

Which I have borne, and yet must bear
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea 35
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

P. B. SHELLEY.

228

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they, 5
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe, 10
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
 My place with them will be, 20
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity ;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY.

229

THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine 5
 Than mine host's Canary wine ?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison ? O generous food !
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood 10
 Would, with his Maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's signboard flew away
 Nobody knew whither, till 15
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story—
 Said he saw you in your glory
 Underneath a new-old Sign
 Sipping beverage divine, 20
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known—
 Happy field or mossy cavern— 25
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

J. KEATS.

230

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early ;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush
 Singing so rarely.

- ‘ Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? ’ 5
— ‘ When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’
- ‘ Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? ’ 10
— ‘ The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.
- ‘ The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing 15
Welcome, proud lady.’

SIR W. SCOTT.

231

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly, 5
Lift her with care ;
Fashion’d so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements, 10
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ; 15
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly. 20

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her 25
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily. 30

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ? 35

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one 40
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun ! 45
O ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly 50
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. 55

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement, 60
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.
 The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver ;
 But not the dark arch, 65
 Or the black flowing river :
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurl'd—
 Any where, any where 70
 Out of the world !
 In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,
 Over the brink of it,— 75
 Picture it, think of it,
 Dissolute Man !
 Lave in it, drink of it
 Then, if you can !
 Take her up tenderly, 80
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !
 Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly, 85
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them ;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly !
 Dreadfully staring 90
 Thro' muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fix'd on futurity

Perishing gloomily, 95
 Spurr'd by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.
 —Cross her hands humbly, 100
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
 And leaving, with meekness, 105
 Her sins to her Saviour !

T. HOOD.

232

ELEGY

O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom !
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom : 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ; 9
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain ?

Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou, who tell'st me to forget, 15
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

233

HESTER

When maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead, 5
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate 10
 Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flush'd her spirit :
 I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied 15
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool ;
 But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her. 20

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before 25
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore
 Some summer morning—
 When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day, 30
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet fore-warning ?

C. LAMB

234

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing 5
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary, 10
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing 15
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber ! 20
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

SIR W. SCOTT.

235

THE DEATH-BED

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

But when the morn came dim and sad
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

5

T. HOOD.

236

ROSABELLE

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

‘ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

5

‘ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

10

‘ Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ’

15

‘ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

20

‘ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide
 If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.’

—O’er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

25

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ; 30
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud, 35
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there
 With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR W. SCOTT.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
 A curious frame of Nature's work ;
 A flow'ret crushéd in the bud,
 A nameless piece of Babyhood,
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying ; 5
 Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
 For darker closets of the tomb !

She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut 10
For the long dark : ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below ? 15
Shall we say that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault ?
Could she flag, or could she tire, 20
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd ?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature ; 25
Woman's self in miniature !
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry 30
That babe or mother, one must die ;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch ; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again 35
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maim'd life ?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall 40
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day ; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
And crabbéd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years. 45
—Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss :
Rites, which custom does impose,

Silver bells, and baby clothes ;
 Coral redder than those lips 50
 Which pale death did late eclipse ;
 Music framed for infants' glee,
 Whistle never tuned for thee ;
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
 Loving hearts were they which gave them. 55
 Let not one be missing ; nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.
 Why should kings and nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave, 60
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
 A more harmless vanity ?

C. LAMB.

238

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 O find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same 5
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child ;
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed, 10
 And been for evermore beguiled,—
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth, 15
 An object beauteous to behold ;
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :

If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base ; 20
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares ! 25
He knows it not, he cannot guess :
Years to a mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long 29
From that ill thought ; and being blind
Said, ' Pride shall help me in my wrong :
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed : ' and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew. 35

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
O ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes ; 40
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
They mount—how short a voyage brings 45
The wanderers back to their delight !
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, 50
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep 55
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
 Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead ; 60
 For surely then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night
 With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
 I dread the rustling of the grass ; 65
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass :
 I question things, and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind ;
 And all the world appears unkind. 70

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief :
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send 75
 Some tidings, that my woes may end ;
 I have no other earthly friend.

W. WORDSWORTH.

239

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 On the mountain dawns the day ;
 All the jolly chase is here
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling, 5
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily merrily mingle they,
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 The mist has left the mountain grey, 10
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;

And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay, 15
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size ; 20
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
 You shall see him brought to bay ;
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Louder, louder chant the lay, 25
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ; 30
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SIR W. SCOTT.

240

TO THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted
 strain

('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond),

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain : 10
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ; 16
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

W. WORDSWORTH.

241

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest, 9
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run, 14
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight 19
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
 flow'd. 30

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see 34
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought 39
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour 44
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view : 50

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
 wingéd thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was 59
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine 64
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt— 69
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of
pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee : 79
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream, 84
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear, 94
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found, 99
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !
 Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow 104
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!
 P. B. SHELLEY.

242

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet 5
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.
 One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest : 10
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May, 15
 And this is thy dominion.
 While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment ; 20
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair,
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

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

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

W. WORDSWORTH.

243

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass 5
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listen'd to ; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

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

And I can listen to thee yet ; 25
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be 30
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

244

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth ; 18
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret 23
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ; 28
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night, 35
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways. 40
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows 44
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, 49
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 65
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. 70

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ? 80

J. KEATS.

245

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

SEPT. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep 9
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. WORDSWORTH.

246

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that
 fed ;

And on the pedestal these words appear :
 ' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings : 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! '

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare.
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY.

247

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE
PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY, 1803

Degenerate Douglas ! O the unworthy lord !
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde, 5
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggar'd and outraged !—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze 10
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to
heed :

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

W. WORDSWORTH.

248

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !

But covet not the abode ; forbear to sigh 5
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety :

Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof, 10
window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine :
 Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
 On which it should be touch'd, would melt away !

W. WORDSWORTH.

249

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF INVERSNEYDE

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head : 4
 And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
 Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay ; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode ; 10
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 But O fair Creature ! in the light 15
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart :
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ; 20
 And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away ;
 For never saw I mien or face
 In which more plainly I could trace 25
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered like a random seed,
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress, 30
 And maidenly shamefacedness :

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer :
A face with gladness overspread ;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ; 35
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach 40
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind 45
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ; 50
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave 55
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood,
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be, 60
Thy father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense. 65
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;

To give new pleasure like the past, 70
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold 75
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

W. WORDSWORTH.

250

THE REAPER

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

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

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

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listen'd, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH.

251

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
 appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
 three years :
 Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ; 6
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves. 12

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

W. WORDSWORTH.

252

TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR

Ariel to Miranda :—Take
 This slave of Music, for the sake
 Of him who is the slave of thee ;
 And teach it all the harmony
 In which thou canst, and only thou, 5
 Make the delighted spirit glow,
 Till joy denies itself again
 And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
 For by permission and command
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand, 10
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token
 Of more than ever can be spoken ;
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
 From life to life must still pursue
 Your happiness ; for thus alone 15
 Can Ariel ever find his own.
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples he
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea, 20
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor.
 When you die, the silent Moon
 In her interlunar swoon
 Is not sadder in her cell 25
 Than deserted Ariel.
 When you live again on earth,
 Like an unseen star of birth
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea
 Of life from your nativity. 30
 Many changes have been run
 Since Ferdinand and you begun
 Your course of love, and Ariel still
 Has tracked your steps and served your will.
 Now in humbler, happier lot, 35
 This is all remember'd not ;

And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave ;—
From you he only dares to crave, 40
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep 45
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast, 50
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain, 55
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully 60
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
—For it had learnt all harmonies 65
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicéd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills, 70
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound 75

Which, driven on its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way :
 —All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well 80
 The Spirit that inhabits it ;
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions ; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before
 By those who tempt it to betray 85
 These secrets of an elder day.
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest holiest tone
 For our beloved friend alone. 90

P. B. SHELLEY.

253

THE DAFFODILS

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

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

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 A Poet could not but be gay 15
 In such a jocund company !
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

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

W. WORDSWORTH.

254

TO THE DAISY

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

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

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

A little Cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, and behold !
 A silver shield with boss of gold 30
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold
 In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star,
 Not quite so fair as many are 35
 In heaven above thee !
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee ! 40

Sweet Flower ! for by that name at last
 When all my reveries are past
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature !
 That breath'st with me in sun and air, 45
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

W. WORDSWORTH.

255

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease ; 10
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ; 15
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined
 flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ; 20
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
 Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
 While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ; 30
 Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS.

256

ODE TO WINTER

Germany, December 1800

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
 His heavenly race began to run,
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew :—
 First, in green apparel dancing, 5
 The young Spring smiled with angel-grace ;
 Rosy Summer, next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles. 10

On Calpe's olive-shaded steep
Or India's citron-cover'd isles.
More remote, and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown, 15
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness at his side, 20
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale—
Save when adown the ravaged globe 25
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form ;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field, 30
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye 35
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ? 40
Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear :
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed 45
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
 The sailor on his airy shrouds, 50
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep
 And spectres walk along the deep.
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores,
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes, 55
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
 O winds of Winter ! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan ?
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
 Alas ! e'en your unhallow'd breath 61
 May spare the victim fallen low ;
 But man will ask no truce to death,
 No bounds to human woe.

T. CAMPBELL.

257

YARROW UNVISITED

1803

From Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravell'd,
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travell'd ;
 And when we came to Clovenford, 5
 Then said my ' winsome Marrow,'
 ' Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow.'
 ' Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town
 Who have been buying, selling, 10
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
 Each maiden to her dwelling !
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
 But we will downward with the Tweed, 15
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

‘ There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus ; 20
There’s pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?

‘ What’s Yarrow but a river bare 25
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.’
—Strange words they seem’d of slight and scorn ;
My True-love sigh’d for sorrow, 30
And look’d me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

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

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

‘ Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it : 50
We have a vision of our own,
Ah ! why should we undo it ?

The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair. 55
 'Twill be another Yarrow !

' If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ; 60
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow !'

W. WORDSWORTH.

258

YARROW VISITED

September 1814

And is this—Yarrow ?—*This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherish'd
 So faithfully, a waking dream,
 An image that hath perish'd ?
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near 5
 To utter notes of gladness
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontroll'd meanderings ; 10
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted ;
 For not a feature of those hills 15
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender hazy brightness ; 20

Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower 25
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding :
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning, 30
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

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

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

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature, 50
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers, 55
Renown'd in Border story.

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

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

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

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought ! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go, 85
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

W. WORDSWORTH.

259

THE INVITATION

Best and brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake 5
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born ; 10
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains, 15
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear. 20

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find 25
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake ! arise ! and come away ! 30
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves

Of sapless green and ivy dun 35
 Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
 Where the lawns and pastures be
 And the sandhills of the sea ;
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets
 The daisy-star that never sets, 40
 And wind-flowers and violets,
 Which yet join not scent to hue,
 Crown the pale year weak and new ;
 When the night is left behind
 In the deep east, dun and blind, 45
 And the blue noon is over us,
 And the multitudinous
 Billows murmur at our feet,
 Where the earth and ocean meet,
 And all things seem only one 50
 In the universal sun.

P. B. SHELLEY.

260

THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days,
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
 Up.—to thy wonted work ! come, trace 5
 The epitaph of glory fled,
 For now the Earth has changed its face,
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
 That skirts the Ocean's foam ; 10
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep,
 The clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep 15
 The smile of Heaven lay ;

It seem'd as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise. 20

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath 25
That under Heaven is blown
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own :
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea, 30
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was !—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker 35
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew. 40
There seem'd from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around, 45
A thrilling silent life ;
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife ;—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there 50
Was one fair form that fill'd with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough ;

Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky 55
Gulf'd in a world below ;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day— 60
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, 65
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen 70
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green :
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath, 75
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest ; 80
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind, 85
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
Than calm in waters seen.

P. B. SHELLEY,

261

BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea : 5
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine : 11

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

W. WORDSWORTH.

262

TO THE EVENING STAR

Star that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free !
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above, 4
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs when toil is done, 10
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse ;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven 15
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

T. CAMPBELL.

263

DATUR HORA QUIETI

The sun upon the lake is low,
 The wild birds hush their song,
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,
 Yet Leonard tarries long.
 Now all whom varied toil and care 5
 From home and love divide,
 In the calm sunset may repair
 Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,
 Who waits her gallant knight, 10
 Looks to the western beam to spy
 The flash of armour bright.
 The village maid, with hand on brow
 The level ray to shade,
 Upon the footpath watches now 15
 For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
 By day they swam apart,
 And to the thicket wanders slow
 The hind beside the hart. 20
 The woodlark at his partner's side
 Twitters his closing song—
 All meet whom day and care divide,
 But Leonard tarries long !

SIR W. SCOTT.

264

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye 5
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

265

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare, 5
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

P. B. SHELLEY.

266

TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky :

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
 So do not let me wear to-night away: 11

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!
 W. WORDSWORTH.

267

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugless angtruce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die. 4

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Me thought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft 13
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, 15
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part; 18

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and
 worn!'—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

268

A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay 5
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth, 10
The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxlips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that
wets—

Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears, 15
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine 21

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge 25
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank
with white,

And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green 31
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array 36
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it—O ! to Whom ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

269

THE INNER VISION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene, 5
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
 With Thought and Love companions of our way—
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,— 12
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

W. WORDSWORTH

270

THE REALM OF FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam !
 Pleasure never is at home :
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;

Then let wingéd Fancy wander 5
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use, 10
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting : What do then ? 15
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled 20
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
—Sit thee there, and send abroad, 25
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ; 30
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heapéd Autumn's wealth, 35
With a still, mysterious stealth ;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it ;—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ; 40
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,

Or the rooks, with busy caw, 45
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold ;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ; 50
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearléd with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep 55
 Meagre from its celled sleep ;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, 60
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering 65
 While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
 Everything is spoilt by use :
 Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at ? Where 's the maid 70
 Whose lip mature is ever new ?
 Where 's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary ? Where 's the face
 One would meet in every place ?
 Where 's the voice, however soft, 75
 One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let then wingéd Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind : 80
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;

With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone 85
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ; 90
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.
 —Let the wingéd Fancy roam !
 Pleasure never is at home.

J. KEATS.

271

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them ;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes 5
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them,
 As the radiant lines of morning 9
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them ;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others : none beholds thee ,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee 15
 From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
 And all feel, yet see thee never,—
 As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness, 20

And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

P. B. SHELLEY.

272

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

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

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

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

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure—
 But the least motion which they made 15
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air;
 And I must think, do all I can, 20
 That there was pleasure there.

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

W. WORDSWORTH.

273

RUTH : OR THE INFLUENCES OF NATURE

When Ruth was left half desolate
Her father took another mate ;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill, 5
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods ;
Had built a bower upon the green, 10
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seem'd to live ; her thoughts her own ;
Herself her own delight : 15
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay.
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore 20
With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
But no ! he spake the English tongue 26
And bore a soldier's name ;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came. 30

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak :

—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run, 35
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ;
And when he chose to sport and play, 40
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought ;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear ; 45
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout !
Who quit their fold with dance and shout, 51
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change 55
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues ;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers 60
From morn to evening dew.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head !
The cypress and her spire ;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam 65
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake

With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie 70
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

‘How pleasant,’ then he said, ‘it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade 75
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade !

‘What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
Our life were life indeed, with thee 80
So pass’d in quiet bliss ;
And all the while,’ said he, ‘to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this !’

And then he sometimes interwove 85
Fond thoughts about a father’s love,
‘For there,’ said he, ‘are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun. 90

‘Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear ;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side, 95
And drive the flying deer !

‘Beloved Ruth !’—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear :
She thought again—and did agree 100
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

‘And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,

- A husband and a wife.' 105
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.
- Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think 110
That, on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.
- But, as you have before been told, 115
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West. 120
- The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven, 125
And such impetuous blood.
- Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied 130
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.
- Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,—
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ; 135
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favour'd bowers.
- Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene 140

Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions, link'd to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw, 145
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own. 150

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impair'd, and he became
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul 155
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight
Had woo'd the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a maid 160
Whose heart with so much nature play'd—
So kind and so forlorn ?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
' O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain 165
Encompass'd me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had cross'd the Atlantic main.

' Before me shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurl'd 170
To music suddenly :
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seem'd as if let loose from chains
To live at liberty.

' No more of this—for now, by thee, 175
Dear Ruth ? more happily set free,

With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.' 180

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—
They stirr'd him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wish'd to live 185
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore :
But, when they thither came, the youth 190
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed ; 195
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew, 200
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain, 205
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread. 210

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain

Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone 215
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still, 220
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies ;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone, 225
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day, 230
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food 235
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side ;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride. 240

That oaten pipe of hers is mute
Or thrown away : but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers ;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk 245
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills

By spouts and fountains wild—
 Such small machinery as she turn'd 250
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd
 A young and happy child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallow'd mould
 Thy corpse shall buried be ; 255
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee.

W. WORDSWORTH.

274

WRITTEN IN THE EUGANEAN HILLS,
 NORTH ITALY

Many a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day, 5
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track ;
 Whilst above, the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily, 10
 And behind, the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ; 15
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore 20
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,

But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unrepousing wave, 25
To the haven of the grave.

Aye, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony :
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted. 30
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the paeon
With which the legion'd rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestic :
Gathering round with wings all hoar, 35
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then,—as clouds of even,
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,— 40
So their plumes of purple grain
Starr'd with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale 45
Through the broken mist they sail ;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill. 50

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath Day's azure eyes, 55
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves. 60

Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light, 65
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean 70
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old. 75

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here 80
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves 85
Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate, 90
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way 95
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep, 100

Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist 105
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound, 110
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingéd feet 115
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less, 120
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ; 125
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song,— 130
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky ;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall, 135
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon.

Leading the infantine moon 140
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn 145
(Which like wingéd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing, 150
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony :
Other spirits float and flee 155
O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folding wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove, 160
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills, 165
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine,
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
—We may live so happy there, 170
That the Spirits of the Air
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing Paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued 175
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves

Under which the bright sea heaves ;
 While each breathless interval 180
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies ;
 And the love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life, 185
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood.
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain, 190
 And the earth grow young again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

275

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

(1)

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou 5
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
 Destroyer and Preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

(2)

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's com-
motion, 15

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and
Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : oh, hear !

(3)

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers 35
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

(4)

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed 50
 Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed ! 54

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

(5)

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, 60
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
 And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ? 70

P. B. SHELLEY.

NATURE AND THE POET

*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm,
painted by Sir George Beaumont*

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

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air ! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day !
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there ;
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep 11
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then if mine had been the Painter's hand
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land, 15
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

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

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, 25
Such picture would I at that time have made ;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control : 30
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ; 35
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been
the Friend
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore. 40

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

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime, 45
I love to see the look with which it braves,
—Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling
waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known, 51
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 56

W. WORDSWORTH.

has in my offer a living

277

THE POET'S DREAM

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the aerial kisses 5
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be ;
 But from these create he can 11
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality !

P. B. SHELLEY.

278

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be 10
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

W. WORDSWORTH.

279

WITHIN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence ! 5

Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the
lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more :
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof 9
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

W. WORDSWORTH.

280

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young ! 5

When I was young ?—Ah, woeful When !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands 10
How lightly then it flash'd along :
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide ! 15
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ; 19
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here :
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet 25
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—

It cannot be that thou art gone !
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd :—
And thou wert ay a masker bold ! 30
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,

This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips, 35
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve ! 40
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old :

—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave, 45
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

281

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walk'd along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun ;
And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said,
' The will of God be done ! '

A village schoolmaster was he, 5
With hair of glittering grey ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
And by the steaming rills 10
We travell'd merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

' Our work,' said I, ' was well begun ;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun, 15
So sad a sigh has brought ? '

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply : 20

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

' And just above yon slope of corn 25
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

' With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave, 30
And, to the churchyard come, stopp'd short
Beside my daughter's grave.