

As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender.

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And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us?

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Nor deem that localised Romance
 Plays false with our affections;
 Unsanctifies our tears — made sport
 For fanciful dejections:
 Oh, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is — our changeful Life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

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Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

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Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,

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