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Sibylline Leaves

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE







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NOTE ON THIS EDITION

This book is a reprint of the 1817, London, edition of *SIBYLLINE LEAVES*, in which "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" appeared for the first time as the acknowledged work of Coleridge. Originally Coleridge planned the collection as the second volume of a work of which the first volume was to contain *Biographia Literaria*, and accordingly it was printed with the notation "Vol. II" on the signatures; but after *Biographia Literaria* outgrew the scope of a single volume the plan was abandoned. This and other difficulties with the printers delayed the publication of *SIBYLLINE LEAVES* for nearly two years after the sheets were printed, a circumstance to which Coleridge refers in his Preface, and again in Chapter XXII of *Biographia Literaria*.

Errors in the text of the first edition present a problem to any conscientious reprinter of the book. Fortunately, the errors are not numerous, and there is among them a collection of unmistakable typographical mishaps, such as "tbe" for "the." Since these inaccuracies were easy to distinguish, it was determined that the Dolphin Master edition should eliminate them because to reproduce them would certainly not be to reproduce the author's intention, while it would seem to pretend to a kind of reliability-value that feels, when it reaches this extreme, somewhat spurious. There have been no other changes within the poems, all archaisms and idiosyncracies of spelling and punctuation being strictly preserved. The most noticeable adjustment of the printed word of the original appears on the Errata pages at the back of the book. The

NOTE ON THIS EDITION

Errata changes have not been effected in the text, firstly, because they were not effected in the original, and, secondly, because frequently what they refer to are not errors in the usual sense: They are afterthoughts and polishings of Coleridge and it is interesting to have both versions available. But the page and line references of these Errata have had to be reworded to direct the reader to the pertinent passage in this volume. This is necessary because, while the Dolphin Master is a faithful reproduction of the text, with no editing, annotation, or abridgment, it is not a facsimile edition. Typography and design have been altered to meet the demands of modern production methods and the pagination is different. Finally, the misleading notation "Vol. II" does not appear on the signatures of this book.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES:

A

Collection of Poems.

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ

LONDON:

RREST PENNER, 23, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
1817.

FACSIMILE (*reduced*) OF THE ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE

五言古詩卷之五

PREFACE

The following collection has been entitled **SIBYLLINE LEAVES**; in allusion to the fragmentary and widely scattered state in which they have been long suffered to remain. It contains the whole of the author's poetical compositions, from 1793 to the present date, with the exception of a few works not yet finished, and those published in the first edition of his juvenile poems, over which he has no controul. They may be divided into three classes: First, A selection from the Poems added to the second and third editions, together with those originally published in the **LYRICAL BALLADS**, which after having remained many years out of print, have been omitted by Mr. Wordsworth in the recent collection of all his minor poems, and of course revert to the author. Second, Poems published at very different periods, in various obscure or perishable journals, &c. some with, some without the writer's consent; many imperfect, all incorrect. The third and last class is formed of Poems which have hitherto remained in manuscript. The whole is now presented to the reader collectively, with considerable additions and alterations, and as perfect as the author's judgment and powers could render them.

In my *Literary Life*, it has been mentioned that, with the exception of this preface, the **SIBYLLINE LEAVES** have been printed almost two years; and the necessity of troubling the reader with the list of errata, which follows this preface, alone induces me to refer again to the circumstance, at the risk of ungenial feelings, from the recollection of its worthless causes.

PREFACE

A few corrections of later date have been added.—Henceforward the author must be occupied by studies of a very different kind.

*Ite hinc, CAMŒNÆI Vos quoque ite, suaves,
Dulces CAMŒNÆI Nam (fatebimur verum)
Dulces fuistis—Et tamen meas chartas
Revisitote: sed pudenter et raro!*

VIRGIL. *Catalect.* vii.

At the request of the friends of my youth, who still remain my friends, and who were pleased with the wildness of the compositions, I have added two school-boy poems—with a song modernized with some additions from one of our elder poets. Surely, malice itself will scarcely attribute their insertion to any other motive, than the wish to keep alive the recollections from early life.—I scarcely knew what title I should prefix to the first. By imaginary Time, I meant the state of a school boy's mind when on his return to school he projects his being in his day dreams, and lives in his next holidays, six months hence: and this I contrasted with real Time.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!
 This far outstript the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
 For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth, with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

THE RAVEN.

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

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

* Seventeen or eighteen years ago, an artist of some celebrity was so pleased with this doggerel, that he amused himself with the thought of making a Child's Picture Book of it; but he could not hit on a picture for these four lines. I suggested a *round-about* with four seats, and the four seasons, as children, with Time for the shew-man.

At length he came back, and with him a she,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.

They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.

But soon came a woodman, in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.

He'd an ax in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,

At length he brought down the poor raven's own oak.
His young ones were kill'd: for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever—
And they floated it down on the course of the river.

They saw'd it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.

The ship, it was launch'd; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.

It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:

The old raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—

Seel seel o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!

Right glad was the raven, and off he went fleet,

And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,

And he thank'd him again and again for this treat:

They had taken his all, and revenge was sweet!

We must not think so; but forget and forgive,

And what Heaven gives life to, we'll still let it live?

MUTUAL PASSION.

ALTERED AND MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD POET.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who:
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too.
Yet while my joy's unknown,
Its rosy buds are but half-blown:
What no one with me shares, seems scarce my own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
'Twould vex me worse than scorn!
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would like my thoughts be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too;
As after rain the summer air,
And looks as lillies do,
That are this morning blown!
Yet, yet I doubt, he is not known,
Yet, yet I fear to have him fully shewn.

But he hath eyes so large, and bright,
Which none can see, and doubt

That Love might thence his torches light
Tho' Hate had put them out!
But then to raise my fears,
His voice——what maid so ever hears
Will be my rival, tho' she have but ears.

I'll tell no more! yet I love him,
And he loves me; yet so,
That never one low wish did dim
Our love's pure light, I know——
In each so free from blame,
That both of us would gain new fame,
If love's strong fears would let me tell his name!

THE RIME
OF THE
ANCIENT MARINER.
IN SEVEN PARTS.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in Tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, & tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET: *Archæol. Phil.* p. 68.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
"Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
"And I am next of kin;
"The guests are met, the feast is set:
"May'st hear the merry din."

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

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth three
Gallants bid-
den to a wed-
ding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

The wedding-
guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the
old sea-faring
man, and con-
strained to
hear his tale.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner
tells how the
ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and fair
weather, till
it reached the
line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-
guest heareth
the bridal
music; but
the mariner
continueth
his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship
drawn by a
storm toward
the south
pole.

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

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

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wonderous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clift
 Did send a dismal sheen:
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The land of
 ice, and of
 fearful
 sounds, where
 no living
 thing was to
 be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It cracked and growled, and roar'd and howl'd,
 Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:
 Thorough the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great
 sea-bird,
 called the
 Albatross,
 came through
 the snow-fog,
 and was
 received with
 great joy and
 hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the Mariner's hollo!

And lo! the
 Albatross
 proveth a
 bird of good
 omen, and
 followeth the
 ship as it
 returned
 northward,
 through fog
 and floating
 ice.

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

The ancient
 Mariner
 inhospitably
 killeth the
 pious bird of
 good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
 Why look'st thou so?"—With my crossbow
 I shot the ALBATROSS!

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollol

His shipmates
 cry out
 against the
 ancient
 Mariner, for
 killing the
 bird of good
 luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay
 That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
 fog cleared
 off, they
 justify the
 same and
 thus make
 themselves
 accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist:
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair
 breeze

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow* stream'd off free:

* In the former edition the line was,

The furrow follow'd free;

but I had not been long on board a ship, before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the Wake appears like a brook flowing off from the stern.

We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

continues;
 the ship
 enters the
 Pacific Ocean

and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!

The ship
 hath been
 suddenly
 becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, every where,
 Nor any drop to drink.

And the
 Albatross
 begins to be
 avenged.

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

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so:

A spirit had
 followed

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

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

Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.
And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak'd with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.
At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it near'd and near'd:
 And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

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

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship;
 and at a dear
 ransom he
 freeth his

speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throat unslacked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of
 joy.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steddiest with upright keel!

And horror
 follows. For
 can it be a
ship that
 comes
 onward
 without wind
 or tide?

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

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth
 him but the
 skeleton of
 a ship.

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

Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres!

And its ribs Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
are seen as Did peer, as through a grate?
bars on the And is that Woman all her crew?
face of the Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
setting Sun. Is DEATH that woman's mate?
The spectre- woman and
woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Like vessel, Her skin was as white as leprosy,
like crew! The Night-Mair LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

DEATH, and The naked hulk alongside came,
LIFE-IN- And the twain were casting dice;
DEATH have "The game is done! I've, I've won!"
diced for the Quoth she, and whistles thrice.
ship's crew, A gust of wind sterte up behind
and she (the And whistled through his bones;
letter) Through the holes of his eyes and the hole
winneth the of his mouth,
ancient Half whistles and half groans.
Mariner.

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

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;

From the sails the dews did drip— Till clombe above the eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.	At the rising of the Moon,
---	-------------------------------

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang, And curs'd me with his eye.	One after another,
--	-----------------------

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

The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whiz of my CROSS-BOW!	But LIFE-IN- DEATH begins her work on the ancient Mariner.
---	---

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner! I fear thy skinny hand! And thou art long, and lank, and brown, As is the ribbed sea-sand.*	The wedding- guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;
---	---

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dalverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the
ancient
Mariner
assureth him
of his bodily
life, and
proceedeth
to relate his
horrible
penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm,

The many men, so beautifull
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on; and so did I.

And envieth
that *they*
should live,
and so many
lie dead.

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

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

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay, like a cloud, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for
him in the
eye of the
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

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

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

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

In his loneliness and fixedness, he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

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

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:

Their beauty and their happiness.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell
begins to
break.

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

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
sounds, and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions
in the sky
and the
element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

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

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

They groan'd, they stir'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

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

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

But not by
the souls of
the men, nor
by dæmons
of earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.

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

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid; and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixt her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length,
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound:
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 TWO VOICES in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low,
 The harmless Albatross.

The lonesome
 spirit from
 the south-
 pole carries
 on the ship
 as far as the
 line, in
 obedience to
 the angelic
 troop, but
 still requireth
 vengeance.

The Polar
 Spirit's fellow-
 daemons, the
 invisible
 inhabitants
 of the
 element, take
 part in his
 wrong; and
 two of them
 relate, one to
 the other,
 that penance
 long and

heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit,
 who returneth southward.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

The Mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance; for

FIRST VOICE.

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

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

the angelic
power
causeth the
vessel to
drive north-
ward, faster
than human
life could
endure.

The super-
natural
motion is
retarded; the
Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew.

The curse is
finally
expiated.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

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

And the
ancient
Mariner
beholdeth his
native
country.

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

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapés, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were:
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear
 in their own
 forms of
 light.

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

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

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer;
 My head was turn'd perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast:
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit
of the Wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

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

The Skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
“Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?”

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

“Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit said—
“And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw ought like to them,
Unless perchance it were

The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.”

Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared—Push on, push on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ship
 suddenly
 sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit;
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 "Hal! hal!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly
entreateth
the Hermit
to shrieve
him; and the
penance of
life falls on
him.

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

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

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

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

And to teach
 by his own
 example,
 love and
 reverence to
 all things
 that God
 made and
 loveth.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

I never saw the man whom you describe.

MARIA.

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

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Now blessings on the man, who'er he be,
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady!
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little-ones would stand at eve
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day, and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you—
'Tis more like heaven to come than what has been.

MARIA.

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

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear. It is a perilous tale!

MARIA.

No one?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,
 Poor old Leoni: Angels, rest his soul!
 He was a woodman, and could fell, and saw,
 With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
 Which props the hanging-wall of the old chapel?—
 Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
 He found a baby, wrapt in mosses lined
 With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
 As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
 And reared him at the then Lord Valez' cost;
 And so the babe grew up a pretty boy—
 A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
 And never learnt a prayer nor told a bead;
 But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
 And whistled, as he were a bird himself!
 And all the autumn 'twas his only play
 To gather seeds of wild-flowers, and to plant them
 With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
 A Friar, who oft cull'd simples in the wood,
 A grey-haired man—he loved this little boy:
 The boy loved him—and, when the Friar taught him,
 He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
 Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
 So he became a very learned youth.
 But oh! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
 Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year,
 He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
 And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
 With holy men, or in a holy place;—
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
 The late Lord Valez ne'er was wearied with him:
 And once, as by the north side of the chapel
 They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
 The earth heaved under them with such a groan,

THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE

That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment. So the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart;
And once, as he was working in the cellar,
He hear'd a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described;
And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

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

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on ship-board,
With those bold voyagers who made discovery
Of golden lands. Leoni's youngest brother
Went likewise; and when he returned to Spain,
He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And, all alone, set sail by silent moonlight
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more; but 'tis supposed,
He lived and died among the savage men.

POEMS
OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS
OR
FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

*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?
But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of 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.*

WORDSWORTH.

ODE
TO
THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Ιού, Ιού, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ἵπ' αἶ με δεινός ὀρθομαντείας ὠόνος
Στροβεῖ, ταρασσών φροιμίους ἐφημίους,

* * * * *

Τὸ μέλλον ἤξει. Καί σύ μην ταχει παρών
Λγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν μ' ἐρεῖς.

ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* 1225.

ARGUMENT.

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

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the DEPARTING YEAR!
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclos'd my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent Tomb,
From the Prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines Manhood's maze;

* This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th day of December 1796; and was first published on the last day of that year.

Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze.
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advancel
 By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
 Whose indefatigable Sweep
 Raises it's fateful strings from sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band!
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoicel
 Still echoes the dread NAME, that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell.
 And now advance in saintly Jubilee
 Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
 They too obey thy name, Divinest LEXATRY!

III.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
 "Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay?
 "Groans not her chariot on it's onward way?"
 Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
 Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,
 No more on Murder's lurid face
 Th' insatiate hag shall glote with drunken eye!
 Manes of th' unnumber'd slain!
 Ye that gasp'd on WARSAW's plain!
 Ye that erst at ISMAIL's tower,
 When human ruin choak'd the streams,
 Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
 Mid women's shrieks and infant's screams!
 Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,

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

IV.

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

V.

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

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR

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

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasp’d and reel’d with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stranger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds.
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o’er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!

See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslav'd, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isiel
Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glitt'ring dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And OCEAN mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his ISLAND-CHILD!
Hence, for many a fearless age,
Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever proud Invader's rage
Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.

VIII.

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

IX.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain the Birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!

Away, my soul, away!

I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer and daily toil

Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.

Now I recenter my immortal mind

In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;

Cleans'd from the vaporous passions that bedim

God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE.

AN ODE.

I.

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

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be free,

Bear witness for me, how I hop'd and fear'd!
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unaw'd I sang, amid a slavish band:
 And when to whelm the disenchant'd nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizzard's wand,
 The Monarchs march'd in evil day,
 And Britain join'd the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swoln the patriot emotion
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
 Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
 To all that brav'd the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
 But blest the pæans of deliver'd France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
 "With that sweet music of deliverance strove?
 "Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 "A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream?
 "Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
 "The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
 And when, to sooth my soul, that hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceas'd, and all seem'd calm and bright;
 When France her front deep-scar'd and gory
 Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
 When, insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
 While timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writh'd like a wounded dragon in his gore;
 Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;
 "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore

"In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
 "And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 "Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV.

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

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever

FRANCE

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,

Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surgel
Yes, while I stood and gaz'd, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February 1798.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

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

My God! it is a melancholy thing
 For such a man, who would full fain preserve
 His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
 For all his human brethren—O my God!
 It is indeed a melancholy thing,
 And weighs upon the heart, that he must think
 What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
 This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
 Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
 And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
 And undetermin'd conflict—even now,
 Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:
 Carnage and groans beneath this blessed Sun!
 We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
 We have offended very grievously,
 And been most tyrannous. From east to west
 A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
 The wretched plead against us; multitudes
 Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
 Our Brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
 Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
 Ev'n so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
 And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
 And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
 With slow perdition murders the whole man,
 His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
 All individual dignity and power
 Engulph'd in Courts, Committees, Institutions,
 Associations and Societies,
 A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild,
 One BENEFIT-CLUB for mutual flattery,
 We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
 Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
 Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
 Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
 For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
 Of Christian promise, words that even yet
 Might stem destruction, were they wisely preach'd,

Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
 How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
 Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
 To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
 Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
 A superstitious instrument, on which
 We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
 For all must swear—all and in every place,
 College and wharf, council and justice-court;
 All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
 Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
 The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
 All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
 That faith doth reel; the very name of God
 Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet, ATHEISM,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
 Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace;

(Peace long preserv'd by fleets and perilous seas)
 Secure from actual warfare, we have lov'd
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
 Alas! for ages ignorant of all
 It's ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows.)
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous
 For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
 Spectators and not combatants! No Guess
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
 No speculation on contingency,
 However dim and vague, too vague and dim
 To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
 (Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,

FEARS IN SOLITUDE

And adjurations of the God in Heaven,) We send our mandates for the certain death Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls, And women, that would groan to see a child Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war, The best amusement for our morning-meal The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers From curses, who knows scarcely words enough To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father, Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute And technical in victories and deceit, And all our dainty terms for fratricide; Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which We join no feeling and attach no form! As if the soldier died without a wound; As if the fibres of this godlike frame Were gor'd without a pang; as if the wretch, Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds, Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd;— As though he had no wife to pine for him, No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days Are coming on us, O my countrymen! And what if all-avenging Providence, Strong and retributive, should make us know The meaning of our words, force us to feel The desolation and the agony Of our fierce doings?

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laugh'd at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gaz'd with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells

Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
 Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
 Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
 Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
 With deeds of murder; and still promising
 Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
 Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
 Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
 And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
 Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
 And let them toss as idly on it's waves
 As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
 Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
 Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
 Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
 So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,

O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
 Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
 Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-tim'd;
 For never can true courage dwell with them,
 Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
 At their own vices. We have been too long
 Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
 Groaning with restless enmity, expect
 All change from change of constituted power;
 As if a Government had been a robe,
 On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
 Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
 Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
 A radical causation to a few
 Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
 Who borrow all their hues and qualities
 From our own folly and rank wickedness,
 Which gave them birth and nurse them. Others, meanwhile,
 Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
 Who will not fall before their images,

And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deem'd—

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

May my fears,

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

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful

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

Nether Stowey,
 April 28th, 1798.

RECANTATION.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE STORY OF THE MAD OX.

I.

An Ox, long fed with musty hay,
And work'd with yoke and chain,
Was turn'd out on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay
At once with Sun and rain.

II.

The grass was fine, the Sun was bright:
With truth I may aver it;
The Ox was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisked, to shew his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

III.

Stop, Neighbours! stop! why these alarms?
The Ox is only glad—
But still they pour from cots and farms—
Halloo! the parish is up in arms,
(A hoaxing-hunt has always charms)
Halloo! the Ox is mad.

IV.

The frightened beast scamper'd about;
 Plunged through the hedge he drove—
 The mob pursue with hideous rout,
 A bull-dog fastens on his snout;
 He gores the dog, his tongue hangs out;
 He's mad! he's mad, by Jove!

V.

"*Stop, Neighbours, stop!*" aloud did call
 A sage of sober hue.
 But all, at once, on him they fall,
 And women squeak and children squall,
 "What! would you have him toss us all?
 "And damme! who are you?"

VI.

Oh! hapless sage, his ears they stun,
 And curse him o'er and o'er—
 "You bloody-minded dog! cries one,
 "To slit your windpipe were good fun,—
 "'Od blast you for an **impious* son
 "Of a presbyterian w—re."

VII.

"You'd have him gore the parish-priest,
 "And run against the altar—
 "You fiend!" The sage his warnings ceas'd,
 And north and south, and west and east,
 Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
 Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob and Walter.

* One of the many fine words which the most uneducated had about this time a constant opportunity of acquiring, from the sermons in the pulpit and the proclamations in the—corners.

VIII.

Old Lewis, ('twas his evil day)
 Stood trembling in his shoes;
 The Ox was his—what could he say?
 His legs were stiffened with dismay,
 The Ox ran o'er him mid the fray,
 And gave him his death's bruise.

IX.

The frightened beast ran on—but here,
 (No tale, tho' in print, more true is)
 My Muse stops short in mid career—
 Nay, gentle reader! do not sneer!
 I cannot choose but drop a tear,
 A tear for good old Lewis!

X.

The frightened beast ran through the town;
 All follow'd, boy and dad,
 Bull-dog, Parson, Shopman, Clown:
 The Publicans rush'd from the Crown,
 "Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!"
 THEY DROVE THE POOR OX MAD.

XI.

Should you a Rat to madness teize,
 Why e'en a Rat may plague you:
 There's no Philosopher but sees
 That Rage and Fear are one disease—
 Though that may burn and this may freeze,
 They're both alike the Ague.

XII.

And so this Ox, in frantic mood,
 Faced round like any Bull—
 The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued,
 Till they with heat and fright were stewed,
 And not a chick of all this brood
 But had his belly full.

XIII.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 'tis clear—
 Old Nicholas, to a tittle!
 But all agree, he'd disappear,
 Would but the Parson venture near,
 And through his teeth,* right o'er the steer,
 Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

XIV.

Achilles was a warrior fleet,
 The Trojans he could worry—
 Our Parson too was swift of feet,
 But shew'd it chiefly in retreat:
 The victor Ox scour'd down the street,
 The mob fled hurry-scurry.

XV.

Through gardens, lanes and fields new plough'd,
 Through his hedge, and through her hedge,
 He plung'd and toss'd and bellow'd loud,
 Till in his madness he grew proud,
 To see this helter-skelter crowd,
 That had more wrath than courage.

* According to the superstition of the West-Countries, if you meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or force him to disappear by spitting over his horns.

XVI.

Alas! to mend the breaches wide
 He made for these poor ninnies,
 They all must work, whate'er betide,
 Both days and months, and pay beside,
 (Sad news for Avarice and for Pride)
 A sight of golden guineas!

XVII.

But here once more to view did pop
 The man that kept his senses;
 And now he cried—"Stop, neighbours! stop;
 "The Ox is mad! I would not swop,
 "Not not a school-boy's farthing-top,
 "For all the parish-fences."

XVIII.

"The Ox is mad! Hol Dick, Bob, Mat!"
 What means this coward fuss?
 "Hol stretch this rope across the plat—
 " 'Twill trip him up—or if not that,
 "Why, damme! we must lay him flat—
 "See, here's my blunderbuss.

XIX.

"A lying dog! just now he said
 "The Ox was only glad—
 "Let's break his presbyterian head!"
 "Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled;
 "No quarrels now—let's all make head—
 "YOU DROVE THE POOR OX MAD."

XX.

As thus I sat, in careless chat,
 With the morning's wet newspaper,
 In eager haste, without his hat,
 As blind and blundering as a bat,
 In came that fierce Aristocrat,
 Our pury Woollen-drapeer.

XXI.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit;
 And in he rush'd and panted—
 "Well, have you heard?" No, not a whit.
 "What, *had'nt* you heard?" Come, out with it!—
 "That TIERNEY votes for Mister Pitt,
 "And SHERIDAN's *recanted!*"

PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS.

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

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

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

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

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

Lest some mad Devil suddenly unhamp'ring,
Slap-dash! the imp should fly off with the steeple,

On revolutionary broom-stick scampering.—

O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted people,

If you can stay so long from slumber free,
My muse shall make an effort to salute 'e:

For lo! a very dainty simile

Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill just suit 'el

You know that water-fowl that cries, Quack! quack!

Full often have I seen a waggish crew

Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on it's back,

The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-who!

Both plunged together in the deep mill-stream,

(Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or mountain-lake,)

Shrill, as a *Church and Constitution* scream,

TU-WHO! quoth BROAD-FACE, and down dives the Drake!

The green-neck'd Drake once more pops up to view,

Stares round, cries Quack! and makes an angry pother;

Then shriller screams the bird with eye-lids blue,

The broad-faced bird! and deeper dives the other.

Ye *quacking* Statesmen! 'tis even so with you—

One peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty's Decoy-pond, each

Pops up his head, as fir'd with British blood,

Hears once again the Ministerial screech,

And once more seeks the bottom's blackest mud!

1794.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR-ECLOGUE. WITH AN APOLOGETIC PREFACE.

*Me dolor incantum, me lubrica duxerit ætas,
Me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor:
Te tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere telis.
En adsum: reniam, confessus crimina, posco.*

CLAUD. *Epist. ad Had.*

*There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his
heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?*

Ecclesiasticus, xix. 16.

At the house of a gentleman, who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favorable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the Poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living Poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its Philosophers and scientific Benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. ***** recited the Poem. This he could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great Statesman. As a Poet exclusively, he had

been amused with the Eclogue; as a Poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. ***** had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion, how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a Poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with, that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to *realize* them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence, seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense

and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it can not leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him; that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outré and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for *escape-valves* to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made boatswain as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon

the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the ——— to the liver!" I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprize them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterward, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakespear considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natural Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;"

"——Too wild, too rude and bold of voice,"

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

"——O be thou *damn'd*, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused!"

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "*I stand here for Law.*"

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time,) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his *hell and purgatory*? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from a Euripides or Simonides;—can we

endure to think, that a man so natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonored and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the Poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely *απαθής, ἀναμύσσορκος*, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

"Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,"

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the Poem was not calculated to

excite *passion* in *any* mind, or to make any impression except on *poetic* readers; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed in the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin Bardie," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

*But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sakel*

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: "I must now confess, Sir! that I am the author of that Poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risque of my own."

I have prefaced the Poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years consideration. But if it be

asked why I re-published it at all? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honorable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two Poems, the one entitled *The Devil's Thoughts*, and the other *The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone*, but that the four first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passage of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, "then Justice shall strike and Mercy shall not hold her hands; "she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the "blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a "treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and "then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of "Envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions "of the saints, and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles "of Ambition, *and the insolencies of traitors and the violences "of rebels*, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of "impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by "this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and "intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the *sanies* and "the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness,

“the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow,
 “the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and
 “pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite
 “wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and
 “force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of
 “devils and accursed spirits.”

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are *in a bad taste*, few will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written, on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the *positive* Opposite of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against BISHOP TAYLOR's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprized therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on MILTON's moral character, for a passage in *his* prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the PARADISE LOST, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in Act and in Suffering, in the day of Triumph and in the hour of Martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as

plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct *pictures* to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the *thoughts* in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is his representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own *wish*, that after death they *should* suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such *will* be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton *daresay* (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had LAUD and STAFFORD in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the

enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should *daresay*, that in speaking of the *insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels*, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, **HAMDEN, HOLLIS, PYM, FAIRFAX, IRETON, and MILTON?** And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that in the after-description the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this Bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone *him* (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other: it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among *us*, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being have been torn away; the parasite-weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious un Hazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug

and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We ante-date the *feelings*, in order to criminate the *authors*, of our present Liberty, Light and Toleration." (THE FRIEND, p. 54.)

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's, in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his *popular* writings, of opinions

and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not *too severely* to have blamed that *management* of truth (*istam fatsitatem dispensativam*) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: *Integrum omnino Doctoribus et cœtus Christiani Antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.*

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, inter-fused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render

education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those *meek deliverances to God's mercy*, with which LAUD accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—no where such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own Life, concerning the subtle and witty Atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's, till *he prayed to the Lord to remove him*, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterward this philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, no where shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy Brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and *hoping* that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way *they* constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partizan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable were the Bishops, who were maintaining the

existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shewn by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of Genius and Learning, than all other protestant churches since the reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shewn herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in Spirit and in Fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe *bulwark* of Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, ESTO PERPETUAL

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR-ECLOGUE.

The Scene, a desolated Tract in la Vendee. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE.

SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?

SLAUGHTER (*to Fire.*)

I will whisper it in her ear.

FIRE.

No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
"Twill make an holiday in Hell.
No! no! no!
Myself, I nam'd him once below,
And all the souls, that damned be,
Leapt up at once in anarchy,
Clapp'd their hands and danced for glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughter!
No! no! no!

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER

Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell

FAMINE.

Whisper it, sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

SLAUGHTER.

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

Both.

The same! the same!

SLAUGHTER.

He came by stealth, and unlock'd my den,
And I have drank the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

Both.

Who bade you do't?

SLAUGHTER.

The same! the same!

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

FAMINE.

Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle;
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.

So off I flew: for how could I bear
 To see them gorge their dainty fare?
 I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
 And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
 Can you guess what I saw there?

Both.

Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

FAMINE.

A baby beat its dying mother:
 I had starv'd the one and was starving the other!

Both.

Who bade you do't?

FAMINE.

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

FIRE.

Sisters! I from Ireland came!
 Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
 I triumph'd o'er the setting Sun!
 And all the while the work was done,
 On as I strode with my huge strides,
 I flung back my head and I held my sides,
 It was so rare a piece of fun
 To see the swelter'd cattle run
 With uncouth gallop through the night,
 Scared by the red and noisy light!
 By the the light of his own blazing cot
 Was many a naked Rebel shot:
 The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd,
 While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER

On some of those old bed-rid nurses,
That deal in discontent and curses.

Both.

Who bade you do't?

FIRE.

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

All.

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

FAMINE.

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

SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb!

FIRE.

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

1796.

LOVE-POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo,
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspidè vulnus.
Omnia paulatim consumit longior cetas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor:
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud sonat—
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret relegensque alium putat ista locutum.

PETRARCH.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The Moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—

LOVE

An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,
 And sav'd from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and claspt his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
 The music, and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame;
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,
 As conscious of my look she stept—

LOVE

Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin-pride.
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

LEWTI,

OR

THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewtil from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

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

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the Moon it passed.
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reached the Moon at last;
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!

Nay, treacherous imagel leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

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

I saw a vapour in the sky,
Thin, and white, and very high:
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud.
Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd
From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd.
Nay, treach'rous imagel leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Slush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous Birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tunel

O beauteous Bird! 'tis such a pleasure
 To see you move beneath the Moon,
 I would it were your true delight
 To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
 When silent night has closed her eyes—

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

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

(From the Morning Post, 1795.)

THE PICTURE,
OR
THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer-gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and th' unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.
Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
Here too the love-lorn Man who, sick in soul
And of this busy human heart weary,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle Lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that, he is;
But would be something, that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here!
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves

Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
 He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
 His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn
 Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
 Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
 Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!
 And you, ye EARTH-WINDS! you that make at morn
 The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
 You, O ye wingless AIRS! that creep between
 The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
 Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
 The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
 Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless Damp,
 Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
 Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!
 With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
 His little Godship, making him perforce
 Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
 With my own fancies play the merry fool,
 And laugh away worse folly, being free.
 Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
 Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
 Cloaths as with net-work: here will couch my limbs,
 Close by this river, in this silent shade,
 As safe and sacred from the step of man
 As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
 And listening only to the pebbly stream,
 That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like sound
 Tinkling, or bees, that in the neighbouring trunk
 Make honey-hoards. This breeze, that visits me,
 Was never Love's accomplice, never rais'd
 The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
 And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
 Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half disclosed
 The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
 Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,

THE PICTURE

Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
Who swells his little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
Her face, her form divine, her downcast look
Contemplative! Ah see! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! He, meanwhile,
Who from her countenance turn'd, or look'd by stealth,
(For fear is true love's cruel nurse,) he now,
With stedfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed.
She, sportive tyrant! with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells;
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes!
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror, and behold
Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,

O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
 On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
 Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
 Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
 Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
 In mad Love-yearning by the vacant brook,
 Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
 Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
 The Naiad of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
 O wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale:
 Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
 Tower from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
 Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
 Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
 On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be thy chosen haunt—emancipate
 From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
 I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
 Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
 Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs
 How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
 Isle of the river, whose parted waters
 Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
 How soon to re-unite! They meet, they join
 In deep embrace, and open to the Sun
 Lie calm and smooth. Such the delicious hour
 Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds!
 And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
 I came out into light—I find myself
 Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
 Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods),
 Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
 That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
 The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
 Fold in behind each other, and so make

THE PICTURE

A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. Beneath my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimnies, ting'd with light,
Rises in columns: from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is THIS?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this may'st thou flower early, and the Sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabell
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus woo'd
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—

And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me hasten
The picture in my hand which she has left;
She cannot blame me that I follow'd her:
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

THE NIGHT-SCENE:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL.

You lov'd the daughter of Don Manrique?

Earl HENRY.

Lov'd?

SANDOVAL.

Did you not say you woo'd her?

Earl HENRY.

Once I lov'd

Her whom I dar'd not woo!

SANDOVAL.

And woo'd, perchance,

One whom you lov'd not!

Earl HENRY.

Oh! I were most base,

Not loving Oropeza. True, I woo'd her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with empassion'd pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
Who in his dream of hope already grasp'd
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit with insult, and in memory

Of ancient feuds pour'd curses on my head,
 Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
 But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
 Art inly reasoning whilst thou listen'st to me.

SANDOVAL.

Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
 But Oropeza—

Earl HENRY.

Blessings gather round her!
 Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
 Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
 Into the gloomiest covert of the Garden—
 The night ere my departure to the army,
 She, nothing trembling, led me thro' that gloom,
 And to the covert by that silent stream,
 Which, with one star reflected o'er its marge,
 Was the sole object visible around me.
 No leaflet stir'd; the air was almost sultry;
 So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
 No leaflet stir'd;—yet pleasure hung upon
 The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
 A little further on an arbor stood,
 Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
 What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
 Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
 To that sweet bower—Then Oropeza trembled—
 I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.

SANDOVAL.

A rude and scaring note, my friend!

Earl HENRY.

Oh! not

I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
 The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams

Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
 So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
 Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.
 The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
 Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us:
 We were all life, each atom of our frames
 A living soul—I vow'd to die for her:
 With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
 Relapses into blessedness, I vow'd it:
 That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
 A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
 Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
 Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SANDOVAL (*with a sarcastic smile*).

No other than as eastern sages paint,
 The God, who floats upon a Lotos leaf,
 Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
 Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
 Relapses into bliss.

Earl HENRY.

Ah! was that bliss
 Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?
 For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
 Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
 I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on them.
 Thro' the dark bower she sent a hollow voice,
 Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?
 I swore, and with an inward thought that seem'd
 The purpose and the substance of my being,
 I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
 I would exchange my unblench'd state with hers.—
 Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
 I now will go—all objects there will teach me
 Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
 Go, Sandoval! I am prepar'd to meet her—

Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
 Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the torment
 And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—

[*Earl HENRY retires into the wood.*]

SANDOVAL (*alone.*)

O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
 By thine own act—yet art thou never great
 But by the inspiration of great passion.
 The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
 And shape themselves: from Earth to Heaven they stand,
 As tho' they were the pillars of a temple,
 Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
 But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
 Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
 And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF
HER INNOCENCE.

Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soil'd beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

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

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Wooded and whisper'd thee to rise.

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

TO
AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN
AT THE THEATRE.

Maiden, that with sullen brow
Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorch'd and mildew'd bough,
Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

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

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

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

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
Thou hast *felt* that vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
Inly arm'd, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of Self-dominion,
Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

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

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

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

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

Nor cold, nor stern, my soul yet I detest
These scented Rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud Harlot her distended breast,
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breath'd singer's uptrill'd strain
Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hatel
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert Captain, or the primmer Priest,
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene releas'd,
To hear our old musician, blind and grey,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kist,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM

Around whose roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own check is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Annel when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wreck'd sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The Things of Nature utter; birds or trees
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEP-SAKE.

The tedded hay, the first-fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Shew summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed flowret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet FORGET-ME-NOT!^{*}
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has work'd, (the flowers which most she knew I lov'd,)
And, more belov'd than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyless restlessness,
Leaving the soft bed to her sleeping sister,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*; a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*), and we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

THE KEEP-SAKE

Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she own'd her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd
The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the MOSS-ROSE and FORGET-ME-NOT—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That forc'd to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)
Nor yet th' entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promis'd, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

TO A LADY.

WITH FALKNER'S "SHIPWRECK."

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-list'ning, mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strew'd,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging Bark!

"Cling to the shroud!" In vain! The breakers roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan,
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a ship-wreck'd man!

Say then, what muse inspir'd these genial strains,
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend,
Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past,

TO A LADY

Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send,
O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship form'd! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou can'st not choose but shed
A tear for FALKNER, wilt remember ME!

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

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

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

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

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

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep;
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doom'd to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There's Healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that play'st on Albion's shore!

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

THE VISIONARY HOPE.

Sad lot, TO HAVE NO HOPE! Tho' lowly kneeling,
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain intreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing.
Tho' Nature forc'd; tho' like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confest
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Tho' obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep, each night repell'd in vain,
Each night was scatter'd by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, tho' fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That HOPE, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which wan'd and died, yet ever near him stood,
Tho' chang'd in nature, wander where he wou'd—
For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and *can* wish for this alone!
Pierc'd, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

A FRAGMENT.

Of, oft methinks, the while with Thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that fear no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

I.

How warm this woodland wild Recess
Love surely hath been breathing here.
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

II.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

III.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name: yet why
That asking look? That yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

IV.

As when a mother doth explore
 The rose-mark on her long lost child,
 I met, I lov'd you, maiden mild!
 As whom I long had lov'd before—
 So deeply had I been beguil'd.

V.

You stood before me like a thought,
 A dream remember'd in a dream.
 But when those meek eyes first did seem
 To tell me, Love within you wrought—
 O Greta, dear domestic stream!

VI.

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
 Has not Love's whisper evermore,
 Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
 Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
 Dear under-song in Clamor's hour.

ON RE-VISITING THE SEA-SHORE,
AFTER LONG ABSENCE,

UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfill'd her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

FASHION'S pining Sons and Daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling, they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams, (the Soul herself forsaking,)
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
A blessed shadow of this Earth!

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

MEDITATIVE POEMS
IN
BLANK VERSE.

*Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a Heart in the unthinking Man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
Nought sinks into the Bosom's silent depth.
Quick sensibility of Pain and Pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no Soul
Warmeth the inner frame.*

SCHILLER.

HYMN

BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,

HYMN

Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfus'd,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret extacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at Dawn,
Thyself Earth's ROSY STAR, and of the Dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who fill'd thy Countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the Billows stiffen, and have Rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the Mountain's brow
Adown enormous Ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!

Motionless Torrents! silent Cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
 Cloath you with Rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the Torrents, like a Shout of Nations
 Answer! and let the Ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye Pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of Snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal Frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the Eagle's nest!
 Ye Eagles, play-mates of the Mountain-Storm!
 Ye Lightnings, the dread arrows of the Clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the Hills with Praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing Peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure Serene,
 Into the depth of Clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy Base
 Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
 And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE,
IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I stood on *Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid †mood: for I had found
That outward Forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within:

* The highest mountain in the Hartz and indeed in North Germany.

†When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales,
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.
SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates*.

Fair Cyphers of vague import, where the Eye
 Traces no spot, in which the Heart may read
 History or Prophecy of Friend, or Child,
 Or gentle Maid, our first and early love,
 Or Father, or the venerable name
 Of our adored Country! O thou Queen,
 Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
 O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
 Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
 Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
 Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
 From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
 Floated away, like a departing dream,
 Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
 Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
 With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
 That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
 That God is every where! the God who framed
 Mankind to be one mighty Family,
 Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM

ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

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

* Chatterton.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

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

And that simplest Lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfin's make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,

Where even the breezes, and the common air,
Contain the power and spirit of Harmony.

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

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversly fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

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

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propria.—HOR.

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

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

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublimel
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
 That I should dream away th' entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf Beds, pampering the coward Heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of One, he lifts from Earth:
 And He, that works me good with unmov'd face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
 My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
 Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
 Seizes my Praise, when I reflect on those,
 The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribel
 Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the Wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil
Rests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping Rose,
And Myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!
Ah!—had none greater! And that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

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

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
HOR. *Carm. Lib. I. 2.*

A blessed lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the Heart,
To the same Dwelling where his Father dwelt;
And haply views his tott'ring little ones
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own Infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb Life's upland road,
Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal Love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light,
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
Its first domestic loves; and hence through Life
Chasing chance-started Friendships. A brief while
Some have preserv'd me from Life's pelting ills;
But, like a Tree with leaves of feeble stem,

If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
 Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
 Dropt the collected shower; and some most false,
 False and fair foliag'd as the Manchineel,
 Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
 E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
 Mixt their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
 That I woke poison'd! But, all praise to Him
 Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
 Permanent shelter; and beside one Friend,
 Beneath th' impervious covert of one Oak,
 I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
 Of Husband and of Father; nor unhearing
 Of that divine and nightly-whispering Voice,
 Which from my childhood to maturer years
 Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
 Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times

My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through life
 Still most a Stranger, most with naked heart
 At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
 When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!
 Thee, who did'st watch my boy-hood and my youth;
 Did'st trace my wanderings with a Father's eye;
 And boding evil yet still hoping good
 Rebuk'd each fault, and over all my woes
 Sorrow'd in Silence! He who counts alone
 The beatings of the solitary heart,
 That Being knows, how I have lov'd thee ever,
 Lov'd as a brother, as a Son rever'd thee!
 Oh! tis to me an ever new delight
 To talk of thee and thine; or when the blast
 Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
 Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
 Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
 We in our sweet sequester'd Orchard-Plot
 Sit on the Tree crook'd earth-ward; whose old boughs,

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

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

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

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

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with Bees,—
Such Tents the Patriarchs lov'd! O long unharm'd
May all its aged Boughs o'er-canopy
The small round Basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping Infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the Traveller
With soft and even Pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny Cone of Sand its soundless Dance,
Which at the Bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth Surface of the Fount.
Here Twilight is and Coolness: here is Moss,
A soft Seat, and a deep and ample Shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second Tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy Heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, list'ning to some gentle Sound,
Or passing Gale or Hum of murmuring Bees!

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'Tis true, Idooclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling Blame with Praise
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths
And honoring with religious love the Great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of an hollow Age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time,
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
Of fervid colloquy. Sicknes, tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The Citadel unconquer'd, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden Path, that to the Shades
Of the belov'd Parnassian forest leads,
Lurk'd undiscover'd by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had trac'd it upward to its source,
Thro' open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and cull'd

Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of od'rous Lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O fram'd for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison! I have lost
Such beauties and such feelings, as had been
Most sweet to my remembrance, even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
My Friends, whom I may never meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day Sun;
Where its slim trunk the Ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a Bridge;—that branchless Ash,
Unsun'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fann'd by the water-fall! and there my friends
Behold the dark green file of long *lank Weeds,
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

* *Of long lank Weeds.*] The *Asplenium Scolopendrium*, called in some countries the *Adder's Tongue*, in others the *Hart's Tongue*: but *Withering* gives the *Adder's Tongue* as the trivial name of the *Ophioglossum* only.

Now, my Friends emerge

Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
 The many-steeped track magnificent
 Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose Sails light up
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles
 Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
 In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
 My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
 And hunger'd after Nature, many a year,
 In the great City pent, winning thy way
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
 And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richer burn, ye clouds!
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
 And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
 Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
 On the wild landscape, gaze till all doth seem
 Less gross than bodily; a living thing
 Which acts upon the mind—and with such hues
 As cloath the Almighty Spirit, when he makes
 Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
 As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
 This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd
 Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze
 Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above
 Dappling its sunshine! And that Walnut-tree
 Was richly ting'd, and a deep radiance lay
 Full on the ancient Ivy, which usurps
 Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass

Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
 Through the late twilight: and though now the Bat
 Wheels silent by, and not a Swallow twitters,
 Yet still the solitary humble Bee
 Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure,
 No Plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
 No waste so vacant, but may well employ
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
 Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
 'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
 That we may lift the Soul, and contemplate
 With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
 My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last Rook
 Beat its straight path along the dusky air
 Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black wing
 (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in the light)
 Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory,
 While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
 *Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No Sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

* *Flew creaking.*] Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to observe that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. "When these Birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and webs upon one another creak as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea."

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING
NO MORE POETRY.

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie; and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,
Stedfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And wash'd and sanctified to Poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior Son:
And with those recreant unbaptized Heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden Ministeries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:
For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed Boy,
And I have arrows *mystically dipt,
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwept, and sink to Earth
"Without the meed of one melodious tear?"
Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved Bard,
Who to the "Illustrious† of his native Land
"So properly did look for Patronage."
Ghost of Mæcenasi hide thy blushing face!

* Vide Pind. Olym. ii. 1. 156.

† Verbatim from Burns's dedication of his Poem to the Nobility
and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

TO A FRIEND

They snatch'd him from the Sickle and the Plough—
To guard Ale-Firkins.

Oh! for shame return!

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

1796.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM
ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

Friend of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
Into my heart have I received that Lay
More than historic, that prophetic Lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of the Human Spirit, thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to th' understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital Breathings, like the secret soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the Heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth)
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner Power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When Power stream'd from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as a light bestow'd—
Of Fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of Poetic Thought
Industrious in its Joy, in Vales and Glens
Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!
Or on the lonely High-road, when the Stars

Were rising; or by secret Mountain-streams,
The Guides and the Companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and Man belov'd as Man,
Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating
Even as a Bark becalm'd beneath the Burst
Of Heaven's immediate Thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the Main.
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general Heart of Human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
— Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
So summon'd homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
From the dread Watch-Tower of man's absolute Self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,
Action and Joy!—An orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own Music chaunted!

O great Bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly Great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the Archives of Mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,

Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
 Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn
 The pulses of my Being beat anew:
 And even as Life returns upon the Drown'd,
 Life's joy rekindling rous'd a throng of Pains—
 Keen Pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
 And Fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope;
 And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;
 Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain,
 And Genius given, and Knowledge won in vain;
 And all which I had cull'd in Wood-walks wild,
 And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all,
 Commune with *thee* had open'd out—but Flowers
 Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my Bier,
 In the same Coffin, for the self-same Gravel

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
 Who came a welcomer in Herald's Guise,
 Singing of Glory, and Futurity,
 To wander back on such unhealthful road,
 Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
 Such Intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
 Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
 Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
 Of thy communion with my nobler mind
 By Pity or Grief, already felt too long!
 Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
 The tumult rose and ceas'd: for Peace is nigh
 Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
 Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
 The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal Hours
 Already on the wing!

Eve following Eve,
 Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
 Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd

And more desired, more precious for thy song,
 In silence listening, like a devout child,
 My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
 Driven, as in surges now beneath the stars,
 With momentary Stars of my own birth,
 Fair constellated *Foam, still darting off
 Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
 Strong in thy self, and powerful to give strength!—
 Thy long sustained Song finally closed,
 And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
 That happy vision of beloved Faces—
 Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
 I sate, my being blended in one thought
 (Thought was it? or Aspiration? or Resolve?)
 Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
 And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

* "A beautiful white cloud of Foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the Vessel with a Roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the Sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar Troop over a Wilderness."—THE FRIEND, p. 220.

THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATION POEM.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old, mossy bridge
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
* "Most musical, most melancholy" Bird!
A melancholy Bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so poor Wretch! fill'd all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale

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

THE NIGHTINGALE

Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By Sun or Moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetfull! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be lov'd like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew

So many Nightingales; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's songs—
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
 And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such an harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
 Whose dew leaflets are but half disclosed,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a Lady vow'd and dedicate
 To something more than Nature in the grove)
 Glides thro' the pathways; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
 What time the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence; till the Moon
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and these wakeful Birds
 Have all burst forth in Choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden Gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd
 Many a Nightingale perch giddily
 On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
 And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
 And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?

THE NIGHTINGALE

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's Play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelp'd by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
To which the living spirit in our frame,
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gaz'd upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot fair day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a sweet pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gaz'd I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Aw'd by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leapt up,
For still I hop'd to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were cloth'd alike!

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

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

THE
THREE GRAVES.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE.

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

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen, her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's Mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another Daughter (the Father died in their infancy) retaining, for the greater part, her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have

my Daughter." From *this* time all their wooing passed under the Mother's eyes; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future Son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the Tale are positive Facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion—O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you.—The Lover's eyes were now opened: and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice, that approached to a scream, she prayed for a Curse both on him and on her own Child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh and her Mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran up stairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her Mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the Tale begins.

I was not led to chuse this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the

imagination, from an Idea violently and suddenly imprest on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the *Oby Witchcraft* on the Negroes in the West-Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting *Anecdotes* of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my Readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to); and I conceived the design of shewing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country church-yard, to a Traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, *The Mercy of God is infinite.*]

The Grapes upon the Vicar's wall
 Were ripe as ripe could be;
 And yellow leaves in Sun and Wind
 Were falling from the Tree.

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

Up through that wood behind the church,
 There leads from Edward's door
 A mossy track, all over bough'd,
 For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
 The Bride and Bridegroom went;
 Sweet Mary, tho' she was not gay,
 Seem'd chearful and content.

THE THREE GRAVES

But when they to the church-yard came,
I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stept into the Sun,
Her heart it died away.

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

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

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

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

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

So five months pass'd: the Mother still
Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man
And Mary a fond wife.

“My sister may not visit us,
My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Mother walk'd into the church—
 To Ellen's seat she went:
 Tho' Ellen always kept her church
 All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcom'd her
 With courteous looks and mild:
 Thought she, "what if her heart should melt,
 And all be reconcil'd!"

THE THREE GRAVES

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

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

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

O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Altho' thou take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward wooed his wife.

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

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

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and ask'd her why:
Giddy she seem'd, and, sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepp'd
 She smil'd and told us why:
 "It was a wicked woman's curse"
 Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smil'd, and smil'd, and pass'd it off
 E'er from the door she stept—
 But all agree it would have been
 Much better had she wept.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE THREE GRAVES

You see, good sirl that single hill?
His farm lies underneath:
He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnash'd his teeth.

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

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

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

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

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

PART IV.

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

You see that Grave? The Lord, he gives,
 The Lord, he takes away:
 Oh! 'tis the child of my old age
 Lies there as cold as clay.

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

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

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

Well! it pass'd off! the gentle Ellen
 Did well nigh dote on Mary;
 And she went oftener than before,
 And Mary lov'd her more and more:
 She manag'd all the dairy.

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

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

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

THE THREE GRAVES

And when she sooth'd her friend, thro' all
Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she spann'd:
And once when Mary was down-cast,
She took her by the hand,
And gaz'd upon her, and at first
She gently press'd her hand;

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mary look'd up into his face,
 And nothing to him said;
 She tried to smile, and on his arm
 Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
 Upon his knees in prayer:
 Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
 It is too great to bear!

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

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

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

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

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

THE THREE GRAVES

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

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

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

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

"The Sun peeps thro' the close thick leaves,
"See, dearest Ellen! see!
" 'Tis in the leaves, a little Sun,
"No bigger than your ee;

"A tiny Sun, and it has got
"A perfect glory too:
"Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
"Round that small orb, so blue."

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

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

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

Both groan'd at once, for both knew well
 What thoughts were in his mind;
 When he wak'd up, and star'd like one
 That hath been just struck blind.

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

Then Ellen shriek'd, and forthwith burst
 Into ungentle laughter;
 And Mary shiver'd, where she sat,
 And never she smil'd after.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and
 To-morrow and To-morrow!—

ODES
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEJECTION:

AN ODE.

*Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.*

Ballad of Sir PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unrous'd by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon clouds in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom-light,
(With swimming phantom-light o'erspread
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear---

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And it's peculiar tint of yellow green:
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen;
 Yon crescent Moon, as fix'd as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,
 And what can these avail,
 To lift the smoth'ring weight from off my breast?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west:
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live:

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be!
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and life's effulgence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dow'r
 A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:

DEJECTION

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
 But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural Man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan:
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my Soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream!
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has rav'd unnotic'd. What a scream
 Of agony by torture lengthen'd out
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
 Bare crag, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of show'rs,
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flow'rs,
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wint'ry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and tim'rous leaves among.
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!

* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the vallies. This address to the wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold!
 What tell'st thou now about?
 'Tis of the Rushing of an Host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
 A tale of less affright,
 And temper'd with delight,
 As Otway's self had fram'd the tender lay—
 'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
 Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
 Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping Earth!
 With light heart may she rise,
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
 To her may all things live, from Pole to Pole,
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!
 O simple spirit, guided from above,
 Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE
TO
GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

ON THE 24TH STANZA IN HER
"PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

*"And hail the Chapell hail the Platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging Dart,
With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his Child,
Then aimed the arrow at the Tyrant's heart."*

Splendor's fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches Brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear,
Obeisant praises sooth'd your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obstrusive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from nature: stately vests,
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
Were your's unearn'd by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.

And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
 You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell!
 O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure!
 Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame,
 All living faculties of bliss:
 And Genius to your cradle came,
 His forehead wreath'd with lambent flame,
 And bending low, with godlike kiss
 Breath'd in a more celestial life!
 But boasts not many a fair compeer
 A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
 And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
 Some few, to nobler being wrought,
 Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.

Yet *these* delight to celebrate
 Laurell'd War and plummy State;
 Or in verse and music dress
 Tales of rustic happiness—
 Pernicious Tales! insidious Strains!
 That steel the rich man's breast,
 And mock the lot unblest,
 The sordid vices and the abject pains,
 Which evermore must be
 The doom of Ignorance and Penury!
 But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
 You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell!
 O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure!
 Where learnt you that heroic measure?

—You were a Mother! That most holy name,
 Which Heaven and Nature bless,

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose Infants owe them less
Than the poor Caterpillar owes
Its gaudy Parent Fly.

You were a Mother! at your bosom fed
The Babes that lov'd you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a Mother,
Without the Mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones
O'er the growing Sense to roll,
The Mother of your Infant's Soul
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the Eye of God,
A moment turn'd his awful face away;
And as he view'd you, from his aspect sweet
New influences in your being rose,
Blest Intuitions and Communion's fleet
With living Nature, in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your soul rejoic'd to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hail'd the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learnt you that heroic measure.

ODE
TO
TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the stedfast shore,
Ere yet the Tempest rose and scar'd me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustom'd mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat!
And when the gust of Autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight-clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding Moon.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

Composed in 1796.

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

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now t'unlock
The treasur'd heart; arm link'd in friendly arm,

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;
Till high o'er head his beck'ning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply *there* uprears
That shadowing *PINE* its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Ting'd yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, bason'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd:
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, *DOMESTIC BLISS*
Gives *this* the Husband's, *that* the Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essay'd to trace;
That verd'rous hill with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad, and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where *INSPIRATION*, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world up-lifted high,

(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy *theme* supply)
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole:
Then when the mind hath drank its fill of truth,
We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
They whom I love shall love thee. Honor'd youth!
Now may Heaven realize this vision bright!

LINES

TO W. L. ESQ. WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

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

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDON'D HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS
MELANCHOLY.

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

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep impresst
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But strait with all their tints their waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dies
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs.
Ah! that I were once more a careless child!

SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING
RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON,
SEPTEMBER 20, 1796.

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-question'd in her sleep: and some have said*
We liv'd, ere yet this robe of Flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead
(As sometimes, thro' excess of hope, I fear)
I think, that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenc'd for some more venial crime to grieve;
Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

* Ην που ημων η ψυχη πριν εν τωδε τω ανθρωπινω ειδει
γενεσθαι. PLAT. in Phædon.

SONNET,

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

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

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE
IN GERMANY.

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandulet
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

EPITAPH, ON AN INFANT.

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

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

MELANCHOLY.*

A FRAGMENT.

Stretch'd on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall,
Where ruining ivies propt the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tatter'd pall,
Had MELANCHOLY mus'd herself to sleep.
The fern was press'd beneath her hair,
The dark green Adder's Tongue[‡] was there;
And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bow'd fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flush'd: her eager look
Beam'd eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead work'd with troubled thought.
Strange was the dream that fill'd her soul,
Nor did not whispering spirits roll
A mystic tumult, and a fateful rhyme
Mixt with wild shapings of the unborn time.

* First published in the Morning Chronicle, in the year 1794.

‡ A botanical mistake. The plant, I meant, is called the Hart's Tongue; but this would unluckily spoil the poetical effect. *Cedat ergo Botanice.*

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

I.

Mark this holy chapel well!
The Birth-place, this, of WILLIAM TELL.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II.

Here first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kiss'd the babe, and bless'd the day,
And pray'd as mothers use to pray.

III.

"Vouchsafe him health, O God! and give
The child thy servant still to live!"
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

V.

To Nature and to Holy writ
 Alone did God the boy commit:
 Where flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft
 His soul found wings, and soar'd aloft!

VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase
 Had form'd his limbs to strength and grace:
 On wave and wind the boy would toss,
 Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,
 Made strong by God, his native land
 Would rescue from the shameful yoke
 Of *Slavery*——the which he broke!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

The Shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they check'd their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

II.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a Mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III.

She listen'd to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she press'd;
And while she cried, the Babe is minel
The milk rush'd faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
 Poor, simple, and of low estate!
 That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
 O why should this thy soul elate?
 Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,
 Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

V.

And is not War a youthful King,
 A stately Hero clad in mail?
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
 Him Earth's majestic monarch's hail
 Their Friend, their Playmate! and his bold bright eye
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
 "To maids and youths in robes of state!
 "I am a woman poor and mean,
 "And therefore is my Soul elate.
 "War is a ruffian, all with guilt defil'd,
 "That from the aged Father tears his Child!

VII.

"A murderous fiend, by fiends ador'd,
 "He kills the Sire and starves the Son;
 "The Husband kills, and from her board
 "Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
 "Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
 "All safety from the Night, all comfort from the Day."

VIII.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,

"That Strife should vanish, Battle cease:

"I'm poor and of a low estate,

"The Mother of the Prince of Peace.

"Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:

"Peace, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is born."

HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

A FRAGMENT.

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But *are* their whole of being! If the Breath
Be Life itself, and not its Task and Tent,
If ev'n a soul like Milton's can know death;
O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes,
Surplus of nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gaz'd on some nigh-finish'd vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She form'd with restless hands unconsciously.
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy Hopes thy Fears,
The counter-weights!—Thy Laughter and thy Tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good,
Why cowl thy face beneath the Mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing, as thou, feel'st warm or cold!
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self.
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou can'st have none!
Thy being's being is contradiction.

AN ODE TO THE RAIN.

COMPOSED BEFORE DAY-LIGHT, ON THE MORNING APPOINTED
FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY
PLEASANT VISITOR; WHOM IT WAS FEARED THE RAIN
MIGHT DETAIN.

I.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.

O Rain! that I lie listening to,

You're but a doleful sound at best:

I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,

For breaking thus my needful rest!

Yet if, as soon as it is light,

O Rain! you will but take your flight,

I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,

Tho' sick and sore for want of sleep:

But only now, for this one day,

Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

II.

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,

The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!

You know, if you know aught, that we,

Both night and day, but ill agree:

For days, and months, and almost years,

Have limp'd on thro' this vale of tears,

Since body of mine, and rainy weather,

Have liv'd on easy terms together.

Yet if, as soon as it is light,
 O Rain! you will but take your flight,
 Though you should come again to-morrow,
 And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
 Tho' stomach should sicken, and knees should swell—
 I'll nothing speak of you but well.
 But only now for this one day,
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

III.

Dear Rain! I ne'er refus'd to say
 You're a good creature in your way.
 Nay, I could write a book myself,
 Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
 Shewing, how very good you are—
 What then? sometimes it must be fair!
 And if sometimes, why not to day?
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

IV.

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
 Take no offence! I'll tell you, why.
 A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
 And with him came my sister dear;
 After long absence now first met,
 Long months by pain and grief beset—
 We three dear friends! in truth, we groan
 Impatiently to be alone.
 We three, you mark! and not one more!
 The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
 We have so much to talk about,
 So many sad things to let out;
 So many tears in our eye-corners,
 Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
 In short, as soon as it is day,
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

V.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you cou'd
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant, as you're good),
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay'd a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:

Scarce had I welcom'd the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid, the Smiler;
Lo! Phœbus, the Glorious, descends from his Throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial Hall!

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial Quire?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my Soul!
O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!

Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet!
Hebel pour free!

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebel I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WRITTEN IN AMERICA, IN THE YEAR 1810.*

All hail thou noble Land,
Our Fathers' native soil
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our Naval Line
Like the milky way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!

* This Poem, written by an American gentleman, a valued and dear friend, I communicate to the reader for its moral, no less than its poetic spirit.

And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the Bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of Heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
 While this, with rev'rence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts—
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 'We are One.'*

* This alludes merely to the moral union of the two Countries. The Author would not have it supposed that the tribute of respect, offered in these Stanzas to the Land of his Ancestors, would be paid by him, if at the expense of the independence of *that* which gave him birth.

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep prelude strain have poured
To the GREAT FATHER, only RIGHTFUL KING,
ETERNAL FATHER! KING OMNIPOTENT!
Beneath whose shadowy banners, wide unfur'd,
Justice leads forth her Tyrant-quelling Hosts.

Such symphony requires best instrument.
Seize, then, my soul from Freedom's trophied dome
The Harp which hangeth high between the Shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Earth's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.

For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him First, him Last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow—Earth's broad shade
Revealing by Eclipse the Eternal Sun!

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

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

And what if some rebellions, o'er dark realms
 Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,

And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
 Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.
 As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
 The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
 Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
 While yet the stern and solitary Night
 Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
 With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
 Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
 Or Balda-Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
 Of Solfar-Kapper,† while the snowy blast
 Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
 Making the poor babe at its mother's back‡
 Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
 Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
 He marks the streamy banners of the North,
 Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join

* *Balda Zhiok*: i. e. mons altudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

† *Solfar-Kapper*: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.

LEEMIUS *De Lapponibus.*

‡ The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.—Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (*Gieed'k* ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.

LEEMIUS *De Lapponibus.*

Who there in floating robes of rosy light
 Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power
 That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
 Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
 With wild activity; and peopling air,
 By obscure fears of Beings invisible,
 Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
 Of the present impulse, teaching Self-controul,
 Till Superstition with unconscious hand
 Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
 Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,
 I deem those legends terrible, with which
 The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
 Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
 O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
 ВУОКНО, of whose rushing wings the noise
 Is Tempest, when the unutterable* shape
 Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
 That shriek, which never Murderer heard, and lived.
 Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
 Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed
 (Where live the innocent as far from cares
 As from the storms and overwhelming waves
 Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep),
 Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
 By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such
 As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.

There dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
 With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
 And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
 Unsleping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear
 Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast
 The fateful word let slip the Elements
 And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,

* Jaibme Aibmo.

Armed with *Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of Good,
 Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
 Of the Ocean stream.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,
 On the victorious goodness of high God
 Teaching Reliance, and medicinal Hope,
 Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
 With gradual steps winning her difficult way,
 Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

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

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
 Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our Faith)
 Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
 Who scourg'd the Invader.—From her infant days,
 With Wisdom, Mother of retired Thoughts,
 Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
 The good and evil thing, in human lore
 Undisciplin'd. For lowly was her Birth,
 And Heaven had doom'd her early years to Toil
 That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
 Unfear'd by Fellow-natures, she might wait

* They call the Good Spirit, Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither: he passes through the kingdom of souls, over an horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.

See CRANTZ' *Hist. of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

On the poor Lab'ring man with kindly looks,
 And minister refreshment to the tir'd
 Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn Bench
 The sweltry man had stretch'd him, and aloft
 Vacantly watch'd the rudely pictured board
 Which on the Mulberry-bough with welcome creek
 Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
 Learnt more than Schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,
 His Vices and his Sorrows! And full oft
 At Tales of cruel Wrong and strange Distress
 Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering Eld
 Still as a Daughter would she run: she plac'd
 His cold Limbs at the sunny Door, and lov'd
 To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
 Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

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

"Twas the cold season when the Rustic's eye
 From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
 Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
 And clouds slow-varying their huge imagery;
 When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid

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

Mutely questioning,

The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
 He, his head feebly turning, on the group

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

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

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered,
 Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
 Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!

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

Thus as she toil'd in troublous extacy,
 An horror of great darkness wrapt her round,
 And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones,
 Calming her soul,—“O Thou of the Most High
 “Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
 “Behold expectant——

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

“Maid belov'd of Heaven!
 “(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)
 “Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny
 “Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
 “Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
 “When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
 “Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,
 “As what time after long and pestful calms,
 “With slimy shapes and miscreated life
 “Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
 “Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
 “An heavy unimaginable moan

"Sent forth, when she the PROTOPLAST beheld
 "Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
 "Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
 "That leads with downward windings to the Cave
 "Of Darkness palpable, Desart of Death
 "Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA's massy roots.
 "There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd
 "And trembled; till engender'd by fierce HATE,
 "Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM arose,
 "Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.
 "It rous'd the Hell-Hag: she the dew-damp wiped
 "From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth maze
 "Retraced her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth
 "Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
 "Nor dared re-enter the diminish'd Gulph.
 "As thro' the dark vaults of some moulder'd Tower
 "(Which, fearful to approach, the evening Hind
 "Circles at distance in his homeward way)
 "The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
 "Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
 "NIGHT murmur'd, and the sound thro' Chaos went.
 "Leapt at her call her hideous-fronted brood!
 "A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth,
 "Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,
 "Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!

From his obscure haunt

Shriek'd FEAR, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,
 Fev'rish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
 As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
 Aque, the biform Hag! when early Spring
 Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

"Even so" (the exulting Maiden said)

"The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
 "And thus they witness'd God! But now the clouds
 "Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
 "Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
 "Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God,
 "Hover around my mortal agonies!"

She spake, and instantly faint melody
 Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
 Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
 By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
 Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
 Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
 The *white-robed multitude of slaughter'd saints
 At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant
 Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
 Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
 Brief slumber seized, and confused extacy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
 And thro' a Mist, the relict of that trance,
 Still thinning as she gaz'd, an Isle appear'd,
 Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs
 Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
 Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon
 The Plough-man following sad his meagre team
 Turn'd up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones
 Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
 All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
 Death's gloomy reconciliation! O'er the Fields
 Stept a fair form, repairing all she might,
 Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where she trod,

* Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

Fresh flowrets rose, and many a foodful herb.
 But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
 And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,
 As she had newly left a couch of pain,
 Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule
 With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
 That blest prophetic mandate then fulfill'd,
 PEACE be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief,
 She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,
 And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,
 And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow:
 Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)
 Their reddening shapes, transform'd to Warrior-hosts,
 Cours'd o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air.
 Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
 Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
 Like hideous features blended with the clouds,
 Wan Stains of ominous Light! Resign'd, yet sad,
 The fair Form bow'd her olive-crowned Brow:
 Then o'er the plain with oft reverted eye
 Fled till a Place of Tombs she reach'd, and there
 Within a ruin'd Sepulchre obscure
 Found Hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
 Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd,
 "Thou mild-ey'd FORM! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
 "The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow
 "Resplendent shone; but all they, who unblam'd
 "Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS.
 "Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
 "Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
 "Why sow they guilt, still reaping Misery?
 "Lenient of care, thy songs, O PEACE! are sweet,
 "As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
 "That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:

"And gay thy grassy altar pil'd with fruits.
 "But boasts the shrine of Dæmon WAR one charm,
 "Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
 "Dancing around with interwoven arms,
 "The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER
 "Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
 "And know not why the simple Peasants crowd
 "Beneath the Chieftains' standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied:

"When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
 "No more can rouse the appetites of KINGS;
 "When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
 "Falls flat and heavy on the accustom'd ear;
 "When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoonery make,
 "And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain:
 "Then WAR and all its dread vicissitudes
 "Pleasingly agitate their stagnant Hearts;
 "Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
 "Insidious Royalty's keen condiment!
 "Therefore, uninjur'd and unprofited,
 "(Victims at once and Executioners)
 "The congregated Husbandmen lay waste
 "The Vineyard and the Harvest. As along
 "The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
 "Though hush'd the Winds and cloudless the high Noon,
 "Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of ease,
 "In sports unwieldy toss his Island-bulk,
 "Ocean behind him billows, and before
 "A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
 "And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
 "Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
 "And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
 "Still violate th' unfinish'd works of Peace.
 "But yonder look! for more demands thy view!"
 He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle
 A Vapor sail'd, as when a cloud, exhaled
 From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,

Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
 'Till o'er some Death-doom'd land, distant in vain,
 It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain,
 Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
 And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.

The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean.
 But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter Cloud
 Returned more bright: along the Plain it swept;
 And soon from forth its bursting sides emerg'd
 A dazzling Form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye,
 And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
 Not more majestic stood the healing God,
 When from his brow the arrow sped that slew
 Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION's giant throng,
 And with them hiss'd the Locust-fiends that crawl'd
 And glitter'd in CORRUPTION's slimy track.
 Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign:
 And such commotion made they, and uproar,
 As when the mad Tornado bellows through
 The guilty islands of the western main,
 What time departing from their native shores,
 Eboe, or *Koromantyn's plain of Palms,

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

Ω σκοτου πυλας, θανατε, προλειπων
 Ες γενος σπευδοις υποζευχθεν Ατα.
 Ου ξεμισθηση γευων σπαραγμαις
 Ουδ' ολολυγω,

Αλλα και κυκλοισι χοροιτυποισι
 Κ'ασματων χαρα φοβερος μεν εσοι,
 Αλλ' ομως Ελευθερια συνοικεις,
 Στυγνε Τυρανε Ι

Δασκιοις επει πτερυγεσσι σησι
 Α Ι θαλασσιον καθορωντες οιδμα

The infuriate spirits of the Murdered make
 Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
 Warm'd with new influence, the unwholesome Plain
 Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn:
 The Sun that rose on FREEDOM, rose in BLOOD!

"Maiden belov'd, and Delegate of Heaven!"
 (To her the tutelary Spirit said)
 "Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,
 "The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.
 "Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
 "But this be thy best Omen—SAVE THY COUNTRY!"
 Thus saying, from the answering Maid he pass'd,
 And with him disappear'd the Heavenly Vision.

"Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
 "All conscious PRESENCE of the Universe!
 "Nature's vast Ever-acting ENERGY!
 "In Will, in Deed, IMPULSE of All to All
 "Whether thy Love with unrefracted Ray
 "Beam on the PROPHET's purged eye, or if
 "Diseasing Realms the ENTHUSIAST, wild of Thought,

Αιθεροπλαγτοῖς ὑπο ποσσ' ἀνεισι
 Πατριδ' ἐπ' αἰαν.

Ενθα μαν Ερασαι Ερφημενησιν
 Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρινων ὑπ' αλσων,
 Οσο ὑπο βροτοῖς επαθον βροτοι, τα
 Δεινα λεγουντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the Gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a
 Race yoked with Misery! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations
 of cheeks, nor with funereal ululation—but with circling dances, and
 the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwelleth with
 LIBERTY, stern GENIUS! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling
 of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of
 Fountains beneath Citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what
 horrors, being Men, they had endured from Men.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

“Scatter new Frenzies on the infected Throng,
“Thou Both inspiring and predooming Both,
“Fit INSTRUMENTS and best, of perfect End:
“Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!”

And first a Landscape rose,
More wild, and waste, and desolate, than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sundered cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- Page 26, erase the 4th stanza, *A gust of wind*. &c.
 28, last line but five: for *cloud* read *load*.
 38, l. 20: for *The* r. *Brown*.
 53, l. 21: r. (*They*) for (*and*).
 76, l. 1 and 4: r. *incautum* and *veniam*.
 80, l. 10: r. *good-natured*.
 82, l. 2-3: for *betrayed in* r. *betrayed by*.
 83, l. 7: for *four* r. *three*.
 89, last line: for *were* r. *was this intolerance in*.
 97, l. 3: for *Are all* r. *All are*.
 102, last line but seven: for *Slush* r. *Hush*.
 105, l. 28: for *stream* r. *brook*.
 107, l. 17: for *thy* r. *my*; and instead of lines 25, 26, and 27,
 read as follows:
 How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
 Each in the other lost and found: and, see!
 Placeless, as spirits, one soft Water-sun
 Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
 With its soft neighbourhood of filmy Clouds,
 The Stains and Shadings of forgotten Tears,
 Dimness o'erswum with lustrel—Such the hour
 Of deep enjoyment, following Love's brief feuds!
 But hark! &c.—and for *came* r. *come*.
 108, l. 3: for *Beneath* r. *At*.
 111, l. 13: r. *And to that covert by a silent stream*.
 — l. 14: for *o'er* r. *near*.
 127, l. 7: omit the full stop after *guest*.
 128, l. 13: for *fear* no sting r. *ask* no sting.
 137, l. 12: for *livery* r. *living*.
 — l. 18: for *once more* r. *thou too*.
 141: from the 26th line r. as follows:
 O! the one Life, within us and abroad,
 Which meets all Motion, and becomes its soul,
 A Light in Sound, a sound-like power in Light,
 Rhythm in all Thought, and Joyance every where—

- Page Methinks, it should have been impossible
 Not to love all things in a world so fill'd,
 Where the breeze warbles and the mute still Air
 Is Music slumbering on its instrument!
 And thus, my Love! &c.
- 144: for the last line but six substitute
Praise, praise it, O my soul! oft as thou scann'st.
- 150, l. 1: r. *Idolo.*
- 152, l. 3: substitute *Beauties and Feelings, such as would have been.*
- l. 6: substitute *Friends whom I never more may meet again.*
- 153, l. 21: for *wild* r. *wide*; and the two following lines thus:
 Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
 As veil the Almighty Spirit.
- 154, l. 17: omit *the* before *Light*.
- 156, l. 2: for *guard* r. *gauge*.
- 163, l. 6: punctuate thus, reading *Sound* for *sounds*;
 And one low piping *Sound* more sweet than all—
- 166, l. 3: for *fair day* r. *Fair-day*.
- l. 5: for *sweet* r. *wild*.
- l. 18: for *dead* r. *deep*.
- l. 19: for *Fill'd* r. *Fill*.
- l. 21: for *fills* r. *thrills*.
- 167, l. 7: for *traces* r. *Trances*.
- 171, l. 12: r. *psychological*.
- 189, l. 18: r. *Life, and Life's Effluence, Cloud at once and Shower.*
- 190: in the Note for *wind* r. *Storm-wind*.
- 202, l. 8: for *their* r. *thy*.
- l. 14: read *Ah! that once more I were a careless child!*
- 213, l. 26: r. a mark of interrogation after *self*.
218. The metre of this ode, especially in the fifth line of each stanza, is written with a foreknowledge of the *Tune*, and must therefore be read as it would be sung.
- 221, for last two lines, substitute:
 The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
 Whose Latence is the plenitude of All,
 Thou with retracted Beams, and Self-eclipse
 Veiling revealest thy eternal Sun.
- 222, l. last line but one: for *rebellions* r. *rebellious*.
- 225, l. 14: for *mortal ministers* r. *human ministers*.
- 232, l. 18: for *blended with the clouds* r. *looming on the mist*.
- for 28 and 29 substitute:
 The power of Justice, like a name all Light,
 Shone from thy brow;



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