FOR FOOD OR PLAY, CAME TO THE MARINER’S HOLLO
"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 mariners' 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.
"Ah wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!"

Nor dim nor red, like God's own 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 fair breeze 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:
DAY AFTER DAY, DAY AFTER DAY,
WE STUCK, NOR BREATH NOR MOTION
idle as a painted ship

upon a painted Ocean.

ater, water, everywhere,
nd all the boards did shrink;
ater, water, everywhere,
or any drop to drink.

very deep did rot: O Christ!
hat ever this should be!
sea, slimy things did crawl with legs
pon the slimy sea.

out, about, in reel and rout
he death-fires danced at night;
he water, like a witch’s oils,
unt green, and blue, and white.

some in dreams assure’d were
he spirit that plagued us so:
ath fathom deep he had followed us
om the land of mist and snow.

d every tongue, through utter
rought,
s withered at the root;
ould not speak, no more than if
e had been choked with soot.

! well a-day! what evil looks
nd I from old and young!
stead of the cross, the Albatross
out my neck was hung.

And the Al-
batross begins

to be avenged.

A spirit had followed them; one of
the invisible inhabitants of this
planet, neither departed souls nor
angels: concerning whom the
learned Jew, Josephus, and the
Platonic Constantinopolitan,
Michael Psellus, may be con-
sulted. They are very nume-
rous, and there is no climate or
element without one or more.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner: in
sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his neck.
PART THE THIRD

There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. 
A weary time! a weary time! 
How glazed each weary 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 neared and neared: 
As if it dodged a water-sprite, 
It plunged and tacked and veered.

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

With throats 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.

A flash of joy;
AND EVERY TONGUE, THROUGH UTTER DROUGHT,
WAS WITHERED AT THE ROOT
See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies 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 horror follows, For
can it be a ship
that comes onward without
wind or tide?
It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

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 nears and nears!
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 is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened, and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
"THE GAME IS DONE! I'VE WON, I'VE WON!"
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.
PART THE FOURTH

"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 dropped not down.

* For the two last lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

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

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

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

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And 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 oh! more horrible than that
Is a 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 nowhere 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 gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.  

The spell begins to break.  
The self same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.
THE SELF-SAME MOMENT I COULD PRAY
Oh 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.
The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.
THE BODY AND I PULLED AT ONE ROPE, BUT HE SAID NOUGHT TO ME
Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

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 quietly 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 down in 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."

and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.
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

'The Mariner hath been cast
into a trance;

for the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive north-

SECOND VOICE

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

'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 snapped: 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.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

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—
Oh, 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.
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 oh! 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.
The Hermit of the Wood,

PART THE SEVENTH

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 marinerees That come from a far countree.

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 neared: 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 looked warped! and see those sails, How thin they are and sere! I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were

Brown 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 hath a fiendish look— (The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!' Said the Hermit cheerily.
THE HOLY HERMIT RAISED HIS EYES, AND PRAYED WHERE HE DID SIT
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 my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.
The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!' The Hermit crossed his brow. 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woeful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale; And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

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;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar burst 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.
Stretched on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,
Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
Had Melancholy mused herself to sleep.
The fern was pressed beneath her hair,
The dark green Adder's Tongue* was there;
An, still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed: her eager look
Beamed eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought.
Strange was the dream——

1797.

* A Botanical mistake. The plant, I meant, is called Hart's Tongue; but this would unluckily spoil the poetical effect. (Cedat ergo Botanice. [S. T. C. 1817.])
PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS

Almost awake? Why, what is this, and whence,
O ye right loyal men, all undefiléd?
Sure, 'tis not possible that Common Sense
Has hitched her pullies to each heavy eye-lid?

Yet wherefore else that start, which discomposes
The drowsy waters lingering in your eye?
And are you really able to descry
That precipice three yards beyond your noses?

Yet flatter you I cannot, that your wit
Is much improved by this long loyal dozing;
And I admire, no more than Mr. Pitt,
Your jumps and starts of patriotic prosing—

Now cluttering to the Treasury Cluck, like chicken,
Now with small beaks the ravenous Bill opposing;
With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now licking,
Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—

Now having faith implicit that he can't err,
Hoping his hopes, alarmed with his alarms;
And now believing him a sly enchanter,
Yet still afraid to break his brittle charms,

Lest some mad devil suddenly unhamp'ring,
Slap-dash! the imp should fly off with the steeple,
On revolutionary broom-stick scampering.—
O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted people,

If you can stay so long from slumber free,
My muse shall make an effort to salute 'e:
For lo! a very dainty simile
Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill just suit 'e!

You know that water-fowl that cries, Quack!
Quack!?
Full often have I seen a waggish crew
Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on its back,
   The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-whoo!

Both plunged together in the deep mill-stream,
   (Mill-stream, or farmyard pond, or mountain-lake,)
Shrill, as a Church and Constitution scream,
   Tu-whoo! quoth Broad-face, and down dives the Drake!

The green-neck’d Drake once more pops up to view,
   Stares round, cries Quack! and makes an angry pother;
Then shriller screams the bird with eyelids blue,
   The broad-faced bird! and deeper dives the other. 40
Ye quacking Statesmen! ’tis even so with you—
One peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty’s Decoy-pond, each
   Pops up his head, as fir’d with British blood,
Hears once again the Ministerial screech,
   And once more seeks the bottom’s blackest mud!

I mix in life, and labour to seem free,
   With common persons pleased and common things,
While every thought and action tends to thee,
   And every impulse from thy influence springs.

1798.
The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. Famine is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter Fire and Slaughter.

Famine.

Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?

Slaughter (to Fire).

I will whisper it in her ear.

Fire.

No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell.

No! no! no!
Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls, that damned be,
Leaped up at once in anarchy,
Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughers!
No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell!
Famine.
Whisper it, Sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

Slaughter.
Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you?

Both.
The same! the same!

Slaughter.
He came by stealth, and unlocked my den,
And I have drunk the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

Both.
Who bade you do 't?

Slaughter.
The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

Famine.
Thanks, Sister, thanks! the men have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle;
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.
So off I flew: for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
Through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?
ON AS I STRODE WITH MY HUGE STRIDES
FIRE, FAMINE AND SLAUGHTER

Both.
Whisper it, Sister! in our ear.

Famine.
A baby beat its dying mother:
I had starved the one and was starving the other!

Both.
Who bade you do 't?

Famine.
The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

Fire.
Sisters! I from Ireland came!
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
I triumphed o'er the setting sun!
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides,
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light!
By the light of his own blazing cot
Was many a naked Rebel shot:
The house-stream met the flame and hissed,
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
On some of those old bed-rid nurses,
That deal in discontent and curses.

Both.
Who bade you do 't?

Fire.
The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
FIRE, FAMINE AND SLAUGHTER'

He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

ALL.

He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we yield him honour due?

FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with lack of food.
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:
They shall seize him and his brood—

SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb!

FIRE.

O thankless beldames and untrue!
And is this all that you can do
For him, who did so much for you?
Ninety months he, by my troth!
Hath richly catered for you both;
And in an hour would you repay
An eight years' work?—Away! Away!
I alone am faithful! I
Cling to him everlastingly.

1798.
TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER

[Miss Lavinia Poole]

Why need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here,
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain, and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny Showers, the dappled Sky,
The little Birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
How can we do without her?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going:
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

1798.
FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own mood interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But oh! how oft!

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birthplace, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the intersperséd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My Babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the Summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of Frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.
THE OLD MAN OF THE ALPS

Stranger! whose eyes a look of pity show,
Say, will you listen to a tale of woe?
A tale in no unwonted horrors dressed;
But sweet is pity to an aged breast.
This voice did falter with old age before;
Sad recollections make it falter more.
Beside the torrent and beneath a wood
High in these Alps my summer cottage stood;
One daughter still remained to cheer my way,
The evening-star of Life's declining day;
Duly she hied to fill her milking-pail,
Ere shout of herdsman rang from cliff or vale;
When she return'd, before the summer shiel,
On the fresh grass she spread the dairy meal:
Just as the snowy peaks began to lose
In glittering silver lights their rosy hues.
Singing in wood or bounding o'er the lawn
No blither creature hail'd the early dawn;
And if I spoke of hearts by pain oppress'd
When every friend is gone to them that rest,
Or of old men that leave, when they expire,
Daughters that should have perished with their sire—
Leave them to toil all day, through paths unknown,
And house at night behind some sheltering stone—
Impatient of the thought, with lively cheer
She broke half-clos'd the tasteless tale severe.
She play'd with fancies of a gayer hue,
Enamour'd of the scenes her wishes drew;
And oft she prattled with an eager tongue
Of promis'd joys that would not loiter long,
Till with her tearless eyes so bright and fair
She seemed to see them realised in air!
In fancy oft, within some sunny dell,
Where never wolf should howl or tempest yell,
She built a little home of joy and rest,
And fill'd it with the friends whom she loved best;
She nam'd the inmates of her fancied cot,
And gave to each his own peculiar lot,
Which with our little herd abroad should roam,
And which should tend the dairy's toil at home;
And now the hour approach'd which should restore
Her lover from the wars, to part no more.
Her whole frame flutter'd with uneasy joy;
I long'd myself to clasp the valiant boy;
And though I strove to calm her eager mood,
It was my own sole thought in solitude.
I told it to the Saints amid my hymns—
For O! you know not on an old man's limbs
How thrillingly the pleasant sunbeams play
That shine upon his daughter's wedding-day.
I hoped that those fierce tempests soon to rave
Unheard, unfelt around my mountain grave,
Not undelightfully would break her rest,
While she lay pillow'd on her lover's breast,
Or join'd his pious prayer for pilgrims driven
Out to the mercy of the winds of heaven.
Yes! now the hour approach'd that should restore
Her lover from the wars to part no more.
Her thoughts were wild, her soul was in her eye,
She wept and laughed as if she knew not why;
And she had made a song about the wars,
And sang it to the sun and to the stars!
But while she look'd and listen'd, stood and ran,
And saw him plain in every distant man,
By treachery stabb'd on Nansy's murderous day,
A senseless corse th' expected husband lay,—
A wounded man who met us in the wood
Heavily ask'd her where my cottage stood,
And told us all; she cast her eyes around
As if his words had been but empty sound;
Then look'd to Heaven, like one that would deny
That such a thing could be beneath the sky.
Again he ask'd her if she knew my name,
And instantly an anguish wrench'd her frame,
And left her mind imperfect. No delight
Thenceforth she found in any cheerful sight,
Not even in those time-haunted wells and groves,
Scenes of past joy and birthplace of her loves.
If to her spirit any sound was dear
'Twas the deep moan that spoke the tempest near,  
Or sighs which chasms of icy vales outbreathe  
Sent from the dark, imprison'd floods beneath.  
She wander'd up the crag and down the slope,  
But not, as in her happy days of hope,  
To seek the churning-plant of sovereign power  
That grew in clefts and bore a scarlet flower.

She roam'd without a purpose, all alone,  
Thro' high grey vales unknowing and unknown.  
Kind-hearted stranger! patiently you hear  
A tedious tale: I thank you for that tear:  
May never other tears o'ercloud your eye  
Than those which gentle Pity can supply!  
Did you not mark a towering convent hang  
Where the huge rocks with sounds of torrents rang?  
Even yet, methinks, its spiry turrets swim  
Amid yon purple gloom ascending dim!  
For thither oft would my poor child repair  
To ease her soul by penitence and prayer.

I knew that peace at good men's prayers returns  
Home to the contrite heart of him that mourns,  
And checked her not; and often there she found  
A timely pallet when the evening frown'd.  
And there I trusted that my child would light  
On shelter and on food, one dreadful night,  
When there was uproar in the element,  
And she was absent. To my rest I went;  
I thought her safe, yet often did I wake,  
And felt my very heart within me ache.

No daughter near me, at this very door  
Next morn I listened to the dying roar.  
Above, below, the prowling vulture wail'd,  
And down the cliffs the heavy vapour sail'd.  
Up by the wide-spread waves in fury torn  
Homestalls and pines along the vale were borne.  
The Dalesmen in thick crowds appeared below,  
Clearing the road o'erwhelm'd with hills of snow.  
At times to the proud gust's ascending swell  
A pack of bloodhounds flung their doleful yell:
ROUND AND ROUND FLEW THE RAVEN AND CAWED TO THE BLAST.
For after nights of storm that dismal train
The pious convent sends, with hope humane
To find some outstretched man—perchance to save,
Or give, at least, that last good gift, a grave!
But now a gathering crowd did I survey
That slowly up the pasture bent their way;
Nor could I doubt but that their care had found
Some pilgrim in th' unchannelled torrent drown'd.
And down the lawn I hastened to implore
That they would bring the body to my door;
But soon exclaim'd a boy, who ran before,
"Thrown by the last night's waters from their bed
Your daughter has been found, and she is dead!"
The old man paus'd. May he who, sternly just,
Lays at his will his creatures in the dust—
Some ere the earliest buds of hope be blown,
And some when every bloom of joy is flown—
May he the parent to his child restore
In that unchanging realm where Love reigns ever-more.

Nicias Erythæus.

1798.

THE RAVEN

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO
HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Underneath a huge oak tree
There was of swine a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast,
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travelled he* with wandering wings:
Many summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were killed; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever;
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship, it was launched; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast:
Round and round flew the raven, and cawed to the blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thanked him again and again for this treat:
They had taken his all, and Revenge it was sweet!

* Seventeen or eighteen years ago, an artist of some celebrity was so much pleased with this doggerel, that he amused himself with the thought of making a Child's Picture Book of it; but he could not hit on a picture for these four lines. I suggested a round-about with four seats, and the four seasons, as children, with Time for the show man.—Note: Sibylline Leaves, 1817, p. vii.
At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
   And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha’s stream;
   But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti’s forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
   Onward to the Moon it passed;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
   Till it reached the Moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek,
   And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
   Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
   Away it goes; away so soon—
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
   Away it passes from the Moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
   Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
   And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
   When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
   And yet, thou did'st not look unkind.

   I saw a vapour in the sky,
     Thin, and white, and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
    Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
    Of lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
   Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
    They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous Birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous Birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the Moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes:
   It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The Nightingale sings o'er her head:
   Voice of the Night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
   And dreamt that I had died for care!
All pale and wasted I would seem,
   Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1798.
FRANCE

AN ODE

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may controul!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote Air, Earth, and Sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the peans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

\textbf{III}

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarred and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

\textbf{IV}

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey—
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swellingst the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, how'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

1798.
A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stillest place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level Sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that Solitude loves best,)
And from the Sun, and from the breezy Air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapped
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed Sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Engulfed in Courts, Committees, Institutions,
Associations and Societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild,
One Benefit-Club for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the Book of Life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court—
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace,
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry-snows,)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings!

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laughed at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising
Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison Life's amities, and cheat the heart
Of Faith and quiet Hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
FEARS IN SOLITUDE

From our own folly and rank wickedness, Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile, Dote with a mad idolatry; and all Who will not fall before their images, And yield them worship, they are enemies Even of their country!

Such have I been deemed— But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle! Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy To me, a son, a brother, and a friend, A husband, and a father! who revere All bonds of natural love, and find them all Within the limits of thy rocky shores. O native Britain! O my Mother Isle! How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills, Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas, Have drunk in all my intellectual life, All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts, All adoration of the God in Nature, All lovely and all honourable things, Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel The joy and greatness of its future being? There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul Unborrowed from my country. O divine And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole And most magnificent temple, in the which I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs, Loving the God that made me!

May my fears, My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts And menace of the vengeful enemy Pass like the gust, that roared and died away In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojournings
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect—here the shadowy Main,
Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy Fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe’s mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by Nature’s quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

THE NIGHTINGALE

A CONVERSATION POEM WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798

No cloud, no relic 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? Oh! 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 himself!) And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit;— Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have 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 deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still

* "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.
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our 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 song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug.
And one low piping Sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
THE NIGHTINGALE

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 these wakeful Birds
Have all burst forth in Choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy 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 play-mate. 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 beheld the Moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.
INTRODUCTION
TO THE TALE OF
THE DARK LADIE

O leave the lily on its stem,
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashioned mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of Love and Woe,
A woeful tale of Love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear the cruel wrongs
Befel the dark Ladié.
THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of Love I sing;
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And how he roamed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day or night;

I promised thee a sister tale
Of man's perfidious cruelty;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befel the Dark Ladié.

A FRAGMENT

Beneath yon birch with silver bark,
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scattered down the rock:
And all is mossy there!
And there upon the moss she sits,  
The Dark Ladié in silent pain;  
The heavy tear is in her eye,  
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page  
Up the castled mountain’s breast,  
If he might find the Knight that wears  
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,  
And she had lingered there all day,  
Counting moments, dreaming fears—  
Oh wherefore can he stay?

She hears a rustling o’er the brook,  
She sees far off a swinging bough!  
"’Tis He! ’Tis my betrothed Knight!  
Lord Faulkland, it is Thou!"

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,  
She sob’s a thousand hopes and fears,  
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks  
She quenches with her tears.

* * * * *

"My friends with rude ungentle words  
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!  
O give me shelter in thy breast!  
Ô shield and shelter me!

"My Henry, I have given thee much,  
I gave what I can ne’er recall,  
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,  
O Heaven! I gave thee all."

The Knight made answer to the Maid,  
While to his heart he held her hand,  
"Nine castles hath my noble sire,  
None statelier in the land."
"The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

"Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we two will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!"—

"The dark? the dark? No! not the dark?
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?"
(O God! 'twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

And in the eye of noon my love
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids.)

1798.
CHRISTABEL

PREFACE *

The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is among us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggrel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

* To the edition of 1816.
233
CHRISTABEL
PART I

is the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare:
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white.
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?"
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness."
"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!"
Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she,)
And help a wretched maid to flee."
Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
"O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried,
To the lady by her side,
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,"
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
CHRISTABEL, WITH MIGHT AND MAIN,
LIFTED HER UP, A WEARY WEIGHT.
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered—"Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me?"
Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
CHRISTABEL

The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
"All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
CHRISTABEL

A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side! —
And in her arms the maid she took,
   Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
"In the touch of this bosom thereworketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
   But vainly thou warrest,
   For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
   That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
   charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."
THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
    Amid the jagged shadows
    Of mossy, leafless boughs,
    Kneeling in the moonlight,
    To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together pressed,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unequently,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call.
For the blue sky bends over all!
ACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day!
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell,
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.
The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
“Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.”

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who laid down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
“Sure I have sinned!” said Christabel,
“Now Heaven be praised if all be well!”
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron’s presence room.
The Baron rose, and while he pressed  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might be seem so bright a dame!  
But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?  

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And Constancy lives in realms above;  
And Life is thorny; and Youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once' hast been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.  

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,  
He would proclaim it far and wide
PUTS ON HER SILKEN VESTMENTS WHITE, AND TRICKS HER HAIR IN LOVELY FLIGHT
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound.
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

"What ails then my belovéd child?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
CHRISTABEL

Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her, sure, a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!"

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home,
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam;
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes overflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing:
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
CHRISTABEL

When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it crouched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove.
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathered up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread
At Christabel she looked askance!
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.
The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind;
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view—
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue!
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my Mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said; and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell,
Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And would'st thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?
Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonoured thus in his old age;
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!
A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmanted bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do?

1797—1801.
THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

PREFATORY NOTE

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems prima facie to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (sanctum et amabile nomen! rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another [Wordsworth], whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and whichever had done first, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere and pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having despatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript— that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme— which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterwards, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incident, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realising this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the "Fortunate Isles" of the Muses; and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory; and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.
THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.

But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving Mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the "Wanderings of Cain, a poem,"—intreating, however, my Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record pro tædio publico a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CANTO II

"A little further, O my father, yet a little further,
and we shall come into the open moonlight." Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."
"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and
the child answered—"Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo."

Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him; and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge.
It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo is me! wo is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing Night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his Father's robe, and raised his eyes to his Father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often
said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despair altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?"

"Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, "The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the
living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "He has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.
The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity [Lord Byron], and as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed poetic merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's Pilgrimage: "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were in-
closed with a wall." The author continued for about three
hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during
which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not
have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if,
that indeed can be called composition in which all the images
rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the
correspondent expressions, without any sensation or conscious-
ness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a
distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and
paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here
preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by
a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above
an hour, and on his return to his room, found to his no small
surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some
vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision,
yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and
images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface
of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without
the after restoration of the latter:

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circles spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now, once more,
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind the Author
has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been origi-
nally, as it were, given to him. λείψω λάβω φάσι: but the to-morrow
is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a
very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream
of pain and disease. ["Pains of Sleep," vidé post, p. 343. Note to
the First Edition, 1816.]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

AN OX, long fed with musty hay,
And work’d with yoke and chain,
Was loosen’d on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay
At once with sun and rain.

The grass was fine, the sun was bright—
With truth I may aver it;
The beast was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisk’d,—to show his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

"Stop, neighbours, stop, why these alarms?
The ox is only glad!"
But still they pour from cots and farms—
"Halloo!" the parish is up in arms;
(A hoaxing-hunt has always charms)
"Halloo! the ox is mad."
IV
The frightened ox scamper'd about—
Plunge! through the hedge he drove:
The mob pursue with hideous rout,
A bull-dog fasten'd on his snout;
"He gores the dog! his tongue hangs out!
He's mad, he's mad, by Jove!"

V
"Stop, neighbours, stop!" aloud did call
A sage of sober hue.
"You cruel dog!" at once they bawl,
And women squeak and children squall,
"What? would you have him toss us all?
And dam' me, who are you?"

VI
Ah! hapless sage! his ears they stun,
And curse him o'er and o'er!
"You bloody-minded dog! (cries one,) To slit your windpipe were good fun,
'Od bl—st you for an impious son
Of a Presbyterian wh—re!"

VII
"You'd have him gore the Parish-priest,
And drive against the altar! You rogue!" The sage his warnings ceas'd,
And north and south, and west and east,
Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Tom, Bob, Dick and Walter.

VIII
Old Lewis ('twas his evil day),
Stood trembling in his shoes;
The ox was his—what could he say?
His legs were stiffen'd with dismay,
The ox ran o'er him mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.
The baited ox drove on (but here, The Gospel scarce more true is, My Muse stops short in mid career— Nay, gentle Reader, do not sneer! I cannot chuse but drop a tear, A tear for good old Lewis!)

The ox drove on right through the town, All follow'd, boy and dad, Bull-dog, parson, shopman, clown: The publicans rush'd from the Crown, "Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!" They drove the poor ox mad.

Should you a rat to madness tease Why ev'n a rat might plague you: There's no Philosopher but sees That Rage and Fear are one disease— Though that may burn, and this may freeze, They're both alike the ague.

And so this ox, in frantic mood, Fac'd round like a mad Bull! The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued, Till they with flight and fear were stew'd, And not a chick of all the brood But had his belly full!

Old Nick's astride the ox, 'tis clear! Old Nicholas, to a tittle! But all agreed, he'd disappear, Would but the Parson venture near, And through his teeth,* right o'er the steer, Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

* According to the common superstition there are two ways of fighting with the Devil. You may cut him in half with a
XIV
Achilles was a warrior fleet,
  The Trojans he could worry:
Our Parson too was swift of feet,
But show'd it chiefly in retreat:
The victor ox drove down the street,
  The mob fled hurry-scurry.

XV
Through gardens, lanes and fields new-plough'd,
  Through his hedge, and through her hedge,
He plunge'd and toss'd and bellow'd loud—
Till in his madness he grew proud
To see this helter-skelter crowd
  That had more wrath than courage!

XVI
Alack! to mend the breaches wide
He made for these poor ninnies,
They all must work, what'er betide,
Both days and months, and pay beside
(Sad news for Av'rice and for Pride),
  A sight of golden guineas!

XVII
But here once more to view did pop
The man that kept his senses—
And now he bawl'd,—"Stop, neighbours, stop!
The ox is mad! I would not swop,
No! not a school-boy's farthing top
  For all the parish-fences.''

XVIII
"The ox is mad! Tom! Walter! Mat!"
"What means this coward fuss?"
Ho! stretch this rope across the plat—
'Twill trip him up—or if not that,
Why dam' me! we must lay him flat—
  See! here's my blunderbuss.''
straw, or he will vanish if you spit over his horns with a fasting spittle. [Note by S. T. C. in Morning Post.]
"A bare-faced dog! just now he said
The Ox was only glad—
Let's break his Presbyterian head!"
"Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled;
No quarrels now! let's all make head,
You drove the poor ox mad."

But lo! to interrupt my chat,
With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blund'ring as a bat,
In rush'd that fierce aristocrat,
Our pursy woollen-draper.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit;
And he rush'd in and panted!
"Well, have you heard?" No, not a whit.
"What, ha'nt you heard?" Come, out with it!
"That Tierney's wounded Mister Pitt,
And his fine tongue enchanted."

LIGHT cargoes waft of modulated sound
From viewless Hybla brought, when Melodies
Like Birds of Paradise on wings, that aye
Disport in wild varieties of hues,
Murmur around the honey-dropping flowers.
II
Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles,
And scarce the willow's watery shadow trembles.

III
Due to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power
Forget Thirst's eager promise, and presume,
Dark Dreamers! that the world forgets it too.

IV
Old Age, "the shape and messenger of Death,"
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door.

V
In darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock
Told me that now the rising sun
Shone lovely on my garden.

VI
The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink,)
Shot half his rays aslant the heath whose flowers
Purpled the mountain's broad and level top;
Rich was his bed of clouds, and wide beneath
Expecting Ocean smiled with dimpled face.

VII
The swallows
Interweaving there, and the pair'd sea-mews
At distance wildly wailing!

VIII
On the broad mountain-top
The neighing wild-colt races with the wind
O'er fern and heath-flowers.

IX
A long deep lane
So overshadow'd, it might seem one bower—
The damp clay-banks were fur'd with mouldy moss.
TELL'S BIRTHPLACE

X
'Twas sweet to know it only possible—
Some wishes cross'd my mind and dimly cheer'd it—
And one or two poor melancholy Pleasures—
In these, the pale unwarming light of Hope
Silv'ring their flimsy wing, flew silent by,
Moths in the moonlight.

XI
The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall,
A-shining thro' the snow.

XII
From the Miller's mossy wheel
The water-drops dripp'd leisurely.

1798.

TELL'S BIRTHPLACE

[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG]

I
Mark this holy chapel well!
The Birthplace, this, cf William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II
Here, first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother pressed;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers use to pray.
TELL'S BIRTHPLACE

III
"Vouchsafe him health, O God! and give
The Child thy servant still to live!"
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

IV
God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

V
To Nature and to Holy writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

VI
The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII
He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery—the which he broke!

1799.
HEXAMETERS

[Sent in a letter from Ratzeburg to the Wordsworths at Goslar in the winter of 1798-9.]

WILLIAM, my teacher, my friend! dear William and dear Dorothea!
Smooth out the folds of my letter, and place it on desk or on table;
Place it on table or desk; and your right hands loosely half-closing,*
Gently sustain them in air, and extending the digit didactic,
Rest it a moment on each of the forks of the five-forkéd left hand,
Twice on the breadth of the thumb, and once on the tip of each finger;
Read with a nod of the head in a humouring recitativo;
And, as I live, you will see my hexameters hopping before you.
This is a galloping measure; a hop, and a trot, and a gallop!

All my hexameters fly, like stags pursued by the stag-hounds,
Breathless and panting, and ready to drop, yet flying still onwards.†
I would full fain pull in my hard-mouthed runaway hunter;
But our English Spondeans are clumsy yet impotent curb-reins;
And so to make him go slowly, no way have I left but to lame him.

William, my head and my heart! dear Poet that feelest and thinkest!
Dorothy, eager of soul, my most affectionate sister!
Many a mile, O! many a wearisome mile are ye distant,
Long, long comfortless roads, with no one eye that doth know us.

* False metre.
† "Still flying onwards" were perhaps better.
O! it is all too far to send to you mockeries idle;
Yea, and I feel it not right! But O! my friends, my
belovéd!
Feverish and wakeful I lie,—I am weary of feeling and
thinking.
Every thought is worn down,—I am weary, yet cannot
be vacant.
Five long hours have I tossed, rheumatic heats, dry and
flushing,
Gnawing behind in my head, and wandering and throb-
ing about me,
Busy and tiresome, my friends, as the beat of the boding
night-spider.*

I forget the beginning of the line
... my eyes are a burthen,
Now unwillingly closed, now open and aching with dark-
ness.
O! what a life is the eye! what a fine and inscrutable
essence!
Him that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that
warms him;
Him that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother;
Him that ne'er smiled at the bosom as babe that smiles
in its slumber;
Even to him it exists, it stirs and moves in its prison;
Lives with a separate life, and "Is it the Spirit?" he
murmurs:
Sure, it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only its
language.

There was a great deal more, which I have forgotten. ... The
last line which I wrote, I remember, and write it for the truth of
the sentiment, scarcely less true in company than in pain and
solitude —

William my head and my heart! dear William and dear
Dorothea!
You have all in each other; but I am lonely, and want
you!

* False metre.
THE BRITISH STRIPLING’S WAR-SONG

[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG]

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds which our countrymen
wrought;
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my Forefathers fought.

Despise not my youth, for my spirit is steeled,
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my hand;
Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the field,
And as proudly would die for my dear native land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimicked the fight,
The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath;
And my fancy still wandered by day and by night,
Amid battle and tumult, 'mid conquest and death.

My own shout of onset, in the heat of my trance,
How oft it awakes me from visions of glory;
When I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France,
And have dashed him to earth, pale and breathless
and gory.

As late thro' the city with banners all streaming
To the music of trumpets the Warriors flew by.
With helmet and scimitars naked and gleaming,
On their proud-trampling, thunder-hoofed steeds did
they fly;

I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm;
And I hurled the mock-lance thro' the objectless air,
And in open-eyed dream proved the strength of my
arm.

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen
wrought;
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought!

1799.

277
JOB'S LUCK

[FROM OWEN'S Epigrams]

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse!

1799.

ON A CATARACT

FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN PRECIPICE

[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG]

STROPHE

Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices;
The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the rock,
That is lisped ever more at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;

278
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight!

ANTISTROPHE

The wild goat in awe
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible;—
Thou at once full-born
Madd’nest in thy joyance,
Whirlest, shatter’st, splitt’st,
Life invulnerable.

1799.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS

[IMITATED FROM SCHILLER]

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler;
Lo! Phoebus the Glorious descends from his Throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial Hall!

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial Quire?
Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my Soul!
  O give me the Nectar!
  O fill me the Bowl!

Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet!
  Hebe! pour free!
Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! lo Pæan, I cry!
  The Wine of the Immortals
  Forbids me to die!

FROM THE GERMAN

Know'st thou the land where the pale Citrons grow,
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stands the Myrtle, and the Laurel, high!
Know'st thou it well, that land, belovéd Friend?
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend!

1799.
WESTPHALIAN SONG
When thou to my true-love comest
Greet her from thee kindly;
When she asks thee how I fare,
Say, folks in Heaven fare finely.

When she asks, "What! Is he sick?"
Say, dead!—and when for sorrow
She begins to sob and cry,
Say, I come to-morrow.

WATER BALLAD
[FROM THE FRENCH]
"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavour
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my father-land.—"
"Say, when I there have placed thee.
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side."
The happy bridal over
   The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
   The boat became her home.
And still they sang together
   As steering o'er the tide:
"Row on through wind and weather
   For ever by my side."

1792.

I asked my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
   By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neára, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Belovéd, what are names but air?
   Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
   Only, only call me Thine."

1799.
THE EXCHANGE

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not guess the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's leave she bade me gain;
I went, but shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

1799.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN OTT-FRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE GOSPEL

[This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord. . . . Most interesting is it to consider the effect when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural. Then it is that religion and poetry strike deepest.—Biog. Lit. i. 203, 4.]

She gave with joy her virgin breast;
She hid it not, she bared the breast
Which suckled that divinest Babe!
Blesséd, blesséd, were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kissed;
And blesséd, blesséd was the mother
Who wrapped his limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And soothed him with a lulling motion.

283
SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT NATURAL

Blesséd! for she shelter'd him
From the damp and chilling air;
Blesséd, blesséd! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!
Blesséd, blesséd evermore,
With her virgin lips she kissed,
With her arms, and to her breast,
She embraced the Babe divine,
Her Babe divine the Virgin Mother!
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal that can sing her praise.
Mighty Mother, Virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night
For us she bore the heavenly Lord!

1799.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM

"Be, rather than be call'd, a child of God,"
Death whispered!—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
The Baby bow'd, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest Possessor, not inheritor.

1799.

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL

[FROM THE GERMAN]

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.
HOME-SICK

But in my sleep to you I fly:  
I'm always with you in my sleep!  
The world is all one's own.  
But then one wakes, and where am I?  
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids,—  
So I love to wake ere break of day:  
For though my sleep be gone,  
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,  
And still dreams on.

1799.

HOME-SICK

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week  
Through city-crowds must push his way,  
To stroll alone through fields and woods,  
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,  
Sincere, affectionate and gay,  
One's own dear children feasting round,  
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,  
Who having long been doomed to roam,  
Throws off the bundle from his back,  
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;  
This feel I hourly more and more:  
There's Healing only in thy wings,  
Thou Breeze that playest on Albion's shore!

1799.
LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST

I stood on Brocken's * sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving.

I moved on
In low and languid mood:† for I had found
That outward Forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within;
Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the Heart not finds
History or Prophecy of Friend, or Child,
Or gentle Maid, our first and early love,
Or Father, or the venerable name
Of our adoréd Country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

* The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.

† . . . When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales,
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.

SOUTHEY'S Hymn to the Penates.

286
THE DAY-DREAM

My native Land!
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty Family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

THE DAY-DREAM

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet 'ts own dear baby self far rather!
Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!
   As if some bird had taken shelter there;
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form—
   Thine, Sara, thine? O joy, if thine it were!
I gazed with stifled breath, and fear’d to stir it,
No deeper trance e’er wrapped a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see,
   Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and wakened me:
   'Twas Frederic who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping,
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping!

1799.

HYMN TO THE EARTH
HEXAMETERS
[FROM STOLBERG]

EARTH! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse
   and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and,
   blessing, I hymn thee!
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice
   shall float on your surges—
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on
thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and
   lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in
   brightness,
Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of
the mountain,
Here, great Mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy
   bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy
   tresses,
Hymn to the Earth

289

Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurpest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the Sun the rejoicer!
Guardian and friend of the Moon, O Earth, whom the Comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamoured!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great Mother and Goddess,
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he, wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
 Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
MAHOMET

Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on their channels;
Laugh'd on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.

* * * * *

1799.

MAHOMET

Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,
Prophet and Priest, who scattered abroad both evil and blessing,
Huge wasteful empires founded, and hallowed slow persecution,
Soul-withering, but crushed the blasphemous rites of the Pagan
And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the Gospel of Jesus,
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.
Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.
Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river
Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar bewildered,
Rushes dividuous all—all rushing impetuous onward.

1799.
CATULLIAN HENDECASYLLABLES

[FROM MATTHISSON]

Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!—
High and embosomed in congregated laurels
Glimmered a Temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance amid the skiey billows
Rose a fair Island; the god of flocks had blest it.
From the far shores of the bleat-resounding island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland,
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosomed Temple;
There in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a Priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusk wave, until the nightly Sailor
Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

1799.

I. THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER

DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

FROM SCHILLER

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the Ocean.
II. THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE
DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody back.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS

I
From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the Earth
And see how his stock goes on.

II
Over the hill and over the dale
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a Gentleman switches his cane.

III
And how then was the Devil dressed?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

IV
He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-hill hard by his own stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother, Abel.
THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS 293

V
He saw an apothecary on a white horse*
Ride by on his vocations;
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
Death in the Revelations.

VI
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

VII
He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, "We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Hard by the tree of knowledge."†

* "And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death."—Rev. ch. vi. 8. [Note in Morning Post, September 6, 1799.]
† And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (query paper-money :) and next to Life
Our Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by.—

So clomb this first grand thief—
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant.—Paradise Lost, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of various readings obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for "LIFE" Cod. quid. habent, "TRADE." Though indeed the TRADE, i.e., the bibliopolic, so called K&V, may be regarded as LIFE sensu eminentiori; a suggestion which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery-line, who, on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner-parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!"—This "Life, our Death," is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine, and Slaughter first appeared in the Morning Post, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 9th, and 16th stanzas were dictated by Mr. Southey. If any one should
VIII
Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
   A pig, with vast celerity;
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while,
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a
   smile,
   Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

IX
As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
   A solitary cell;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
   For improving his prisons in Hell.

X
He saw a Turnkey in a trice
   Fetter a troublesome blade—
   "Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move
   If a man be but used to his trade."

XI
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
   With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long debate
   On the Slave Trade Abolition.

XII
He saw an old acquaintance
   As he passed by a Methodist meeting;—
She holds a consecrated key,
   And the Devil nods her a greeting.
ask who General —— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he once did see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the Author never meant any one, or indeed anything, but to put a concluding stanza to his doggrel.1

1 "This anecdote is related by that most interesting of the Devil's Biographers, Mr. John Milton, in his Paradise Lost, and we have here the Devil's own testimony to the truth and accuracy of it."—[Note in Morning Post.]
THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS

XIII
She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt! my name's Religion,"
And she looked to [Mr. Wilberforce]
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV
He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain House,
With a majority behind.

XV
The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the Ark."

XVI
He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the ——

XVII
General ——'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake,
It was General Conflagration.

1799.
Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest
These scented Rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud Harlot her distended breast,
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music’s genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature’s passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer’s uptrilled strain
Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hate!
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert Captain, or the primmer Priest,
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.
O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
(Whom stretching from my nurse’s arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.
Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
   Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
   On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
   Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
   Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wrecked sailor floating dead,
   Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!

Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
   The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
   Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

1799.
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 leant against the arméd man,
The statue of the arméd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering 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 suited well
That 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.

298
I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting 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
That crazed that 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,—
LOVE

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 that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous 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 faltering 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 virgin-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 enclosed 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.

How sweet, when crimson colours dart Across a breast of snow,
To see that you are in the heart That beats and throbs below.

All heaven is in a maiden’s blush,
In which the soul doth speak,
That it was you that sent the flush Into the maiden’s cheek.

Large steadfast eyes! eyes gently rolled In shades of changing blue,
How sweet are they, if they behold No dearer sight than you!
ODE TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

And can a lip more richly glow,
   Or be more fair than this?
The world will surely answer, No!
   I, SAPPHO, answer, Yes!

Then grant one smile, tho' it should mean
   A thing of doubtful birth;
That I may say these eyes have seen
   The fairest face on earth!

1799.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD"

"And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging Dart,
With well strung arm, that first preserved his Child,
Then aimed the arrow at the Tyrant's heart."

Splendour's fondly-fostered child!
And did you hail the Platform wild,
   Where once the Austrian fell
   Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learned you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches Brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:
   Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
   Detained your eye from nature: stately vests,
ODE TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,
   Where once the Austrian fell
   Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learned you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame
   All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
   And bending low, with godlike kiss
   Breath'd in a more celestial life;
But boasts not many a fair compeer
   A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
   Yet these delight to celebrate
Laurelled War and plumy State;
   Or in verse and music dress
   Tales of rustic happiness—
   Pernicious Tales! insidious Strains!
   That steel the rich man's breast,
   And mock the lot unblest,
   The sordid vices and the abject pains,
   Which evermore must be
   The doom of Ignorance and Penury!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the Platform wild,
   Where once the Austrian fell]
   Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learned you that heroic measure?

You were a Mother! That most holy name,
   Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose Infants owe them less
Than the poor Caterpillar owes
Its gaudy Parent Fly.
You were a Mother! at your bosom fed
The Babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a Mother,
Without the Mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones
O'er the growing Sense to roll,
The Mother of your infant's Soul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the Eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
New influences in your being rose,
Blest Intuitions and Communions fleet
With living Nature, in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learned you that heroic measure.

1799.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

I

The Shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

II

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

V

And is not War a youthful King,
A stately Hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my Soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged Father tears his child!

VII

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

VIII

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease;
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

1799.
TALLEYRAND TO LORD GRENVILLE
A METRICAL EPISTLE

[As printed in the Morning Post for January 10, 1800]

To the Editor of the Morning Post

MR. EDITOR,—An unmetrical letter from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville has already appeared, and from an authority too high to be questioned: otherwise I could adduce some arguments for the exclusive authenticity of the following metrical epistle. The very epithet which the wise antients used, *aurea carmina*, might have been supposed likely to have determined the choice of the French minister in favour of verse; and the rather when we recollect that this phrase of *golden verses* is applied emphatically to the works of that philosopher who imposed *silence* on all with whom he had to deal. Besides is it not somewhat improbable that Talleyrand should have preferred prose to rhyme, when the latter alone *has got the chink*? Is it not likewise curious that in our official answer no notice whatever is taken of the Chief Consul, Bonaparte, as if there had been no such person existing; notwithstanding that his existence is pretty generally admitted, nay that some have been so rash as to believe that he has created as great a sensation in the world as Lord Grenville, or even the Duke of Portland? But the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, is acknowledged, which, in our opinion, could not have happened had he written only that insignificant prose-letter, which seems to precede Bonaparte's, as in old romances a dwarf always ran before to proclaim the advent or arrival of knight or giant. That Talleyrand's character and practices more resemble those of some *regular* Governments than Bonaparte's I admit; but this of itself does not appear a satisfactory explanation. However, let the letter speak for itself. The second line is supererogative in syllables, whether from the oscitancy of the transcriber, or from the trepidation which might have overpowered the modest Frenchman, on finding himself in the act of writing to so great a man, I shall not dare to determine. A few Notes are added by

Your servant,

Gnome.

P.S.—As mottoes are now fashionable, especially if taken from out-of-the-way books, you may prefix, if you please, the following lines from Sidonius Apollinaris:

"Saxa, et robora, corneasque fibras
Mollit dulciloquà canorus arte!"
TALLEYRAND, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT PARIS, TO LORD GRENVILLE, SECRETARY OF STATE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AUDITOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, A LORD OF TRADE, AN ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE, ETC.

My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation From forms long established, yet with high consideration, I plead for the honour to hope, that no blame Will attach, should this letter begin with my name. I dared not presume on your Lordship to bounce, But thought it more exquisite first to announce!

My Lord! I’ve the honour to be Talleyrand, And the letter’s from me! you’ll not draw back your hand
Nor yet take it up by the rim in dismay, As boys pick up ha’pence on April fool day. I’m no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier That your Lordship’s ungauntleted fingers need fear An infection or burn! Believe me, ’tis true, With a scorn like another I look down on the crew That bawl and hold up to the mob’s detestation The most delicate wish for a silent persuasion. A form long-established these Terrorists call Bribes, perjury, theft, and the devil and all! And yet spite of all that the Moralist * prates, ’Tis the keystone and cement of civilised States. Those American Reps! And i’ faith, they were serious!
It shocked us at Paris, like something mysterious, That men who’ve a Congress—But no more of ’t! I’m proud To have stood so distinct from the Jacobin crowd.

* This sarcasm on the writings of moralists is, in general, extremely just; but had Talleyrand continued long enough in England, he might have found an honourable exception in the second volume of Dr. Paley’s Moral Philosophy; in which both Secret Influence, and all the other Established Forms, are justified and placed in their true light.
† A fashionable abbreviation in the higher circles for Republicans. Thus Mob was originally the Mobility.
My Lord! though the vulgar in wonder be lost at
My transfigurations, and name me *Apostate*,
Such a meaningless nickname, which never incensed me, *Cannot* prejudice you or your Cousin against me:
I'm Ex-bishop. What then? Burke himself would agree
That I left not the Church—'twas the Church that left me.
My titles prelatic I loved and retained,
As long as what *I* meant by Prelate remained:
And tho' Mitres no longer will *pass* in our mart,
I'm *episcopal* still to the core of my heart.
No time from my name this my motto shall sever:
'Twill be "*non sine pulvere palma*" *for ever*!
Your goodness, my Lord, I conceive as excessive,
Or I dared not present you a scroll so digressive;
And in truth with my pen thro' and thro' I should strike it;
But I hear that your Lordship's own style is just like it.
Dear my Lord, we are right: for what charms can be showed
In a thing that goes straight like an old Roman road?
The tortoise crawls straight, the hare doubles about;
And the true line of beauty still winds in and out.
It argues, my Lord! of fine thoughts such a brood in us
To split and divide into heads multitudinous,
While charms that surprise (it can ne'er be denied us)
Sprout forth from each head, like the ears from King Midas.
Were a genius of rank, like a commonplace dunce,
Compell'd to drive on to the main point at once,
What a plentiful vintage of initiations?
Would Noble Lords lose in your Lordship's orations.

* Palma non sine pulvere. In plain English, an itching palm, not without the yellow dust.
† The word *Initiations* is borrowed from the new Constitution, and can only mean, in plain English, introductory matter. If the manuscript would bear us out, we should propose to read the line thus—"What a plentiful *Verbage*, what *Initiations!*" inasmuch as *Vintage* must necessarily refer to wine, really or figura-
My fancy transports me! As mute as a mouse,
And as fleet as a pigeon, I'm borne to the house
Where all those who are Lords, from father to son,
Discuss the affairs of all those who are none.
I behold you, my Lord! of your feelings quite full,
'Fore the woolsack arise, like a sack full of wool!
You rise on each Anti-Grenvillian Member,
Short, thick and blustrous, like a day in November!* 60
Short in person, I mean: for the length of your speeches
Fame herself, that most famous reporter, ne'er reaches.
Lo! Patience beholds you contemn her brief reign,
And Time, that all-panting toil'd after in vain,
(Like the Beldam who raced for a smock with her grandchild)
Drops and cries: "Were such lungs e'er assigned to a man-child?"
Your strokes at her vitals pale Truth has confess'd,
And Zeal unresisted entempests your breast!†
Though some noble Lords may be wishing to sup,
Your merit self-conscious, my Lord, keeps you up,
Unextinguish'd and swoln, as a balloon of paper
Keeps aloft by the smoke of its own farthing taper.
Ye sixteens‡ of Scotland, your snuffs ye must trim;
Your Geminies, fix'd stars of England! grow dim,
tively; and we cannot guess what species Lord Grenville's eloquence may be supposed to resemble, unless, indeed, it be Cowslip wine. A slashing critic to whom we read the manuscript, proposed to read, "What a plenty of Flowers—what initiations!" and supposes it may allude indiscriminately to Poppy Flowers, or Flour of Brimstone. The most modest emendation, perhaps, would be this—for Vintage read Vantage.
* We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy of this simile. For as Lord Grenville, though short, is certainly not the shortest man in the House, even so is it with the days in November.
† An evident plagiarism of the Ex-Bishop's from Dr. Johnson—
‡ This line and the following are involved in an almost Lyco-phantetic tenebricosity. On repeating them, however, to an Illuminant, whose confidence I possess, he informed me (and he
And but for a form long-establish'd, no doubt
Twinkling faster and faster, ye all would go out.

Apropos, my dear Lord! a ridiculous blunder
Of some of our Journalists caused us some wonder:
It was said, that in aspect malignant and sinister,
In the Isle of Great Britain a great Foreign Minister
 Turned as pale as a journeyman miller's frock coat is
On observing a star that appeared in Bootes!
When the whole truth was this (O those ignorant brutes)!
your Lordship had made his appearance in boots:
You, my Lord, with your star, sat in boots, and the
Spanish
Ambassador thereupon thought fit to vanish.
But perhaps, dear my Lord, among other worse crimes,
The whole was no more than a lie of The Times.
It is monstrous, my Lord! in a civilised state
Thatsuch Newspaper rogueshould have license to prate.
Indeed printing in general—but for the taxes,
Is in theory false and pernicious in praxis!
You and I, and your Cousin, and Abbé Sieyes,
And all the great Statesmen that live in these days,
Are agreed that no nation secure is from vi'lence
Unless all who must think are maintained all in silence.
This printing, my Lord—but 'tis useless to mention,
What we both of us think—'twas a cursed invention
And Germany might have been honestly prouder
Had she left it alone, and found out only powder.
My Lord! when I think of our labours and cares
Who rule the Department of foreign affairs,
ought to know, for he is a Tallow-chandler by trade) that certain
 candles go by the name of sixteens. This explains the whole,
the Scotch Peers are destined to burn out—and so are candles!
The English are perpetual, and are therefore styled Fixed Stars!
The word Geminies is, we confess, still obscure to us; though we
venture to suggest that it may perhaps be a metaphor (daringly
sublime) for the two eyes which noble Lords do in general possess.
It is certainly used by the poet Fletcher in this sense, in the 31st
stanza of his Purple Island:

“ What! shall I then need seek a patron out,
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
And shine upon me with her geminies?”
SONG

And how with their libels these journalists bore us,
Though Rage I acknowledge than Scorn less decorous;
Yet their presses and types I could shiver in splinters,
Those printers' black Devils! those Devils of Printers!
In case of a peace—but perhaps it were better
To proceed to the absolute point of my letter:
For the deep wounds of France, Bonaparte, my master,
Has found out a new sort of basilicon plaister.
But your time, my dear Lord! is your nation's best treasure,
I've intruded already too long on your leisure;
If so, I entreat you with penitent sorrow
To pause, and resume the remainder to-morrow.

SONG

PICCOLOMINI, ACT II. SCENE 6

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might,
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
   Her bosom is swelling with sorrow.
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky;
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
   Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow!

1800.
APOLOGIA PRO VITÀ SUÀ

The Poet in his lone yet genial hour
Gives to his eye a magnifying power:
Or rather he emancipates his eyes
From the black shapeless accidents of size—
In unctuous cones of kindling coal,
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe’s trim bole,
His gifted ken can see
Phantoms of sublimity.

The Keep-Sake

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxtail tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope’s gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!*
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked, (the flowers which most she knew I loved,)
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (Vergissmein nicht) and we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.
ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyless restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep.)
Nor yet the entrancement of that ma'den kiss
With which she promised, that when spring returned,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the Tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope  
And dire Remembrance interlope,  
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:  
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
At morning through the accustomed mead;  
And in the sultry summer's heat  
Will build me up a mossy seat;  
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,  
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,  
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding Moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,  
To thee I dedicate the whole!  
And while within myself I trace  
The greatness of some future race,  
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan  
The present works of present man—  
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,  
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A VIEW  
OF SADDLEBACK IN CUMBERLAND

On stern Blencartha's perilous height  
The winds are tyrannous and strong;  
And flashing forth unsteady light  
From stern Blencartha's skiey height,  
As loud the torrents throng!  
Beneath the Moon, in gentle weather,  
They bind the Earth and Sky together.  
But oh! the Sky and all its forms, how quiet!  
The things that seek the Earth, how full of noise  
and riot!

1800.
A STRANGER MINSTREL

WRITTEN TO MRS. ROBINSON [PERDITA] A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HER DEATH

As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine,
Midway the ascent, in that repose divine
When the soul centred in the Heart's recess
Hath quaffed its fill of Nature's loveliness,
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkles of a silent laugh—
In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought
A form within me rose, within me wrought
With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,
"Thou ancient Skiddaw by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-coloured chasms deep,
And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height,
And by yon shepherds with their sheep,
And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd,
That rush even now with clamour loud
Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud,
And by this laugh, and by this tear,
I would, old Skiddaw, she were here!
A lady of sweet song is she,
Her soft blue eye was made for thee!
O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
I would, I would that she were here!"

Then ancient Skiddaw, stern and proud,
In sullen majesty replying,
Thus spake from out his helm of cloud
(His voice was like an echo dying!):—
"She dwells belike in scenes more fair,
And scorns a mount so bleak and bare."

I only sighed when this I heard,
Such mournful thoughts within me stirr'd
That all my heart was faint and weak,
So sorely was I troubled!
No laughter wrinkled on my cheek,
But O the tears were doubled!

But ancient Skiddaw green and high
Heard and understood my sigh;
And now, in tones less stern and rude,
As if he wished to end the feud,
Spake he, the proud response renewing
(His voice was like a monarch wooing):—
"Nay, but thou dost not know her might,
The pinions of her soul how strong!
But many a stranger in my height
Hath sung to me her magic song,
Sending forth his ecstasy
   In her divinest melody,
   And hence I know her soul is free,
   She is where'er she wills to be,
   Unfetter'd by mortality!
Now to the 'haunted beach' can fly,
   Beside the threshold scourged with waves,
   Now where the maniac wildly raves,
   'Pale moon, thou spectre of the sky!'
   No wind that hurries o'er my height
   Can travel with so swift a flight.
   I too, methinks, might merit
   The presence of her spirit!
   To me too might belong
   The honour of her song and witching melody,
   Which most resembles me,
   Soft, various, and sublime,
   Exempt from wrongs of Time!'"

Thus spake the mighty Mount, and I
Made answer with a deep-drawn sigh:—
"Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
   I would, I would that she were here!"

---

THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE

The Devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same time that he came last
On an old Christmas-day in a snowy blast:
   Till he bids the trump sound neither body nor soul
   stirs,
   For the dead men's heads have slipped under their
   bolsters.
TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE

Oh! ho! brother Bard, in our churchyard,
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green;
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.
This tomb would be square, if it were not too long;
And 'tis rail'd round with iron, tall, spear-like, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip
With a waxy face and a blubber lip,
And a black tooth in front, to show in part
What was the colour of his whole heart.
   This Counsellor sweet,
   This Scotchman complete,
   (The Devil scotch him for a snake!),
   I trust he lies in his grave awake.
On the sixth of January,
When all around is white with snow
As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,
   Brother Bard, ho! ho!
Believe it, or no,
On that stone-tomb to you I'll show
After sunset, and before cock-crow,
Two round spaces clear of snow.
I swear by our Knight and his forefathers' souls,
That in size and shape they are just like the holes
In the large house of privity
Of that ancient family.
On those two places clear of snow
There have sat in the night for an hour or so,
Before sunrise, and 'after cock-crow
(He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of the wind in their horns),
The Devil and his Grannam,
   With the snow-drift to fan 'em;
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow;
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below!
THE MAD MONK

I heard a voice from Etna's side;
   Where o'er a cavern's mouth
That fronted to the south
A chestnut spread its umbrage wide:
A hermit or a monk the man might be;
   But him I could not see:
And thus the music flowed along,
In melody most like to old Sicilian song:

"There was a time when Earth, and Sea, and Skies,
   The bright green vale, and forest's dark recess,
With all things, lay before mine eyes
   In steady loveliness:
But now I feel, on Earth's uneasy scene,
   Such sorrows as will never cease;—
I only ask for peace;
If I must live to know that such a time has been!"

A silence then ensued:
   Till from the cavern came
A voice;—it was the same!
And thus, in mournful tone, its dreary plaint renewed:

"Last night, as o'er the sloping turf I trod,
   The smooth green turf, to me a vision gave
Beneath mine eyes, the sod—
   The roof of Rosa's grave!
My heart has need with dreams like these to strive,
   For, when I woke, beneath mine eyes I found
The plot of mossy ground,
On which we oft have sat when Rosa was alive,—
Why must the rock, and margin of the flood,
   Why must the hills so many flow'rets bear,
Whose colours to a murder'd maiden's blood
   Such sad resemblance wear?—

"I struck the wound,—this hand of mine!
For Oh, thou Maid divine,
   I loved to agony!

320
The youth whom thou call’dst thine
Did never love like me!

"Is it the stormy clouds above
That flashed so red a gleam?
On yonder downward trickling stream?—
’Tis not the blood of her I love.—

The sun torments me from his western bed,
Oh, let him cease for ever to diffuse
Those crimson spectre hues!
Oh, let me lie in peace, and be for ever dead!"

Here ceased the voice. In deep dismay,
Down thro’ the forest I pursued my way.

ON RE-VISITING THE SEA-SHORE, AFTER LONG ABSENCE

UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships, and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion’s pining Sons and Daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?"
DEJECTION: AN ODE

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams, (the Soul herself forsaking),
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
A blessed shadow of this Earth!

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

DEJECTION:

AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

Well! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute,

For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
DEJECTION: AN ODE

(With swimming phantom light o’erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder thrrostle woo’d,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
[And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
DEJECTION: AN ODE

IV
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's Effluence, Cloud at once and Shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding Nature to us, gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI
There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For Hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage not my own, seemed mine.
DEJECTION: AN ODE

But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,—
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And, haply, by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural Man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my Soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the vallies. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.
DEJECTION: AN ODE

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
   It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
   A tale of less affright,
   And tempered with delight,
As Otway’s self had framed the tender lay—
   ’Tis of a little child
   Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII

’Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
   And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
   Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
   With light heart may she rise,
   Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
   Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
   O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

1802.
THE PICTURE, OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer-gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,  
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake  
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault  
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;  
Here too the love-lorn Man, who, sick in soul,  
And of this busy human heart aweary,  
Worships the spirit of unconscious life  
In tree or wild flower.—Gentle Lunatic!  
If so he might not wholly cease to be,  
He would far rather not be that he is;  
But would be something, that he knows not of,  
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!  

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here:  
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves  
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood  
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore  
His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn  
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird  
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,  
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!  
And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at morn  
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!  
You, O ye wingless Airs! that creep between  
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,  
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,  
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—  
Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,  
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb:—  
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!  
With prickle sharper than his darts bemock  
His little Godship, making him perforce  
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now  
With my own fancies play the merry fool,  
And laugh away worse folly, being free.  
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,  
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine  
Clothes as with net-work: here will I couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And listening only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound;
Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me,
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, the downcast look
Contemplative! Behold! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile
Had from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth,
(For Fear is true Love's cruel nurse,) he now
With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers, that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells;
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely darst lift up thine eyes!
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the Virgin's snowy arm, that leaned
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad Love-yearning by the vacant brook,
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
O wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale:
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From Passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs
How fair the sunshine spots that mossy glooms,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found: and see
Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
THE PICTURE

Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o’erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love’s brief feuds;
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods,)
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns: from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths:—
A curious picture, with a master’s haste
Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peeled from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the Sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
AN ODE TO THE RAIN

Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alceus wooed,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropped unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste,—
The picture in my hand which she has left!
She cannot blame me that I followed her—
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

AN ODE TO THE RAIN

COMPOSED BEFORE DAYLIGHT, ON THE MORNING
APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY
WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT
VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS FEARED
THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN

I

I know it is dark; and though I have lain,
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once opened the lids of my eyes,
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
AN ODE TO THE RAIN

I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

II

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days and months, and almost years,
Have limped on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away:

III

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say
You're a good creature in your way;
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.—
What then? sometimes it must be fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!
Dear Rain! if I’ve been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I’ll tell you why.
A dear old friend e’en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset—
We three dear friends! in truth, we groan
Impatiently—to be alone.
We three, you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

And this I’ll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e’er you could,
(And by the bye ’tis understood,
You’re not so pleasant as you’re good),
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I’ll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stayed a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I’ll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.
HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy chrystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy;

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at Dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the Dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the Billows stiffen, and have Rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the Mountain's brow
Adown enormous Ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless Torrents! silent Cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with Rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the Torrents, like a Shout of Nations,
Answer! and let the Ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye Pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of Snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal Frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the Eagle's nest!
Ye Eagles, playmates of the Mountain Storm!
Ye Lightnings, the dread arrows of the Clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the Hills with Praise!
TO MATILDA BETHAM

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing Peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure Serene
Into the depth of Clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy Base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

TO MATILDA BETHAM, FROM A STRANGER

["One of our most celebrated poets, who had, I was told, picked out and praised the little piece 'On a Cloud' another had quoted, (saying it would have been faultless if I had not used the word Phoebus in it, which he thought inadmissible in modern poetry), sent me some verses inscribed 'To Matilda Betham, from a Stranger'; and dated 'Keswick, September 9, 1802, S. T. C.' I should have guessed whence they came, but dared not flatter myself so highly as satisfactorily to believe it, before I obtained the avowal of the lady who had transmitted them."]

MATILDA! I have heard a sweet tune played
On a sweet instrument—thy Poesie—
Sent to my soul by Boughton’s pleading voice,
Where Friendship’s zealous wish inspired,
Deepened and filled the subtle tones of taste:
(So have I heard a Nightingale’s fine notes
Blend with the murmurs of a hidden stream!)
And now the fair, wild offspring of thy genius,
Those wanderers whom thy fancy had sent forth
To seek their fortune in this motley world,
Have found a little home within my heart,
And brought me, as the quit-rent of their lodging,
Rose-buds, and fruit-blossoms, and pretty weeds,
And timorous laurel leaflets half-disclosed,
Engarlanded with gadding woodbine tendrils!
A coronal, which, with undoubting hand,
I twine around the brows of patriot Hope!

The Almighty, having first composed a Man,
Set him to music, framing Woman for him,
And fitted each to each, and made them one!

And 'tis my faith, that there's a natural bond
Between the female mind and measured sounds,
Nor do I know a sweeter Hope than this,
Than this sweet Hope, by judgment unreproved,
That our own Britain, our dear Mother Isle,
May boast one Maid, a poetess indeed,
Great as th' impassioned Lesbian, in sweet song,
And O! of holier mind, and happier fate.

Matilda! I dare twine thy vernal wreath
Around the brows of patriot Hope! But thou
Be wise! be bold! fulfil my auspices!
Tho' sweet thy measures, stern must be thy thought,
Patient thy study, watchful thy mild eye!
Poetic feelings, like the stretching boughs
Of mighty oaks, pay homage to the gales,
Toss in the strong winds, drive before the gust,
Themselves one giddy storm of fluttering leaves;
Yet, all the while self-limited, remain,
Equally near the fixed and solid trunk
Of Truth and Nature, in the howling storm,
As in the calm that stills the aspen grove.
Be bold, meek Woman! but be wisely bold!
Fly, ostrich-like, firm land beneath thy feet,
Yet hurried onward by thy wings of fancy
Swift as the whirlwind, singing in their quills.

Look round thee! look within thee! think and feel!
What nobler meed, Matilda! canst thou win,
Than tears of gladness in a Boughton's eyes,
And exultation even in strangers' hearts?
INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH

This Sycamore, oft musical with Bees,—
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its agéd Boughs o'er-canopy
The small round Basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping Infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the Traveller
With soft and even Pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny Cone of Sand its soundless Dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth Surface of the Fount.

Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy Heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle Sound,
Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring Bees!

1802.

THE REWARD OF THE JUST

COMPLAINT

"How seldom, Friend! a good great Man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

339
For shame, dear Friend, renounce this canting strain! What would'st thou have a good great man obtain? Place? Titles? Salary? a gilded Chain? Or Throne of corses which his sword had slain? Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends! Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good great Man? three treasures, Love, and Light, And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath;— And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death! 1802.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove, The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!" In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong; What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song. But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather, And singing, and loving—all come back together. "I love, and I love," almost all the birds say From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they! But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he— "I love my Love, and my Love loves me!" 'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim, When he loves his Love, and his Love loves him! 1802.
THE HAPPY HUSBAND

A FRAGMENT

OFT, oft methinks, the while with thee,
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne’er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And un alarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love’s brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, ther
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

A DAY-DREAM

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut;—
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me and Mary there.
A DAY-DREAM

O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
   And that and summer well agree:
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
   Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! but now, few, large and bright,
   The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
   The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!
   For dearly, Asra! love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
   This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!
Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
   By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber moveless all!
   And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
   'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay
   Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two belovéd women! /
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed.
Only a sense of supplication,—
A sense o'er all my soul impressed
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others' still the same—
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepest stained with sin,—
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

AN ANGEL VISITANT

Within these circling hollies woodbine-clad—
Beneath this small blue roof of vernal sky—
How warm, how still! Tho' tears should dim mine eye,
Yet will my heart for days continue glad,
For here, my love, thou art, and here am I!
CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT

Since all, that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish; why should'st thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning thought, that liv'st but in the brain?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day—
Fond thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Yet still thou haunt'st me: and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear embodied Good,
Some living Love before my eyes there stood
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—"Ah! loveliest Friend!
That this the meed of all my toils might be,
To have a home, an English home, and thee!"
Vain repetition! Home and Thou are one.
The peacefull'st cot, the Moon shall shine upon,
Lulled by the thrush and wakened by the lark
Without thee were but a becalmed bark,
Whose Helmsman on an Ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.
And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
*Sees full before him, gliding without tread,

* This phenomenon which the author has himself experienced,
and of which the reader may find a description in one of the
earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions
is applied figuratively in the following passage in the Aids to
Reflection: "Pindar's fine remark respecting the different
effects of music on different characters, holds equally true of
Genius; as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed,
perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognises it as a
projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a
glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre." Aids to
Reflection, 1825, p. 220.
WHAT IS LIFE?

An image with a glory round its head:
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues!

PHANTOM

ALL look and likeness caught from Earth,
All accident of kin and birth,
Had passed away. There was no trace
Of aught on that illumined face,
Upraised beneath the rifted stone
But of one spirit all her own;—
She, she herself, and only she,
Shone through her body visibly.

WHAT IS LIFE?

RESEMBLES Life what once was deemed of Light,
Too ample in itself for human sight?
An absolute self—an element ungrounded—
All that we see, all colours of all shade
By encroach of darkness made?—
Is Very Life by Consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
A war-embrace of wrestling Life and Death?
THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE

A LAMENT

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose:

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so! for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan: "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counselllest should have been inflicted on thyself."

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnaeus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.

S. T. C.

I

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of a ONE,

The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

347
is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

II

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

III

Imagination; honourable aims;
Free commune with the Choir that cannot die;
Science and Song; delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

IV

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.
Belovéd! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.
The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?

FAREWELL TO LOVE

[FROM FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE]

FAREWELL, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth;
More fondly ne'er did mother eye her child
Than I your form: yours were my hopes of youth,
And as you shaped my thoughts I sighed or smiled.

While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving
To Pleasure's secret haunts, and some apart
Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of deserving,
To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart.

And when I met the Maid that realised
Your fair creations, and had won her kindness,
Say, but for her if aught on earth I prized!
Your dreams alone I dreamt, and caught your blindness.

O grief!—but farewell, Love! I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray me.

1806.

METRICAL FEET

LESSON FOR A BOY

Trochee trips from long to short;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot! yet ill able
Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.
Iambics march from short to long;—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride;—
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-bred Racer.
If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;
Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to show it,
With sound sense in his brains, may make Derwent a poet,—
May crown him with fame, and must win him the love
Of his father on earth and his Father above.
   My dear, dear child!
Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. Coleridge.

1806.
TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good! Into my heart I have received that Lay More than historic, that prophetic Lay Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright) Of the foundations and the building up Of the Human Spirit, thou hast dared to tell What may be told, to the understanding mind Revealable; and what within the mind By vital Breathings, secret as the soul Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the Heart Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears, (The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth) Of tides obedient to external force, And currents self-determined, as might seem, Or by some inner Power; of moments awful, Now in thy inner life, and now abroad, When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received The light reflected, as a light bestowed— Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth, Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens, Native or outland, lakes and famous hills! Or on the lonely high-road, when the Stars Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams, The Guides and the Companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense Distending wide, and Man beloved as Man, Where France in all her towns lay vibrating Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst Of Heaven’s immediate Thunder, when no cloud Is visible, or shadow on the Main. For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a Realm aglow,
Amid a mighty Nation jubilant,
When from the general heart of Human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
—Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure,
From the dread Watch-Tower of man’s absolute Self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,
Action and Joy!—An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chaunted!

O great Bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly Great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred Roll than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the Archives of Mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my Being beat anew:
And even as Life returns upon the drowned,
Life’s joy rekindling roused a throng of Pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope;
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;
Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain,
And Genius given, and Knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in Herald’s guise,
Singing of Glory, and Futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before thy advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By Pity or Grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
Where Wisdom’s voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed
And more desired, more precious for thy song,—
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surges, now beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of my own birth,*
Fair constellated foam, still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—

* “A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals
coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of
flame danced and sparkled and went out in it; and every now
and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted
off from the vessel’s side, each with its own small constellation,
over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troupe over a
Thy long-sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself,
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of belovéd Faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

I

He too has flitted from his secret nest,
Hope's last and dearest child without a name!—
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
That makes false promise of a place of rest
To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind;—
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
Glides out of view, and whither none can find!

II

Yes! he hath flitted from me—with what aim,
Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss,
And He was innocent, as the pretty shame
Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,
From its twy-clustered hiding place of snow!
Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast—
Her eyes down gazing o'er her claspéd charge;—
Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
Where the sweet mark embossed so sweet a targe—
Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest!
III
Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
He flitted from me—and has left behind
(As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
Of either sex and answerable mind
Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame:—
The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight),
And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
Dim likeness now, though fair she be and good,
Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook;—
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
And while her face reflected every look,
And in reflection kindled—she became
So like Him, that almost she seemed the same!

IV
Ah! He is gone, and yet will not depart!—
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled!
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there He made up-grow by his strong art,
As in that crystal orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
The wondrous "World of Glass," wherein inisled
All longed for things their beings did repeat;—
And there he left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete!

V
Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?—
Yes! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal!
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betrayed,
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,
When, at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!

1807.
RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE

I
How warm this woodland wild Recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here:
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

II
Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On "sea-ward Quantock's" heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

III
No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Belovéd! flew your spirit by?

IV
As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

V
You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!
TO TWO SISTERS

VI

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

TO TWO SISTERS

[MRS. MORGAN AND MISS BRENT]

A WANDERER'S FAREWELL

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part—
Makes up Life's tale to many a feeling heart;
Alas for some abiding-place of Love,
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,
Might brood with warming wings!

O fair! O kind!
Sisters in blood, yet each with each intwined
More close by sisterhood of heart and mind!
Me disinherited in form and face
By nature, and mishap of outward grace;
Who, soul and body, through one guiltless fault
Waste daily with the poison of sad thought,
Me did you soothe, when solace hoped I none!
And as on unthawed ice the winter sun,
Though stern the frost, though brief the genial day,
You bless my heart with many a cheerful ray;
For Gratitudé suspends the heart's despair,
Reflecting bright though cold your image there.
Nay more! its music by some sweeter strain
Makes us live o'er our happiest hours again,
TO TWO SISTERS

Hope re-appearing dim in Memory's guise—
Even thus did you call up before mine eyes
Two dear, dear Sisters, prized all price above,
Sisters, like you, with more than sisters' love:
So like you they, and so in you were seen
Their relative statures, tempers, looks, and mien,
That off, dear ladies! you have been to me
At once a vision and reality.

Sight seemed a sort of memory, and Amaze
Mingled a trouble with Affection's gaze.

Oft to my eager soul I whisper blame,
A Stranger bid it feel the Stranger's shame—
My eager soul, impatient of the name,
No strangeness owns, no Stranger's form descries:
The chidden heart spreads trembling on the eyes.
First-seen I gazed, as I would look you thro'!
My best-beloved regained their youth in you,—
And still I ask, though now familiar grown,
Are you for their sakes dear, or for your own?

O doubly dear! may Quiet with you dwell!
In Grief I love you, yef I love you well!
Hope long is dead to me! an orphan's tear
Love wept despairing over his nurse's bier.
Yet still she flutters over her grave's green slope:
For Love's despair is but the ghost of Hope!

Sweet Sisters! were you placed around one hearth
With those, your other selves in shape and worth,
Far rather would I sit in solitude,
Fond recollections all my fond heart's food,
And dream of you, sweet Sisters! (ah! not mine!)
And only dream of you (ah! dream and pine!)
Than boast the presence and partake the pride,
And shine in the eye, of all the world beside.

1807.
A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day!  Amen.

1809.
A TOMBLESS EPITAPH

'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling blame with praise
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honouring with religious love the Great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of an hollow Age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time,
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close.
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The Citadel unconquered, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden Path, that to the shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurked undiscovered by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous Lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,  
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.  

1809.

THE VISIONARY HOPE

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling  
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,  
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,  
That his sick body might have ease and rest;  
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest  
Against his will the stifling load revealing,  
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,  
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror’s feast,  
An alien’s restless mood but half concealing,  
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed  
Sickness within and miserable feeling:  
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,  
And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,  
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:—  
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,  
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.  
That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,  
Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,  
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—  
For Love’s Despair is but Hope’s pining Ghost—  
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,  
He wishes and can wish for this alone!  
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams  
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)  
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,  
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!  
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give  
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.  

1810.
SEPARATION

A sworded man whose trade is blood,
In grief, in anger, and in fear,
Thro' jungle, swamp, and torrent flood,
I seek the wealth you hold so dear!

The dazzling charm of outward form,
The power of gold, the pride of birth,
Have taken Woman's heart by storm—
Usurped the place of inward worth.

Is not true Love of higher price
Than outward Form, though fair to see,
Wealth's glittering fairy-dome of ice,
Or echo of proud ancestry?

O ! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of Love for thee,
As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear;
O! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her!)

The perils, erst with steadfast eye
Encountered, now I shrink to see—
Oh! I have heart enough to die—
Not half enough to part from Thee!

1810.
THE VIRGIN’S CRADLE-HYMN

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

TO A LADY OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION, THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, ’tis true!
For what you are you cannot have,
Tis I that have one, since I first had you!

REASON FOR LOVE’S BLINDNESS

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
PSYCHE

But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But that within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT

ERE the birth of my life, if I wish’d it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be 'YES'; what can 'NO' be?—to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER

Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!
I gave you Innocence, I gave you Hope,
Gave Health, and Genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me Guilt, Lethargy, Despair?
Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

PSYCHE

The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The Soul's fair emblem, and its only name*—
But of the Soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot—much toil, much blame—
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

* Psyche means both Butterfly and Soul.
On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but ’twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
   A Sister and a Brother!
   This far outstripped the other;
Yet ever runs She with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the Boy behind:
   For He, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step He passed,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

1812.
AN INVOCATION

FROM "REMORSE," ACT III. SCENE I.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for Thee—
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

THE NIGHT-SCENE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

Sandoval. You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?
Earl Henry. Loved?
Sand. Did you not say you wooed her?
Earl H. Once I loved
Her whom I dared not woo!
Sand. And wooed, perchance,
One whom you loved not!
Earl H. Oh! I were most base,
Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with impassioned pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
Who in his dream of hope already grasped
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit with insult, and in memory
THE NIGHT-SCENE

Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
But thou art stern, and with unkindling countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.


But Oropeza—

Earl H. Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the garden.—

The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirred: the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.

A little further on an arbour stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,

To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.

Sand. A rude and scaring note, my friend!

Earl H. Oh! no!

I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from Pain, sheltered herself in Joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture—Life was in us;
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul—I vowed to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.—
THE NIGHT-SCENE

Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.
  Sand. (with a sarcastic smile). No other than as
eastern sages paint
The God, who floats upon a Lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages,—then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble
Relapses into bliss.
  Earl H. Ah! was that bliss
Feared as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on them.
Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voice,
"Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?"
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
The purpose and the substance of my being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblenched state with hers.—
Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, Friend! I cannot bear the torment
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—

  Earl Henry retires into the wood.

  Sand. (alone.) O Henry! always striv'st thou to be
great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from Earth to Heaven they
stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!
A HYMN

My Maker! of thy power the trace
In every creature’s form and face
    The wond’ring soul surveys:
Thy Wisdom, infinite above
Seraphic thought, a Father’s love
    As infinite displays!
From all that meets or eye or ear,
There falls a genial holy fear
Which, like the heavy dew of morn,
Refreshes while it bows the heart forlorn!

Great God! thy works how wondrous fair!
Yet sinful man didst thou declare
    The whole Earth’s voice and mind!
Lord, ev’n as Thou all-present art,
O may we still with heedful heart
    Thy presence know and find!
Then, come, what will, of weal or woe,
Joy’s bosom-spring shall steady flow:
For though ’tis Heaven Thyself to see,
Where but thy Shadow falls, Grief cannot be!

TO A LADY

WITH FALCONER’S “SHIPWRECK”

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
    In archéd groves, the youthful poet’s choice;
Nor while half-listening, mid delicious dreams,
    To harp and song from lady’s hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
    On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewn,
    Framing wild fancies to the ocean’s swell;

1814.
Our Sea-Bard sang this song! which still he sings,
   And sings for thee, sweet Friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's wings,
   Now groans, and shivers, the replunging Bark!

"Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The breakers roar—
   Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the Poet paced the Grecian shore,
   No classic roamer, but a ship-wrecked man!

Say then, what Muse inspired these genial strains,
   And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffered pains,
   Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but, chief, the name

Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend,
   Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past,
Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send,
   O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
   Sweet Maid, for friendship formed! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
   A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

1814.

HUMAN LIFE

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
   Swallow up Life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
   Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being! if the breath
   Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death;
   O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
SONG

Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! Nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
Why cowl thy face beneath the Mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none;
Thy Being's Being is contradiction.

SONG
SUNG, BY GLYCINE

["ZAPOLYA," PART II. ACT II. SCENE I]

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!
And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu! Love's dreams prove seldom true. The blossoms they make no delay: The sparkling dew-drops will not stay. Sweet month of May, We must away; Far, far away! To-day! to-day!"

CHORAL SONG

["ZAPOLYA," PART II. ACT IV. SCENE 2]

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay! To the meadows trip away. 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds from the corn. Not a soul at home may stay: For the shepherds must go With lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house To the cricket and the mouse: Find grannam out a sunny seat, With babe and lambkin at her feet. Not a soul at home may stay: For the shepherds must go With lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

TO NATURE

It may indeed be phantasy, when I Essay to draw from all created things Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings; And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie Lessons of love and earnest piety.
THE DARK SIDE OF NATURE

So let it be; and if the wide world rings
In mock of this belief, it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God! and thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

1815.

A SIBYLLINE LEAF

FROM HERACLITUS

Not hers
To win the sense by words of rhetoric,
Lip-blossoms breathing perishable sweets;
But by the power of the informing Word
Roll sounding onward through a thousand years
Her deep prophetic bodements.

1815.

THE DARK SIDE OF NATURE

Yon row of bleak and visionary pines,
By twilight glimpse discerned, mark! how they flee
From the fierce sea-blast, all their tresses wild
Streaming before them!

1815.
MOLES

THEY shrink in as moles
(Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)
Creep back from Light—then listen for its sound;—
See but to dread, and dread they know not why—
The natural alien of their negative eye.

1817.

LIMBO

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place,
Yet name it so;—where Time and weary Space
Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,
Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;—
Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands
Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,
Not marked by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they
As moonlight on the dial of the day!
But that is lovely—looks like human Time,—
An old man with a steady look sublime,
That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;
But he is blind—a statue hath such eyes;—
Yet having moonward turned his face by chance,
Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,
With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high,
He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye;—
As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,
His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!
Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—
He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him!
No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immure,
Walled round, and made a spirit-jail secure,
By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,  
Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthrall.  
A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,  
Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;  
Hell knows a fear far worse,  
A fear—a future state;—’tis positive Negation!

The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte’s idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature. [S. T. C.]

The Categorical Imperative, or the Annunciation of the New Teutonic God, 'ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΙΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by Querkopf Von Klubstick, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio. . . . (Biog. Lit. Cap. ix. note.)

Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,  
(Speak English, friend!) the God Imperativus,  
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:  
"I, I, I! I itself I!  
The form and the substance, the what and the why,  
The when and the where, and the low and the high,  
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,  
I, you, and he, and he, you and I,  
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!  
All I itself I!  
(Fools! a truce with this starting!)  
All my I! all my I!  
He’s a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!"

Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:  
In robe of stiffest state, that scoffed at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown,
He thus spake on:—"Behold in I alone
(For Ethics boast a syntax of their own)
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,
The genitive and ablative to boot:
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,
And in all cases the case absolute!
Self-construed, I all other moods decline:
Imperative, from nothing we derive us;
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
Unconstrued antecedence I assign,
To X Y Z, the God Infinitivus!"

1817.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the Saints, I trust.

1817.
ISRAEL'S LAMENT
FROM THE HEBREW OF HYMAN HURWITZ

[CHAUNTED IN THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE AT THE
FUNERAL OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE]

Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!
Give utterance to the inward throes!
As wails, of her first love forlorn,
The virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatched away
From Light and Life's ascending Sun!
Mourn for the babe, Death's voiceless prey,
Earned by long pangs and lost ere won.

Mourn the bright Rose that bloomed and went
Ere half disclosed its vernal hue!
Mourn the green bud, so rudely rent,
It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal woe
With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue:
For England's Lady is laid low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The blossoms on her Tree of Life
Shone with the dews of recent bliss:
Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

Mourn for the widowed Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at morn
To seek and bless the firstling bud
Of his own Rose, and found the thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.
ISRAEL'S LAMENT

O press again that murmuring string!
    Again bewail that princely Sire!
A destined Queen, a future King,
    He mourns on one funereal pyre.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decayed,
    Her daughters wail their dear defence;
Their fair example, prostrate laid,
    Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
    We will take up a Mourning yearly:
To wail the blow that crushed the Rose,
    So dearly prized and loved so dearly.

Long as the fount of Song o'erflows
    Will I the yearly dirge renew:
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose
    That snapped the stem on which it grew.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
    Damp, trickling Vault their only mourner!
Not so the regal Rose, that still
    Clung to the breast which first had worn her!

O thou, who mark'st the Mourner's path
    To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!
Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath
    The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!
    And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—
Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!
    Be thou their Comforter, O God!

1817.
ON DONNE'S POETRY

With Donne, whose Muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, Fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, Meaning's press and screw.

1818.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

1819.
WHAT IS REASON?

WHENE’ER the mist, that stands ’twixt God and thee
Defecates to a pure transparency,
That intercepts no light and adds no stain—
There Reason is, and then begins her reign!

But, alas!

— tu stesso ti fai grosso
Col falso immaginar, sì che non vedi
Ciò che vedresti, se l’avessi scosso.

DANTE, Paradiso, Canto i. 1819.

THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE

A Hebrew Dirge and Hymn, chaunted in the Great Synagogue,
St. James’ pl. Aldgate, on the Day of the Funeral of King George
III. of blessed memory. By Hyman Hurwitz, of Highgate,
Translated by a Friend.

Dirge

OPPRESSED, confused, with grief and pain,
   And inly shrinking from the blow,
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain,
   The wonted words refuse to flow.

A fear in every face I find,
   Each voice is that of one who grieves;
And all my Soul, to grief resigned,
   Reflects the sorrow it receives.

The Day-Star of our glory sets!
   Our King has breathed his latest breath!
Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,
   As if it own’d the pow’r of death.
Our Crown, our heart’s Desire is fled!
     Britannia’s glory molts its wing!
Let us, with ashes on our head,
     Raise up a mourning for our King.

Lo! of his beams the Day-Star shorn,*
  Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil!
The Stars are dim! Our Nobles mourn;
     The Matrons weep, their Children wail.

No age records a King so just,
     His virtues numerous as his days;
The Lord Jehovah was his trust,
     And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

His Love was bounded by no Clime;
     Each diverse Race, each distant Clan
He governed by this truth sublime,
     “God only knows the heart—not man.”

His word appalled the sons of pride,
     Iniquity far winged her way;
Deceit and fraud were scattered wide,
     And truth resumed her sacred sway.

He soothed the wretched, and the prey
     From impious tyranny he tore;
He stayed th’ Usurper’s iron sway,
     And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

Thou too, Jeshurun’s Daughter! thou,
     Th’ oppressed of nations and the scorn!
Didst hail on his benignant brow
     A safety dawning like the morn.

The scoff of each unfeeling mind,
     Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief;
Beneath his throne, peace thou didst find,
     And blest the hand that gave relief.

* The author, in the spirit of Hebrew Poetry, here represents
  the Crown, the Peerage, and the Commonalty, by the figurative
  expression of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.
E’en when a fatal cloud o’erspread
The moonlight splendour of his sway,
Yet still the light remained, and shed
Mild radiance on the traveller’s way.

But he is gone—the Just! the Good!
Nor could a Nation’s prayer delay
The heavenly meed, that long had stood
His portion in the realms of day.

Beyond the mighty Isle’s extent
The mightier Nation mourns her Chief:
Him Judah’s Daughter shall lament,
In tears of fervour, love and grief.

Britannia mourns in silent grief;
Her heart a prey to inward woe.
In vain she strives to find relief,
Her pang so great, so great the blow.

Britannia! Sister! woe is me!
Full fain would I console thy woe.
But, ah! how shall I comfort thee,
Who need the balm I would bestow?

United then let us repair,
As round our common Parent’s grave;
And pouring out our heart in prayer,
Our heav’nly Father’s mercy crave.

Until Jehovah from his throne
Shall heed his suffering people’s fears;
Shall turn to song the Mourner’s groan,
To smiles of joy the Nation’s tears.

Praise to the Lord! Loud praises sing!
And bless Jehovah’s righteous hand!
Again he bids a George, our King,
Dispense his blessings to the Land.
O throned in Heav'n! Sole King of kings, Jehovah! hear Thy Children's prayers and sighs! Thou Binder of the broken heart! with wings
Of healing on Thy people rise!
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet
Before thy Judgment seat:
Lord, hear us! we entreat!

When angry clouds Thy throne surround,
E'en from the cloud thou bid'st thy mercy shine:
And ere thy righteous vengeance strikes the wound,
Thy grace prepares the balm divine!
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet; &c.

The Parent tree thy hand did spare—
It fell not till the ripened fruit was won:
Beneath its shade the Scion flourished fair,
And for the Sire thou gav'st the Son. &c.

This thy own Vine, which thou didst rear,
And train up for us from the royal root,
Protect, O Lord! and to the Nations near
Long let it shelter yield, and fruit. &c.

Lord, comfort thou the royal line:
Let Peace and Joy watch round us hand in hand.
Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine,
And banish sorrow from the land.
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet
Before Thy Judgment seat:
Lord, hear us! we entreat!
YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
   With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change ’twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide,—
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together!

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree:
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, Life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
   When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With o'ft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed ;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

1822–1832.

THE REPROOF AND REPLY

Or, the Flower-thief's Apology, for a robbery committed in Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm's garden, on Sunday morning, May 25, 1823, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

"Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?
Break two commandments? and in church-time too!
Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,
The birth-and-parentage-recording strain?
Confessions shrill, that out-shrilled mackerel drown—
Fresh from the drop, the youth not yet cut down;—
Letter to sweet-heart—the last dying speech—
And didn't all this begin in Sabbath-breach?
You, that knew better! In broad open day,
Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away?
What could possess you? Ah! sweet youth, I fear
The Chap with horns and tail was at your ear!"
Such sounds of late, accusing fancy brought
From fair Chisholm to the Poet's thought.
Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply:—
A bow, a pleading look, a downcast eye,—
And then:

"Fair Dame! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your Poet's wont to roam,
And many a morn, on his becharmed sense
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deemed himself, as it flowed warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern,
A Nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn,—
Say, can you blame?—No! none that saw and heard
Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirred;
A muse beholding in each fervent trait,
Took Mary H—— for Polly Hymnia!
Or haply as there stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole arrayed,
If with regretful thought he hailed in thee
Chisholm, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene!
But most of you, soft warblings, I complain!
'Twas ye that from the bee-hive of my brain
Lured the wild fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witched the air with dreams turned inside out.

"Thus all conspired—each power of eye and ear,
And this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,
To cheat poor me (no conjuror, God wot!)
And Chisholm's self accomplice in the plot.
Can you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they;—
All Nature day-dreams in the month of May.
And if I plucked 'each flower that sweetest blows,'—
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his nose.

Thus, long accustomed on the twy-forked hill,*

* The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's-land, I tread,—
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from Chisholm who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun or man-trap in that face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For Chisholm speaks, 'Poor youth! he's but a waif!' The spoons all right? the hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!"

DESIREE

Where true Love burns, Desire is Love's pure flame;
It is the reflex of our earthly frame,
That takes its meaning from the nobler part,
And but translates the language of the heart.

FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE

[FROM SYDNEY'S "ARCADIA"]

O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind!
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,
O'er willowy meads and shadowed waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.
TO EDWARD IRVING

FRIEND pure of heart and fervent! We have learnt
A different lore! We may not thus profane
The Idea and Name of Him whose Absolute Wil
Is Reason—Truth Supreme!—Essential Order!

1824.

ALICE DU CLOS

OR THE FORKED TONGUE

A BALLAD

"One word with two meanings is the traitor’s shield and shaft:
and a slit tongue be his blazon!"

_Caucasian Proverb._

"The Sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew:
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, Lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
    Your huskins and your quiver;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
    Long waiting brooked he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
    To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
    And you his lady gay.
O Lady! throw your book aside!
I would not that my Lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless fair, as airy light
    As that moon-shiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her Sire’s ancestral crest!
For ere the lark had left his nest,
    She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapped in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight,
    A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!

O close your eyes, and strive to see
The studious maid, with book on knee,—
    Ah! earliest-opened flower;
While yet with keen unblunted light
The morning star shone opposite
    The lattice of her bower—
Alone of all the starry host,
    As if in prideful scorn
Of flight and fear he stayed behind,
    To brave th' advancing morn.

O! Alice could read passing well,
    And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
    And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrilled like venom thro' her brain;
    Yet never from the book
She raised her head, nor did she deign
    The knight a single look.

"Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix
    Thy wanton gaze on me?
And why, against my earnest suit,
    Does Julian send by thee?

"Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure:
    Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
    And chase a gentler prey."

She said: and with a baleful smile
    The vassal knight reeled off—
Like a huge billow from a bark
    Toiled in the deep sea-trough,
THE VASSAL'S SPEECH, HIS TAUNTING VEIN,
IT THRILL'D LIKE VENOM THRO' HER BRAIN
ALICE DU CLOS

Thatshoulderingsidewaysinmidplunge,
Is traversed by a flash,
And staggeringonward,leaves the ear
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien
A moment; for the scoff was keen,
And thro' her veins did shiver!
Then rose and donn'd her dress of green,
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree!
From thro' the veiling mist you see
The black and shadowy stem;
Smit by the Sun the mist in glee
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—
Each blossom hath its gem!

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden-stile
Mimics the hunter's shout.
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!
Go, bring the palfrey out.

"My Julian's out with all his clan,
And, bonny boy, you wis,
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Who comes late, comes amiss."

Now Florian was a stripling squire,
A gallant boy of Spain,
That tossed his head in joy and pride,
Behind his Lady fair to ride,
But blushed to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green,—
And forth they go; she with her bow,
Her buskins and her quiver!—
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
He makes his javelin quiver.
And had not Alice stayed the race
And stopped to see, a moment's space,
   The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lacked not much,
   They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,
    Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbour knight pricked on to join
    The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
    Tho' with an angered mind:
Betrothed not wedded to his bride,
    In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He looked around, he looked above,
    But pretext none could find or frame.
Alas! alas! and well a-day!
It grieves me sore to think, to say,
That names so seldom meet with Love,
    Yet Love wants courage without a name!

Straight from the forest's skirt the trees
    O'er-branching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chant
    As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
    And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
    A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
    Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire, and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;
    The horses pawed the ground.
When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurred in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turned his steed half round,—
"What! doth not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?"

With stifled tones, the knight replied,
And looked askance on either side,—
"Nay, let the hunt proceed!—
The Lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantily please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

"You sent betimes. Not yet unbarred
I found the middle door;—
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice, and one more.

"I came unlooked for: and, it seemed,
In an unwelcome hour;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the latticed bower.

"But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid's lips than mine."

"God's wrath! speak out, man," Julian cried,
O'ermastered by the sudden smart;—
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—
"Scowl not at me: command my skill,
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman's heart.
"'Go! (said she) tell him,—slow is sure;
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.'

"The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame's eyes engage;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fixed with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page."

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian's ear,—
From two o'erarching oaks between,
With glist'ning helm-like cap is seen,
Born on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
LINES

That seems at once to laugh and chide—
"Not mine, dear mistress," still he cried,
"Tis this mad filly's choice."

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy,
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,
A quivered Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted Maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurled!—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the glade.

? 1825.

LINES

TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW

What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Reviewland croak:
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romp'd with the Graces; and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phoebus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran;
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allured the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own good man.
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth
Men call'd him—maugre all his wit and worth,
SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM

Was croaked and gabbled at. How, then, should you, Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew? No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee, "I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!"

1825.

SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND

Found written on the blank leaf at the beginning of Butler's "Book of the Church" (1825)

POET

I note the moods and feelings men betray, And heed them more than aught they do or say— The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed Still-born or haply strangled in its birth; These best reveal the smooth man's inward creed! These mark the spot where lies the treasure Worth!

Milner made up of impudence and trick, With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick, Rome's brazen serpent—boldly dares discuss The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss! And with grim triumph and a truculent glee Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy, That made an Empire's plighted faith a lie, And fixed a broad stare on the Devil's eye— (Pleased with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart To stand outmastered in his own black art!) Yet Milner—

FRIEND

Enough of Milner! we're agreed,
Who now defends would then have done the deed.
But who not feels Persuasion's gentle sway,
Who but must meet the proffered hand half way
When courteous Butler—

POET (aside)

(Rome's smooth go-between!)

FRIEND

Laments the advice that soured a milky queen—
(For "bloody" all enlightened men confess
An antiquated error of the press;)
Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,
With actual cautery staunched the Church's wounds!
And tho' he deems, that with too broad a blur
We damn the French and Irish massacre,
Yet blames them both—and thinks the Pope might err!
What think you now? Boots it with spear and shield
Against such gentle foes to take the field
Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus wield?

POET

What think I now? Even what I thought before;—
What Milner boasts though Butler may deplore,
Still I repeat, words lead me not astray
When the shown feeling points a different way.
Smooth Butler can say grace at slander's feast,
And bless each haut gout cooked by monk or priest;
Leaves the full lie on Milner's gong to swell,
Content with half-truths that do just as well;
But duly decks his mitred comrade’s flanks,
And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks!

So much for you, my Friend! who own a Church,
And would not leave your mother in the lurch!
But when a Liberal asks me what I think—
Scared by the blood and soot of Cobbett’s ink,
And Jeffrey's glairy phlegm and Connor's foam,
In search of some safe parable I roam—
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!
Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's mood,
I see a tiger lapping kitten's food:
And who shall blame him that he purrs applause,
When brother Brindle pleads the good old cause;
And frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes his claws!
Yet not the less, for modern lights unapt,
I trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws
More than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,
Impearling a tame wild-cat's whiskered jaws!

NE PLUS ULTRA

SOLE Positive of Night!
Antipathist of Light!
Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod—
The one permitted opposite of God!—
Condensed blackness and abysmal storm
Compacted to one sceptre
Arms the Grasp enorm—
The Intercepter—
The substance that still casts the shadow
Death!—
The Dragon foul and fell—
The unreveable,
And hidden one, whose breath
Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!—
Ah! sole despair
Of both th' eternities in Heaven!
Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,
The all-compassionate!
Save to the Lampads Seven
Revealed to none of all th' Angelic State,
Save to the Lampads Seven,
That watch the throne of Heaven!

1825.
LOVE, A SWORD

Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath,
Love is a sword which cuts its sheath,
And through the clefts itself has made,
We spy the flashes of the blade!

But through the clefts itself has made,
We likewise see Love's flashing blade
By rust consumed, or snapped in twain:
And only hilt and stump remain.

A CHARACTER

A bird, who for his other sins
Had lived among the Jacobins;
Though like a kitten amid rats,
Or callow tit in nest of bats,
He much abhorred all democrats;
Yet nathless stood in ill report
Of wishing ill to Church and Court,
Though he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,
And learnt to pipe God save the King;
Though each day did new feathers bring,
All swore he had a leathern wing;
Nor polished wing, nor feathered tail,
Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail;
And though—his tongue devoid of gall—
He civilly assured them all:—
"A bird am I of Phoebus' breed,
And on the sunflower clinging and feed;
My name, good sirs, is Thomas Tit!"
The bats would hail him Brother Cit,
Or, at the furthest, cousin-german.
At length the matter to determine,
He publicly denounced the vermin;
He spared the mouse, he praised the owl;
But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.
Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, goul,
Came in full clatter from his throat,
Till his old nest-mates changed their note
To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—
A base apostate who had sold
His very teeth and claws for gold;—
And then his feathers!—sharp the jest—
"No doubt he feathered well his nest!
A Tit indeed! aye, tit for tat—
With place and title, brother Bat!
We soon shall see how well he'll play
Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay!"
Alas, poor Bird! and ill-bestarred—
Or rather let us say, poor Bard!
And henceforth quit the allegoric,
With metaphor and simile,
For simple facts and style historic:—
Alas, poor Bard! no gold had he.
Behind another's team he stept,
And ploughed and sowed, while others reapt;
The work was his, but theirs the glory,
Sic vos non vobis, his whole story.
Besides, whate'er he wrote or said
Came from his heart as well as head;
And though he never left in lurch
His king, his country, or his church,
'Twas but to humour his own cynical
Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical;
To his own conscience only hearty,
'Twas but by chance he served the party;—
The self-same things had said and writ,
Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt;
Content his own applause to win,
Would never dash through thick and thin,
And he can make, so say the wise,
No claim who makes no sacrifice;—
And Bard still less:—what claim had he,
Who swore it vexed his soul to see
So grand a cause, so proud a realm,
With Goose and Goody at the helm;
Who long ago had fall’n asunder
But for their rivals’ baser blunder,
The coward whine and Frenchified
Slaver and slang of the other side!—

Thus, his own whim his only bribe,
Our Bard pursued his old A. B. C.
Contented if he could subscribe
In fullest sense his name *Εστησε;
(‘Tis Punic Greek for “he hath stood!”)
Whate’er the men, the cause was good;
And therefore with a right good will,
Poor fool, he fights their battles still.
“Tush!” squeaked the Bats;—“a mere bravado
To whitewash that base renegado;
’Tis plain unless you’re blind or mad,
His conscience for the bays he barters”;—
And true it is—as true as sad—
These circlets of green baize he had—
But then, alas! they were his garters!
Ah! silly Bard, unfed, untended,
His lamp but glimmered in its socket;
He lived unhonoured and unfriended
With scarce a penny in his pocket;—
Nay—tho’ he hid it from the many—
With scarce a pocket for his penny!

AN UNWILLING WITNESS

*Ερως ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἑταῖρος

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th’ estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.
DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE
A SOLILOQUY

UNCHANGED within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' wanings shouldst thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
*While,* and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:
And tho' thou notest from thy safe recess
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *are:* nor love them less,
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were.*

1826.

THE TWO FOUNTS

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY,
WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK
OF PAIN

'TWAS my last waking thought, how it could be
That thou, sweet Friend, such anguish should'st endure;
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
Fixed on my heart; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.
In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
Two Founts there are, of suffering and of cheer!
That to let forth, and this to keep within!
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of pleasure only will to all dispense,
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turned inward; but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright:

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence through her crystal shrine!)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the fount of pain
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weav[ing on the tissue of my dream;
LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou had'st indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer! if the case be so,
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less wise!

In every look a barbéd arrow send,
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live!
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet Friend!
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!

1826.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemnéd, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learnéd strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never: new
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!
Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of recreant Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn;
Lest so we tempt th' approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our Morn.

1826.
Scene—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Katharine. What are the words?

Eliza. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes. Kate has a favour to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sang so sweetly.

Friend. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this:

Love would remain the same if true,
When we were neither young nor new;
Yea, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would show itself the same.

Eliz. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Fri. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in The Elder Brother.

We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn:
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Kath. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love—if true! But is there any such true love?

Fri. I hope so.

Kath. But do you believe it?

Eliz. (eagerly.) I am sure he does.

Fri. From a man turned of fifty, Katharine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Kath. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Fri. Even though he should have obtained the nickname of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?
Eliz. Nay, but be serious.

Fri. Serious! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate "despairing beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliz. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

Kath. No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. —— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

Fri. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius. (Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend.) But is not Love the union of both?

Fri. (aside to Lucius.) He never loved who thinks so.

Eliz. Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Luc. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliz. Off! Off! Now, dear Sir,— Love, you were saying—

Fri. Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza.

Eliz. (impatiently.) Pshaw!

Fri. Well then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world—and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no everyday occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicative-
ness and utterance of heart and soul; a delight in the
detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of
the sacrament within;—to count, as it were, the pulses
of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which,
even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the
lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and
prized highest that which age cannot take away, and
which, in all our lovings, is the Love;—

Eliz. There is something here (pointing to her heart)
that seems to understand you, but wants the word that
would make it understand itself.

Kath. I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret
the feeling for us.

Fri. —— I mean that willing sense of the unsufficing-
ness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous
nature to see, in the total being of another, the supple-
ment and completion of its own;—that quiet perpetual
seeking which the presence of the beloved object modu-
lates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds,
and, finding, again seeks on;—lastly, when "life's
changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in
the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and
pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly expe-
rience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth,
not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by
habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by
a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds,
when they are conscious of possessing the same or the
correspondent excellence in their own characters. In
short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the
beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and
by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its
playfellow; and dares make sport of Time and Infirmit,
while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared
partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness
that belongs to the innocence of Childhood, and repeat
the same attentions and tender courtesies which had
been dictated by the same affection to the same
object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly
beauty.

Eliz. What a soothing—what an elevating thought!
Kath. If it be not only a mere fancy.

Fri. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by negatives—that is, by not doing or saying anything, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical;—or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

Eliz. (in answer to a whisper from Katharine.) To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Fri. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhap-
piness of a man’s life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Kath. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a “John Anderson, my Jo, John,” with whom to totter down the hill of life.

Fri. Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

Eliz. Surely, he, who has described it so well, must have possessed it?

Fri. If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believably anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment! (Then after a pause of a few minutes),

**Answer, ex improviso**

Yes, yes! that boon, Life’s richest treat
He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, ’twas but in his own conceit—
The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearned for sympathy!
But e’en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane;
Faith asks her daily bread,
And Fancy must be fed.
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots not how—I know not why—
She missed her wonted food; and quickly
Poor Fancy staggered and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, ’twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fixed, his heart all ebb and flow; 
Or like a bark, in some half-sheltered bay, 
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possessed 
In a belief, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it had been, 
And if by error lost, or luck;
And what it was;—an evergreen 
Which some insidious blight had struck, 
Or annual flower, which, past its blow, 
No vernal spell shall e'er revive;
Uncertain, and afraid to know, 
Doubts tossed him to and fro:
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive, 
Like babes bewildered in the snow, 
That cling and huddle from the cold 
In hollow tree or ruined fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast 
Fading, one by one away, 
Thin and hueless as a ghost, 
Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay;
Ill at distance, worse when near, 
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear! 
Where was it then, the sociable sprite 
That crowned the Poet's cup and decked his dish!
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish, 
Itself a substance by no other right 
But that it intercepted Reason's light; 
It dimmed his eye, it darkened on his brow, 
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow! 
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours! 
The boon of Heaven's decreeing, 
While yet in Eden's bowers 
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate! 
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing, 
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate! 
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose!
Late Autumn’s amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When Passion’s flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love’s projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or a magic show,
Whate’er it was, it is no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck Hope dead,
Hath left Contentment in her stead:
And that is next to best!

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

LINES COMPOSED FEBRUARY 21, 1827

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

1827.
Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Called on the Past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cower'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watched the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seemed alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design:—
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.

A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touched my breast,
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirred my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world cast
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charmed my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!

Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That called on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheered the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.

And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renewed.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood wooed
BOCCACCIO'S GARDEN AND ITS FAERY
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and played with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life revealed to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! * now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And all awake! And now in fixed gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop

* Stothard's picture of the Garden of Boccaccio, appeared in the Keepsake of 1829, as an illustration of the poem, but the poem seems to have been written to illustrate the picture.
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings;
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possessed,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.
The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;—
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Macedonides; *
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart.
Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart; †
O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
Where, half concealed, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and wingèd saints, all gracious to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks

* Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.
† I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of Boccaccio: where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscere le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori, accendere."
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

1828.
COLOGNE

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o’er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE
FROM THE SAME CITY

As I am rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum’s Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

RHEINWEIN

In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes,
The thing called Wine doth come from grapes,
But on the noble River Rhine,
The thing called Gripes doth come from Wine!
CHARITY IN THOUGHT

To praise men as good, and to take them for such,
   Is a grace which no soul can mete out to a tittle;—
Of which he who has not a little too much,
   Will by Charity’s gauge surely have much too little.

1828.

PROFUSE KINDNESS

\[ \text{νηπιων οὐδὲ ἵσασιν ὀσφ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς} \]

HESIOD.

What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal!
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

1828.

SONG, \textit{ex improviso}

ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY’S BEAUTY

’Tis not the lily-brow I prize,
   Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
      Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that Love discloses,—
   The look that Love alone can see!

1828.

420
VERSES TO MISS A. T.

VERSE, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay,  
Remembrances of dear-loved friends away,  
On spotless page of virgin white displayed,  
Such should thine Album be, for such art thou, sweet maid!

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so  
Do these upbear the little world below  
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.  
Methinks, I see them grouped in seemly show,  
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,  
And robes that touching as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,  
Love too will sink and die.  
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,

1829.
LINES

Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and halt supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
   When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue’s smile, a statue’s strength,
Stands the mute sister. Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

1829.

LINES

WRITTEN IN COMMONPLACE BOOK OF MISS BARBOUR,
DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER OF THE
U.S.A. TO ENGLAND

Child of my muse! in Barbour’s gentle hand
Go cross the main: thou seek’st no foreign land:
’Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name
Our country. Each heaven-sanctioned tie the same,
Laws, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood,
Domestic honour, awe of womanhood:—
With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see
Britain with elbow-room and doubly free!
Go seek thy countrymen! and if one scar
Still linger of that fratricidal war,
Look to the maid who brings thee from afar;
Be thou the olive-leaf and she the dove,
And say I greet thee with a brother’s love!

S. T. Coleridge.

1829.
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE

Her attachment may differ from yours in degree,
Provided they are both of one kind;
But Friendship how tender so ever it be
Gives no accord to Love, however refined.

Love, that meets not with Love, its true nature revealing,
Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:
If you cannot lift hers up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to hers.

NOT AT HOME

That Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be
I know; but ne’er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her ee,
A swart sour-visaged maid—
But yet Love’s own twin-sister she
His house-mate and his shade.

Ask for her and she’ll be denied:—
What then? they only mean
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can’t just then be seen.
A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
A tender love so pure from earthly leaven,
That I unnethe the fancy might control,
'廷as my own spirit newly come from heaven,
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stirred, and yet—
Alas! that change how fain would I forget!
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing look!
'Twas all another—feature, look, and frame—
And still, methought, I knew it was the same!

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?
Is't history? vision? or an idle song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

Call it a moment's work (and such it seems)
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matured the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

1830.
THE THREE SortS OF FRIENDS

Though friendships differ endless in degree,
The sorts, methinks, may be reduced to three.
Acquaintance many, and Conquaintance few;
But for Inquaintance I know only two—
The friend I’ve mourned with, and the maid I woo!

My dear Gillman—The ground and matériel of this division of one’s friends into ac, con and inquaintance, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old [1801]. On some one asking him if Anny Sealy (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, “No, she is an inquaintance!” “Well! ’tis a father’s tale”; and the recollection soothes your old friend and inquaintance,

S. T. Coleridge.

1830.

TO BABY BATES

You come from o’er the waters,
From famed Columbia’s land,
And you have sons and daughters,
And money at command.

But I live in an island,
Great Britain is its name,
With money none to buy land,
The more it is the shame.

But we are all the children
Of one great God of Love,
Whose mercy like a mill-drain
Runs over from above.

425
TRUE SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Lullaby, lullaby,
Sugar-plums and cates,
Close your little peeping eye,
Bonny Baby B—s.

1830.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE

Now! it is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

1830.

HUMILITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have:—
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

1830.

TRUE SELF-KNOWLEDGE

—E cælo descendit γνώθι σεαυτόν.
Juvenal, xi. 27.

γνώθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade;—
Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,—Life, Death, Soul, Clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

CHARITY THE DAUGHTER OF HUMILITY

Beareth all things.—2 Cor. xiii. 7.

"Gently I took that which ungently came," *
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smothered stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenned,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

* Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, February 3. Stanza 3.
LIKE a lone Arab, old and blind,
Some caravan had left behind,
Who sits beside a ruined well,
Where the shy sand-asps bask and swell;
And now he hangs his aged head aslant,
And listens for a human sound—in vain!
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain;
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent, within my garden-bower,
I sate upon the couch of camomile;
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,
Flitted across the idle brain, the while
I watched the sickly calm with aimless scope,
In my own heart; or that, indeed, a trance
Turned my eye inward—thine, O genial Hope,
Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,
Dressed as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim,
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,
And stood beside my seat;
She bent, and kissed her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do;—
Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath
Woke just enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

L'envoy

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the Love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chilled heart by gradual self-decay.

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE

Lady. If Love be dead—
Poet. And I aver it!
Lady. Tell me, Bard! where Love lies buried?
Poet. Love lies buried where 'twas born:
Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's Tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line:
"Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a Decline."

1833.
TO THE YOUNG ARTIST

KYASER OF KASERWERTH

KYASER! to whom, as to a second self,
Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the Elf,
Hight Genius, hath dispensed the happy skill
To cheer or soothe the parting friend's "Alas!"
Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,
That makes the absent present at our will;
And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!
Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind
A more delightful portrait left behind—
Even thy own youthful beauty, and artless grace,
Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!

Kayser! farewell!
Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY

God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
What that Earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of Heaven, henceforth I fear not Death:
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life!—Let then Earth, Sea, and Sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?—
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

1833.
EPITAPH

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A Poet lies, or that which once seemed he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death!
Mercy for Praise—to be forgiven for Fame
He ask’d, and hoped, through Christ.

Do thou the same!

1833.
I

ON A LATE MARRIAGE

BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND A FRENCH PETIT MAÎTRE

Though Miss ——'s match is a subject of mirth,
   She consider'd the matter full well,
And wisely preferr'd leading one ape on earth
   To perhaps a whole dozen in hell.

1796.

2

ON AN AMOROUS DOCTOR

From Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart,
   And left it sticking in Sangrado's heart.
No quiet from that moment has he known,
   And peaceful sleep has from his eyelids flown;
And Opium's force, and what is more, alack!
   His own orations cannot bring it back.
In short, unless she pities his afflictions,
   Despair will make him take his own prescriptions.

1796.

3

BRISTOL WITS

Of smart pretty fellows in Bristol are numbers, some
Who so modish are grown, that they think plain sense
   cumbersome;
And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,
   They affect to believe neither God or old Nicholas!

1796.
NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF FASHION

Said William to Edmund I can’t guess the reason
Why Spencers abound in this bleak wintry season.
Quoth Edmund to William, I perceive you’re no Solon—
Men may purchase a half-coat when they cannot a whole one.

FRAGMENT OF METRICAL EPISTLE

TO T. POOLE.—Repeating

Such verse as Bowles, heart-honoured Poet sang,
That wakes the Tear, yet steals away the Pang,
Then, or with Berkeley, or with Hobbes romance it,
Dissecting Truth with metaphysic lancet.
Or, drawn from up these dark unfathom’d wells,
In wiser folly chink the Cap and Bells.
How many tales we told! What jokes we made,
Conundrum, Crambo, Rebus, or Charade;
Ænigmas that had driven the Theban mad,
And Puns, these best when exquisitely bad;
And I, if aught of Archer vein I hit
With my own laughter stifled my own wit.

ON DEPUTY

By many a booby’s vengeance bit,
I leave your haunts, ye sons of wit!
And swear by Heaven’s blesséd light
That Epigrams no more I’ll write.
Now hang that *** ** for an ass
Thus to thrust in his idiot face,
Which, spite of oaths, if e’er I spy,
I write an Epigram—or die!

1796.
7

TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL CRITIC

REMARKABLE FOR HIS EARS STICKING THROUGH HIS HAIR

O!—O—! of you we complain
For exposing those ears to the wind and the rain—
Thy face, a huge whitlow just come to a head,
Ill agrees with those ears so raw and so red.

A Musical Critic of old fell a-pouting,
When he saw, how his asinine honours were sprouting;
But he hid 'em quite snug, in a full fuzz of hair,
And the Barber alone smoked his donkey's ears rare.

Thy judgment much worse, and thy perkers as ample,
O give heed to King Midas, and take his example.
Thus to publish your fate is as useless as wrong—
You but prove by your ears what we guess'd from your tongue.

1798.

8

THE POET'S PRAYER

Grant me a patron, gracious Heaven! whene'er
My unwash'd follies call for penance drear:
But when more hideous guilt this heart infests
Instead of fiery coals upon my pate,
O let a titled patron be my fate;—
That fierce compendium of Ægyptian pests!
Right Reverend Dean, right honourable Squire,
Lord, Marquis, Earl, Duke, Prince,—or if aught higher,
However proudly nicknamed, he shall be
Anathemà Maranatha to me!

1798.
LINES IN A GERMAN STUDENT'S ALBUM

We both attended the same College,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many,
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,
In England I, and you in Germany.

1799.

TO A PROUD PARENT

Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name;
"My Lud!" they lisp. Now whence can this arise?
Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame
And will not teach her infant to tell lies.

1799.

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES

Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all and at all times,
And deems them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

But folks say, Mævius is no ass!
But Mævius makes it clear
That he's a monster of an ass,
An ass without an ear.
DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM

Last Monday all the papers said
That Mr. —— was dead;
Why, then, what said the city?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sigh'd and sighing said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

But when the said report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other nine parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
But prithee where lies Jack's estate?
In Algebra, for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit,
Lie on—'tis your duty, sweet youth!
For believe me, then only we find you a cheat
When you cunningly tell us the truth.
17
There comes from old Avaro’s grave
A deadly stench—why, sure they have
Immured his soul within his grave?

1799.

18
ON SIR RUBICUND NASO
A COURT ALDERMAN AND WHISPERER OF SECRETS

Speak out, Sir! you’re safe, for so ruddy your nose,
That, talk where you will, ’tis all under the Rose!

1799.

19
As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking,
Whom should we see on t’other side pass by
But Informator with a stranger talking,
So I exclaimed, “Lord, what a lie!”
Quoth Dick—“What, can you hear him?”
“Hear him! stuff!
I saw him open his mouth—an’t that enough?”

1799.

20
Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast,
It don’t surprise me in the least
To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,
Yes—that surprises me.

1799.

21
ON A BAD SINGER

Swans sing before they die—’twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

1799.
22

OCCASIONED BY THE LAST

A Joke (cries Jack) without a sting—
Post obitum can no man sing.
And true, if Jack don't mend his manners
And quit the atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such folks as can only howl.

1799.

23

TO MR. PYE

On his Carmen Seculare (a title which has by various persons who have heard it, been thus translated, "A Poem an age long."")

Your poem must eternal be,
Eternal! it can't fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail!

1800.

24

O WOULD the Baptist come again
And preach aloud with might and main
Repentance to our viperous race!
But should this miracle take place,
I hope, ere Irish ground he treads,
He'll lay in a good stock of heads!

1800.

25

OCCASIONED BY THE FORMER

I HOLD of all our viperous race
The greedy creeping things in place
Most vile, most venomous; and then
The United Irishmen!
To come on earth should John determine,
Imprimis, we'll excuse his sermon.
Without a word the good old Dervis
Might work incalculable service,
At once from tyranny and riot
Save laws, lives, liberties and moneys,
If sticking to his ancient diet
He'd but eat up our locusts and wild honeys!

1800.

26

SONG

TO BE SUNG BY THE LOVERS OF ALL THE NOBLE LIQUORS COMPRISED UNDER THE NAME OF ALE.

A.
Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free,
Are the Gods on Olympus so happy as we?

B.
They cannot be so happy!
For why? they drink no Nappy.

A.
But what if Nectar, in their lingo,
Is but another name for Stingo?

B.
Why, then we and the Gods are equally blest,
And Olympus an Ale-house as good as the best!

1801.

27

EPITAPH

ON A BAD MAN

Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie
This sad brief tale is all that Truth can give—
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live!

1801.
28

**UNDER this stone does [Walter Harcourt] lie,**
Who valued nought that God or man could give;
He lived as if he never thought to die;
He died as if he dared not hope to live!

1801.

29

**DRINKING VERSUS THINKING**

**OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY**

**My Merry men all,** that drink with glee
This fanciful Philosophy—
Pray tell me what good is it?
If *antient Nick* should come and take
The same across the Stygian Lake,
I guess we ne’er should miss it.

Away, each pale, self-brooding spark
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
Away from our carousing!
To Pallas we resign such fowls—
Grave birds of wisdom! ye’re but owls,
And all your trade but *mousing*!

My Merry men all, here’s punch and wine,
And spicy bishop, drink divine!
Let’s live while we are able.
While Mirth and Sense sit, hand in glove,
This Don Philosophy we’ll shove
Dead drunk beneath the table!

1801.
A SAPPHIC

Vix ea nostra voco

LUNATIC Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!
Fearless I see you weave your wanton dances
Near me, far off me; you, that tempt the traveller
Onward and onward.

Wooing, retreating, till the swamp beneath him
Groans—and 'tis dark!—This woman's wile—I know it!
Learnt it from thee, from thy perfidious glances!
Black-ey'd Rebecca!

1801.

A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST CONSULS

FROM AN OLD TRAGEDY, VIZ., AGATHA TO KING ARCHELAUS

Three truths should make thee often think and pause;
The first is, that thou govern'st over men;
The second, that thy power is from the laws;
And this the third, that thou must die!—and then?

1801.

TO A CERTAIN MODERN NARCISSUS

Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come;
My looking-glass will always be at home.

1801.
TO A CRITIC

WHO EXTRACTED A PASSAGE FROM A POEM
WITHOUT ADDING A WORD RESPECTING
THE CONTEXT, AND THEN DERIDED
IT AS UNINTELLIGIBLE

Most candid critic, what if I,
By way of joke, pull out your eye,
And holding up the fragment, cry,
"Ha! ha! that men such fools should be!
Behold this shapeless Dab!—and he
Who own'd it, fancied it could see!"
The joke were mighty analytic,
But should you like it, candid critic? 1801.

ALWAYS AUDIBLE

Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night,
You'll hear him still—he's roaring!
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at noon,
You'll hear him still—he's snoring! 1801.

PONDERE NON NUMERO

Friends should be weigh'd, not told; who boasts to
have won
A multitude of friends, he ne'er had one. 1801.

To wed a fool, I really cannot see
Why thou, Eliza, art so very loth:
Still on a par with other pairs you'd be,
Since thou hast wit and sense enough for both. 1801.
TRANSLATION OF A LATIN DISTICH

'Tis mine, and it is likewise yours;
But if this will not do,
Let it be mine, because that I
Am the poorer of the two.

1801.

What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

1802.

Charles, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught at length his memory the same trick.
Believing thus what he so oft repeats
He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth,
That now himself and no one else he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

1802.

An evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late!
Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy Estate.
Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,
Th' Estate hath proved to thee a most complete possession.
Shame, shame, old friend! would'st thou be truly blest,
Be thy wealth's Lord, not slave! possessor, not possessed.

1802.

Here lies the Devil—ask no other name.
Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush! we mean the same.

1802.
TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED IN PRINT

WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY MY FIRESIDE

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation,
My secrets and my want of penetration:
For O! far more than all which thou hast penn'd
It shames me to have call'd a wretch, like thee, my friend!

1802.

43

"Obscuri sub luce maligna."—Virg.

Scarce any scandal, but has a handle;
In truth most falsehoods have their rise;
Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,
And out there fly a host of lies.
Malignant light, by cloudy night,
To precipices it decoys one!
One nectar-drop from Jove's own shop
Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

1802.

44

Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air,
And thanks his stars, whenever Edmund speaks,
That such a dupe as that is not his heir—
But know, old Harpy! that these fancy freaks,
Though vain and light, as floating gossamer,
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

1802.
TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY

DIDST thou think less of thy dear self
   Far more would others think of thee!
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth
   Reduces thee to poverty.
Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,
   On thee as on her darling pitching;
Couldst thou forget thou’rt thus enriched
   That moment would’st thou become rich in!
And wert thou not so self-bewitched,
   Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

1802.

FROM me, Aurelia! you desired
   Your proper praise to know;
Well! you’re the FAIR by all admired—
   Some twenty years ago.

1802.

FOR A HOUSE-DOG’S COLLAR

When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still—
So perform both my master’s and mistress’s will.

1802.

IN vain I praise thee, Zoilus!
   In vain thou rail’st at me!
Me no one credits, Zoilus!
   And no one credits thee!

1802.
49

EPITAPh OF A MERCENARY MISER

A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd
One night at Sell-all's door,
The same who saved old Sell-all's life—
'Twas but the year before!
And Sell-all rose and let him in,
Not utterly unwilling,
But first he bargained with the man,
And took his only shilling!
That night he dreamt he'd given away his pelf,
Walked in his sleep, and sleeping hung himself!
And now his soul and body rest below;
And here they say his punishment and fate is
To lie awake and every hour to know
How many people read his tombstone GRATIS.

1802.

50

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN AUTHOR
AND HIS FRIEND

Author. Come; your opinion of my manuscript!
Friend. Dear Joe! I would almost as soon be whipt.
Author. But I will have it!
Friend. If it must be had—(hesitating)
You write so ill, I scarce could read the hand—
Author. A mere evasion!
Friend. And you spell so bad,
That what I read I could not understand.

1802.

51

Μωροσοφία, OR WISDOM IN FOLLY

Tom slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems,
What he shall shortly gain and what be doing,
Then drops asleep and so prolongs his dreams,
And thus enjoys at once what half the world are

wooing.

1802.
2 F
EPIGRAMS AND JEUX D'ESPRIT

52

Each Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf!
He shews his clothes! Alas! he shews himself.
O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,
What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

1802.

FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET

That France has put us oft to rout
With powder, which ourselves found out;
And laughs at us for fools in print
Of which our genius was the mint;
All this I easily admit,
For we have genius, France has wit.
But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad
To Frenchmen's wives each travelling German goes,
    Expends his manly vigour by their sides,
Becomes the father of his country's foes
    And turns their warriors oft to parricides.

1802.

ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE

That in the German language the Sun is feminine and the Moon masculine

Our English poets, bad and good, agree
To make the Sun a male, the Moon a she.
He drives his dazzling diligence on high,
In verse, as constantly as in the sky;
And cheap as blackberries our sonnets shew
The Moon, Heaven's huntress with her silver bow;
By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,
Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.
In Germany they just reverse the thing;
The Sun becomes a queen, the Moon a king.
Now, that the Sun should represent the women,
The Moon the men, to me seemed mighty humming;
And when I first read German, made me stare. Surely it is not that the wives are there As common as the Sun to lord and loon, And all their husbands hornéd as the Moon.

1802.

55

SPOTS IN THE SUN

My father confessor is strict and holy, Mi Fili, still he cries, peccare noli. And yet how oft I find the pious man, At Annette's door, the lovely courtesan! Her soul's deformity the good man wins And not her charms! he comes to hear her sins! Good father! I would fain not do thee wrong; But ah! I fear that they who oft and long Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot, Must sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

1802.

56

When Surface talks of other people's worth He has the weakest memory on earth! And when his own good deeds he deigns to mention, His memory still is no whit better grown; But then he makes up for it, all will own, By a prodigious talent of invention.

1802.

57

TO MY CANDLE

THE FAREWELL EPIGRAM

Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire, Art my best friend and comforter at night, Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire That I on thee an epigram should write. Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger-joint, Thy own flame is an epigram of sight; 'Tis short, and pointed, and all over light, Yet gives most light and burns the keenest at the point. Valeta et Plaudile.

1802.
58

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELF

Here sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming—
Who died as he had always lived, a-dreaming!
Shot dead, while sleeping, by the gout within—
Alone and all unknown, at Embro' in an Inn.

1803.

59

An excellent adage commands that we should
Relate of the dead that alone which is good;
But of the great Lord who here lies in lead
We know nothing good but that he is dead.

1809.

60

EPILOGUE TO "THE RASH CONJURER"

AN UNCOMPOSED POEM

We ask and urge—(here ends the story!)
All Christian Papishes to pray
That the unhappy Conjurer may,
Instead of Hell, be put in Purgatory,—
For there, there's hope;—
Long live the Pope!

1810.

61

THE HOUR-GLASS

O think, fair Maid! these sands that pass
In slender threads adown this glass,
Were once the body of some swain,
Who lov'd too well, and lov'd in vain.
And let one soft sigh heave thy breast,
That not in life alone unblest
E'en lovers' ashes find no rest.

1811.
MY GODMOTHER'S BEARD

So great the charms of Mrs. Monday,
That men grew rude, a kiss to gain:
This so provok'd the dame that one day
To Pallas chaste she did complain:
Nor vainly she addressed her prayer,
Nor vainly to that power applied;
The goddess bade a length of hair
In deep recess her muzzle hide:
Still persevere! to love be callous!
For I have your petition heard!
To snatch a kiss were vain (cried Pallas)
Unless you first should shave your beard. 1812.

EPIGRAM ON KEPLER

FROM THE GERMAN

No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high
As Kepler—yet his Country saw him die
For very want! the Minds alone he fed,
And so the Bodies left him without bread. 1812.

Written on a fly-leaf of a copy of Field on the Church, folio, 1628, under the name of a former possessor of the volume inscribed thus: "Hannah Scollock, her book, February 10, 1787."

THIS, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case;
Your writing therefore I will not erase.
But now this book, once yours, belongs to me,
The Morning Post's and Courier's S. T. C.;—
Elsewhere in College, knowledge, wit and scholarage
To friends and public known as S. T. Coleridge.
Witness hereto my hand, on Ashly Green,
One thousand, twice four hundred, and fourteen
Year of our Lord—and of the month November
The fifteenth day, if right I do remember. 1814.
DISTICH

Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground;
Bill missing his gold used the rope which he found.

MOTTO

FOR A TRANSPARENCY DESIGNED BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON AND EXHIBITED AT BRISTOL ON "PROCLAMATION DAY"—June 29, 1814

We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last,
The rav'ning vulture's leg seems fetter'd fast!
Britons, rejoice! and yet be wary too:
The chain may break, the clipt wing sprout anew.

REVIEWERS

No private grudge they need, no personal spite,
The *viva sectio* is their delight!
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
Disinterested thieves of our good name:
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbours' fame!
EPIGRAMS AND JEUX D'ESPRIT

69
WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Parry seeks the Polar ridge,
Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,
Author of Works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—
The public little knows—the publisher too much.
1818.

70
THE BRIDGE STREET COMMITTEE
AN IMPROMPTU

Jack Stripe
Eats tripe,
It is therefore, credible
That tripe is edible.
And therefore perforce
It follows of course
That the devil will gripe
All who do not eat tripe.

And as Nick is too slow
To fetch 'em below,
And Gifford the attorney
Won't quicken the journey;
The Bridge-Street Committee
That colleague without pity
To imprison and hang
Carlile and his gang,
Is the pride of the city:
And 'tis association
That alone saves the nation
From death and damnation.
1819.
HERE'S Jem's first copy of nonsense verses,
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,
Saph's imitator:

But we Bards, we classical Lyric Poets,
Know a thing or two in a scurvy Planet:
Don't we, now? Eh? Brother Horatius Flaccus,
Tip us your paw, Lad:

Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies;
Rich men of England! would ye be immortal?
Patronise Genius, giving Cash and Praise to
Gillman Jacobus;

Gillman Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylors',
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,
Saphic, Heroic. Elegiac,—what a
Versificator!

1822.

THE rose that blushes like the morn,
Bedecks the valleys low;
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose their grows a thorn
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe.

1824.
EPIGRAMS AND JEUX D'ESPRIT 457

73
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

"A heavy wit shall Hang at every lord,"
So sung Dan Pope; but, 'pon my word,
He was a story-teller;
Or else the times have altered quite,
For wits, or heavy now, or light,
Hang each by a bookseller.

1825.

74
THE ALTERNATIVE

This way or that, ye Powers above me!
I of my grief were rid—
Did Enna either really love me,
Or cease to think she did.

1826.

75
ON LUTHER DE DIABOLIS

"The angel's like a flea,
The devil is a bore;"
No matter for that, quoth S.T.C.,
I love him the better therefore.

1826.

76
ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

["Written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis."—Fraser's Magazine, Jan. 1835, Art. "Coleridgeiana," p. 54.]

1.—By Likeness
Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about!
This empty head should warn you on that point—
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out.

S. T. C
2. — Association by Contrast

PHIDIAS changed marble into feet and legs.
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i'} fegs!
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

3. — Association by Time

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN loquitur

I touch this scar upon my skull behind,
And instantly there rises in my mind
Napoleon’s mighty hosts from Moscow lost,
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.
For in that self-same month, and self-same day,
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—
Mischief and Frost had set the boys at play;
I stept upon a slide—oh! treacherous tread!—
Fell smash with bottom bruised, and brake my head!
Thus Time’s co-presence links the great and small,
Napoleon’s overthrow, and Snipkin’s fall.

1830.

CHOLERA CURED BEFORE-HAND

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles’s, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, &c.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl!—
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potatoe—
And don't drink, like old Cato.
Ah! beware of Dispipsy,
And don’t ye get tipsy!
For tho’ gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,
They’re but crimps to Dispipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Called Cholery Morpus;
Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him,
Tho’ being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There’s no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:—
You’ll find it too true.
Och! the hallabaloo!
Och! och! how you’ll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;—
’Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.

So without further blethring,
Dear mudlarks! my brethren!
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams, and cold salads,
And don’t pig in styes that would suffocate sows!
Quit Cobbett’s, O’Connell’s and Beelzebub’s banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!

*July 26, 1832.*
TO A CHILD

LITTLE Miss Fanny,
So cubic and canny,
With blue eyes and blue shoes—
The Queen of the Blues!
As darling a girl as there is in the world—
If she'll laugh, skip, and jump,
And not be Miss Glump!

1834.
INDEX TO THE POEMS

ABSENCE: a farewell Ode, 32
Ad Lyram, Imitation of Casimir, 52
Album, Written in an, 455
Alcæus to Sappho, 301
Ale, Song in Praise of, 442
Alice du Clos, 389
Alternative, The, 457
Always Audible, 445
Amorous Doctor, On an, 435
Ancient Mariner, The Rime of the, 169
Anna and Henry, 12
Answer to a Child’s Question, 340
Anthem for the Children of Christ’s Hospital, 3
Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ, 313
Association of Ideas, 457
Author and his Friend, A Dialogue between an, 449
Authors and Publishers, 457
Autumnal Evening, Lines on an, 46
Autumnal Moon, Sonnet to the, 2

BABY BATES, To, 425
Ballad of the Dark Ladie, The, 136
Baptismal Birthday, On my, 430
Barbour, Lines to Miss, 432
Bastile, Destruction of the, 7
Berengarius, Lines suggested by the last Words of, 404
Betham, To Matilda, 337
Birth of a Son, Sonnet on receiving News of, 114
Blossom, On observing a, 105
Blossoming of the solitary Date-Tree, The, 347
Bowles, Sonnet to the Rev. W. L., 70
Bridge Street Committee, The, 455
Bristol Wits, 435
British Stripling’s War-Song, The, 277
Brockley Coomb, Lines composed while climbing, 90
Brunton, To Miss, 60
Burke, Sonnet to, 69

CANDLE, To my, 451
Cataract, On a, 278

461
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Catullian Hendecasyllables, 291
Character, A, 399
Charity in Thought, 420
Charity the Daughter of Humility, 427
Child, To a, 460
Child's Evening Prayer, A, 360
Cholera cured Beforehand, 458
Choral Song, from Zapolya, 373
Christabel, 233
Christening of a Friend's Child, On the, 140
Christmas Carol, A, 305
Coleridge, To the Rev. George, 142
Cologne, 419
Comic Author, Lines to a, 395
Concert-Room, Lines composed in a, 296
Connubial Rupture, On a late, 117
Constancy to an ideal Object, 345
Cottle, To Joseph, 95
Critic, To a, 445
Curious Circumstance, On the, that in the German Language the Sun is Feminine and the Moon Masculine, 450

Dark Ladie, Introduction to the Tale of the, 229
Dark Ladie, The Ballad of the, 230
Dark Side of Nature, The, 374
Date-Tree, The Blossoming of the, 173
Day-Dream, A, 341
Day-Dream, The: From an Emigrant to his absent Wife, 287
De Mortuis nil nisi Bonum, 439
Dejection: an Ode, 322
Departing Year, Ode to the, 133
Deputy — , on, 436
Desire, 388
Destiny of Nations, The, 118
Devil's Thoughts, The, 292
Devonshire Roads, 14
Discovery made too Late, On a, 61
Distich, 454
Domestic Peace, 57
Donne's Poetry, On, 380
Drinking versus Thinking, 443
Duchess of Devonshire, Ode to, 302
Dungeon, The, 150
Duty surviving Self-Love, 402

Egoenkaipan (Fichte Egoismus), 376
Elbingerode, Lines written at, 286
Elegiac Metre described and exemplified, The Ovidian, 292
Elegy, Imitated from Akenside, 58
Elegy on a Lady who died in early youth, 1
Eminent Characters, Sonnets to, 68
Eolian Harp, The, 92
Epigrams, &c., 435
Epilogue to "The Rash Conjurer," 452
Epitaph on himself, 431, 452
Epitaph on a bad Man, 442
Epitaph on a mercenary Miser, 449
Epitaphium Testamentarium, 405
Erskine, Sonnet to, 68
Euclid in Rhyme, 28
Evening Star, To the, 12
Exchange, The, 283

Faded Flower, The, 64
Falconer's Shipwreck, To a Lady with, 370
Fancy in nubibus, 380
Farewell to Love, 349
Fears in Solitude, 219
Fielding's "Amelia," With, 35
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, 201
First Advent of Love, 388
Fortune, To, 50
Foster-Mother's Tale, The, 147
France: an Ode, 216
French Revolution, To a young Lady with a Poem on the, 61
Friend, To a young, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author, 111
Friend together with an Unfinished Poem, To a, 67
Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever, Lines on a, 65
Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry, To a, 109
Friends, The Three Sorts of, 425
Frost at Midnight, 206

Garden of Boccaccio, The, 413
Genevieve, 22
Gentle Look, The, 23
Gentleman [Wordsworth], To a, 351
German, From the, 280
German Poet, From an old, 450
German Student's Album, Lines in a, 438
Glycine's Song in Zapolya, 372
Godwin,'Sonnet to W., 72

H., To the Rev. W. J., 88
Happiness, 25
Happy Husband, The, 341
Harcourt, Epitaph on Walter, 443
Hexameters addressed to W. and D. Wordsworth, 275
Homeric Hexameter, The, 291
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Home-sick, 285
Honour, 23
Hour-glass, The, 452
Hour when we shall meet again, The, 94
House-dog's Collar, For a, 448
Human Life, On the Denial of Immortality, 371
Humility the Mother of Charity, 426
Hymn, A, 370
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni, 335
Hymn to the Earth, 288

IMITATION, On, 25
Improvisatore, The, 407
Infant, Epitaph on an ["Ere sin could blight"], 60
Infant, Epitaph on an ["Its balmy lips"], 116
Infant, To an, 105
Infant which died before Baptism, On an, 284
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath, 339
Inscription for a Time-piece, 426
Inscription in Nether-Stowey Church, Translation of, 142
Inside the Coach, 13
Invocation, An, 367
Irving, To Edward, 389
Israel's Lament, 378

Job's Luck, 278
Julia, 4

KAYSER of Kaserwerth, To the young Artist, 430
Keepsake, The, 313
Kepler, Epigram on, 453
"King's Arms," Ross, Lines written 'at, 56
Kiss, The, 49
Kisses, 38
Knight's Tomb, The, 377
Koskiusko, Sonnet to, 71
Kubla Khan, 265

L., Esq., Lines to W., 151
La Fayette, Sonnet to, 70
Lady offended by a sportive observation, To a, 364
Late Marriage, On a, 435
Lesbia, To (Catullus), 53
Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt, 213
Life, 15
Limbo, 375
Lime-tree Bower my Prison, This, 145
Lloyd, Sonnet to Charles, 117
Love, 298
Love and Friendship opposite, 423
Love, a Sword, 399
Love, Hope, and Patience in Education, 421
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Lover's Resolution, The Picture, or the, 327
Love's Apparition and Evanishment, 428
Love's Burial-Place, 429
Luther de Diabolis, On, 457

MAHOMET, 290
Melancholy: a Fragment, 198
Melancholy Letter, Lines to a Friend in Answer to a, 51
Metrical Feet, a Lesson for a Boy, 350
Moles, 375
Monk, The Mad, 321
Monody on a Tea-Kettle, 8
Monody on the Death of Chatterton, 16
Morgan, To Mrs., and her Sister, 358
Moriens Superstiti, 54
Morienti Superstes, 54
Mοροσοφία, or Wisdom in Folly, 449
Motto for a Transparency, 454
Muse, To the, 6
Music, 11
Musical Critic, To a, 437
My Godmother's Beard, 453

NAMES, 282
Narcissus, To a certain Modern, 444
Nature, To, 373
Ne plus ultra, 398
Necessity the Mother of Fashion, 436
Nehemiah Higginbottom, Sonnets of, 152
Nightingale, The, A Conversation Poem, 225
Nightingale, To the, 89
Night-Scene, The, 367
Ninathoma, The Complaint of, 36
Nonsense Sapphics, 456
Nose, The, 5
Not at Home, 423

OLD MAN of the Alps, 208
Ossian, Imitated from, 35
Otter, Sonnet to the River, 39
Ottfried, Translation from, 283
Outcast, The, 64
Ovidian Elegiac Metre, The, 292

PAIN, 21
Pains of Sleep, The, 343
Pang more sharp than all, The, 354
Pantisocracy, On the Prospect of Establishing, 87
Parent, To a Proud, 438
Parliamentary Oscillators, 199
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Phantom, 346
Phantom or Fact? 424
Picture, The, or the Lover’s Resolution, 327
Pitt, Sonnet on, 73
Pity, 89
Pixies, Songs of the, 42
Poetical Fragments, 271
Poet’s Prayer, The, 437
Pondere non numero, 445
Poole, Metrical Epistle to Thomas, 436
Poverty, To, 87
Premiers and First Consuls, A Hint to, 444
Priestley, Sonnet on, 69
Priestley, Sonnet on, 69
Profuse Kindness, 420
Progress of Vice, 10
Psyche, 365
Published, To one who, in Print what had been entrusted to him
by my Fireside, 447
Pye, To Mr., 441

RAIN, An Ode to the, 332
Raven, The, 211
Reader of his own Verses, On a, 438
Reason for Love’s Blindness, 364
Recantation, illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox, 267
Recantation, The [i.e., “France: an Ode”], 216
Recollections of Love, 357
Reflections on having left a place of Retirement, 102
Religious Musings, 75
Reproof and Reply, The, 386
Reviewers, 454
Reward of the Just, The, 339
Revisiting the Sea-shore, On, 159
Rheinwein, 419
“Robbers, The,” To the Author of, 66
Rose, The, 37
Ruined House in a romantic Country, On a, 152

SADDLEBACK, A Thought suggested by a View of, 315
Sancti Dominici Pallium, a Dialogue, 396
Schiller, Sonnet to, 66
School for College, Sonnet on quitting, 31
Sea-shore, On revisiting the, 320
Sentimental, 456
Separation, 363
Sheridan, Sonnet to R. B., 71
Shurton Bars, Lines written at, 99
Sibylline Leaf, A, 374
Siddons, Sonnet to Mrs., 73
Sigh, The, 55
Silver Thimble, The, 97
Simplicity, To, 152
Singer, On a Bad, 441
Sir Rubicund Naso, On, 440
Sister's Death was inevitable, On receiving an Account that his
only, 13
Sisters, To Two, 358
Something childish, but very natural, 284
Song, ex improviso, 420
Song from Piccolomini, 312
Song from Zapolya, 373
Sonnet composed on a journey Homeward, 114
Sonnet to a Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first
presented my Infant to me, 115
Sonnets attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers, 151
Sonnets on receiving news of the Birth of a Son, 114
Sonnets to Eminent Characters, 68
Southey, Sonnet to Robert, 72
Spenser, Lines in the Manner of, 91
Spring in a Village, Lines to a beautiful, 40
Stanhope, Sonnet to Earl, 74
Starling, The Death of the [Catullus], 53
Stranger Minstrel, A, 316
Suicide's Argument, The, and Nature's Answer, 365
Sun, Spots in the, 451
Supper, Written after a Walk before, 34

Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, 307
Tears of a grateful People, 381
Tell's Birthplace, 273
The Hour when we shall meet again, 94
Three Graves, The, 153
Time, Real and Imaginary, 366
Time-piece, Inscription for a, 426
To be forgiven for Fame, 354
Tombless Epitaph, A, 361
Tooke, Verses addressed to J. Horne, 108
Tranquillity, Ode to, 314
Translation of a Passage in Ottfried's Gospel, 283
Translation of Wrangham's Hendecasyllabi, 59
Translation of a Latin Distich, 446
True Self-knowledge, 426
Two Founts, The, 402
Two round Spaces on the Tombstone, The, 318

Ubi Thesaurus ibi Cor, 200
Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre, To an, 139
Unfortunate Woman whom the Author had known in the Days
of her Innocence, To an, 138
Unwilling Witness, An, 402
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Ver Perpetuum, 106
Verses to Miss A. T., 421
Village, Lines to a beautiful Spring in a, 40
Virgin's Cradle Hymn, The, 364
Visionary Hope, The, 362
Visit of the Gods, The, 279

Wanderings of Cain, The, 257
Water Ballad, 281
Welsh, Imitated from the, 56
Westphalian Song, 281
What is Life? 346
What is Reason? 381
Wills of the Wisp, The, 444
Witness, An unwilling, 401
Wordsworth, To William, Composed on the night after his recitation of a poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind, 351
Work without Hope, 412

Young Ass, To a, 63
Young Lady, To a, on her Recovery from a Fever, 205
Young Lady, To a vain, 448
Young man of Fortune, Addressed to a, 116
Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister, On seeing a, 33
Youth and Age, 385
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

A BIRD, who for his other sins, 399
A blessed lot hath he, who having passed, 142
A green and silent spot, amid the hills, 219
"A heavy wit shall hang at every lord," 457
A joke (cries Jack) without a sting, 441
A little further, O my father, 258
A long deep lane, 272
Along this glade was Anna wont to rove, 12
A lovely form there sate beside my bed, 474
A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep, 111
A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd, 449
A sunny shaft did I behold, 372
A sworded man whose trade is blood, 363
Ah! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life! 105
Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams, 370
All are not born to soar—and ah! how few, 25
All look and likeness caught from earth, 346
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair, 412
All thoughts, all passions, all delights, 298
Almost awake? Why, what is this, and whence, 199
An evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late! 446
An excellent adage commands that we should, 452
An Ox, long fed with musty hay, 267
And this place our forefathers made for men! 150
And this reft house is that which he built, 152
As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking, 440
As I am rhymer, 419
As late each flower that sweetest blows, 37
As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain, 15
As late I lay in Slumber's shadowy vale, 69
As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine, 316
As oft mine eye with careless glance, 97
As when a child on some long winter's night, 73
As when far off the warbled strains are heard, 70
At midnight by the stream I roved, 213
Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song, 118
469
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh, 51

"Be, rather than be call'd, a child of God," 284
Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun, 347
Beneath yon birch with silver bark, 230
Britons! when last ye met, with distant streak, 108
By many a booby's vengeance bit, 436

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick, 446
Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first, 115
Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand, 422

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween, 109
Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West! 39
Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade, 60
Ere the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no, 365

Each Bond Street buck conceits, unhappy elf! 450
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother, 288
Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan, 65
Encircled with a twine of leaves, 238
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, 343
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, 360
Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade, 60
Ere the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no, 365

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother, 288

Farewell, parental scenes! a sad farewell! 31
Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant? 457
Friend pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt, 389
Friends should be weigh'd, not told; who boasts to have won, 445
From his brimstone bed at break of day, 292
From me, Aurelia! you desired, 448
From Rufus' eye sly Cupid shot his dart, 435
From the Miller's mossy wheel, 273

**Gently I took that which ungently came, 427**

Gentle I took that which ungently came, 427

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean! 320

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star, 335

Here sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming, 452

Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses, 456

I asked my fair one happy day, 282

I hold of all our viperous race, 441

I know it is dark; and though I have lain, 332

I sigh, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate, 117

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw, 286

I too a sister had! too cruel Death! 33

I touch this scar upon my skull behind, 458

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom, 371

If I had but two little wings, 284

If Love be dead, 429

If Pegasus will let thee only ride him, 28

If while my passion I impart, 56

Imagination; honourable aims, 348

In darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock, 272

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones, 419
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

In many ways does the full heart reveal, 401
In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes, 419
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column, 292
In vain I praise thee, Zoilus! 448
In vain we supplicate the Powers above, 429
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 265
Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear? 365
It is an ancient Mariner, 169
It may indeed be phantasy when I, 373
It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breath'd, 71
Its balmy lips the infant blest, 116

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing, 439
Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground, 454
Jem writes his verses with more speed, 439
Julia was blest with Beauty, Wit, and Grace, 4

KAYSER! to whom, as to a second self, 430
Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow, 281

LAST Monday all the papers said, 439
Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon, 322
Let us not blame him: for against such chances, 354
Light cargoes waft of modulated sound, 271
Like a lone Arab, old and blind, 428
Little Miss Fanny, 458
Love would remain the same if true, 406
Low in a barren vale I see thee sit, 87
Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose, 102
Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion! 444

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow, 139
Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve! 22
Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth, 59
Mark this holy chapel well! 273
Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune play'd, 337
Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night! 2
Most candid critic, what if I, 445
Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn! 378
Much on my early youth I love to dwell, 61
My eyes make pictures, when they are shut, 341
My father confessor is strict and holy, 451
My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains, 70
My Lesbia, let us love and live, 53
My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation, 308
My Maker! of thy power the trace, 370
My Merry men all, that drink with glee, 443
My pensive Sara! thy soft check reclined, 92
Myrtile-leaf that, ill bespeck, 138
INDEX TO FIRST LINES 473

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave? 364
Near the lone pile with ivy overspread, 58
Never, believe me, 279
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day, 225
No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope, 404
No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high, 453
No private grudge they need, no personal spite, 454
Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest, 296
Nor travels my meandering eye, 99
Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew, 72
Not hers to win the sense by words of rhetoric, 374
Not, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name, 74
Now! it is gone.—Our brief hours travel post, 426

O FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle mind! 388
O form'd t'illume a sunless world forlorn, 72
O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity! 152
O! it is pleasant with a heart at ease, 380
O leave the lily on its stem, 229
O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze, 12
O Muse who sangest late another's pain, 8
O Peace, that on a lilled bank dost love, 91
O think, fair maid, these sands that pass, 452
O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more, 46
O what a loud and fearful shriek was there, 71
O what a wonder seems the fear of Death, 16
O would the Baptist come again, 441
O!—O!—of you we complain, 437
O'er the raised earth the gales of Evening sigh, 1
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule, 421
Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie, 442
Of late, in one of those most weary hours, 413
Of smart pretty fellows in Bristol are numbers, some, 435
Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee, 341
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll, 114
Old Age, the shape and messenger of Death, 272
Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air, 447
On stern Blencartha's perilous height, 315
On the broad mountain-top, 272
On the wide level of a mountain's head, 366
On wide or narrow scale shall Man, 25
Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze, 21
Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near, 40
One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd, 49
Oppressed, confused, with grief and pain, 381
Our English poets, bad and good, agree, 450

PAINS ventral, subventral, 458
Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn! 64
Parry seeks the Polar ridge, 455
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night, 445
Pensive at eve on the hard world I mus'd, 151
Perish warmth unfaithful to its seeming! 458
Phidias changed marble into feet and legs, 466
Pity! mourn in plaintive tone, 53
Poor little foal of an oppressed race! 63
Promptress of unnumber'd sighs, 50

Quæ linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes, 405

Repeating such verse as Bowles, 436
Resembles life what once was deem'd of light, 346
Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards, 56

SAD lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling, 362
Said William to Edmund, I can't guess the reason, 436
Scarce any scandal, but has a handle, 447
Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die, 66:
Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng, 3
She gave with joy her virgin breast, 283
Since all that beat about in Nature's range, 345
Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel! 89
Sisters! sisters! who sent you here? 201
Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling, 364
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions, 278
So great the charms of Mrs. Monday, 453
Sole Positive of Night! 398
Southey! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear, 72
Speak out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose, 440
Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time! 133
Splendour's fondly fostered child! 302
Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God, 431
Stranger! whose eyes a look of pity show, 208
Stretched on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall, 198
Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows, 291
Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing, 440
Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem, 105
Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled, 89

Tell me, on what holy ground, 57
That darling of the Tragic Muse, 60
That France has put us oft to rout, 450
That Jealousy may rule a mind, 423
"The angel's like a flea," 457
The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made, 365
The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar, 312
The Devil believes that the Lord will come, 318
The early year's fast-flying vapours stray, 106
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

The fervid Sun had more than halv'd the day, 23
The Frost performs its secret ministry, 206
The grapes upon the Vicar's wall, 155
The hour-bell sounds, and I must go, 54
The indignant Bard compos'd this furious ode, 14
The piteous sobts that choke the virgin's breath, 117
The Poet in his lone yet genial hour, 313
The rose that blushes like the morn, 456
The shepherds went their hasty way, 305
The solemn-breathing air is ended, 52
The stream with languid murmur creeps, 35
The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink), 272
"The Sun is not yet risen," 389
The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall, 273
The swallows, 272
The tear which mourn'd a Brother's fate scarce dry, 13
The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil, 313
There comes from old Avaro's grave, 440
They shrink in as moles, 375
This day among the faithful placed, 140
This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case, 453
This is now—this was erst, 29
This is the time, when most divine to hear, 75
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees, 339
This way or that, ye Powers above me! 457
Though much averse, dear Jack, to flicker, 34
Tho' no bold flights to thee belong, 6
Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress, 61
Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile, 38
Though friendships differ endless in degree, 425
Though Miss—'-s match is a subject of mirth, 435
Though, rous'd by that dark Vizir, Riot rude, 69
Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath, 399
Three truths should make thee often think and pause, 444
Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood, 327
Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme, 67
Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name, 438
Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast, 440
Thy smiles I note, sweet early flower, 107
'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place, 375
'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try, 13
'Tis mine and it is likewise yours, 446
'Tis not the lily-brow I prize, 420
'Tis sweet to him who all the week, 285
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, 235
'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane! 361
To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part, 358
To praise men as good, and to take them for such, 420
To wed a fool, I really cannot see, 445
Tom Slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems, 449
Tranquility! thou better name, 314
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

Trochee trips from long to short, 350
'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be, 402
'Twas sweet to know it only possible, 273
Two things hast thou made known to half the nation, 447

UNBOASTFUL Bard ! whose verse concise yet clear, 95
Unchanged within, to see all changed without, 402
Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie, 443
Underneath a huge oak tree, 211
Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk, 64
Unperishing youth ! 278

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation, 447
Unboastful Bard ! whose verse concise yet clear, 95
Unchanged within, to see all changed without, 402

Unboastful Bard ! whose verse concise yet clear, 95

Unboastful Bard ! whose verse concise yet clear, 95
Unchanged within, to see all changed without, 402
Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie, 443
Underneath a huge oak tree, 211
Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk, 64
Unperishing youth ! 278
Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed, 290

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying, 385
Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay, 421
Virtues and Woes alike too great for man, 35

We ask and urge—(here ends the story !), 452
We both attended the same College, 438
We pledged our hearts, my love and I, 283
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made, 322
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain, 145
We've conquer'd us a Peace, like lads true metalled, 454
We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last, 454
What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal! 420
What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole, 446
What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus, 395
When British Freedom for a happier land, 68
When Surface talks of other people's worth, 451
When they did greet me father, sudden awe, 114
When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still, 448
When thou to my true-love comest, 281
When Youth his faery reign began, 55
Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee, 381
Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles, 272
Where grac'd with many a classic spoil, 32
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn? 377
Where true Love burns, Desire is Love's pure flame, 388
While my young cheek retains its healthful hues, 151
Whilst pale Anxiety, corrosive Care, 87
Whom the untaught Shepherds call, 42
Why need I say, Louisa dear! 205
William, my teacher, my friend! dear William and dear Doro-thea! 275
With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots, 380
With many a pause and oft reverted eye, 90
Within these circling hollies, woodbine clad, 344
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause, 216
Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free, 442
Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse, 5
Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat hign, 277
Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat, 410
Yet art thou happier far than she, 54
Yon row of bleak and visionary pines, 374
You come from o'er the waters, 425
You loved the daughter of Don Manrique? 367
Your Poem must eternal be, 441
POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD
With an Introduction by A. C. BENSON, and upwards of 70 Illustrations and a Cover-design by HENRY OSPOVAT. Crown 8vo 6s. net.

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE
By WILLIAM MORRIS. A new Illustrated Edition, with Title-page, Cover-design, and upwards of 50 Drawings by JESSIE KING. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

SHAKESPEARE’S SONNETS
With 14 Illustrations and Cover-design by HENRY OSPOVAT. Buckram sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

SHAKESPEARE’S SONGS
With 11 Full-page Illustrations, Ornaments, and Cover-design by HENRY OSPOVAT. Buckram sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

CHAS. DANA GIBSON’S ALBUMS OF DRAWINGS
Each containing upward of Eighty Full-page Cartoons. Oblong Folio (12 x 18 in.), in Box. Price 2os.
THE WORKS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE EARLY WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY
Edited, with an Introduction, by H. C. MARILLIER. With over 180 Designs. Demy 4to. 42s. net. (Originally published at 31s. 6d. net.)

THE LATER WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY
With upwards of 170 Designs, including 11 in photogravure and 3 in colour. Demy 4to. 42s. net.

THE SECOND BOOK OF FIFTY DRAWINGS
Demy 4to. Cloth. 10s. 6d. net.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK
By ALEXANDER POPE. Crown 4to. Cloth. 10s. 6d. net. (Originally published at 7s. 6d. net.)

UNDER THE HILL
AND OTHER ESSAYS IN PROSE AND VERSE
With numerous Illustrations. Crown 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

VOLPONE
By BEN JONSON. Demy 4to. Cloth. 10s. 6d. net. (Originally published at 7s. 6d. net.)

SALOME
A Tragedy in One Act. Translated from the French of OSCAR WILDE, with an Introduction by ROBERT ROSS, and sixteen full-page Illustrations by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Foolscap 4to (8x6½ inches). 10s. 6d.

A PORTFOLIO OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY’S DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING “SALOME”
By OSCAR WILDE. Folio (13½x10½ inches). 12s. 6d. net.