

## THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three  
years ;  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees 5  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;  
Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ; 10  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

— *William Wordsworth.*