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# *Lyrical Ballads*

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**by William Wordsworth &  
Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

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## ADVERTISEMENT

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

The majority of the following poems are

to be considered as experiments. They were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure. Readers accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will perhaps frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. It is desirable that such readers, for their own sakes, should not suffer the solitary word Poetry, a word of very disputed meaning, to stand in the way of their gratification; but that, while they are perusing this book, they should ask themselves if it contains a natural delin-



eation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents; and if the answer be favourable to the author's wishes, that they should consent to be pleased in spite of that most dreadful enemy to our pleasures, our own pre-established codes of decision.

Readers of superior judgment may disapprove of the style in which many of these pieces are executed it must be expected that many lines and phrases will not exactly suit their taste. It will perhaps appear to them, that wishing to avoid the prevalent fault of the day, the author

has sometimes descended too low, and that many of his expressions are too familiar, and not of sufficient dignity. It is apprehended, that the more conversant the reader is with our elder writers, and with those in modern times

who have been the most successful in painting manners and passions, the fewer complaints of this kind will he have to make.

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

The tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill is founded on a well-authenticated fact which

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

philosophy.

THE RIME OF THE  
ANCYENT MARINERE, IN  
SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line  
was driven by Storms to the cold  
Country towards the South Pole;

# THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

## I.

It is an ancyent  
Marinere,  
And he stoppeth one  
of three:

"By thy long grey  
beard and thy glit-  
tering eye

"Now wherefore  
stoppest me?

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

"The Bridegroom's  
doors are open'd  
wide

"And I am next of kin;

"The Guests are met,  
the Feast is set,—

"May'st hear the  
merry din.—

But still he holds the  
wedding-guest—

There was a Ship,  
quoth he—

"Nay, if thou'st got a  
laughsome tale,

"Marinere! come  
with me."

He holds him with his  
skinny hand,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Quoth he, there was a  
Ship—

"Now get thee hence,  
thou grey-beard  
Loon!

"Or my Staff shall  
make thee skip."

He holds him with his  
glittering eye—

The wedding guest  
stood still

And listens like a  
three year's child;

The Marinere hath  
his will.

The wedding-guest  
sate on a stone,

He cannot chuse but



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

hear:

And thus spake on  
that ancyent man,  
    The bright-eyed  
Marinere.

The Ship was cheer'd,  
the Harbour clear'd—  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the Kirk, below  
the Hill,  
    Below the Light-  
house top.

The Sun came up  
upon the left,  
Out of the Sea came  
he:  
And he shone bright,  
and on the right

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Went down into the  
Sea.

Higher and higher ev-  
ery day,  
Till over the mast at  
noon—

The wedding-guest  
here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud  
bassoon.

The Bride hath pac'd  
into the Hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads  
before her goes

The merry Min-  
stralsy.

The wedding-guest

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot chuse  
but hear:  
And thus spake on  
that ancyent Man,  
The bright-eyed  
Marinere.

Listen, Stranger!  
Storm and Wind,  
A Wind and Tempest  
strong!  
For days and weeks it  
play'd us freaks—  
Like Chaff we drove  
along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist  
and Snow,  
And it grew

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

wond'rous cauld:  
And Ice mast-high  
came floating by  
As green as Emer-  
auld.

And thro' the drifts  
the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal  
sheen;  
Ne shapes of men ne  
beasts we ken—  
The Ice was all be-  
tween.

The Ice was here, the  
Ice was there,  
The Ice was all  
around:  
It crack'd and

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT  
MARINER, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

growl'd, and roar'd  
and howl'd—

Like noises of a  
swound.

At length did cross an  
Albatross,  
Thorough the Fog it  
came;

And an it were a  
Christian Soul,  
We hail'd it in God's  
name.

The Mariners gave it  
biscuit-worms,  
And round and  
round it flew:

The Ice did split with  
a Thunder-fit;

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

The Helmsman  
steer'd us thro'.

And a good south  
wind sprung up be-  
hind,  
The Albatross did fol-  
low;  
And every day for  
food or play  
Came to the  
Marinere's hollo!

In mist or cloud on  
mast or shroud  
It perch'd for vespers  
nine,  
Whiles all the night  
thro' fog-smoke  
white

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Glimmer'd the white  
moon-shine.

"God save thee, an-  
cyent Marinere!

"From the fiends that  
plague thee thus—

"Why look'st thou  
so?"—with my cross  
bow

I shot the Albatross.

II.

The Sun came up  
upon the right,  
Out of the Sea came  
he;

And broad as a weft  
upon the left

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Went down into the  
Sea.

And the good south  
wind still blew be-  
hind,  
But no sweet Bird did  
follow  
Ne any day for food  
or play  
Came to the  
Marinere's hollo!

And I had done an  
hellish thing  
And it would work  
'em woe:  
For all averr'd, I had  
kill'd the Bird  
That made the Breeze



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

to blow.

Ne dim ne red, like  
God's own head,  
The glorious Sun up-  
rist:

Then all averr'd, I had  
kill'd the Bird  
That brought the fog  
and mist.

'Twas right, said they,  
such birds to slay  
That bring the fog  
and mist.

The breezes blew, the  
white foam flew,  
The furrow follow'd  
free:

We were the first that

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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 cop-  
per sky  
The bloody sun at  
noon,  
Right up above the  
mast did stand,  
No bigger than the  
moon.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Day after day, day af-  
ter day,  
We stuck, ne breath  
ne motion,  
As idle as a painted  
Ship  
Upon a painted  
Ocean.

Water, water, every  
where  
And all the boards  
did shrink;  
Water, water, every  
where,  
Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did  
rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

be!

Yea, slimy things did  
crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel  
and rout

The Death-fires  
danc'd at night;

The water, like a  
witch's oils,  
Burnt green and blue  
and white.

And some in dreams  
assured were

Of the Spirit that  
plagued us so:

Nine fathom deep he  
had follow'd us

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

From the Land of  
Mist and Snow.

And every tongue  
thro' utter drouth  
Was wither'd at the  
root;

We could not speak  
no more than if  
We had been choked  
with soot.

Ah wel-a-day! what  
evil looks

Had I from old and  
young;

Instead of the Cross  
the Albatross

About my neck was  
hung.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

III.

I saw a something in  
the Sky  
No bigger than my  
fist;  
At first it seem'd a lit-  
tle speck  
And then it seem'd a  
mist:  
It mov'd and mov'd,  
and took at last  
A certain shape, I  
wist.

A speck, a mist, a  
shape, I wist!  
And still it ner'd and  
ner'd;  
And, an it dodg'd a

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

water-sprite,  
It plung'd and tack'd  
and veer'd.

With throat un-  
slack'd, with black  
lips bak'd  
Ne could we laugh,  
ne wail:

Then while thro'  
drouth all dumb  
they stood

I bit my arm and  
suck'd the blood  
And cry'd, A sail! a  
sail!

With throat un-  
slack'd, with black  
lips bak'd

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Agape they hear'd  
me call:

Gramercy! they for  
joy did grin  
And all at once their  
breath drew in  
As they were drink-  
ing all.

She doth not tack  
from side to side—  
Hither to work us  
weal  
Withouten wind,  
withouten tide  
She steddies with up-  
right keel.

The western wave  
was all a flame,



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

The day was well  
nigh done!  
Almost upon the  
western wave  
Rested the broad  
bright Sun;  
When that strange  
shape drove sud-  
denly  
Betwixt us and the  
Sun.

And strait the Sun  
was fleck'd with bars  
(Heaven's mother  
send us grace)  
As if thro' a dungeon  
grate he peer'd  
With broad and burn-

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

ing face.

Alas! (thought I, and  
my heart beat loud)  
How fast she neres  
and neres!

Are those *her* Sails  
that glance in the  
Sun

Like restless gos-  
sameres?

Are these *her* naked  
ribs, which fleck'd  
The sun that did be-  
hind them peer?

And are these two all,  
all the crew,  
That woman and her  
fleshless Pheere?

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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

*Her* lips are red, *her*  
looks are free,  
*Her* locks are yellow  
as gold:  
*Her* skin is as white as  
leprosy,  
And she is far liker  
Death than he;

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Her flesh makes the  
still air cold.

The naked Hulk  
alongside came  
And the Twain were  
playing dice;  
"The Game is done!  
I've won, I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whis-  
tled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte  
up behind  
And whistled thro'  
his bones;  
Thro' the holes of his  
eyes and the hole of  
his mouth  
Half-whistles and

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

half-groans.

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

One after one by the  
horned Moon  
(Listen, O Stranger!  
to me)  
Each turn'd his face  
with a ghastly pang  
And curs'd me with

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

his ee.

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

Their souls did from  
their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or  
woe;

And every soul it  
pass'd me by,  
Like the whiz of my  
Cross-bow.

IV.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

"I fear thee, ancyent  
Marinere!

"I fear thy skinny  
hand;

"And thou art long  
and lank and brown

"As is the ribb'd Sea-  
sand.

"I fear thee and thy  
glittering eye

"And thy skinny  
hand so brown"—

Fear not, fear not,  
thou wedding guest!

This body dropt not  
down.

Alone, alone, all all  
alone

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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

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

I look'd upon the rot-  
ting Sea,  
And drew my eyes  
away;  
I look'd upon the el-  
dritch deck,



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And there the dead  
men lay.

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

I clos'd my lids and  
kept them close,  
Till the balls like  
pulses beat;  
For the sky and the  
sea, and the sea and  
the sky  
Lay like a load on my

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

wearie eye,  
And the dead were at  
my feet.

The cold sweat  
melted from their  
limbs,  
Ne rot, ne reek did  
they;  
The look with which  
they look'd on me,  
Had never pass'd  
away.

An orphan's curse  
would drag to Hell  
A spirit from on high:  
But O! more horrible  
than that  
Is the curse in a dead

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

man's eye!  
Seven days, seven  
nights I saw that  
curse  
And yet I could not  
die.

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

Her beams bemock'd  
the sultry main  
Like morning frosts  
yspread;

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

But where the ship's  
huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water  
burnt always  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of  
the ship  
I watch'd the water-  
snakes:  
They mov'd in tracks  
of shining white;  
And when they  
rear'd, the elfish  
light  
Fell off in hoary  
flakes.

Within the shadow of  
the ship

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

I watch'd their rich  
attire:  
Blue, glossy green,  
and velvet black  
They coil'd and  
swam; and every  
track  
Was a flash of golden  
fire.

O happy living  
things! no tongue  
Their beauty might  
declare:  
A spring of love gusht  
from my heart,  
And I bless'd them  
unaware!  
Sure my kind saint

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them  
unaware.

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

V.

O sleep, it is a gentle  
thing  
Belov'd from pole to  
pole!  
To Mary-queen the  
praise be yeven

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

She sent the gentle  
sleep from heaven  
That slid into my  
soul.

The silly buckets on  
the deck  
That had so long re-  
main'd,  
I dreamt that they  
were fill'd with dew  
And when I awoke it  
rain'd.

My lips were wet, my  
throat was cold,  
My garments all were  
dank;  
Sure I had drunken in  
my dreams

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And still my body  
drank.

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

The roaring wind! it  
roar'd far off,  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it  
shook the sails  
That were so thin and  
sere.

The upper air bursts  
into life,



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And a hundred fire-  
flags sheen  
To and fro they are  
hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in  
and out  
The stars dance on  
between.

The coming wind  
doth roar more loud;  
The sails do sigh, like  
sedge:  
The rain pours down  
from one black cloud  
And the Moon is at its  
edge.

Hark! hark! the thick  
black cloud is cleft,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And the Moon is at its  
side:

Like waters shot from  
some high crag,  
The lightning falls  
with never a jag  
A river steep and  
wide.

The strong wind  
reach'd the ship: it  
roar'd

And dropp'd down,  
like a stone!

Beneath the lightning  
and the moon

The dead men gave a  
groan.

They groan'd, they

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

stirr'd, they all up-  
rose,  
Ne spake, ne mov'd  
their eyes:

It had been strange,  
even in a dream  
To have seen those  
dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd,  
the ship mov'd on;  
Yet never a breeze  
up-blew;  
The Mariners all 'gan  
work the ropes,  
Where they were  
wont to do:

They rais'd their  
limbs like lifeless

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

tools—

We were a ghastly  
crew.

The body of my  
brother's son  
Stood by me knee to  
knee:

The body and I pull'd  
at one rope,  
But he said nought to  
me—

And I quak'd to think  
of my own voice  
How frightful it  
would be!

The day-light  
dawn'd—they  
dropp'd their arms,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And cluster'd round  
the mast:

Sweet sounds rose  
slowly thro' their  
mouths

And from their bod-  
ies pass'd.

Around, around, flew  
each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the  
sun:

Slowly the sounds  
came back again

Now mix'd, now one  
by one.

Sometimes a drop-  
ping from the sky  
I heard the Lavrock

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

sing;  
Sometimes all little  
birds that are  
How they seem'd to  
fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jar-  
goning,

And now 'twas like  
all instruments,  
Now like a lonely  
flute;

And now it is an an-  
gel's song  
That makes the heav-  
ens be mute.

It ceas'd: yet still the  
sails made on  
A pleasant noise till

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

noon,  
A noise like of a hid-  
den brook  
In the leafy month of  
June,  
That to the sleeping  
woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Listen, O listen, thou  
Wedding-guest!  
"Marinere! thou hast  
thy will:  
"For that, which  
comes out of thine  
eye, doth make  
"My body and soul to  
be still."

Never sadder tale was

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

told

To a man of woman  
born:

Sadder and wiser  
thou wedding-guest!  
Thou'lt rise to mor-  
row morn.

Never sadder tale was  
heard

By a man of woman  
born:

The Mariners all re-  
turn'd to work  
As silent as before.

The Mariners all 'gan  
pull the ropes,  
But look at me they  
n'old:



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Thought I, I am as  
thin as air—  
They cannot me be-  
hold.

Till moon we silently  
sail'd on  
Yet never a breeze did  
breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly  
went the ship  
Mov'd onward from  
beneath.

Under the keel nine  
fathom deep  
From the land of mist  
and snow  
The spirit slid: and it  
was He

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

That made the Ship to  
go.

The sails at noon left  
off their tune  
And the Ship stood  
still also.

The sun right up  
above the mast  
Had fix'd her to the  
ocean:

But in a minute she  
'gan stir  
With a short uneasy  
motion—

Backwards and for-  
wards half her  
length  
With a short uneasy

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

motion.

Then, like a pawing  
horse let go,  
She made a sudden  
bound:

It flung the blood into  
my head,  
And I fell into a  
swound.

How long in that  
same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life  
return'd,  
I heard and in my soul  
discern'd  
Two voices in the air,  
"Is it he?" quoth one,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

"Is this the man?

"By him who died on  
cross,

"With his cruel bow  
he lay'd full low

"The harmless Alba-  
tross.

"The spirit who  
'bideth by himself

"In the land of mist  
and snow,

"He lov'd the bird that  
lov'd the man

"Who shot him with  
his bow."

The other was a softer  
voice,

As soft as honey-

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

dew:

Quoth he the man  
hath penance done,  
And penance more  
will do.

VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"But tell me, tell me!  
speak again,

"Thy soft response  
renewing—

"What makes that  
ship drive on so fast?

"What is the Ocean  
doing?"

SECOND VOICE.

"Still as a Slave before  
his Lord,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

"The Ocean hath no  
blast:

"His great bright eye  
most silently

"Up to the moon is  
cast—

"If he may know  
which way to go,

"For she guides him  
smooth or grim.

"See, brother, see!  
how graciously

"She looketh down  
on him."

FIRST VOICE.

"But why drives on  
that ship so fast

"Withouten wave or

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

wind?"

SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away  
before,

"And closes from be-  
hind.

"Fly, brother, fly!  
more high, more  
high,

"Or we shall be be-  
lated:

"For slow and slow  
that ship will go,

"When the  
Marinere's trance is  
abated."

I woke, and we were  
sailing on

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT  
MARINER, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

As in a gentle  
weather:

'Twas night, calm  
night, the moon was  
high;  
The dead men stood  
together.

All stood together on  
the deck,

For a charnel-  
dungeon fitter:

All fix'd on me their  
stony eyes  
That in the moon did  
glitter.

The pang, the curse,  
with which they  
died,



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Had never pass'd  
away:  
I could not draw my  
een from theirs  
Ne turn them up to  
pray.

And in its time the  
spell was snapt,  
And I could move my  
een:  
I look'd far-forth, but  
little saw  
Of what might else be  
seen.

Like one, that on a  
lonely road  
Doth walk in fear and  
dread,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And having once  
turn'd round, walks  
on  
And turns no more  
his head:  
Because he knows, a  
frightful fiend  
Doth close behind  
him tread.

But soon there  
breath'd a wind  
on me,  
Ne sound ne motion  
made:  
Its path was not upon  
the sea  
In ripple or in shade.  
It rais'd my hair, it

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

fann'd my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale  
of spring—  
It mingled strangely  
with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a wel-  
coming.

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

O dream of joy! is this  
indeed  
The light-house top I  
see?

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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 al-  
way!"

The harbour-bay was  
clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was  
strewn!

And on the bay the  
moon light lay,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

And the shadow of  
the moon.

The moonlight bay  
was white all o'er,  
Till rising from the  
same,  
Full many shapes,  
that shadows were,  
Like as of torches  
came.

A little distance from  
the prow  
Those dark-red shad-  
ows were;  
But soon I saw that  
my own flesh  
Was red as in a glare.  
I turn'd my head in

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

fear and dread,  
And by the holy  
rood,  
The bodies had ad-  
vanc'd, and now  
Before the mast they  
stood.

They lifted up their  
stiff right arms,  
They held them strait  
and tight;  
And each right-arm  
burnt like a torch,  
A torch that's borne  
upright.  
Their stony eye-balls  
glitter'd on  
In the red and smoky

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

light.

I pray'd and turn'd  
my head away  
Forth looking as be-  
fore.

There was no breeze  
upon the bay,  
No wave against the  
shore.

The rock shone  
bright, the kirk no  
less  
That stands above the  
rock:

The moonlight  
steep'd in silent-  
ness  
The steady weather-

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

cock.

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 shad-  
ows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon  
the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I  
there?



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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

This seraph-band,  
each wav'd his  
hand:  
It was a heavenly  
sight:  
They stood as signals  
to the land,  
Each one a lovely  
light:

This seraph-band,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

each wav'd his  
hand,

No voice did they  
impart—

No voice; but O! the  
silence sank,

Like music on my  
heart.

Eftsones I heard the  
dash of oars,

I heard the pilot's  
cheer:

My head was turn'd  
perforce away

And I saw a boat ap-  
pear.

Then vanish'd all the  
lovely lights;

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

The bodies rose  
anew:  
With silent pace, each  
to his place,  
Came back the  
ghastly crew.  
The wind, that shade  
nor motion made,  
On me alone it blew.

The pilot, and the pi-  
lot'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

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

his voice:

It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his  
godly hymns  
That he makes in the  
wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul,  
he'll wash away  
The Albatross's  
blood.

VII.

This Hermit good  
lives in that wood  
Which slopes down  
to the Sea.  
How loudly his sweet  
voice he rears!

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

He loves to talk with  
Marineres  
That come from a far  
Contrée.

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

The Skiff-boat ne'rd: I  
heard them talk,  
"Why, this is strange,  
I trow!  
"Where are those  
lights so many and

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

fair

"That signal made  
but now?

"Strange, by my  
faith!" the Hermit  
said—

"And they answer'd  
not our cheer.

"The planks look  
warp'd, and see  
those sails

"How thin they are  
and sere!

"I never saw aught  
like to them

"Unless perchance it  
were

"The skeletons of

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

leaves that lag

"My forest brook  
along:

"When the Ivy-tod is  
heavy with snow,

"And the Owlet  
whoops to the wolf  
below

"That eats the she-  
wolf's young.

"Dear Lord! it has a  
fiendish look"—

(The Pilot made re-  
ply)

"I am a-fear'd.—"Push  
on, push on!"

Said the Hermit  
cheerily.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

The Boat came closer  
to the Ship,  
But I ne spake ne  
stirr'd!

The Boat came close  
beneath the Ship,  
And strait a sound  
was heard!

Under the water it  
rumbled on,  
Still louder and more  
dread:

It reach'd the Ship, it  
split the bay;  
The Ship went down  
like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud  
and dreadful sound,



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

Which sky and ocean  
smote:

Like one that hath  
been seven days  
drown'd

My body lay afloat:  
But, swift as dreams,  
myself I found  
Within the Pilot's  
boat.

Upon the whirl,  
where sank the Ship,  
The boat spun round  
and round:

And all was still, save  
that the hill  
Was telling of the  
sound.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

I mov'd my lips: the  
Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit.  
The Holy Hermit  
rais'd his eyes  
And pray'd where he  
did sit.

I took the oars: the Pi-  
lot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy  
go,  
Laugh'd loud and  
long, and all the  
while  
His eyes went to and  
fro,  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he—  
"full plain I see,

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

"The devil knows  
how to row."

And now all in mine  
own Countrée  
I stood on the firm  
land!

The Hermit stepp'd  
forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he  
could stand.

"O shrieve me,  
shrieve me, holy  
Man!"

The Hermit cross'd  
his brow—

"Say quick," quoth he,  
"I bid thee say  
"What manner man

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

art thou?"

Forthwith            this  
frame    of    mine  
was wrench'd  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forc'd me to  
begin my tale  
And then it left me  
free.

Since then at an un-  
certain hour,  
Now oftimes and  
now fewer,  
That anguish comes  
and makes me tell  
My ghastly aventure.

I pass, like night, from  
land to land;

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

I have strange power  
of speech;  
The moment that his  
face I see  
I know the man that  
must hear me;  
To him my tale I  
teach.

What loud uproar  
bursts from that  
door!  
The Wedding-guests  
are there;  
But in the Garden-  
bower the Bride  
And Bride-maids  
singing are:  
And hark the little

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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 com-  
pany.

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

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

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

loveth best,  
All things both great  
and small:

For the dear God,  
who loveth us,  
He made and loveth  
all.

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

He went, like one that  
hath been stunn'd  
And is of sense for-



THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT  
MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS

---

lorn:  
A sadder and a wiser  
man  
He rose the morrow  
morn.

**THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S  
TALE,**

**A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT**

FOSTER-MOTHER.

I never saw the man  
whom you describe.

MARIA.

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

'Tis strange! he spake  
of you familiarly  
As mine and Albert's  
common Foster-  
mother.

FOSTER-MOTHER.  
Now blessings on the  
man, whoe'er he be,  
That joined your  
names with mine! O  
my sweet lady,  
As often as I think of  
those dear times  
When you two little  
ones would stand at  
eve  
On each side of my  
chair, and make me

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

at it,  
Till lost in inward vi-  
sion, 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 fa-  
ther told it me,  
Poor old Leoni!-  
Angels rest his  
soul!  
He was a woodman,

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

wild flowers, and to  
plant them  
With earth and wa-  
ter, 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 Cas-  
tle.



## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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 FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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 dis-  
course,

The earth heaved un-  
der 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,

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

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 dole-

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

ful song about green  
fields,  
How sweet it were on  
lake or wild savan-  
nah,  
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 des-  
perate; and defying  
death,  
He made that cun-  
ning entrance I de-  
scribed:  
And the young man  
escaped.

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

MARIA.

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

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on  
ship-board  
With those bold voy-  
agers, who made  
discovery  
Of golden lands.

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

Leoni's younger  
brother  
Went likewise, and  
when he returned to  
Spain,  
He told Leoni, that  
the poor mad youth,  
Soon after they ar-  
rived in that new  
world,  
In spite of his dissua-  
sion, 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 sup-  
posed,

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE,

---

He lived and died  
among the savage  
men.

**LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT  
IN A YEW-TREE**

**WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF  
ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE PART  
OF THE SHORE, YET COMMANDING A  
BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT**

-Nay, Traveller! rest.



LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

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

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

—  
Who he was  
That piled these  
stones, and with the  
mossy sod  
First covered o'er, and  
taught this aged tree,  
Now wild, to bend  
its arms in circling  
shade,  
I well remember.—He  
was one who own'd  
No common soul. In  
youth, by genius  
nurs'd,  
And big with lofty  
views, he to the  
world  
Went forth, pure in

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

his heart, against the  
taint  
Of dissolute tongues,  
'gainst jealousy, and  
hate,  
And scorn, against all  
enemies prepared,  
All but neglect: and  
so, his spirit damped  
At once, with rash  
disdain he turned  
away,  
And with the food of  
pride sustained his  
soul  
In solitude.—Stranger!  
these gloomy  
boughs  
Had charms for him;

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

and here he loved to  
sit,  
His only visitants a  
straggling sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the  
glancing sand-piper;  
And on these barren  
rocks, with juniper,  
And heath, and this-  
tle, thinly sprinkled  
o'er,  
Fixing his downward  
eye, he many an  
hour  
A morbid pleasure  
nourished, tracing  
here  
An emblem of his  
own unfruitful life:

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

And lifting up his  
head, he then would  
gaze  
On the more distant  
scene; how lovely 'tis  
Thou seest, and he  
would gaze till it be-  
came  
Far lovelier, and his  
heart could not sus-  
tain  
The beauty still more  
beauteous. Nor, that  
time,  
Would he forget those  
beings, to whose  
minds,  
Warm from the  
labours of benevo-

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

lence,  
The world, and man  
himself, appeared a  
scene  
Of kindred loveliness:  
then he would sigh  
With mournful joy, to  
think that others felt  
What he must never  
feel: and so, lost  
man!  
On visionary views  
would fancy feed,  
Till his eye streamed  
with tears. In this  
deep vale  
He died, this seat his  
only monument.

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

If thou be one whose  
heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination  
have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth  
be warned; and  
know, that pride,  
Howe'er disguised in  
its own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he,  
who feels contempt  
For any living thing,  
hath faculties  
Which he has never  
used; that thought  
with him  
Is in its infancy. The  
man, whose eye  
Is ever on himself,

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

doth look on one,  
The least of nature's  
works, one who  
might move  
The wise man to that  
scorn which wisdom  
holds  
Unlawful, ever. O, be  
wiser thou!  
Instructed that true  
knowledge leads to  
love,  
True dignity abides  
with him alone  
Who, in the silent  
hour of inward  
thought,  
Can still suspect, and  
still revere himself,



LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A  
YEW-TREE

---

In lowliness of heart.

# THE NIGHTINGALE

A CONVERSATIONAL POEM,  
WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798

No cloud, no relique  
of the sunken day  
Distinguishes the  
West, no long thin

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

slip  
Of sullen Light, no  
obscure trembling  
hues.  
Come, we will rest  
on this old mossy  
Bridge!  
You see the glimmer  
of the stream be-  
neath,  
But hear no murmur-  
ing: it flows silently  
O'er its soft bed of  
verdure. All is still,  
A balmy night! and  
tho' the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon  
the vernal showers  
That gladden the

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

green earth, and we  
shall find  
A pleasure in the dim-  
ness of the stars.  
And hark! the  
Nightingale begins  
its song,  
"Most musical, most  
melancholy"<sup>1</sup> Bird!  
A melancholy Bird?  
O idle thought!

---

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

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

In nature there is  
nothing melancholy.  
—But some night-  
wandering Man,  
whose heart was  
pierc'd  
With the remem-  
brance of a grievous  
wrong,  
Or slow distemper or  
neglected love,  
(And so, poor Wretch!  
fill'd all things with  
himself  
And made all gentle  
sounds tell back the  
tale  
Of his own sorrows)  
he and such as he

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

First nam'd these  
notes a melancholy  
strain;  
And many a poet  
echoes the conceit,  
Poet, who hath been  
building up the  
rhyme  
When he had better  
far have stretch'd his  
limbs  
Beside a brook in  
mossy forest-dell  
By sun or moonlight,  
to the influxes  
Of shapes and sounds  
and shifting ele-  
ments  
Surrendering his

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

whole spirit, of his  
song  
And of his fame for-  
getful! so his fame  
Should share in na-  
ture's immortality,  
A venerable thing!  
and so his song  
Should make all na-  
ture lovelier, and it-  
self  
Be lov'd, like nature!—  
But 'twill not be so;  
And youths and  
maidens most poeti-  
cal  
Who lose the  
deep'ning twilights  
of the spring

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

In ball-rooms and hot  
theatres, they still  
Full of meek sympathy  
must heave their  
sighs  
O'er Philomela's pity-  
pleading strains.  
My Friend, and my  
Friend's Sister! we  
have learnt  
A different lore: we  
may not thus pro-  
fane  
Nature's sweet voices  
always full of love  
And joyance! 'Tis the  
merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hur-  
ries, and precipitates



## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

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 under-  
wood,

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

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 Nightin-  
gales: and far and  
near  
In wood and thicket  
over the wide grove  
They answer and  
provoke each other's  
songs—  
With skirmish and  
capricious passag-  
ings,

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

And murmurs musical and swift jug jug  
And one low piping sound more sweet  
than all—  
Stirring the air with such an harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might  
almost  
Forget it was not day! On moonlight  
bushes,  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,  
You may perchance behold them on the  
twigs,

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

Their bright, bright  
eyes, their eyes both  
bright and full,  
Glistning, while  
many a glow-worm  
in the shade  
Lights up her love-  
torch.

A most gen-  
tle maid  
Who dwelleth in her  
hospitable home  
Hard by the Castle,  
and at latest eve,  
(Even like a Lady  
vow'd and dedicate  
To something more  
than nature in the

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

grove)  
Glides thro' the path-  
ways; she knows all  
their notes,  
That gentle Maid!  
and oft, a moment's  
space,  
What time the moon  
was lost behind a  
cloud,  
Hath heard a pause of  
silence: till the Moon  
Emerging, hath  
awaken'd earth and  
sky  
With one sensation,  
and those wakeful  
Birds  
Have all burst forth in

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

choral minstrelsy,  
As if one quick and  
sudden Gale had  
swept  
An hundred airy  
harps! And she hath  
watch'd  
Many a Nightingale  
perch giddily  
On blosmy twig still  
swinging from the  
breeze,  
And to that motion  
tune his wanton  
song,  
Like tipsy Joy that  
reels with tossing  
head.

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

Farewell, O Warbler!  
till to-morrow eve,  
And you, my friends!  
farewell, a short  
farewell!

We have been loiter-  
ing long and pleas-  
antly,

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

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

his hand beside his  
ear,  
His little hand, the  
small forefinger up,  
And bid us listen!  
And I deem it wise  
To make him Nature's  
playmate. He knows  
well  
The evening star: and  
once when he awoke  
In most distressful  
mood (some inward  
pain  
Had made up that  
strange thing, an in-  
fant's dream)  
I hurried with him to  
our orchard plot,



## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

And he beholds the  
moon, and hush'd at  
once

Suspends his sobs,  
and laughs most  
silently,

While his fair eyes  
that swam with un-  
dropt tears

Did glitter in the  
yellow moon-beam!

Well—

It is a father's tale. But  
if that Heaven

Should give me life,  
his childhood shall  
grow up

Familiar with these  
songs, that with the

## THE NIGHTINGALE

---

night

He may associate Joy!

Once more farewell,

Sweet Nightingale!

once more, my

friends! farewell.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

By Derwent's side  
my Father's cottage  
stood,  
(The Woman thus her  
artless story told)  
One field, a flock, and  
what the neighbour-

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

ing flood  
Supplied, to him were  
more than mines of  
gold.  
Light was my sleep;  
my days in transport  
roll'd:  
With thoughtless joy  
I stretch'd along the  
shore  
My father's nets, or  
watched, when from  
the fold  
High o'er the cliffs I  
led my fleecy store,  
A dizzy depth below!  
his boat and twin-  
kling oar.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

My father was a good  
and pious man,  
An honest man by  
honest parents bred,  
And I believe that,  
soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me  
kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing  
there my prayers I  
said:  
And afterwards, by  
my good father  
taught,  
I read, and loved the  
books in which I  
read;  
For books in every  
neighbouring house

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

I sought,  
And nothing to my  
mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

Can I forget what  
charms did once  
adorn  
My garden, stored  
with pease, and  
mint, and thyme,  
And rose and lilly for  
the sabbath morn?  
The sabbath bells,  
and their delightful  
chime;  
The gambols and  
wild freaks at shear-  
ing time;

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

My hen's rich nest  
through long grass  
scarce espied;  
The cowslip-  
gathering at May's  
dewy prime;  
The swans, that,  
when I sought the  
water-side,  
From far to meet me  
came, spreading  
their snowy pride.

The staff I yet remem-  
ber which upbore  
The bending body of  
my active sire;  
His seat beneath the  
honeyed sycamore

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

When the bees  
hummed, and chair  
by winter fire;

When market-  
morning came,  
the neat attire

With which, though  
bent on haste, myself  
I deck'd;

My watchful dog,  
whose starts of  
furious ire,

When stranger  
passed, so often  
I have check'd;

The red-breast known  
for years, which at  
my casement peck'd.



## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

The suns of twenty  
summers danced  
along,—  
Ah! little marked,  
how fast they rolled  
away:  
Then rose a mansion  
proud our woods  
among,  
And cottage after cot-  
tage owned its sway,  
No joy to see a neigh-  
bouring house, or  
stray  
Through pastures not  
his own, the master  
took;  
My Father dared his  
greedy wish gainsay;

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

He loved his old  
hereditary nook,  
And ill could I the  
thought of such sad  
parting brook.

But, when he had re-  
fused the proffered  
gold,  
To cruel injuries he  
became a prey,  
Sore traversed in  
whate'er he bought  
and sold:  
His troubles grew  
upon him day by  
day,  
Till all his substance  
fell into decay.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

His little range of wa-  
ter was denied;<sup>2</sup>  
All but the bed where  
his old body lay,  
All, all was seized,  
and weeping, side by  
side,  
We sought a home  
where we uninjured  
might abide.  
Can I forget that mis-  
erable hour,  
When from the last  
hill-top, my sire sur-  
veyed,

---

<sup>2</sup>Several of the Lakes in the north of England are let out to different Fishermen, in parcels marked out by imaginary lines drawn from rock to rock.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

Peering above the  
trees, the steeple  
tower,  
That on his marriage-  
day sweet music  
made?  
Till then he hoped his  
bones might there be  
laid,  
Close by my mother  
in their native bow-  
ers:  
Bidding me trust in  
God, he stood and  
prayed,—  
I could not pray:—  
through tears that  
fell in showers,  
Glimmer'd our dear-

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

loved home, alas! no  
longer ours!

There was a youth  
whom I had loved so  
long,  
That when I loved  
him not I cannot say.  
'Mid the green moun-  
tains many and  
many a song  
We two had sung, like  
little birds in May.  
When we began to  
tire of childish play  
We seemed still more  
and more to prize  
each other:  
We talked of mar-

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

riage and our marriage day;  
And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

His father said, that to a distant town  
He must repair, to ply the artist's trade.  
What tears of bitter grief till then unknown!  
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

To him we turned:—  
we had no other aid.  
Like one revived,  
upon his neck I  
wept,  
And her whom he  
had loved in joy, he  
said  
He well could love in  
grief: his faith he  
kept;  
And in a quiet home  
once more my father  
slept.

Four years each day  
with daily bread was  
blest,  
By constant toil and

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

constant prayer supplied.

Three lovely infants  
lay upon my breast;  
And often, viewing  
their sweet smiles, I  
sighed,  
And knew not why.  
My happy father  
died

When sad distress reduced  
the children's meal:

Thrice happy! that  
from him the grave  
did hide

The empty loom, cold  
hearth, and silent  
wheel,



## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

And tears that flowed  
for ills which pa-  
tience could not heal.

'Twas a hard change,  
an evil time was  
come;

We had no hope, and  
no relief could gain.

But soon, with proud  
parade, the noisy  
drum

Beat round, to sweep  
the streets of want  
and pain.

My husband's arms  
now only served to  
strain

Me and his children

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

hungering in his  
view:

In such dismay my  
prayers and tears  
were vain:

To join those miser-  
able men he flew;  
And now to the sea-  
coast, with numbers  
more, we drew.

There foul neglect for  
months and months  
we bore,

Nor yet the crowded  
fleet its anchor  
stirred.

Green fields before us  
and our native shore,

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

By fever, from pol-  
luted air incurred,  
Ravage was made, for  
which no knell was  
heard.

Fondly we wished,  
and wished away,  
nor knew,

'Mid that long sick-  
ness, and those  
hopes deferr'd,

That happier days  
we never more must  
view:

The parting signal  
streamed, at last the  
land withdrew,

But from delay the

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

summer calms were  
past.

On as we drove, the  
equinoctial deep  
Ran mountains-high  
before the howling  
blaft.

We gazed with terror  
on the gloomy sleep  
Of them that perished  
in the whirlwind's  
sweep,

Untaught that soon  
such anguish must  
ensue,

Our hopes such har-  
vest of affliction  
reap,

That we the mercy

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

of the waves should  
rue.

We reached the west-  
ern world, a poor,  
devoted crew.

Oh! dreadful price of  
being to resign  
All that is dear *in* be-  
ing! better far  
In Want's most lonely  
cave till death to  
pine,  
Unseen, unheard, un-  
watched by any star;  
Or in the streets and  
walks where proud  
men are,  
Better our dying bod-

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

ies to obtrude,  
Than dog-like, wad-  
ing at the heels of  
war,  
Protract a curst exis-  
tence, with the brood  
That lap (their very  
nourishment!) their  
brother's blood.

The pains and  
plagues that on  
our heads came  
down,  
Disease and famine,  
agony and fear,  
In wood or wilder-  
ness, in camp or  
town,

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

It would thy brain un-  
settle even to hear.  
All perished—all, in  
one remorseless  
year,  
Husband and chil-  
dren! one by one, by  
sword  
And ravenous  
plague, all perished:  
every tear  
Dried up, despairing,  
desolate, on board  
A British ship I  
waked, as from a  
trance restored.

Peaceful as some im-  
measurable plain

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

By the first beams  
of dawning light im-  
press'd,  
In the calm sunshine  
slept the glittering  
main.  
The very ocean has its  
hour of rest,  
That comes not to the  
human mourner's  
breast.  
Remote from man,  
and storms of mortal  
care,  
A heavenly silence  
did the waves invest;  
I looked and looked  
along the silent air,  
Until it seemed to



## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

bring a joy to my de-  
spair.

Ah! how unlike those  
late terrific sleeps!  
And groans, that rage  
of racking famine  
spoke,  
Where looks inhuman  
dwelt on festering  
heaps!  
The breathing pesti-  
lence that rose like  
smoke!  
The shriek that from  
the distant battle  
broke!  
The mine's dire earth-  
quake, and the pallid

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

host

Driven by the bomb's  
incessant thunder-  
stroke

To loathsome vaults,  
where heart-sick an-  
guish toss'd,

Hope died, and fear  
itself in agony was  
lost!

Yet does that burst  
of woe congeal my  
frame,

When the dark streets  
appeared to heave  
and gape,

While like a sea  
the storming army

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

came,  
And Fire from Hell  
reared his gigantic  
shape,  
And Murder, by the  
ghastly gleam, and  
Rape  
Seized their joint prey,  
the mother and the  
child!  
But from these craz-  
ing thoughts my  
brain, escape!  
—For weeks the balmy  
air breathed soft and  
mild,  
And on the gliding  
vessel Heaven and  
Ocean smiled.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

Some mighty gulph of  
separation past,  
I seemed transported  
to another world:—  
A thought resigned  
with pain, when  
from the mast  
The impatient  
mariner the sail  
unfurl'd,  
And whistling, called  
the wind that hardly  
curled  
The silent sea. From  
the sweet thoughts  
of home,  
And from all hope I  
was forever hurled.  
For me—farthest from

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

earthly port to roam  
Was best, could I but  
shun the spot where  
man might come.

And oft, robb'd of  
my perfect mind, I  
thought

At last my feet a  
resting-place had  
found:

Here will I weep  
in peace, (so fancy  
wrought,)

Roaming the illim-  
itable waters round;  
Here watch, of every  
human friend dis-  
owned,

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

All day, my ready  
tomb the ocean-  
flood—

To break my dream  
the vessel reached its  
bound:

And homeless near  
a thousand homes I  
stood,

And near a thousand  
tables pined, and  
wanted food.

By grief enfeebled  
was I turned adrift,  
Helpless as sailor cast  
on desert rock;

Nor morsel to my  
mouth that day did

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

lift,  
Nor dared my hand at  
any door to knock.  
I lay, where with his  
drowsy mates, the  
cock  
From the cross tim-  
ber of an out-house  
hung;  
How dismal tolled,  
that night, the city  
clock!  
At morn my sick heart  
hunger scarcely  
stung,  
Nor to the beggar's  
language could I  
frame my tongue.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

So passed another  
day, and so the third:  
Then did I try, in vain,  
the crowd's resort,  
In deep despair by  
frightful wishes  
stirr'd,  
Near the sea-side I  
reached a ruined  
fort:  
There, pains which  
nature could no  
more support,  
With blindness  
linked, did on my  
vitals fall;  
Dizzy my brain, with  
interruption short  
Of hideous sense; I



## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

sunk, nor step could  
crawl,  
And thence was  
borne away to  
neighbouring hospi-  
tal.

Recovery came with  
food: but still, my  
brain  
Was weak, nor of the  
past had memory.  
I heard my neigh-  
bours, in their beds,  
complain  
Of many things which  
never troubled me;  
Of feet still bustling  
round with busy

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

glee,  
Of looks where common kindness had  
no part,  
Of service done with  
careless cruelty,  
Fretting the fever  
round the languid  
heart,  
And groans, which,  
as they said, would  
make a dead man  
start.

These things just  
served to stir the  
torpid sense,  
Nor pain nor pity in  
my bosom raised.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

Memory, though  
slow, returned with  
strength; and thence  
Dismissed, again on  
open day I gazed,  
At houses, men,  
and common light,  
amazed.

The lanes I sought,  
and as the sun re-  
tired,  
Came, where beneath  
the trees a faggot  
blazed;  
The wild brood saw  
me weep, my fate en-  
quired,  
And gave me food,  
and rest, more wel-

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

come, more desired.

My heart is touched  
to think that men like  
these,

The rude earth's ten-  
ants, were my first  
relief:

How kindly did they  
paint their vagrant  
ease!

And their long holi-  
day that feared not  
grief,

For all belonged to all,  
and each was chief.

No plough their  
sinews strained; on  
grating road

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

No wain they drove,  
and yet, the yellow  
sheaf  
In every vale for their  
delight was stowed:  
For them, in nature's  
meads, the milky ud-  
der flowed.

Semblance, with  
straw and pauniered  
ass, they made  
Of potters wander-  
ing on from door to  
door:  
But life of happier sort  
to me pourtrayed,  
And other joys my  
fancy to allure;

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

The bag-pipe dinning  
on the midnight  
moor

In barn uplighted,  
and companions  
boon

Well met from far  
with revelry secure,

In depth of forest  
glade, when jocund  
June

Rolled fast along the  
sky his warm and ge-  
nial moon.

But ill it suited me, in  
journey dark

O'er moor and moun-  
tain, midnight theft

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

to hatch;  
To charm the surly  
house-dog's faithful  
bark.  
Or hang on tiptoe at  
the lifted latch;  
The gloomy lantern,  
and the dim blue  
match,  
The black disguise,  
the warning whistle  
shrill,  
And ear still busy on  
its nightly watch,  
Were not for me,  
brought up in nothing ill;  
Besides, on griefs so  
fresh my thoughts

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

were brooding still.

What could I do, un-  
aided and unblest?

Poor Father! gone  
was every friend of  
thine:

And kindred of dead  
husband are at best

Small help, and, af-  
ter marriage such as  
mine,

With little kindness  
would to me incline.

Ill was I then for toil  
or service fit:

With tears whose  
course no effort  
could confine,



## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

By high-way side forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I lived upon the mercy of the fields,  
And oft of cruelty the sky accused;  
On hazard, or what general bounty yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused,  
The fields I for my bed have often used:  
But, what afflicts my peace with keenest

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

ruth

Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,  
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

Three years a wanderer, often have I view'd,  
In tears, the sun towards that country tend  
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:  
And now across this

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT

---

moor my steps I  
bend—  
Oh! tell me whither—  
for no earthly friend  
Have I.—She ceased,  
and weeping turned  
away,  
As if because her tale  
was at an end  
She wept;—because  
she had no more to  
say  
Of that perpetual  
weight which on her  
spirit lay.

# GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

## A TRUE STORY

Oh! what's the matter?  
what's the matter?  
what's the matter?

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

What is't that ails  
young Harry Gill?  
That evermore his  
teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chat-  
ter still.  
Of waistcoats Harry  
has no lack,  
Good duffle grey, and  
flannel fine;  
He has a blanket on  
his back,  
And coats enough to  
smother nine.

In March, December,  
and in July,  
"Tis all the same with  
Harry Gill;

The neighbours tell,  
and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter,  
chatter still.

At night, at morning,  
and at noon,

'Tis all the same with  
Harry Gill;

Beneath the sun, be-  
neath the moon,

His teeth they chatter,  
chatter still.

Young Harry was a  
lusty drover,

And who so stout of  
limb as he?

His cheeks were red  
as ruddy clover,

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

His voice was like the  
voice of three.  
Auld Goody Blake  
was old and poor,  
Ill fedd she was, and  
thinly clad;  
And any man who  
pass'd her door,  
Might see how poor a  
hut she had.

All day she spun in  
her poor dwelling,  
And then her three  
hours' work at night!  
Alas! 'twas hardly  
worth the telling,  
It would not pay for  
candle-light.

-This woman dwelt  
in Dorsetshire,  
Her hut was on a cold  
hill-side,  
And in that country  
coals are dear,  
For they come far by  
wind and tide.

By the same fire to  
boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames,  
as I have known,  
Will often live in one  
small cottage,  
But she, poor woman,  
dwelt alone.  
'Twas well enough  
when summer came,



The long, warm,  
lightsome summer-  
day,  
Then at her door the  
*canty* dame  
Would sit, as any lin-  
net gay.

But when the ice our  
streams did fetter,  
Oh! then how her old  
bones would shake!  
You would have said,  
if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for  
Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then  
were dull and dead;  
Sad case it was, as you

may think,  
For very cold to go to  
bed,  
And then for cold not  
sleep a wink.

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

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

wood or stick,  
Enough to warm her  
for three days.

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

Harry Gill.

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

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

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

Right glad was he  
when he beheld her:  
Stick after stick did

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

Goody pull,  
He stood behind a  
bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her  
apron full.  
When with her load  
she turned about,  
The bye-road back  
again to take,  
He started forward  
with a shout,  
And sprang upon  
poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the  
arm he took her,  
And by the arm he  
held her fast,  
And fiercely by the

arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've  
caught you then at  
last!"

Then Goody, who had  
nothing said,  
Her bundle from her  
lap let fall;  
And kneeling on the  
sticks, she pray'd  
To God that is the  
judge of all.

She pray'd, her  
wither'd hand  
uprearing,  
While Harry held her  
by the arm—  
"God! who art never

out of hearing,  
"O may he never more  
be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon  
above her head,  
Thus on her knees did  
Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard  
what she had said,  
And icy-cold he  
turned away.

He went complaining  
all the morrow  
That he was cold and  
very chill:  
His face was gloom,  
his heart was sorrow,  
Alas! that day for



## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a  
riding-coat,  
But not a whit the  
warmer he:  
Another was on  
Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath  
he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a  
useless matter,  
And blankets were  
about him pinn'd;  
Yet still his jaws and  
teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement  
in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

fell away;  
And all who see him  
say 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as  
live he may,  
He never will be  
warm again.

No word to any man  
he utters,  
A-bed or up, to young  
or old;  
But ever to himself he  
mutters,  
"Poor Harry Gill is  
very cold."  
A-bed or up, by night  
or day;  
His teeth they chatter,

## GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

---

chatter still.

Now think, ye farm-  
ers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and  
Harry Gill.

**LINES WRITTEN AT A  
SMALL DISTANCE FROM  
MY HOUSE**

**AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY TO THE  
PERSON TO WHOM THEY ARE  
ADDRESSED**

It is the first mild day

LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL  
DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE

---

of March:  
Each minute sweeter  
than before,  
The red-breast sings  
from the tall larch  
That stands beside  
our door.

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

My Sister! ('tis a wish  
of mine)  
Now that our morn-

LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL  
DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE

---

ing meal is done,  
Make haste, your  
morning task resign;  
Come forth and feel  
the sun.

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

No joyless forms shall  
regulate  
Our living Calendar:  
We from to-day, my  
friend, will date

LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL  
DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE

---

The opening of the  
year.

Love, now an univer-  
sal birth.

From heart to heart is  
stealing,

From earth to man,  
from man to earth,

—It is the hour of feel-  
ing.

One moment now  
may give us more

Than fifty years of  
reason;

Our minds shall drink  
at every pore

The spirit of the sea-  
son.

LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL  
DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE

---

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

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

Then come, my sister!  
  come, I pray,  
With speed put on



LINES WRITTEN AT A SMALL  
DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE

---

your        woodland  
dress,  
And bring no book;  
for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

**SIMON LEE, THE OLD  
HUNTSMAN,**

**WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE  
WAS CONCERNED**

In the sweet shire of  
Cardigan,

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

A long blue livery-  
coat has he,  
That's fair behind,  
and fair before;

## SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

Yet, meet him where  
you will, you see  
At once that he is  
poor.  
Full five and twenty  
years he lived  
A running huntsman  
merry;  
And, though he has  
but one eye left,  
His cheek is like a  
cherry.

No man like him the  
horn could sound.  
And no man was so  
full of glee;  
To say the least, four  
counties round

## SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

Had heard of Simon  
Lee;  
His master's dead,  
and no one now  
Dwells in the hall of  
Ivor;  
Men, dogs, and  
horses, all are dead;  
He is the sole sur-  
vivor.

His hunting feats  
have him bereft  
Of his right eye, as  
you may see:  
And then, what limbs  
those feats have left  
To poor old Simon  
Lee!

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

He has no son, he has  
no child,  
His wife, an aged  
woman,  
Lives with him, near  
the waterfall,  
Upon the village com-  
mon.

And he is lean and he  
is sick,  
His little body's half  
awry  
His ancles they are  
swoln and thick  
His legs are thin and  
dry.  
When he was young  
he little knew

## SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

Of husbandry or  
tillage;  
And now he's forced  
to work, though  
weak,  
-The weakest in the  
village.

He all the country  
could outrun,  
Could leave both man  
and horse behind;  
And often, ere the  
race was done,  
He reeled and was  
stone-blind.  
And still there's  
something in the  
world

At which his heart re-  
joices;  
For when the chiming  
hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their  
voices!

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



all  
Which they can do be-  
tween them.

Beside their moss-  
grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces  
from the door,  
A scrap of land they  
have, but they  
Are poorest of the  
poor.

This scrap of land he  
from the heath  
Enclosed when he  
was stronger;  
But what avails the  
land to them,  
Which they can till no

longer?

Few months of life  
has he in store,  
As he to you will tell,  
For still, the more he  
works, the more  
His poor old ancles  
swell.

My gentle reader, I  
perceive  
How patiently you've  
waited,  
And I'm afraid that  
you expect  
Some tale will be re-  
lated.

O reader! had you in  
your mind

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

One summer-day I  
chanced to see  
This old man doing  
all he could  
About the root of an

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

old tree,  
A stump of rotten  
wood.  
The mattock totter'd  
in his hand;  
So vain was his en-  
deavour  
That at the root of the  
old tree  
He might have  
worked for ever.

"You're overtasked,  
good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool" to  
him I said;  
And at the word right  
gladly he  
Received my prof-

fer'd aid.  
I struck, and with a  
single blow  
The tangled root I  
sever'd,  
At which the poor old  
man so long  
And vainly had en-  
deavour'd.

The tears into his eyes  
were brought,  
And thanks and  
praises seemed to  
run  
So fast out of his  
heart, I thought  
They never would  
have done.

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

---

-I've heard of hearts  
unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still re-  
turning.  
Alas! the gratitude of  
men  
Has oftner left me  
mourning.

# ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

## SHEWING HOW THE ART OF LYING MAY BE TAUGHT

I have a boy of five  
years old,  
His face is fair and  
fresh to see;

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

His limbs are cast in  
beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves  
me.

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

My thoughts on for-  
mer pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's  
delightful shore,  
My pleasant home,  
when spring began,  
A long, long year be-



## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

fore.

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

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

The young lambs ran  
a pretty race;  
The morning sun

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

shone bright and  
warm;  
"Kilve," said I, "was a  
pleasant place,  
"And so is Liswyn  
farm.

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

"And tell me, had you  
rather be,"  
I said and held him by  
the arm,

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

"At Kilve's smooth  
shore by the green  
sea,  
"Or here at Liswyn  
farm?"

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

"Now, little Edward,  
say why so;  
My little Edward, tell  
me why;"  
"I cannot tell, I do not

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

know,"  
"Why this is strange,"  
said I.

"For, here are woods  
and green-hills  
warm;

"There surely must  
some reason be

"Why you would  
change sweet  
Liswyn farm

"For Kilve by the  
green sea."

At this, my boy, so fair  
and slim,

Hung down his head,  
nor made reply;

And five times did I

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

say to him,  
"Why? Edward, tell  
me why?"

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

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

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

---

why."

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

## WE ARE SEVEN

A simple child, dear  
brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its  
breath,  
And feels its life in ev-  
ery limb,  
What should it know

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

of death?

I met a little cottage  
girl,  
She was eight years  
old, she said;  
Her hair was thick  
with many a curl  
That cluster'd round  
her head.

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

"Sisters and brothers,



## WE ARE SEVEN

---

little maid,  
"How many may you  
be?"

"How many? seven in  
all," she said,  
And wondering  
looked at me.

"And where are they, I  
pray you tell?"

She answered, "Seven  
are we,

"And two of us at  
Conway dwell,

"And two are gone to  
sea.

"Two of us in the  
church-yard lie,

"My sister and my

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

brother,

"And in the church-  
yard cottage, I

"Dwell near them  
with my mother."

"You say that two at  
Conway dwell,

"And two are gone to  
sea,

"Yet you are seven; I  
pray you tell

"Sweet Maid, how  
this may be?"

Then did the little  
Maid reply,

"Seven boys and girls  
are we;

"Two of us in the

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

church-yard lie,  
"Beneath the church-  
yard tree."

"You run about, my  
little maid,

"Your limbs they are  
alive;

"If two are in the  
church-yard laid,

"Then ye are only  
five."

"Their graves are  
green, they may be  
seen,"

The little Maid  
replied,

"Twelve steps or more  
from my mother's

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

door,  
"And they are side by  
side.

"My stockings there I  
often knit,

"My 'kerchief there I  
hem;

"And there upon the  
ground I sit—

"I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-  
set, Sir,

"When it is light and  
fair,

"I take my little por-  
ringer,

"And eat my supper  
there.

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

"The first that died  
was little Jane;

"In bed she moaning  
lay,

"Till God released her  
of her pain,

"And then she went  
away.

"So in the church-yard  
she was laid,

"And all the summer  
dry,

"Together round her  
grave we played,

"My brother John and  
I.

"And when the  
ground was white

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

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

"How many are you  
then," said I,  
"If they two are in  
Heaven?"

The little Maiden did  
reply,  
"O Master! we are  
seven."

"But they are dead;  
those two are dead!  
"Their spirits are in

## WE ARE SEVEN

---

heaven!"

'Twas            throwing  
words away; for still  
The little Maid would  
have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we  
are seven!"

# LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand  
blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate  
reclined,  
In that sweet mood  
when pleasant



## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

---

thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to  
the mind.

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

Through primrose-  
tufts, in that sweet  
bower,  
The periwinkle trail'd  
its wreathes;  
And 'tis my faith that  
every flower

## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

---

Enjoys the air it  
breathes.

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

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

## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

---

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

## THE THORN

I.

There is a thorn; it  
looks so old,  
In truth you'd find it  
hard to say,  
How it could ever  
have been young,

## THE THORN

---

It looks so old and  
grey.  
Not higher than a  
two-years' child,  
It stands erect this  
aged thorn;  
No leaves it has, no  
thorny points;  
It is a mass of knotted  
joints,  
A wretched thing for-  
lorn.  
It stands erect, and  
like a stone  
With lichens it is over-  
grown.

II.

Like rock or stone, it is

## THE THORN

---

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

## THE THORN

---

thorn for ever.

### III.

High on a mountain's  
highest ridge,  
Where oft the stormy  
winter gale  
Cuts like a scythe,  
while through the  
clouds  
It sweeps from vale to  
vale;  
Not five yards from  
the mountain-path,  
This thorn you on  
your left espy;  
And to the left, three  
yards beyond,  
You see a little muddy

## THE THORN

---

pond  
Of water, never dry;  
I've measured it from  
side to side:  
'Tis three feet long,  
and two feet wide.

### IV.

And close beside this  
aged thorn,  
There is a fresh and  
lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a  
hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in  
height.  
All lovely colours  
there you see,  
All colours that were



## THE THORN

---

ever seen,  
And mossy network  
too is there,  
As if by hand of lady  
fair  
The work had woven  
been,  
And cups, the dar-  
lings of the eye,  
So deep is their ver-  
milion dye.

V.

Ah me! what lovely  
tints are there!  
Of olive-green and  
scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in branches,  
and in stars,

## THE THORN

---

Green, red, and  
pearly white.  
This heap of earth  
o'ergrown with moss  
Which close beside  
the thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beau-  
teous dyes,  
Is like an infant's  
grave in size  
As like as like can be:  
But never, never any  
where,  
An infant's grave was  
half so fair.

VI.

Now would you see  
this aged thorn,

## THE THORN

---

This pond and beautiful  
hill of moss,  
You must take care  
and chuse your time  
The mountain when  
to cross.

For oft there sits, be-  
tween the heap  
That's like an infant's  
grave in size,  
And that same pond  
of which I spoke,  
A woman in a scarlet  
cloak,  
And to herself she  
cries,  
"Oh misery! oh mis-  
ery!  
"Oh woe is me! oh

## THE THORN

---

misery!"

### VII.

At all times of the day  
and night  
This wretched  
woman thither  
goes,  
And she is known to  
every star,  
And every wind that  
blows;  
And there beside the  
thorn she sits  
When the blue day-  
light's in the skies,  
And when the whirl-  
wind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen

## THE THORN

---

and still,  
And to herself she  
cries,  
"Oh misery! oh misery!  
"Oh woe is me! oh  
misery!"

### VIII.

"Now wherefore thus,  
by day and night,  
"In rain, in tempest,  
and in snow,  
"Thus to the dreary  
mountain-top  
"Does this poor  
woman go?  
"And why sits she be-  
side the thorn

## THE THORN

---

"When the blue day-  
light's in the sky,

"Or when the whirl-  
wind's on the hill,

"Or frosty air is keen  
and still,

"And wherefore does  
she cry?—

"Oh           wherefore?  
wherefore? tell me  
why

"Does she repeat that  
doleful cry?"

IX.

I cannot tell; I wish I  
could;

For the true reason no  
one knows,

## THE THORN

---

But if you'd gladly  
view the spot,  
The spot to which she  
goes;  
The heap that's like  
an infant's grave,  
The pond—and thorn,  
so old and grey,  
Pass by her door—'tis  
seldom shut—  
And if you see her in  
her hut,  
Then to the spot  
away!—  
I never heard of such  
as dare  
Approach the spot  
when she is there.

## THE THORN

---

X.

"But wherefore to the  
mountain-top  
"Can this unhappy  
woman go,  
"Whatever star is in  
the skies,  
"Whatever wind may  
blow?"  
Nay rack your brain—  
'tis all in vain,  
I'll tell you every  
thing I know;  
But to the thorn, and  
to the pond  
Which is a little step  
beyond,  
I wish that you would



## THE THORN

---

go:  
Perhaps when you are  
at the place  
You something of her  
tale may trace.

XI.

I'll give you the best  
help I can:  
Before you up the  
mountain go,  
Up to the dreary  
mountain-top,  
I'll tell you all I know.  
Tis now some two  
and twenty years,  
Since she (her name is  
Martha Ray)  
Gave with a maiden's

## THE THORN

---

true good will  
Her company to  
Stephen Hill;  
And she was blithe  
and gay,  
And she was happy,  
happy still  
Whene'er she thought  
of Stephen Hill.

### XII.

And they had fix'd  
the wedding-day,  
The morning that  
must wed them  
both;  
But Stephen to an-  
other maid  
Had sworn another

## THE THORN

---

oath;  
And with this other  
maid to church  
Unthinking Stephen  
went—  
Poor Martha! on that  
woful day  
A cruel, cruel fire,  
they say,  
Into her bones was  
sent:  
It dried her body like  
a cinder,  
And almost turn'd  
her brain to tinder.

### XIII.

They say, full six  
months after this,

## THE THORN

---

While yet the  
summer-leaves  
were green,  
She to the mountain-  
top would go,  
And there was often  
seen.  
'Tis said, a child was  
in her womb,  
As now to any eye  
was plain;  
She was with child,  
and she was mad,  
Yet often she was  
sober sad  
From her exceeding  
pain.  
Oh me! ten thousand  
times I'd rather

## THE THORN

---

That he had died, that  
cruel father!

### XIV.

Sad case for such a  
brain to hold  
Communion with a  
stirring child!  
Sad case, as you may  
think, for one  
Who had a brain so  
wild!  
Last Christmas when  
we talked of this,  
Old Farmer Simpson  
did maintain,  
That in her womb the  
infant wrought  
About its mother's

## THE THORN

---

heart, and brought  
Her senses back  
again:  
And when at last her  
time drew near,  
Her looks were calm,  
her senses clear.

XV.

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

## THE THORN

---

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

### XVI.

And all that winter,  
when at night  
The wind blew from  
the mountain-peak,

## THE THORN

---

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



## THE THORN

---

### XVII.

But that she goes to  
this old thorn,  
The thorn which I've  
described to you,  
And there sits in a  
scarlet cloak,  
I will be sworn is true.  
For one day with my  
telescope,  
To view the ocean  
wide and bright,  
When to this country  
first I came,  
Ere I had heard of  
Martha's name,  
I climbed the moun-  
tain's height:

## THE THORN

---

A storm came on, and  
I could see  
No object higher than  
my knee.

### XVIII.

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

## THE THORN

---

through the driving  
rain,  
The shelter of the crag  
to gain,  
And, as I am a man,  
Instead of jutting  
crag, I found  
A woman seated on  
the ground.

### XIX.

I did not speak—I saw  
her face,  
Her face it was  
enough for me;  
I turned about and  
heard her cry,  
"O misery! O misery!"  
And there she sits, un-

## THE THORN

---

til the moon  
Through half the clear  
blue sky will go,  
And when the little  
breezes make  
The waters of the  
pond to shake,  
As all the country  
know,  
She shudders and you  
hear her cry,  
"Oh misery! oh mis-  
ery!"

XX.

"But what's the  
thorn? and what's  
the pond?  
"And what's the hill

## THE THORN

---

of moss to her?

"And what's the  
creeping breeze that  
comes

"The little pond to  
stir?"

I cannot tell; but some  
will say

She hanged her baby  
on the tree,

Some say she  
drowned it in the  
pond,

Which is a little step  
beyond,

But all and each  
agree,

The little babe was  
buried there,

## THE THORN

---

Beneath that hill of  
moss so fair.

XXI.

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

## THE THORN

---

face,  
And that it looks at  
you;  
Whene'er you look on  
it, 'tis plain  
The baby looks at you  
again.

XXII.

And some had sworn  
an oath that she  
Should be to public  
justice brought;  
And for the little in-  
fant's bones  
With spades they  
would have sought.  
But then the beau-  
teous hill of moss

## THE THORN

---

Before their eyes be-  
gan to stir;  
And for full fifty  
yards around,  
The grass it shook  
upon the ground;  
But all do still aver  
The little babe is  
buried there,  
Beneath that hill of  
moss so fair.

### XXIII.

I cannot tell how this  
may be,  
But plain it is, the  
thorn is bound  
With heavy tufts of  
moss, that strive



## THE THORN

---

To drag it to the  
ground.  
And this I know, full  
many a time,  
When she was on the  
mountain high,  
By day, and in the  
silent night,  
When all the stars  
shone clear and  
bright,  
That I have heard her  
cry,  
"Oh misery! oh mis-  
ery!  
"O woe is me! oh mis-  
ery!"

# THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

In distant countries I  
have been,  
And yet I have not of-  
ten seen  
A healthy man, a man  
full grown  
Weep in the public

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

roads alone.

But such a one, on English ground,  
And in the broad high-way, I met;  
Along the broad high-way he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet.  
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;  
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide:  
Then with his coat he

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

made essay  
To wipe those briny  
tears away.  
I follow'd him, and  
said, "My friend  
"What ails you?  
wherefore weep you  
so?"  
—"Shame on me, Sir!  
this lusty lamb,  
He makes my tears to  
flow.  
To-day I fetched him  
from the rock;  
He is the last of all my  
flock.

When I was young, a  
single man.

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

And after youthful  
follies ran,  
Though little given to  
care and thought,  
Yet, so it was, a ewe I  
bought;  
And other sheep from  
her I raised,  
As healthy sheep as  
you might see,  
And then I married,  
and was rich  
As I could wish to be;  
Of sheep I number'd  
a full score,  
And every year en-  
creas'd my store.

Year after year my

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

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

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

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

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

the poor is due?"

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



## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

To see it melt like  
snow away!  
For me it was a woe-  
ful day.

Another still! and still  
another!  
A little lamb, and then  
its mother!  
It was a vein that  
never stopp'd,  
Like blood-drops  
from my heart they  
dropp'd.  
Till thirty were not  
left alive  
They dwindled,  
dwindled, one by  
one,

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

And I may say that  
many a time  
I wished they all were  
gone:  
They dwindled one  
by one away;  
For me it was a woe-  
ful day.

To wicked deeds I  
was inclined,  
And wicked fancies  
cross'd my mind,  
And every man I  
chanc'd to see,  
I thought he knew  
some ill of me  
No peace, no comfort  
could I find,

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

No ease, within doors  
or without,  
And crazily, and  
wearily,  
I went my work  
about.  
Oft-times I thought to  
run away;  
For me it was a woe-  
ful day.

Sir! 'twas a precious  
flock to me,  
As dear as my own  
children be;  
For daily with my  
growing store  
I loved my children  
more and more.

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

Alas! it was an evil  
time;  
God cursed me in my  
sore distress,  
I prayed, yet every  
day I thought  
I loved my children  
less;  
And every week, and  
every day,  
My flock, it seemed to  
melt away.

They dwindled, Sir,  
sad sight to see!  
From ten to five, from  
five to three,  
A lamb, a weather,  
and a ewe;

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

---

And then at last, from  
three to two;  
And of my fifty, yes-  
terday  
I had but only one,  
And here it lies upon  
my arm,  
Alas! and I have  
none;  
To-day I fetched it  
from the rock;  
It is the last of all my  
flock."

## THE DUNGEON

And this place our  
forefathers made for  
man!

This is the process of  
our love and wis-  
dom,  
To each poor brother

## THE DUNGEON

---

who offends against  
us—

Most innocent,  
perhaps—and what if  
guilty?

Is this the only cure?  
Merciful God?

Each pore and natural  
outlet shrivell'd up

By ignorance and  
parching poverty,

His energies roll back  
upon his heart,

And stagnate and cor-  
rupt; till changed to  
poison,

They break out on  
him, like a loath-  
some plague-spot;

## THE DUNGEON

---

Then we call in  
our pamper'd  
mountebanks—  
And this is their best  
cure! uncomforted  
And friendless soli-  
tude, groaning and  
tears,  
And savage faces, at  
the clanking hour,  
Seen through the  
steams and vapour  
of his dungeon,  
By the lamp's dismal  
twilight! So he lies  
Circled with evil, till  
his very soul  
Unmoulds its essence,  
hopelessly deformed



## THE DUNGEON

---

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

## THE DUNGEON

---

dissonant thing,  
Amid this general  
dance and min-  
strelsy;  
But, bursting into  
tears, wins back his  
way,  
His angry spirit  
healed and harmo-  
nized  
By the benignant  
touch of love and  
beauty.

## THE MAD MOTHER

Her eyes are wild, her  
head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her  
coal-black hair,  
Her eye-brows have a  
rusty stain,  
And she came far

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

from over the main.  
She has a baby on her  
arm,  
Or else she were  
alone;  
And underneath the  
hay-stack warm,  
And on the green-  
wood stone,  
She talked and sung  
the woods among;  
And it was in the En-  
glish tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say  
that I am mad,  
But nay, my heart is  
far too glad;  
And I am happy

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

when I sing  
Full many a sad and  
doleful thing:  
Then, lovely baby, do  
not fear!  
I pray thee have no  
fear of me,  
But, safe as in a cra-  
dle, here  
My lovely baby! thou  
shalt be,  
To thee I know too  
much I owe;  
I cannot work thee  
any woe.

A fire was once within  
my brain;  
And in my head a

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

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

Suck, little babe, oh

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

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

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

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



## THE MAD MOTHER

---

babe would die.

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

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

thou shalt sing,  
As merry as the birds  
in spring.

Thy father cares not  
for my breast,  
'Tis thine, sweet baby,  
there to rest:  
'Tis all thine own! and  
if its hue  
Be changed, that was  
so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for  
thee, my dove!  
My beauty, little child,  
is flown;  
But thou wilt live  
with me in love,  
And what if my poor

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

cheek be brown?  
'Tis well for me; thou  
canst not see  
How pale and wan it  
else would be.

Dread not their  
taunts, my little life!  
I am thy father's wed-  
ded wife;  
And underneath the  
spreading tree  
We two will live in  
honesty.  
If his sweet boy he  
could forsake,  
With me he never  
would have stay'd:  
From him no harm

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

my babe can take,  
But he, poor man! is  
wretched made,  
And every day we  
two will pray  
For him that's gone  
and far away.

I'll teach my boy the  
sweetest things;  
I'll teach him how the  
owlet sings.  
My little babe! thy  
lips are still,  
And thou hast almost  
suck'd thy fill.  
—Where art thou gone  
my own dear child?  
What wicked looks

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

are those I see?  
Alas! alas! that look  
so wild,  
It never, never came  
from me:  
If thou art mad, my  
pretty lad,  
Then I must be for  
ever sad.

Oh! smile on me, my  
little lamb!  
For I thy own dear  
mother am.  
My love for thee has  
well been tried:  
I've sought thy father  
far and wide.  
I know the poisons of

## THE MAD MOTHER

---

the shade,  
I know the earth-nuts  
fit for food;  
Then, pretty dear, be  
not afraid;  
We'll find thy father  
in the wood.  
Now laugh and be  
gay, to the woods  
away!  
And there, my babe;  
we'll live for aye.

## THE IDIOT BOY

Tis eight o'clock,—a  
clear March night,  
The moon is up—the  
sky is blue,  
The owlet in the  
moonlight air,  
He shouts from no-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

body knows where;  
He lengthens out his  
lonely shout,  
Halloo! halloo! a long  
halloo!

-Why bustle thus  
about your door,  
What means this bus-  
tle, Betty Foy?  
Why are you in this  
mighty fret?  
And why on horse-  
back have you set  
Him whom you love,  
your idiot boy?

Beneath the moon  
that shines so bright,  
Till she is tired, let



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Betty Foy  
With girt and stirrup  
fiddle-faddle;  
But wherefore set  
upon a saddle  
Him whom she loves,  
her idiot boy?

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

The world will say 'tis

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

very idle,  
Bethink you of the  
time of night;  
There's not a mother,  
no not one,  
But when she hears  
what you have done,  
Oh! Betty she'll be in  
a fright.

But Betty's bent on  
her intent,  
For her good neigh-  
bour, Susan Gale,  
Old Susan, she who  
dwells alone,  
Is sick, and makes a  
piteous moan,  
As if her very life

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

would fail.

There's not a house  
within a mile.

No hand to help them  
in distress:

Old Susan lies a bed  
in pain,

And sorely puzzled  
are the twain,

For what she ails they  
cannot guess.

And Betty's hus-  
band's at the wood,

Where by the week he  
doth abide,

A woodman in the  
distant vale;

There's none to help

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

poor Susan Gale,  
What must be done?  
what will betide?

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

And he is all in travel-  
ling trim,  
And by the moon-  
light, Betty Foy  
Has up upon the sad-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

dle set,  
The like was never  
heard of yet,  
Him whom she loves,  
her idiot boy.

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

There is no need of  
boot or spur,  
There is no need of

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

whip or wand,  
For Johnny has his  
holly-bough,  
And with a hurly-  
burly now  
He shakes the green  
bough in his hand.

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

And Betty's most es-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

To this did Johnny an-  
swer make,  
Both with his head,  
and with his hand,  
And proudly shook  
the bridle too,  
And then! his words  
were not a few,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Which Betty well  
could understand.

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

But when the pony  
moved his legs,  
Oh! then for the poor  
idiot boy!  
For joy he cannot hold  
the bridle,



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

For joy his head and  
heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very  
joy.

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

His heart it was so full  
of glee,  
That till full fifty

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his  
holly whip,  
And all his skill in  
horsemanship,  
Oh! happy, happy,  
happy John.

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

The silence of her id-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

iot boy,  
What hopes it sends  
to Betty's heart!  
He's at the guide-  
post—he turns right,  
She watches till he's  
out of sight,  
And Betty will not  
then depart.

Burr,        burr—now  
Johnny's lips they  
burr,  
As loud as any mill,  
or near it,  
Meek as a lamb the  
pony moves,  
And Johnny makes  
the noise he loves,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

And Betty listens,  
glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:

And Johnny's in a  
merry tune,  
The owlets hoot, the  
owlets curr,  
And Johnny's lips  
they burr, burr, burr,  
And on he goes beneath  
the moon.

His steed and he right  
well agree,  
For of this pony  
there's a rumour,  
That should he lose  
his eyes and ears,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

And should he live a  
thousand years,  
He never will be out  
of humour.

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

So through the moon-  
light lanes they go,  
And far into the

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

moonlight dale,  
And by the church,  
and o'er the down,  
To bring a doctor from  
the town,  
To comfort poor old  
Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Su-  
san's side,  
Is in the middle of her  
story,  
What comfort Johnny  
soon will bring,  
With many a most di-  
verting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit and  
Johnny's glory.  
And Betty's still at Su-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

san's side:

By this time she's not  
quite so flurried;  
Demure with por-  
ringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Su-  
san's fate  
Her life and soul were  
buried.

But Betty, poor good  
woman! she,  
You plainly in her face  
may read it,  
Could lend out of that  
moment's store  
Five years of happi-  
ness or more,  
To any that might

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

need it.

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

Poor Susan moans,  
poor Susan groans,  
"As sure as there's a  
moon in heaven,"  
Cries Betty, "he'll be  
back again;  
"They'll both be here,



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

'tis almost ten,  
"They'll both be here  
before eleven."

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

The clock is on the  
stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet  
in sight,  
The moon's in

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

heaven, as Betty  
sees,  
But Betty is not quite  
at ease;  
And Susan has a  
dreadful night.

And Betty, half an  
hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflec-  
tions cast;  
"A little idle saunter-  
ing thing!"  
With other names, an  
endless string,  
But now that time is  
gone and past.

And Betty's drooping  
at the heart,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

That happy time all  
past and gone,  
"How can it be he is so  
late?  
"The doctor he has  
made him wait,  
"Susan! they'll both  
be here anon."

And Susan's growing  
worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad  
quandary;  
And then there's no-  
body to say  
If she must go or she  
must stay:  
-She's in a sad  
quandary.

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

And Susan she begins  
to fear  
Of sad mischances  
not a few,  
That Johnny may per-  
haps be drown'd,  
Or lost perhaps, and  
never found;

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Which they must both  
for ever rue.

She prefaced half a  
hint of this

With, "God forbid it  
should be true!"

At the first word that  
Susan said

Cried Betty, rising  
from the bed,

"Susan, I'd gladly stay  
with you.

"I must be gone, I  
must away,

"Consider, Johnny's  
but half-wise;

"Susan, we must take  
care of him,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

"If he is hurt in life or limb"—

"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,

"What can I do to ease your pain?"

"Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;

"I fear you're in a dreadful way,

"But I shall soon be back again."

"Good Betty go, good Betty go,

"There's nothing that can ease my pain."

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Then off she hies, but  
with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would  
spare,  
Till she comes back  
again.

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

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

She's past the bridge  
that's in the dale,  
And now the thought  
torments her sore,  
Johnny perhaps his  
horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon  
that's in the brook,



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

And never will be  
heard of more.

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

"Oh saints! what is  
become of him?

"Perhaps he's climbed  
into an oak,

"Where he will stay

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

till he is dead;

"Or sadly he has been  
mised,

"And joined the wan-  
dering gypsey-folk.

"Or him that wicked  
pony's carried

"To the dark cave, the  
goblins' hall,

"Or in the castle he's  
pursuing,

"Among the ghosts,  
his own undoing;

"Or playing with the  
waterfall."

At poor old Susan  
then she railed,

While to the town she

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

posts away;  
"If Susan had not been  
so ill,  
"Alas! I should have  
had him still,  
"My Johnny, till my  
dying day."

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

And now she's got

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

And now she's at the  
doctor's door,  
She lifts the knocker,  
rap, rap, rap,  
The doctor at the case-  
ment shews,  
His glimmering eyes  
that peep and doze;  
And one hand rubs  
his old night-cap.

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

"Oh Doctor! Doctor!  
where's my Johnny?"

"I'm here, what is't  
you want with me?"

"Oh Sir! you know  
I'm Betty Foy,

"And I have lost my  
poor dear boy,

"You know him—him  
you often see;

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

"The devil take his  
wisdom!" said

The Doctor, looking  
somewhat grim,

"What, woman!  
should I know of

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

him?"

And, grumbling, he  
went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe  
is me!

"Here will I die; here  
will I die;

"I thought to find my  
Johnny here,

"But he is neither far  
nor near,

"Oh! what a wretched  
mother I!"

She stops, she stands,  
she looks about,

Which way to turn  
she cannot tell.

Poor Betty! it would

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

ease her pain  
If she had heart to  
knock again;  
—The clock strikes  
three—a dismal knell!

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

And now she's high  
upon the down,  
And she can see a

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

mile of road,  
"Oh cruel! I'm almost  
three-score;  
"Such night as this  
was ne'er before,  
"There's not a single  
soul abroad."

She listens, but she  
cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the  
voice of man;  
The streams with soft-  
est sound are flow-  
ing,  
The grass you almost  
hear it growing,  
You hear it now if e'er  
you can.



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

Poor Betty now has  
lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent  
on deadly sin;  
A green-grown pond  
she just has pass'd,  
And from the brink  
she hurries fast,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Lest she should  
drown herself  
therein.

And now she sits her  
down and weeps;  
Such tears she never  
shed before;  
"Oh dear, dear pony!  
my sweet joy!  
"Oh carry back my id-  
iot boy!  
"And we will ne'er  
o'erload thee more."

A thought is come  
into her head;  
"The pony he is mild  
and good,  
"And we have always

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

used him well;  
"Perhaps he's gone  
along the dell,  
"And carried Johnny  
to the wood."

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

Oh reader! now that I  
might tell  
What Johnny and his

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

horse are doing!  
What they've been  
doing all this time,  
Oh could I put it into  
rhyme,  
A most delightful tale  
pursuing!

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

Perhaps he's turned

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

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

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

will be.

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

I to the muses have  
been bound,  
These fourteen years,  
by strong inden-  
tures;  
Oh gentle muses! let  
me tell

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

But half of what to  
him befel,  
For sure he met with  
strange adventures.

Oh gentle muses! is  
this kind?  
Why will ye thus my  
suit repel?  
Why of your further  
aid bereave me?  
And can ye thus un-  
friended leave me?  
Ye muses! whom I  
love so well.

Who's yon, that, near  
the waterfall,  
Which thunders  
down with headlong

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

force,  
Beneath the moon, yet  
shining fair,  
As careless as if nothing were,  
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

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

And that's the very



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

pony too.  
Where is she, where is  
Betty Foy?  
She hardly can sus-  
tain her fears;  
The roaring water-fall  
she hears,  
And cannot find her  
idiot boy.

Your pony's worth his  
weight in gold,  
Then calm your ter-  
rors, Betty Foy!  
She's coming from  
among the trees,  
And now, all full in  
view, she sees  
Him whom she loves,

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

her idiot boy.

And Betty sees the  
pony too:

Why stand you thus  
Good Betty Foy?

It is no goblin, 'tis no  
ghost,

'Tis he whom you so  
long have lost,

He whom you love,  
your idiot boy.

She looks again—her  
arms are up—

She screams—she can-  
not move for joy;

She darts as with a  
torrent's force,

She almost has

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

o'erturned the horse,  
And fast she holds her  
idiot boy.

And Johnny burrs  
and laughs aloud,  
Whether in cunning  
or in joy,  
I cannot tell; but while  
he laughs,  
Betty a drunken plea-  
sure quaffs,  
To hear again her id-  
iot boy.

And now she's at the  
pony's tail,  
And now she's at the  
pony's head,  
On that side now, and

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

now on this,  
And almost stifled  
with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does  
Betty shed.

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

She pats the pony,  
where or when  
She knows not, happy

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

Betty Foy!  
The little pony glad  
may be,  
But he is milder far  
than she,  
You hardly can per-  
ceive his joy.

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

By this the stars were

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

The pony, Betty, and  
her boy,  
Wind slowly through  
the woody dale:  
And who is she, be-  
times abroad,  
That hobbles up the  
steep rough road?  
Who is it, but old Su-

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

san Gale?

Long Susan lay deep  
lost in thought,  
And many dreadful  
fears beset her,  
Both for her messen-  
ger and nurse;  
And as her mind  
grew worse and  
worse,  
Her body it grew bet-  
ter.

She turned, she toss'd  
herself in bed,  
On all sides doubts  
and terrors met her;  
Point after point did  
she discuss;

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

And while her mind  
was fighting thus,  
Her body still grew  
better.

"Alas! what is become  
of them?

"These fears can never  
be endured,

"I'll to the wood."—  
The word scarce  
said,

Did Susan rise up  
from her bed,  
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up  
hill and down,  
And to the wood at  
length is come,



## THE IDIOT BOY

---

She spies her friends,  
she shouts a greet-  
ing;  
Oh me! it is a merry  
meeting,  
As ever was in Chris-  
tendom.

The owls have hardly  
sung their last,  
While our four trav-  
ellers homeward  
wend;  
The owls have hooted  
all night long,  
And with the owls be-  
gan my song,  
And with the owls  
must end.

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

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

Now Johnny all night  
long had heard  
The owls in tuneful  
concert strive;  
No doubt too he the  
moon had seen;

## THE IDIOT BOY

---

For in the moonlight  
he had been  
From eight o'clock till  
five.

And thus to Betty's  
question, he  
Made answer, like a  
traveller bold,  
(His very words I give  
to you,)

"The cocks did crow  
to-who, to-who,  
"And the sun did  
shine so cold."

-Thus answered  
Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his  
travel's story.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR  
RICHMOND,

UPON THE THAMES, AT EVENING

How rich the wave, in  
front, imprest  
With evening-  
twilight's summer

LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND,

---

hues,  
While, facing thus the  
crimson west,  
The boat her silent  
path pursues!  
And see how dark the  
backward stream!  
A little moment past,  
so smiling!  
And still, perhaps,  
with faithless gleam,  
Some other loiterer  
beguiling.

Such views the youth-  
ful bard allure,  
But, heedless of the  
following gloom,  
He deems their

LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND,

---

colours shall endure  
'Till peace go with  
him to the tomb.  
—And let him nurse  
his fond deceit,  
And what if he must  
die in sorrow!  
Who would not cher-  
ish dreams so sweet,  
Though grief and  
pain may come  
to-morrow?

Glide gently, thus for  
ever glide,  
O Thames! that other  
bards may see,  
As lovely visions by  
thy side

## LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND,

---

As now, fair river!  
    come to me.  
Oh glide, fair stream!  
    for ever so;  
Thy quiet soul on all  
    bestowing,  
'Till all our minds for  
    ever flow,  
As thy deep waters  
    now are flowing.

Vain thought! yet be  
    as now thou art,  
That in thy waters  
    may be seen  
The image of a poet's  
    heart,  
How bright, how  
    solemn, how serene!

LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND,

---

Such heart did once  
the poet bless,  
Who, pouring here a<sup>3</sup>  
*later ditty,*  
Could find no refuge  
from distress,  
But in the milder grief  
of pity.  
Remembrance! as we  
glide along,  
For him suspend the  
dashing oar,  
And pray that never  
child of Song

---

<sup>3</sup>Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.



LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND,

---

May know his freezing  
sorrrows more.  
How calm! how still!  
the only sound,  
The dripping of the  
oar suspended!  
—The evening dark-  
ness gathers round  
By virtue's holiest  
powers attended.

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

"Why William, on that  
old grey stone,  
"Thus for the length of  
half a day,  
"Why William, sit you  
thus alone,

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

---

"And dream your  
time away?

"Where are your  
books? that light  
bequeath'd

"To beings else forlorn  
and blind!

"Up! Up! and drink  
the spirit breath'd

"From dead men to  
their kind.

"You look round on  
your mother earth,

"As if she for no pur-  
pose bore you;

"As if you were her  
first-born birth,

"And none had lived

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

---

before you!"

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

"The eye it cannot  
chuse but see,

"We cannot bid the ear  
be still;

"Our bodies feel,  
where'er they be,

"Against, or with our  
will.

"Nor less I deem that

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

---

there are powers,  
"Which of themselves  
our minds impress,  
"That we can feed this  
mind of ours,  
"In a wise passive-  
ness.

"Think you, mid all  
this mighty sum  
"Of things for ever  
speaking,  
"That nothing of itself  
will come,  
"But we must still be  
seeking?

"—Then ask not where-  
fore, here, alone,  
"Conversing as I may,

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

---

"I sit upon this old  
grey stone,  
"And dream my time  
away."

# THE TABLES TURNED;

## AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Up! up! my friend,  
and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and  
trouble?

## THE TABLES TURNED;

---

Up! up! my friend,  
and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow  
double.

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

Books! 'tis a dull and  
endless strife,  
Come, hear the wood-  
land linnet,  
How sweet his music;



## THE TABLES TURNED;

---

on my life  
There's more of wis-  
dom in it.

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

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

## THE TABLES TURNED;

---

cheerfulness.

One impulse from a  
vernal wood  
May teach you more  
of man;  
Of moral evil and of  
good,  
Than all the sages can.  
Sweet is the lore  
which nature brings;  
Our meddling intel-  
lect  
Misshapes the beau-  
teous forms of  
things;  
—We murder to dis-  
sect.  
Enough of science

## THE TABLES TURNED;

---

and of art;  
Close up these barren  
leaves;  
Come forth, and bring  
with you a heart  
That watches and re-  
ceives.

# OLD MAN TRAVELLING;

## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY, A SKETCH

The little  
hedge-row birds,  
That peck along the  
road, regard him not.

## OLD MAN TRAVELLING;

---

He travels on, and in  
his face, his step,  
His gait, is one ex-  
pression; every limb,  
His look and bending  
figure, all bespeak  
A man who does not  
move with pain, but  
moves  
With thought—He is  
insensibly subdued  
To settled quiet: he is  
one by whom  
All effort seems for-  
gotten, one to whom  
Long patience has  
such mild compo-  
sure given,  
That patience now

## OLD MAN TRAVELLING;

---

doth seem a thing, of  
which  
He hath no need. He  
is by nature led  
To peace so perfect,  
that the young be-  
hold  
With envy, what the  
old man hardly feels.  
—I asked him whither  
he was bound, and  
what  
The object of his jour-  
ney; he replied  
"Sir! I am going many  
miles to take  
"A last leave of my  
son, a mariner,  
"Who from a sea-fight

## OLD MAN TRAVELLING;

---

has been brought to  
Falmouth,  
And there is dying in  
an hospital."

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

*When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions; he is left behind, covered over with Deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel if the situation of*



## THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

*the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the Desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other Tribes of Indians. It is unnecessary to add that the females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. When the Northern Lights, as the same writer informs us, vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise. This circumstance is alluded to in the first stanza of the following poem.*

Before I see another  
day,  
Oh let my body die  
away!

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

In sleep I heard the  
northern gleams;  
The stars they were  
among my dreams;  
In sleep did I behold  
the skies,  
I saw the crackling  
flashes drive;  
And yet they are  
upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive.  
Before I see another  
day,  
Oh let my body die  
away!

My fire is dead: it  
knew no pain;

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

Yet is it dead, and I re-  
main.  
All stiff with ice the  
ashes lie;  
And they are dead,  
and I will die.  
When I was well, I  
wished to live,  
For clothes, for  
warmth, for food,  
and fire;  
But they to me no joy  
can give,  
No pleasure now, and  
no desire.  
Then here contented  
will I lie;  
Alone I cannot fear to  
die.

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

Alas! you might have  
dragged me on  
Another day, a single  
one!  
Too soon despair o'er  
me prevailed;  
Too soon my heartless  
spirit failed;  
When you were  
gone my limbs were  
stronger,  
And Oh how  
grievously I rue,  
That, afterwards, a lit-  
tle longer,  
My friends, I did not  
follow you!  
For strong and with-  
out pain I lay,

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

My friends, when you  
were gone away.

My child! they gave  
thee to another,  
A woman who was  
not thy mother.  
When from my arms  
my babe they took,  
On me how strangely  
did he look!  
Through his whole  
body something ran,  
A most strange some-  
thing did I see;  
—As if he strove to be  
a man,  
That he might pull the  
sledge for me.

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

And then he stretched  
his arms, how wild!  
Oh mercy! like a little  
child.

My little joy! my little  
pride!  
In two days more I  
must have died.  
Then do not weep and  
grieve for me;  
I feel I must have died  
with thee.  
Oh wind that o'er my  
head art flying,  
The way my friends  
their course did  
bend,

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

I should not feel the  
pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a  
message send.  
Too soon, my friends,  
you went away;  
For I had many things  
to say.

I'll follow you across  
the snow,  
You travel heavily  
and slow:  
In spite of all my  
weary pain,  
I'll look upon your  
tents again.  
My fire is dead, and  
snowy white

# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

The water which be-  
side it stood;  
The wolf has come to  
me to-night,  
And he has stolen  
away my food.  
For ever left alone am  
I,  
Then           wherefore  
should I fear to die?

My journey will be  
shortly run,  
I shall not see another  
sun,  
I cannot lift my limbs  
to know  
If they have any life or  
no.



# THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

---

My poor forsaken  
child! if I  
For once could have  
thee close to me,  
With happy heart I  
then would die,  
And my last thoughts  
would happy be,  
I feel my body die  
away,  
I shall not see another  
day.

## THE CONVICT

The glory of evening  
was spread through  
the west;  
—On the slope of a  
mountain I stood;  
While the joy that pre-  
cedes the calm sea-

## THE CONVICT

---

son of rest  
Rang loud through  
the meadow and  
wood.

"And must we then  
part from a dwelling  
so fair?"

In the pain of my  
spirit I said,  
And with a deep sad-  
ness I turned, to re-  
pair  
To the cell where the  
convict is laid.

The thick-ribbed  
walls that  
o'ershadow the  
gate

## THE CONVICT

---

Resound; and the  
dungeons unfold:  
I pause; and at  
length, through the  
glimmering grate,  
That outcast of pity  
behold.

His black matted  
head on his shoulder  
is bent,  
And deep is the sigh  
of his breath,  
And with stedfast de-  
jection his eyes are  
intent  
On the fetters that  
link him to death.

## THE CONVICT

---

'Tis sorrow enough  
on that visage to  
gaze.  
That body dismiss'd  
from his care;  
Yet my fancy has  
pierced to his heart,  
and pourtrays  
More terrible images  
there.

His bones are con-  
sumed, and his life-  
blood is dried,  
With wishes the past  
to undo;  
And his crime,  
through the pains  
that o'erwhelm him,

## THE CONVICT

---

descried,  
Still blackens and  
grows on his view.

When from the dark  
synod, or blood-  
reeking field,  
To his chamber the  
monarch is led,  
All soothers of sense  
their soft virtue shall  
yield,  
And quietness pillow  
his head.

But if grief, self-  
consumed, in obliv-  
ion would doze,  
And conscience her  
tortures appease,

## THE CONVICT

---

'Mid tumult and uproar  
this man must repose;  
In the comfortless  
vault of disease.

When his fetters at  
night have so press'd  
on his limbs,  
That the weight can  
no longer be borne,  
If, while a half-  
slumber his memory  
bedims,  
The wretch on his  
pallet should turn,

While the jail-mastiff  
howls at the dull  
clanking chain,

## THE CONVICT

---

From the roots of his  
hair there shall start  
A thousand sharp  
punctures of cold-  
sweating pain,  
And terror shall leap  
at his heart.

But now he half-raises  
his deep-sunken eye,  
And the motion un-  
settles a tear;  
The silence of sorrow  
it seems to supply,  
And asks of me why  
I am here.

"Poor victim! no idle  
intruder has stood



## THE CONVICT

---

"With o'erweening  
complacence our  
state to compare,  
"But one, whose first  
wish is the wish to be  
good,  
"Is come as a brother  
thy sorrows to share.

"At thy name though  
compassion her na-  
ture resign,  
"Though in virtue's  
proud mouth thy re-  
port be a stain,  
"My care, if the arm  
of the mighty were  
mine,

## THE CONVICT

---

"Would plant thee  
where yet thou  
might'st blossom  
again."

LINES WRITTEN A FEW  
MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
ABBEY,

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE  
WYE DURING A TOUR, JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have  
passed; five sum-

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

mers, with the  
length  
Of five long winters!  
and again I hear  
These waters, rolling  
from their mountain-  
springs  
With a sweet inland  
murmur.<sup>4</sup>—Once  
again  
Do I behold these  
steep and lofty cliffs,  
Which on a wild  
secluded scene  
impress

---

<sup>4</sup>The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Thoughts of more  
deep seclusion; and  
connect  
The landscape with  
the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when  
I again repose  
Here, under this dark  
sycamore, and view  
These plots of  
cottage-ground,  
these orchard-tufts,  
Which, at this sea-  
son, with their un-  
ripe fruits,  
Among the woods  
and copses lose  
themselves,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Nor, with their green  
and simple hue, dis-  
turb  
The wild green land-  
scape. Once again I  
see  
These hedge-rows,  
hardly hedge-rows,  
little lines  
Of sportive wood run  
wild; these pastoral  
farms  
Green to the very  
door; and wreathes  
of smoke  
Sent up, in silence,  
from among the  
trees,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

With some uncertain  
notice, as might  
seem,  
Of vagrant dwellers  
in the houseless  
woods,  
Or of some hermit's  
cave, where by his  
fire  
The hermit sits alone.

                  Though ab-  
sent long,  
These forms of beauty  
have not been to me,  
As is a landscape to a  
blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely  
rooms, and mid the

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

din  
Of towns and cities, I  
have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness,  
sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and  
felt along the heart,  
And passing even  
into my purer mind  
With tranquil  
restoration:—feelings  
too  
Of unremembered  
pleasure; such,  
perhaps,  
As may have had no  
trivial influence  
On that best portion  
of a good man's life;



LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

His little, nameless,  
unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of  
love. Nor less, I  
trust,  
To them I may have  
owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sub-  
lime; that blessed  
mood,  
In which the burthen  
of the mystery,  
In which the heavy  
and the weary  
weight  
Of all this unintelligi-  
ble world  
Is lighten'd:—that  
serene and blessed

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

mood,  
In which the affec-  
tions gently lead us  
on,  
Until, the breath of  
this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion  
of our human blood  
Almost suspended,  
we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a  
living soul:  
While with an eye  
made quiet by the  
power  
Of harmony, and the  
deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of  
things.

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

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

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

And now, with  
gleams of half-  
extinguish'd  
thought,  
With many recogni-  
tions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a  
sad perplexity,  
The picture of the  
mind revives again:  
While here I stand,  
not only with the  
sense  
Of present pleasure,  
but with pleasing  
thoughts  
That in this moment  
there is life and food

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

For future years. And  
so I dare to hope  
Though changed, no  
doubt, from what I  
was, when first  
I came among these  
hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the  
mountains, by the  
sides  
Of the deep rivers,  
and the lonely  
streams,  
Wherever nature led;  
more like a man  
Flying from some-  
thing that he dreads,  
than one

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Who sought the thing  
he loved. For nature  
then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish  
days,  
And their glad animal  
movements all gone  
by,)  
To me was all in all.—I  
cannot paint  
What then I was. The  
sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a  
passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and  
the deep and gloomy  
wood,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Their colours and  
their forms, were  
then to me  
An appetite: a feeling  
and a love,  
That had no need of a  
remoter charm,  
By thought supplied,  
or any interest  
Unborrowed from  
the eye.—That time is  
past,  
And all its aching joys  
are now no more,  
And all its dizzy rap-  
tures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor  
murmur: other gifts

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Have followed, for  
such loss, I would  
believe,  
Abundant recom-  
pence. For I have  
learned  
To look on nature, not  
as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth,  
but hearing often-  
times  
The still, sad music of  
humanity,  
Not harsh nor grat-  
ing, though of ample  
power  
To chasten and sub-  
due. And I have felt



LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts;  
a sense sublime  
Of something far  
more deeply inter-  
fused,  
Whose dwelling is the  
light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean,  
and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and  
in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit,  
that impels  
All thinking things,  
all objects of all  
thought,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

And rolls through all  
things. Therefore am  
I still  
A lover of the mead-  
ows and the woods,  
And mountains; and  
of all that we behold  
From this green earth;  
of all the mighty  
world  
Of eye and ear,  
both what they  
half-create,<sup>5</sup>  
And what perceive;  
well pleased to rec-

---

<sup>5</sup>This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

ognize  
In nature and the lan-  
guage of the sense,  
The anchor of my  
purest thoughts, the  
nurse,  
The guide, the  
guardian of my  
heart, and soul  
Of all my moral be-  
ing.

Nor, per-  
chance,  
If I were not thus  
taught, should I the  
more  
Suffer my genial spir-  
its to decay:

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

For thou art with me,  
here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river;  
thou, my dearest  
Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend,  
and in thy voice I  
catch  
The language of my  
former heart, and  
read  
My former pleasures  
in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh!  
yet a little while  
May I behold in thee  
what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sis-  
ter! And this prayer

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

I make,  
Knowing that Nature  
never did betray  
The heart that loved  
her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years  
of this our life, to  
lead  
From joy to joy: for  
she can so inform  
The mind that is  
within us, so im-  
press  
With quietness and  
beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts,  
that neither evil  
tongues,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Rash judgments, nor  
the sneers of selfish  
men,  
Nor greetings where  
no kindness is, nor  
all  
The dreary inter-  
course of daily  
life,  
Shall e'er prevail  
against us, or disturb  
Our chearful faith  
that all which we  
behold  
Is full of blessings.  
Therefore let the  
moon  
Shine on thee in thy  
solitary walk;

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

And let the misty  
mountain winds be  
free  
To blow against thee:  
and in after years,  
When these wild ec-  
stasies shall be ma-  
tured  
Into a sober pleasure,  
when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for  
all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a  
dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds  
and harmonies; Oh!  
then,  
If solitude, or fear, or  
pain, or grief,

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,  
If I should be, where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream



LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

We stood together;  
and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Na-  
ture, hither came,  
Unwearied in that  
service: rather say  
With warmer love,  
oh! with far deeper  
zeal  
Of holier love. Nor  
wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wan-  
derings, many years  
Of absence, these  
steep woods and  
lofty cliffs,  
And this green pas-  
toral landscape,  
were to me

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY,

---

More dear, both for  
themselves, and for  
thy sake.

V

.....END