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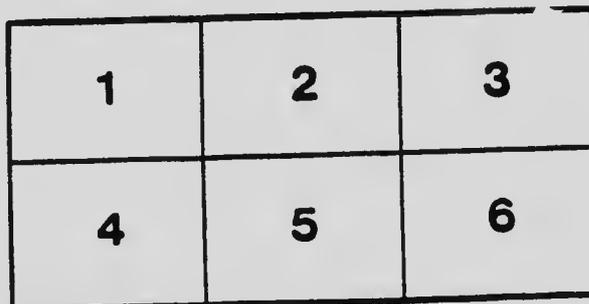
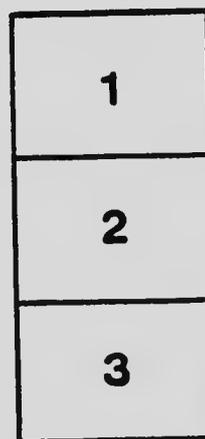
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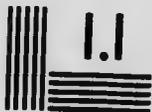
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EDITED WITH NOTES BY
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1906

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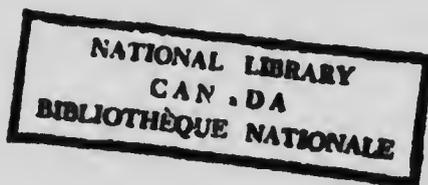
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**SELECTIONS FROM
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EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

ALEXANDER MOWAT, B.A.,
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INTRODUCTION

It is commonly accepted that Wordsworth is the poet of maturity and not of youth. But while the charms of Wordsworth's poetry undoubtedly grow stronger as the mind matures, yet there is much in it that appeals to the heart and mind of the young.

In this book the editor has chosen no poems which he has not taken up in class and found to appeal to the minds of his pupils. With due care on the teacher's part, he will find that even quite young pupils will soon come to appreciate the poetry of Wordsworth.

The pupil may not be fully conscious of the ethical value which Wordsworth attaches to nature, but through his poetry the student is enabled to recognise and enter into the beauty of the world to which we belong. He also comes to see that there is a unity in all things and that he shares in this beauty and joy about him, thereby getting a consciousness of the gladness of life.

The poetry of Wordsworth, too, shows the pupil that nothing is common and to be despised; that all about him, in ordinary life, there is beauty, dignity, and worth; that a plain shepherd or an old pedlar may possess the essential qualities of a noble and true man. The native dignity of humanity is thus impressed upon the pupil's mind, and he comes to recognise it as a fact.

It is only natural that the young should be attracted by the style of expression which dazzles with wealth of colour, conceits of fancy and rhetorical brilliancy. Wordsworth's poetry affords the teacher an opportunity to lead the pupil to appreciate a very different art. Here the expression is simple, direct, and plain;

but it is not prosaic, since the language is imaginatively used. While the words may not differ very greatly from those of ordinary speech, yet the *way* in which they are used is unusual and frequently they are weighted with meaning. The pupil soon comes to see that words not commonly heard in real life are not *essential* in poetry, since with the language of "refined simplicity" Wordsworth has written poetry of the highest merit.

The poetry of Wordsworth has an ennobling and invigorating effect on all.

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BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE

1770. April 7, born at Cockermouth, Cumberland.
1778. Goes to Hawkshead Grammar School.
1787. October, sent by guardians to St. John's College, Cambridge.
1790. Foreign tour with Jones.
1791. January, graduates as B.A. without honours.
1791. November, to December 1792, residence in France.
1793. Publication of *The Evening Walk*, and *Descriptive Sketches*.
1794. Legacy from Raisley Calvert of £900.
1795. Autumn, to summer of 1797, lives at Race-down, Dorsetshire.
- 1795 to 1796. Composes *The Borderers*, a tragedy.
1797. Close friendship with Coleridge begins.
1797. Rents a house at Alfoxden.
1797. Genesis of the *Lyrical Ballads*.
1798. September, *Lyrical Ballads* published.
1798. September, to April 1799, German visit.
1799. December 21, to 1806, 1807, 1808, lives at Dove Cottage, Grasmere.
1802. October, marries Mary Hutchinson.
1805. Death by drowning of his brother, Captain John Wordsworth.
- 1806 to 1807. Lives at Coleorton, Leicestershire.
1807. Collected edition of Poems.
- 1808 to 1810. Lives at Allan Bank, Easedale.

- 1810 to 1812. Lives at the Parsonage, Grasmere.
- 1813 to 1850. Loss of two children and removal to Rydal Mount, Grasmere.
1813. Appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland (£400 a year).
1814. July, *The Excursion* appears.
1839. Honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford.
1842. Resigns his office as distributor of stamps.
1842. Receives a pension from Sir Robert Peel of £300.
1843. Appointed Poet Laureate.
1850. April 23, dies at Grasmere.

WORDSWORTH

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN¹

At the corner of Wood Street,² 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 sees⁵
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury³ 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!

¹ Composed 1797; published 1800. This poem shows that the love of nature is an impulse stronger than city attractions, triumphant even when rural life is harsh and severe.

² **Wood Street**—A street leading into Cheapside, London.

³ **Lothbury**—A street not far from Cheapside, which is the main thoroughfare in London.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY¹

“WHY, William,² on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

Where are your books?— that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you; 10
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake, 15
And thus I made reply.

“The eye — it cannot choose but see:
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will. 20

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.³

¹ Composed and published in 1798. The “Matthew” who appears in this poem and the three following seems to be modelled upon the poet's old schoolmaster at Hawkshead, William Taylor.

² *Willis* — Wordsworth.

³ Nature induces a proper temper and frame of mind, moulds and elevates character.

THE TABLES TURNED

11

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

25

— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

30

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

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

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

5

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

10

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

15

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —

Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

20

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.¹

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

25

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

30

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS²

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

5

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

10

¹ Not to be taken literally. Truth is not attained by the intellect alone, but by the whole nature of man.

² Composed 1799; published 1800.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun:
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the churchyard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;— she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,

A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding¹ in his hand.

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;

¹ Wilding—A branch of the wild crab-apple or other uncultivated tree.

And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

“Now, Matthew!” said I, “let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch¹
That suits a summer’s noon;

10

Or of the church-¹ and the rhimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thine witty rhymes
Which you last April made!”

15

In silence Matthew ¹ and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee

20

“No check, no stay, this streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes!
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man
Beside this fountain’s brink

25

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

30

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind

¹ Catch—A song sung in succession.

Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.¹ 25

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will. 40

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.² 45

If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth. 50

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved.
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved." 55

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains; 60

¹ The weak yearning to cling to the appearance when the spirit is gone.

² Because we have been cheerful the world expects us to continue cheerful.

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
 I'll be a son to thee!"
 At this he grasped my hand, and said,
 "Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side; 65
 And down the smooth descent
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
 And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
 He sang those witty rhymes 70
 About the crazy old church-clock,
 And the bewildered chimes.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING¹

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

To her fair works did Nature link 5
 The human soul that through me ran;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The p riwinkle trailed its wreaths; 10
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
 But the least motion which they made, 15
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

¹ Composed in 1798.

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

20

If this belief¹ from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

WE ARE SEVEN²

——— A simple Child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

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

5

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

10

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
 How many may you be?”
 “How many? Seven in all,” she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

15

¹ **Belief**—That nature affords consolation and joy.

² Composed and published 1798. The charm of the poem is due to the beautiful way in which the child's ignorance of the mystery of death is pictured.

“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. 20

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

“You say that two at Conway¹ dwell, 25
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye are seven!— I pray you tell,
 Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
 “Seven boys and girls are we; 30
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,
 Your limbs they are alive;
 If two are in the churchyard laid 35
 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 door,
 And they are side by side. 40

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

And often after sunset, Sir, 45
 When it is light and fair,

¹ Conway—A town in North Wales.

I take my little porringer,¹
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away. 50

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I. 55

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go
And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead! 65
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LUCY GRAY²

OR, SOLITUDE

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,

¹ **Porringer**—A small bowl.

² Composed 1799; published 1800. The poem well illustrates Wordsworth's imaginative insight which sees a hidden meaning in the most commonplace thing; the lonely child becomes the embodiment of solitude.

I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; 5
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play, 10
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light 15
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father! will I gladly do:
’Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock¹ has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!” 20

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;— and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither² is the mountain roe: 25
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down; 30

¹ **Minster-clock**—Church clock.

² **Blither**—The child is a representative of solitude which is not depressing.

And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide. 35

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet;”
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge 45
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same; 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank; 55
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

“STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN”¹

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day 5
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye, 10
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill, 15
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of these sweet dreams I slept
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept 20
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:

¹ This, as well as the four succeeding *Lucy* poems, was written in Germany in 1799. Whether *Lucy* represents a real character or not is unknown.

When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide ²³
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

"SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS"

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,¹
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone 5
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know 10
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

"I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN"

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past that melancholy dream: 5
Nor will I quit thy shore

¹ Dove—A branch of the Trent.

A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire; 10
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field 15
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

“THREE YEARS SHE GREW”¹

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, “A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make 5
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs; 15

¹ The poem shows Wordsworth's belief in Nature being a factor in bringing about the proper development of body, mind and character.

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate¹ things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her; for her the willow bend; 20
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound,
 Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight²
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live 35
 Here in this happy dell.''

Thus Nature spake — The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene; 40
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

¹ **Insensate**—Not endowed with senses. Great silences have a calming power.

² Happiness is necessary to loveliness.

"A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL"¹

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

A POET'S EPITAPH²

ART thou a Statist in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred?
 — First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?— draw not nigh!
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
 A rosy Man, right plump to see?
 Approach; yet, Doctor,³ not too near,
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
 A Soldier and no man of chaff?
 Welcome!— but lay thy sword aside,
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

¹ The *Lucy* poems form a group of very beautiful lyrics.

² Written in 1799.

³ **Doctor**—A clergyman.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanise
 Upon his mother's grave? ¹

20

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,— and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A Moralist ² perchance appears;
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
 And he has neither eyes nor ears;
 Himself his world, and his own God;

25

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
 Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All-in-all!

30

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

35

But who is He, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

40

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

¹ Wordsworth has little sympathy with mere scientists; he emphasises feeling as well as knowledge.

² **Moralist**—A mental philosopher.

THE SPARROW'S NEST

29

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

45

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

50

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

55

— Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave!

60

THE SPARROW'S NEST¹

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started — seeming to espie
The home and sheltered b
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline² and I
Together visited.

5

10

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:

¹ Composed in 1801.

² **Emmeline**—See *To a Butterfly*.

Such heart was in her, being then
 A little Prattler among men:
 The Blessing of my later years 15
 Was with me when a boy:
 She¹ gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy. 20

TO A BUTTERFLY?

I'VE watch'd you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower:
 And, little Butterfly! indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless!— not frozen seas 5
 More motionless! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours; 10
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;
 Sit near us on the bough! 15
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days, when we were young;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

¹ **She**—Nothing in all literary history is more touching than the devotion of Dorothy Wordsworth to her brother.

² Composed 1802; published 1807.

TO A BUTTERFLY ¹

STAY near me — do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart! ⁵
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days, ¹⁰
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline ² and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey:— with leaps and spr: ¹⁵
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY ³

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird ⁴ with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin⁵;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing? ⁵

¹ Composed 1802; published 1807.

² **Emmeline**—The poet's sister Dorothy.

³ Composed 1802; published 1807.

⁴ **Pious bird**—A tradition has it that the robin picked a thorn out of the crown of thorns when Christ was on his way to Calvary and the blood falling on the bird dyed its breast red.

⁵ **English Robin**—A different bird from our robin.

Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
 Their Thomas in Finland,
 And Russia far inland?
 The bird, that by some name or other
 All men who know thee call their brother, 10
 The darling of children and men?
 Could Father Adam open his eyes
 And see this sight beneath the skies,
 He'd wish to close them again.
 — If the Butterfly knew but his friend, 15
 Hither his flight he would bend;
 And find his way to me,
 Under the branches of the tree:
 In and out, he darts about;
 Can this be the bird, to man so good, 20
 That, after their bewildering,
 Covered with leaves the little children,
 So painfully in the wood?
 What ailed thee, Robin. that thou couldst pursue
 A beautiful creature, 25
 That is gentle by nature?
 Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness, 30
 He is the friend of our summer gladness:
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together!
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest, 35
 A crimson as bright as thine own:
 Wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone!

"MY HEART LEAPS UP"¹

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

TO THE DAISY²

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow;

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,

¹ Composed 1802; published 1807.

² The three poems addressed to the daisy were composed in 1802 and first published in 1807.

With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all
 Thy function apostolical¹
 In peace fulfilling.

29

TO THE SAME FLOWER

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee!

5

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising:
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,
 As is the humour of the game,
 While I am gazing.

10

15

A nun demure of lowly port;
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations;
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;
 A starveling in a scanty vest;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

20

¹ **Apostolical**—Administering to both moral and spiritual purposes.

TO THE DAISY

35

20 A little cyclops,¹ with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next — and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish — and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold,
 That spreads itself some laery bold
 In fight to cover!

25

30

I see thee glittering from afar —
 And then thou art a pretty star;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee!

35

40

10 Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past.
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature

45

TO THE DAISY

20 IN youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy;
 But now my own deligh s I make,—

5

1 **Cyclops**—In classical mythology, the Cyclopes were a race of giants who had but one eye. This eye was set in the middle of the forehead.

My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs; 10
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight 15
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,¹
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted, 20
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews² 25
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame; 30
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie 35
Near the green holly,

¹ **Morrice train**—A kind of rustic dance.

² **Secret mews**—Hiding-places.

And wearily at length should fare¹;
 He needs but look about, and there
 Thou art!— a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy.

40

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
 Have I derived from thy sweet power
 Some apprehension ;
 Some steady love; some brief delight;
 Some memory that had taken flight;
 Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
 Or stray invention.

45

If stately passions in me burn,
 And one chance look to thee should turn,
 I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure;
 The homely sympathy that heeds
 The common life our nature breeds;
 A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure.

50

55

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
 When thou art up, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness:
 And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

60

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing;

65

¹ **Should fare**—Should be stretched out at full length.

An instinct call it, a blind sense;
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

70

Child of the year! that round dost run
 Thy pleasant course,— when day's begun
 As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,¹

75

Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time;— thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favourite.

80

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE²

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story.
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

5

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star:
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout!
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little Flower!— I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

10

15

¹ **Leveret**—A young hare.

² Composed 1802; published 1807. All forms of nature's shaping are pervaded by the one eternal spirit, and the poet of nature is great in proportion as he succeeds in catching and depicting the various moods of that spirit.

70 Modest, yet withal an Elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;
 Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low, 30
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know;
 75 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on the bush, 25
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with haif a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless Prodigal; 30
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

5 Poets, vain men in their mood!
 Travel with the multitude:
 Never heed them; I aver 35
 That they al are wanton wooers;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home;
 10 Spring is coming, Thou art come! 40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 15 On the moor, and in the wood, 45
 In the lane;— there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours! 50

Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine!

55

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

60

THE SMALL CELANDINE¹

THERE is a flower, the lesser Celandine,
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
 And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,⁵
 Or blasts the green fields and the trees distrest,
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
 In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
 And recognised it, though an altered form,
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

10

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
 "It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:

¹ Composed 1804; published 1807. Note the change in the poet's mood in this poem.

THE DAFFODILS

41

This neither is its courage nor its choice, 15
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue." 20
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite — then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner — behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

THE DAFFODILS¹

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay: 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

¹ Composed 1804; published 1807. Wordsworth's treatment of the theme is characteristic. The world to which man belongs is beautiful and nature is in close touch with human feelings. The poet connects himself with the giddy throng of daffodils which seem to invite him to be happy and share their glad spirit.

A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought: 15

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils. 20

WRITTEN IN MARCH¹

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF
 BROTHER'S WATER

THE Cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun; 5
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one! 10

Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon:¹⁵
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;

¹ Composed 1802; published 1807.

TO THE CUCKOO

43

Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

20

TO THE CUCKOO¹

O BLITHE New-comer²! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

5

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

10

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

15

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

¹ Composed 1802; published 1807.

² **New-comer**—The cuckoo appears in England in early spring.

And I can listen to thee yet:
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

26

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place¹:
 That is fit home for Thee!

30

THE GREEN LINNET²

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

5

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest:
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion!
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May;
 And this is thy dominion.

10

15

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,³
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment:

20

¹ **Faery place**—An ideal realm.

² Composed 1803; published 1807. The linnet symbolises the joy of spring.

³ **Paramours**—Lovers.

25
 A Life, a Presence like the air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

30
 Amid yon tuft of hazel trees, 25
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings 30
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

5
 My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A Brother of the dancing leaves;¹
 Then flits, and from the cottage-caves 35
 Pours forth his song in gushes;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes. 40

TO A SKY-LARK²

15
 Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds:
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing, 5
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

20
 I have walked through wildernesses dreary
 And to-day my heart is weary;

¹ So like in colour as to be indistinguishable.

² Composed 1805; published 1807.

Had I now the wings of a Faery, 10
 Up to thee would I fly.
 There is madness about thee, and joy divine
 In that song of thine;
 Lift me, guide me high and high
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky. 15

Joyous as morning
 Thou art laughing and scorning;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth 20
 To be such a traveller as I.
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both! 25

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on, 30
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is
 done.

TO A SKY-LARK¹

ETHEREAL min trel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are earth and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

¹ Composed 1825; published 1827.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine: 10
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

TO A NIGHTINGALE¹

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
 A creature of a "fiery heart:"—
 These notes of thine — they pierce and pierce;
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
 Thou sing'st as if the God of wine 5
 Had helped thee to a Valentine;
 A song in mockery and despite
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
 And steady bliss, and all the loves
 Now sleeping in those peaceful groves. 10

I heard a Stock-dove² sing or say
 His homely tale, this very day;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come at by the breeze:
 He did not cease; but cooed — and cooed; 15
 And somewhat pensively he wooed:
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin, and never ending;
 Of serious faith, and inward glee;
 That was the song — the song for me! 20

¹ Composed 1806; published 1807.

² **Stock-dove**—A wild pigeon.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS¹

1803. SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold:
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold,
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear?
 As if it were thyself that 's here
 I hrink with pain;
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight!—away
 Dark thoughts!— they came, but not to stay;
 With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang,² his genius "glinted" forth,
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
 The struggling heart, where be they now?—

¹ To heighten the tribute Wordsworth employs the favourite metre of Burns.

² See Burns's poem, *To a Mountain Daisy*.

Full soon¹ the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

30

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

35

Alas! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—
 Huge Criffel's² hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw³ seen,—
 Neighbours we were, and loving friends
 We might have been;

40

True friends though diversely inclined;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

45

The tear will start, and let it flow;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"⁴
 At this dread moment — even so —
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans⁵ blow,
 Or on wild heather.

50

¹ Full soon—Burns died at the age of thirty-seven.

² Criffel—A mountain south of Dumfries, where Burns lies buried.

³ Skiddaw—A peak in the Lake district.

⁴ "Poor Inhabitant below" — From Burns's *A Bard's Epitaph*.

⁵ Gowans—Daisies.

What treasures would have then been placed 55
 Within my reach; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast!

But why go on?—
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown. 60

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight!

Yet one to which is not denied 65
 Some sad delight:

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distrest; 70

And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He who halloweth the place 75
 Where Man is laid
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, 80
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chaunted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

YARROW UNVISITED¹

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my "*winsome Marrow*²,"
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
 Each maiden to her dwelling!
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,³
 Both lying right before us;
 And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites⁴ sing in chorus;
 There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow:
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow?

What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
 That glides the dark hills under?

¹ Composed 1803; published 1807. "In purity, sweetness and pathos; in grace of metre; in intense realisation of the secret of nature, these Yarrow poems are simply perfect."

² **Marrow**—Partner; here the poet's sister.

³ **Haughs**—Low-lying lands on the border of a river.

⁴ **Lintwhites**—Linnets.

There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder."
 — Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn,
 My True-love sighed for sorrow; 30
 And looked me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock, 35
 But we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,¹
 We'll wander Scotland thorough;
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow!
 We will not see them; will not go, 45
 To-day, nor yet to-mor:ow,
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
 It must, & we shall rue it: 50
 We have a vision of our own;
 Ah! why should we undo it?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair, 55
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—

¹ Strath—A river valley.

Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

60

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER, 1814

AND is this — Yarrow?— *This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

5

Yet why?— a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

10

15

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender hazy brightness;
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
 All profitless dejection;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

20

Where was it that the famous Flower¹ 25
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
 On which the herd is feeding:
 And haply from this crystal pool,
 Now peaceful as the morning, 20
 The Water-wraith² ascended thrice —
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove, 35
 The leafy grove that covers:
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow! 40

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation:
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread, 45
 A softness still and holy;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds 50
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature,
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a Ruin hoary!

¹ **Flower**—Refers to Logan's *Braes of Yarrow*, where the lady laments the death of her lover and calls him the flower of Yarrow.

² **Water-wraith**—See Logan's *Braes of Yarrow*.

The shattered front of Newark's Towers,¹ 55
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in! 60
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there —
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day, 65
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreath'd my own!
'Twere no offence to reason; 70
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives — 75
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure. 80

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go, 85

¹ Newark's Towers—On the Yarrow. See Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
 Will dwell with me¹ — to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

THE SOLITARY REAPER²

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands 10
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago: 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

¹ This is a constant solace to the poet.

² This and the two succeeding poems were composed in 1803 and published in 1807. They illustrate Wordsworth's imaginative power, simplicity of diction, and easy flow of verse.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

57

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 28
 As if her song could have no ending;¹
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill 30
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

(AT INVERSNYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these grey rocks; that household lawn; 5
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake;
 This little bay; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy Abode — 10
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream;
 Such Forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!
 But, O fair Creature! in the light 15
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
 I bless Thee with a human heart;
 God shield Thee to thy latest years!
 Thee neither know I, nor thy peers²; 20
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

¹ Because her voice blending with the scene seems a part of nature.

² Peers—Equals.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away:
 For never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace 25
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress, 30
 And maidenly shamefacedness:
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a Mountaineer:
 A face with gladness overspread!
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred! 35
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach 40
 Of thy few words of English speech:
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life!
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind — 45
 Thus beating up against the wind.
 What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful?
 O happy pleasure! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell; 50
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdless!
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality:
 Thou art to me but as a wave 55
 Of the wild sea; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood.

STEPPING WESTWARD

59

25 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!

60

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.

65

In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?

I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.

70

Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:

For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,

75

As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

STEPPING WESTWARD

“What, you are stepping westward?”¹ — “Yea.”

—’Twould be a *wildish* destiny,²

If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:

8

Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;

10

¹ Equivalent to “You are going far?”

² **Wildish destiny**—Infinite distance.

And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
 I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
 Of something without place or bound;
 And seemed to give me spiritual right
 To travel through that region bright. 15

The voice was soft, and she who spake
 Was walking by her native lake:
 The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy: 20
 Its power was felt; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way. 25

LOUISA¹

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN
 EXCURSION

I MET Louisa² in the shade,
 And, having seen that lovely Maid,
 Why should I fear to say
 That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
 And down the rocks can leap along
 Like rivulets in May? 5

She loves her fire, her cottage home;
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
 In weather rough and bleak;
 And, when against the wind she strains,
 Oh! I might kiss the mountain rains
 That sparkle on her cheek. 10

¹ Composed 1803; published 1807.

² **Louisa**—Probably Wordsworth's sister Dorothy is meant.

Take all that 's mine "beneath the moon,"
 If I with her but half a noon
 May sit beneath the walls 15
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
 When up she winds along the brook
 To hunt the waterfalls.

TO A YOUNG LÁDY ¹

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS
 IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
 —There is a nest in a green dale,
 A harbour and a hold;
 Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
 Thy own heart-stirring days, and be 5
 A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
 And treading among flowers of joy
 Which at no season fade,
 Thou, while thy babes around thee cling, 10
 Shalt show us how divine a thing
 A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
 Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
 A melancholy slave; 15
 But an old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

¹ Composed at the same time and the same person meant as in *Louisa*.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT".

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair, 5
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine²;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. 30

¹ Composed 1804; published 1807. Addressed to the poet's wife.

² **Machine**—The use of this word has been much criticised.

“YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO”¹

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like — but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife —
Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?— yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar —
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,— of God they are.

SEPTEMBER 1819²

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

¹ Composed 1806; published 1807.

² This poem exemplifies Wordsworth's later moralising vein with its tendency to draw an explicit lesson.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
 Albeit uninspired by love,
 By love untaught to ring,
 May well afford to mortal ear
 An impulse more profoundly dear
 Than music of the Spring.

10

For *that* from turbulence and heat
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
 In nature's struggling frame,
 Some region of impatient life:
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,
 Therein a portion claim.

15

This, this is holy;— while I hear
 These vespers¹ of another year,
 This hymn of thanks and praise,
 My spirit seems to mount above
 The anxieties of human love,
 And earth's precarious days.

20

But list! — though winter storms be nigh,
 Unchecked is that soft harmony:
 There lives Who can provide
 For all his creatures; and in Him,
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,
 These choristers confide.

25
30NUTTING²

—— It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die,
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,

¹ *Vespers*—Closing service.

² Composed 1799; published 1800. This poem is autobiographical and illustrates the process by which Wordsworth's boyish animal joy in nature was gradually purified.

I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth 5
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my step
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame —
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,— and, in
 truth,
 More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,¹⁵
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20
 A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet; — or beneath the trees I sate 25
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
 A temper known to those who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30
 The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;
 Where fairy water-breaks¹ do murmur on
 For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And — with my cheek on one of those green stones³⁵
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay

¹ **Water-breaks**—Wavelets.

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough,
 with crash
 And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past:
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky,—
 Then, dearest Maiden,¹ move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
 Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

LINES ²

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON
 REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE
 DURING A TOUR

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters,³ rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.— Once again

¹ **Dearest Maiden**—His sister Dorothy.

² Composed and published in 1798. In this reflective poem, Wordsworth describes his intimate communings with nature. In nature, inanimate as well as animate, he feels a "presence," a divine spirit which is constantly impressing itself upon and influencing man in his every thought and act. This all-pervading spirit gives unity to all existence.

³ **Waters**—The Wye.

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see 15
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem 20
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din 25
 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 30
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, 35
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world, 40

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

If this

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

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
 thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
 first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all.¹— I cannot paint 75
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 45 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love, 80
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.— That time is past,
 50 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this 85
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 55 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes 90
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence² that disturbs me with the joy
 60 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime 95
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels 100
 65 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the Mighty world 105
 70 Of eye, and ear,— both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,

¹ Nature then appealed only to his æsthetic sense.

² Nature now appeals to his moral sense; he sees a spirit in nature and makes it speak to the heart of man.

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of 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 Sister! and this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
 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 150
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget, 155
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

GLEN-ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN

IN this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian,¹ in the NARROW GLEN;
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one:
 He sang of battles, and the breath 8
 Of stormy war, and violent death;
 And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent 10
 As by a spirit turbulent;
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
 And everything unreconciled;
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet;

¹ *Ossian*—The Celtic bard, who is supposed to have lived about the end of the third century.

But this is calm; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity.
 Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
 Or is it but a groundless creed?
 What matters it?— I blame them not
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
 Was moved; and in such way expressed
 Their notion of its perfect rest.
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell:
 It is not quiet, is not ease;
 But something deeper far than these:
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead:
 And, therefore, was it rightly said
 That Ossian, last of all his race,
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright:
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
 The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops;— on the moors¹⁰
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth

¹ This poem shows Wordsworth's power of transforming a prosaic subject by the magic touch of his imagination.

15
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

20
 I was a Traveller then upon the moor. 13
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant water pour,
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ.
 My old remembrances went from me wholly: 20
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy. 25

30
 But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go.
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low. 25
 To me that morning did it happen so:
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
 could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare. 30
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
 But there may come another day to me —
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty. 35

40
 My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
 But how can He expect that others should 40
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton,¹ the marvellous Boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
 Of Him² who walked in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
 By our own spirits are we deified;
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despondency and ma-
 ness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it be ell that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a Man before me unawares:
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hair

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and whence;
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 A if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.⁷⁰

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood;

¹ **Chatterton**—Chatterton (1752-1770) died by his own hand in his eighteenth year.

² **Him**—Robert Burns.

And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood, 75
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call
 And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
 Upon the muddy water, which he conned, 80
 As if he had been reading in a book:
 And now a stranger's privilege I took;
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
 "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old Man make, 85
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
 And him with further words I thus bespake,
 "What occupation do you there pursue?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise 90
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest —
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach 95
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor: 100
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance. 105

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dear!
 — Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 “How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 “Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old Man's shape, and speech — all troubled me
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find

In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of 'the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'"

MICHAEL¹

A PASTORAL POEM

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,²
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. 5
 But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is in truth an utter solitude;
 Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass by, 15
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
 Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
 And to that simple object appertains
 A story — unenriched with strange events,

¹ Composed 1800; published 1801. In this poem Wordsworth shows that he is as much the poet of man as of nature. He goes to humble, rustic life for his theme, and in the hard-working shepherd he finds intense fatherly love, attachment to home and property, simple tastes, steadfastness, seriousness, true dignity and nobility of character. The poet rouses the reader's sympathy, and by his realism insures belief in the existence of such men as Michael. The lesson taught by this picture of humble life is that fine feeling and fine character should be inherent in human nature. The story is not depressing and our hopes for mankind are strengthened.

² Ghyll—A narrow valley with a stream running through it.

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
 Or for the summer shade. It was the first
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved;— not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
 Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel
 For passions that were not my own, and think
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same
 For the delight of a few natural hearts;
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael¹ was his name;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
 And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, he heard the South
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
 Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
 "The winds are now devising work for me!"

¹ **Michael**—A type of the north of England yeomen.

20 And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
 The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
 Up to the mountains: he had been alone
 25 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
 That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
 That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
 30 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed⁶⁵
 The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear:
 35 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honourable gain;
 40 Those fields, those hills — what could they less? —
 had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.
 His days had not been passed in singleness.
 45 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old —
 Though younger than himself full twenty years. 80
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
 Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
 50 That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
 It was because the other was at work. 85
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 55 To deem that he was old,— in shepherd's phrase,
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,
 Made all their household. I may truly say
 That they were as a proverb in the vale
 For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
 And from their occupations out of doors
 The Son and Father were come home, even then,
 Their labour did not cease; unless when all
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
 Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the
 meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
 And his old Father both betook themselves
 To such convenient work as might employ 105
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
 Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
 Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
 That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection overbrowed
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
 An aged utensil, which had performed 115
 Service beyond all others of its kind.
 Early at evening did it burn — and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120
 Nor cheerful,¹ yet with objects and with hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
 Father and Son, while far into the night 125
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,

¹ **Cheerful**—Not a well-chosen word.

Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,¹
 And westward to the village near the lake;
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.
 Thus living on through such a length of years,¹⁴⁰
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear —
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all —¹⁴⁵
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.¹⁵⁰
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use¹⁵⁵
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.
 And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,¹⁶⁰
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he

¹ **Dunmail-Raise**—The pass from Grasmere to Keswick.

Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING¹ TREE, a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old;
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
 He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help;
 And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
 Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights, 195
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his Father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate

¹ Clipping—Shearing.

That objects which the Shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came ²⁰⁰
 Feelings and emanations ¹ — things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind;
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, ²⁰⁵
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound ²¹⁰
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample means;
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
 Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, ²¹⁵
 A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost. ²²⁰

As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields,
 Such was his first resolve; he thought again, ²²⁵
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 "I have been toiling more than seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours ²³⁰
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.

¹ Through sympathy with Luke's feelings familiar objects had a deeper impressiveness for Michael.

Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him; — but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land 245
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman — he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused, 255

And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There 's Richard Bateman, ¹ thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy — at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265
 To go and overlook his merchandise

¹ **Richard Bateman**—A well-known story, current in the neighbourhood at the time.

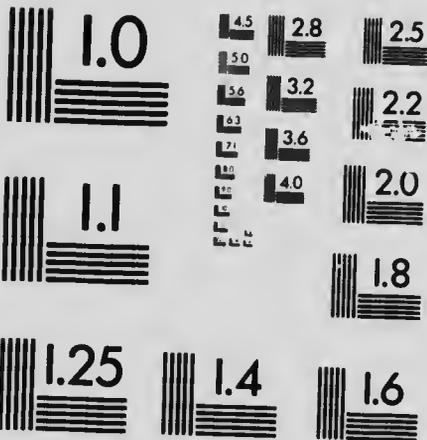
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel ¹ floored
 With marble which he sent from foreign lands.. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
 These two days has been meat and drink to me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 — We have enough — I wish indeed that I
 Were younger; — but this hope is a good hope.
 — Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 — If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."
 Here Michael ceased and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go: 295
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember — do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat

¹ Chapel—Ings Chapel.



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Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
 To which, requests were added, that forthwith 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbours round,
 Nor was there at that time on English land 315
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go.
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheepfold ¹; and, before he heard 325
 The tidings of his melancholy loss,
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
 With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330
 And thus the old Man spake to him:—"My Son,
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth 335
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
 I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch

¹ **Sheepfold**—An unroofed building of stone.

On things thou canst not know of.— After thou
 First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls 340
 To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
 Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed 350
 And on the mountains; else I think that thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.''
 Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see
 That these are things of which I need not speak. 360
 — Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father: and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands; for, though now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
 As all their forefathers had done; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
 I wished 'hat thou shouldst live the life they lived:
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more 375

Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 — It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, 380
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou shouldst go.”

At this the old man paused;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
 “This was a work for us; and now, my Son, 385
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone —
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope;— we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale;— do thou thy part; 390
 I will do mine.— I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone, 395
 Before I knew thy face.— Heaven bless thee, Boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes; it should be so — yes — yes —
 I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me 400
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men 405
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
 Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, 410

Who, being Innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here: a covenant
 'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate 415
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight 420
 The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
 And to the house together they returned.

— Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell:— with morrow's dawn the Boy⁴²⁵
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face;
 And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were through-
 out

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 So, many months passed on; and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour 440
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the Sheepfold. ¹ Meantime Luke began
 To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
 He in the dissolute city gave himself

¹ Part II. begins here and Wordsworth passes rapidly over
 the anguish, since details would harrow the reader's feelings.

To evil courses: ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
 I have conversed with more than one who well
 Remember the old Man, and what he was
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
 And listened to the wind; and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old Man — and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.¹

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years, from time to time,⁴⁷⁰
 He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
 And left the work unfinished when he died.
 Three years, or little more, did Isabel
 Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
 Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.⁴⁷⁵
 The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
 Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the
 ground
 On which it stood; great changes have been wrought

¹ What pathos there is in Michael's listless attempts to finish the sheepfold after he hears of his son's disgrace!

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE 91

445 In all the neighbourhood:— yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains 480
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE¹

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEP-
455 HERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF
HIS ANCESTORS

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's² murmur mingled with the Song.—
460 The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—
“From town to town, from tower to tower, 5
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
465 The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming: 10
Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her 15
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall; 20
But chiefly from above the board

¹ Composed and published in 1807. This is one of the few romantic poems of Wordsworth.

² **Emont**—Brougham Castle, now a ruin, stands on the Emont near Penrith.

Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!¹

They came with banner, spear and shield,
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood —
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful north:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton² at this hour —
Though lonely, a deserted Tower;
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom:
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon³ — though the sleep
Of years be on her! — She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough,⁴ right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's⁵ course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer

¹ His father lost his estates in the Wars of the Roses and the son was brought up as a shepherd, but on the accession of Henry VII. the estates were restored to the family.

² **Skipton**— the Yorkshire residence of the Cliffords.

³ **Pendragon**—Another castle belonging to the Cliffords.

⁴ **Brough**—Another castle also belonging to the Cliffords.

⁵ **Appleby Castle**, another possession of the Cliffords.

To see her Master and to cheer —
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!

Oh! it was a time forlorn

When the fatherless was born —
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!

Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.

Who will take them from the light?
— Yonder is a man in sight —

Yonder is a house — but where?
No, they must not enter there.

To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.

Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!

Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.

Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!

God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away
The last she to her Babe did say:

'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,

And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
 And quit the flowers that summer brings
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.

— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld¹ praise!

Hear it, good man, old in days!
 Thou tree of covert and of rest
 For this young bird that is distress;
 Among thy branches safe he lay,
 And he was free to sport and play,
 When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
 I said, when evil men are strong,
 No life is good, no pleasure long,
 A weak and cowardly untruth!
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
 And thankful through a weary time,
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.

— Again he wanders forth at will,
 And ends at flock from hill to hill:
 His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien;
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state!
 Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
 Nor yet for higher sympathy.

To his side the fallow-deer
 Came, and rested without fear;
 The eagle, lord of land and sea,
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;
 And both the undying fish² that swim
 Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;

¹ **Threlkeld**—Father-in-law of the restored heir.

² **Undying fish**—The people of that country imagined that there were two immortal fish in the mountain tarn.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF IROUGHAM CASTLE 95

The pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality; 125
 And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
 Moved to and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which angels haunt
 Upon the mountains visitant;
 He hath kenned them taking wing: 130
 And into caves where Faeries sing
 He hath entered; and been told
 By Voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 The face of thing that is to be; 135
 And, if that men report him right
 His tongue could whisper words of might.
 — Now another day is come,
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
 He hath thrown aside his crook, 140
 And hath buried deep his book;
 Armour rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls;—
 ‘Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the Lance —
 Bear me to the heart of France 145
 Is the longing of the Sheild —
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory!
 Happy day, and mighty hour, 150
 When our Shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored
 Like a re-appearing Star,
 Like a glory from afar, 155
 First shall head the flock of war!’

Alas! the impassioned minstrel¹ did not know

¹ Wordsworth in the concluding stanzas comments in his own person on the lay which he put in the mouth of the ancient minstrel.

How, by Heaven's grace this Clifford's heart was
framed,

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed. 160

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race, 165
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more; 170
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

LONDON, 1802¹

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagna . waters: altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, 5
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners,² virtue, freedom, power.
Thy Soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

¹ For a brief history and description of the sonnet see Prof. Edgar's *Select Poems of Coleridge and Wordsworth*.

² **Manners**—Conduct.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, notwithstanding,"²
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spans the check of salutary banis,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and lands
 Should perish; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old;
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.— In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

"I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTE"

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte with a vain
 And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
 Of that Man's mind — what can it be? what food
 Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
 The Governor who must be wise and good,
 And temper with the sternness of the brain
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
 Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
 By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
 True Power; doth grow on; and her rights are these.

¹ An invasion by Napoleon was threatened.

² This quotation is from Daniel's *Civil War*.

THOUGHTS OF A BRITON ON THE SUB-
JUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant,¹ and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC²

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,³
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

¹ **Tyrant**—In 1802 Napoleon crushed the liberties of Switzerland.

² In 1797 Napoleon took possession of Venice and the republic came to an end; in the same year he abandoned Venice to Austria.

³ **Mate**—It was the custom for the Doge solemnly to espouse the Adriatic in token of the dominion of that sea by Venice.

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day;
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, NEAR CALAIS,
 AUGUST, 1802

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
 Star of my Country!— on the horizon's brink
 Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
 On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
 Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
 Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
 Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst
 wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
 In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
 Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
 Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
 One life, one glory!— I, with many a fear
 For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
 Among men who do not love her, linger here.

“WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY”

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country!— am I to be blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:

And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802

O FRIEND!¹ I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!— We must run glittering like a brook ⁵
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense, ¹⁰
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

“THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US”

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! ⁵
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not.— Great God! I'd rather be ¹⁰
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

¹ Friend—Coleridge.

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus ¹ rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton ² blow his wreathèd horn.

“IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING”

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea: 5
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here, 10
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought, 10
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. 10

¹ **Proteus**—A sea-god who could change his shape at will.

² **Triton**—A sea-god, the son of Neptune.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5
 Sleepless! and soon the small bird's melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth: 10
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

TAX not the royal Saint¹ with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense 5
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

¹ **Royal Saint**—Henry VI.

10 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were borne for immortality.

CONTINUED

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
 Or through the isles of Westminster to roam;
 sky; 5 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam 5
 Melts, if it cross the threshold: where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
 Lead to that younger Pile,¹ whose sky-line dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 lay, 10 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest, 10
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE²

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
 ned — Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and swains,
 War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
 Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?
 5 The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE, 5
 Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,

¹ Pile—St. Paul's.

² Two cities of Belgium on the Meuse.

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
 The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
 Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
 How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
 With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade --
 That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
 From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

THE TROSACHS

THERE 's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

ELEGIAC STANZAS ¹

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM,
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbour once,² thou rugged Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
 I saw thee every day; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

¹ Composed 1805; published 1807.

² Wordsworth spent part of the summer of 1794 near Pele Castle in Lancashire.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

105

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
 So like, so very like, was day to day!
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

5

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

10

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,¹
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

15

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
 Amid a world how different from this!²
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

25

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such Picture would I at that time have made:
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

30

¹ Gleam—The halo cast over it by the poet's imagination.

² Of the picture.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
 I have submitted to a new control:
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
 A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.¹

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the
 Friend,
 If he had lived, of Him who I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work! — yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,²
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. —
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

¹ The death of his brother has made him nobler and more tender.

² The life of sympathy with men is better than the self-centred life.

ODE¹INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

¹ Wordsworth in an introductory note to this poem says: "I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could *as a poet*." The reader should therefore be content to interpret the poem as a poetic treatment of the truth that there is something in man which transcends experience. The line of thought in the poem is somewhat as follows: (1) The poet laments that the "celestial light" with which children see things about them is gone from him. (2) He accounts for this loss by stating that in passing from birth to manhood, heaven largely dies out of the soul and the world takes its place. (3) He expresses joy that worldly interests cannot quite destroy the divine nature in a man, and while he has lost the glory of childish perceptions yet he has retained a love of beauty and has gained a profound human sympathy. The expression is perfectly suited to the thought and emotion conveyed.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,¹
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday:—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Around me, let me hear thy shouts, †hou happy 35
 Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard †he call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all,
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—

¹ **Fields of sleep**—Quiet places among the hills.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

109

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there 's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

50

55

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

60

65

70

75

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The hoarse nurse doth all she can

80

To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to Palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;¹
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

¹ Whose appearance gives no indication of its high origin

Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest, 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master — or a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by; 120
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke, 125
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live, 130
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest; 135
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise; 140
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;¹
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised, 145
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature

¹ The sensible universe seeming unreal.

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
 But ¹ for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may, 150
 Are yet the fainter light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in 'the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, 155
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither, 165
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound 170
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright¹⁷⁵
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find 180
 Strength in what remains behind;

¹ But—Use "and" to get the sense of the line.

TO A CHILD

113

150 In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
155 In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind. 135

155 XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
160 I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway. 190
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
165 Is lovely yet; 195
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
170 Thanks to the human heart by which we live, 200
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

ht 175
180 SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

FIDELITY¹

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts — and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks:
 And now at distance can discern 5
 A stirring in a brake of fern;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy; 10
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry:
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear; 15
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below! 20
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish 25
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere;
 Thither the rainbow comes — the cloud —
 And mists that spread the flying shroud; 30
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,

¹ Written in 1805.

That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

5 Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way 35
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
10 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh 40
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
15 It breaks, and all is clear: 45
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.

20 But hear a wonder, for whose sake 50
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
25 Repeating the same timid cry, 55
This Dog, had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

30 Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot, 60
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate! 65

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune¹
 To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
 While, smitten by a lofty moon,
 The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
 Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5
 That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
 Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
 Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
 Nor check, the music of the strings; 10
 So stout and hardy were the band
 That scraped the chords with strenuous hand;

And who but listened?— till was paid
 Respect to every Inmate's claim:
 The greeting given, the music played, 15
 In honour of each household name,
 Duly pronounced with lusty call,
 And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
 That took thee from thy native hills; 20
 And it is given thee to rejoice:
 Though public care full often tills
 (Heaven only witness of the toil)
 A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
 Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
 And seen on other faces shine
 A true revival of the light
 Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
 In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

¹ The familiar English custom of the village choir
 from house to house on Christmas Eve. 1g

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
 On these expected annual rounds;
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
 Or they are offered at the door
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
 To hear — and sink again to sleep!
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
 By blazing fire, the still suspense
 Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,— the grave disguise
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
 And some unbidden tears that rise
 For names once heard, and heard no more;
 Tears brightened by the serenade
 For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
 With ambient streams more pure and bright
 Than fabled Cytherea's¹ zone
 Glittering before the Thunderer's² sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared
 The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

¹ **Cytherea**—A name for Venus.

² **Thunderer**—Jupiter.

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days;
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays 70
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win 75
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy!

YARROW REVISITED¹

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
 Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
 Was but an infant in the lap
 When first I looked on Yarrow;
 Once more by Newark's Castle-gate 5
 Long left without a warder,
 I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
 Great Minstrel of the Border!²

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
 Their dignity installing 10

¹ Composed 1831; published 1835.

² *Minstrel of the Border*—Scott.

In gentle bosoms, while serene leaves
 Were on the bough, or falling;
 But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed —
 The forest to embolden;
 Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
 Transparency through the golden. 15

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
 In foamy agitation;
 And slept in many a crystal pool
 For quiet contemplation: 20
 No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind enthralling,
 We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth, 25
 With freaks of graceful folly,—
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
 Her Night not melancholy;
 Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united, 30
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face, 35
 Though we were changed and changing;
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover. 40

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment!

The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet, 47
 Has o'er their pillow brooded;
 And Care waylays their steps — a Sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change 50
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid, 55
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to mellow Age,
 With Strength, her venturous brother; 60
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams, 65
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee, 70
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour

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. 80

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? 85

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. 90

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. 100

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
 Fulfil thy pensive duty, 105

Well pleased that future Bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine, 110
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine!

ODE TO DUTY¹

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!²
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check' the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law 5
 When empty terrors overawe;³
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are⁴ who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth, 10
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced 15
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
 around them cast.

¹ Composed 1805, published 1807. "This poem has a vigour, a sincerity of feeling, and above all an elevation of thought that combine to give it very high rank among the poems of its kind." The ode deservedly ranks among the best in the language. The poet takes a commonplace feeling—that of duty, that something *ought* to be done—and by the exercise of his imagination produces a poem that is among his very best. Duty is made to appear beautiful and desirable, and a source of happiness and strength.

² Duty is of divine origin.

³ When in doubt duty makes clear our course.

⁴ **There are**—Youths, who do right from natural impulse.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security. 20
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
 need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;¹ 25
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:²
 And oft, when in my heart was heard 30
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks³ to stray:
 But thee⁴ I now would serve more strictly, if
 I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction⁵ in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control; 35
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom⁶ tires;
 I feel the weight of chance desires:
 My hopes no more must change their name.
 I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace,

¹ **Untried**—By misfortune.

² **Reposed my trust**—In myself.

³ **Smoother walks**—To follow pleasure.

⁴ **Thee**—Duty or conscience.

⁵ **Strong compunction**—Remorse

⁶ **Unchartered freedom**—Unrestricted freedom.

Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face:
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,¹
 are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee: I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give; 55
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
 live!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR²

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought: 5
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern

¹ Nature obeys physical law or duty.

² Composed in 1806; published in 1807. This is considered the greatest of all Wordsworth's patriotic poems. It was inspired by the death of Nelson, although some points were suggested by the loss of the poet's brother John. It is the idealized Nelson, however, who stands out prominently in the poem. The poem throws light upon Wordsworth's own nature. It shows that he was not devoid of sympathy with a life of heroism, if that heroism left behind it no taint to mar its memory.

What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn; 10
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power 15
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate 20
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
 Is placable — because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure 25
 As more exposed to suffering and distress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still 30
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 — Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
 Rises by open means; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, 45

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:
 — He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes; 60
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who lifted high, 65
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last 75
 From well to better daily self-surpass:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name — 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 That every man in arms should wish to be.

85

TO MY SISTER¹

It is the first mild day of March:
 Each minute sweeter than before
 The redbreast 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.

5

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

10

Edward² 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.

15

No joyless forms shall regulate
 Our living calendar:³

¹ Composed and published in 1798. In this poem Wordsworth shows that the sources of high and genuine pleasure lie all about us in nature; with her we may commune and, though we remain passive, yet she will induce a proper temper and frame of mind necessary for right thinking. She, too, moulds and elevates character.

² **Edward**—The son of Basil Montague. The lad was stopping with Wordsworth.

³ **Living calendar**—The course of events of nature will determine our calendar.

We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year. 20

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

One moment now may give us more 25
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey: 30
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 ¹ the measure of our souls: 35
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness. 40

¹ **Frame**—Shape.

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