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*S. T. Coleridge  
Mr Coleridge sat to me for this sketch about 1824*

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
from a drawing by G. R. Leslie R. A.*

**THE  
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE**

**INCLUDING  
POEMS AND VERSIONS OF POEMS NOW  
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME**

**EDITED  
WITH TEXTUAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES**

BY  
**ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE**

M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I: POEMS



OXFORD  
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**PREFACE**

The aim and purport of this edition of the *Poetical Works* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is to provide the general reader with an authoritative list of the poems and dramas hitherto published, and at the same time to furnish the student with an exhaustive summary of various readings derived from published and unpublished sources, viz. (1) the successive editions issued by the author, (2) holograph MSS., or (3) contemporary transcriptions. Occasion has been taken to include in the Text and Appendices a considerable number of poems, fragments, metrical experiments and first drafts of poems now published for the first time from MSS. in the British Museum, from Coleridge's Notebooks, and from MSS. in the possession of private collectors.

The text of the poems and dramas follows that of the last edition of the *Poetical Works* published in the author's lifetime—the three-volume edition issued by Pickering in the spring and summer of 1834.

I have adopted the text of 1834 in preference to that of 1829, which was selected by James Dykes Campbell for his monumental edition of 1893. I should have deferred to his authority but for the existence of conclusive proof that, here and there, Coleridge altered and emended the text of 1829, with a view to the forthcoming edition of 1834. In the Preface to the 'new edition' of 1852, the editors maintain that the three-volume edition of 1828 (a mistake for 1829) was the last upon which Coleridge was 'able to bestow personal care and attention', while that of 1834 was 'arranged mainly if not entirely at the discretion of his latest editor, H. N. Coleridge'. This, no doubt, was perfectly true with regard to the choice and arrangement of the poems, and the labour of seeing the three volumes through the press; but the fact remains that the text of 1829 differs from that of 1834, and that Coleridge himself, and not his 'latest editor', was responsible for that difference.

I have in my possession the proof of the first page of the 'Destiny of Nations' as it appeared in 1828 and 1829. Line 5 ran thus: 'The Will, the Word, the Breath, the Living God.' This line is erased and line 5 of 1834 substituted: 'To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good' and line 6, 'The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God,' is added, and, in 1834, appeared for the first time. Moreover, in the 'Songs of the Pixies', lines 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, as printed in 1834, differ from the readings of 1829 and all previous editions. Again, in 'Christabel' lines 6, 7 as printed in 1834 differ from the versions of 1828, 1829, and revert to the original reading of the MSS. and the First Edition. It is inconceivable that in Coleridge's lifetime and while his pen was still busy, his nephew should have meddled with, or remodelled, the master's handiwork.

The poems have been printed, as far as possible, in chronological order, but when no MS. is extant, or when the MS. authority is a first draft embodied in a notebook, the exact date can only be arrived at by a balance of probabilities. The present edition includes all poems and fragments published for the first time in 1893. Many of these were excerpts from the Notebooks, collected, transcribed, and dated by myself. Some of the fragments (*vide post*, p. 996, [n. 1](#)) I have since discovered are not original compositions, but were selected passages from elder poets—amongst them Cartwright's

lines, entitled 'The Second Birth', which are printed on p. 362 of the text; but for their insertion in the edition of 1893, for a few misreadings of the MSS., and for their approximate date, I was mainly responsible.

In preparing the textual and bibliographical notes which are now printed as footnotes to the poems I was constantly indebted for information and suggestions to the Notes to the Poems (pp. 561-654) in the edition of 1893. I have taken nothing for granted, but I have followed, for the most part, where Dykes Campbell led, and if I differ from his conclusions or have been able to supply fresh information, it is because fresh information based on fresh material was at my disposal.

No apology is needed for publishing a collation of the text of Coleridge's Poems with that of earlier editions or with the MSS. of first drafts and alternative versions. The first to attempt anything of the kind was Richard Herne Shepherd, the learned and accurate editor of the *Poetical Works* in four volumes, issued by Basil Montagu Pickering in 1877. Important variants are recorded by Mr. Campbell in his Notes to the edition of 1893; and in a posthumous volume, edited by Mr. Hale White in 1899 (*Coleridge's Poems, &c.*), the corrected parts of 'Religious Musings', the MSS. of 'Lewti', the 'Introduction to the Dark Ladié', and other poems are reproduced in facsimile. Few poets have altered the text of their poems so often, and so often for the better, as Coleridge. He has been blamed for 'writing so little', for deserting poetry for metaphysics and theology; he has been upbraided for winning only to lose the 'prize of his high calling'. Sir Walter Scott, one of his kindlier censors, rebukes him for 'the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which like the Torso of antiquity defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them'. But whatever may be said for or against Coleridge as an 'inventor of harmonies', neither the fineness of his self-criticism nor the laborious diligence which he expended on perfecting his inventions can be gainsaid. His erasures and emendations are not only a lesson in the art of poetry, not only a record of poetical growth and development, but they discover and reveal the hidden springs, the thoughts and passions of the artificer.

But if this be true of a stanza, a line, a word here or there, inserted as an afterthought, is there use or sense in printing a number of trifling or, apparently, accidental variants? Might not a choice have been made, and the jots and tittles ignored or suppressed?

My plea is that it is difficult if not impossible to draw a line above which a variant is important and below which it is negligible; that, to use a word of the poet's own coining, his emendations are rarely if ever 'lightheartednesses'; and that if a collation of the printed text with MSS. is worth studying at all the one must be as decipherable as the other. Facsimiles are rare and costly productions, and an exhaustive table of variants is the nearest approach to a substitute. Many, I know, are the shortcomings, too many, I fear, are the errors in the footnotes to this volume, but now, for the first time, the MSS. of Coleridge's poems which are known to be extant are in a manner reproduced and made available for study and research.

Six poems of some length are now printed and included in the text of the poems for the first time.

The first, 'Easter Holidays' (p. 1), is unquestionably a 'School-boy Poem', and was written some months before the author had completed his fifteenth year. It tends to throw doubt on the alleged date of 'Time, Real and Imaginary'.

The second, 'An Inscription for a Seat,' &c. (p. 349), was first published in the *Morning Post*, on October 21, 1800, Coleridge's twenty-eighth birthday. It remains an open question whether it was written by Coleridge or by Wordsworth. Both were contributors to the *Morning Post*. Both wrote 'Inscriptions'. Both had a hand in making the 'seat'. Neither claimed or republished the poem. It favours or, rather, parodies the style and sentiments now of one and now of the other.

The third, 'The Rash Conjuror' (p. 399), must have been read by H. N. Coleridge, who included the last seven lines, the 'Epilogue', in the first volume of *Literary Remains*, published in 1836. I presume that, even as a fantasia, the subject was regarded as too extravagant, and, it may be, too coarsely worded for publication. It was no doubt in the first instance a 'metrical experiment', but it is to be interpreted allegorically. The 'Rash Conjuror', the *âme damnée*, is the adept in the black magic of metaphysics. But for that he might have been like his brothers, a 'Devonshire Christian'.

The fourth, 'The Madman and the Lethargist' (p. 414), is an expansion of an epigram in the Greek Anthology. It is possible that it was written in Germany in 1799, and is contemporary with the epigrams published in the *Morning Post* in 1802, for the Greek original is quoted by Lessing in a critical excursus on the nature of an epigram.

The fifth, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity' (p. 427), was translated from the Italian of Guarini at Calne, in 1815.

Of the sixth, 'The Delinquent Travellers' (p. 443), I know nothing save that the MS., a first copy, is in Coleridge's handwriting. It was probably written for and may have been published in a newspaper or periodical. It was certainly written at Highgate.

Of the epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* eight are now published for the first time, and of the fragments from various sources twenty-seven have been added to those published in 1893.

Of the first drafts and alternative versions of well-known poems thirteen are now printed for the first time. Two versions of 'The Eolian Harp', preserved in the Library of Rugby School, and the dramatic fragment entitled 'The Triumph of Loyalty', are of especial interest and importance.

An exact reproduction of the text of the 'Ancient Marinere' as printed in an early copy of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 which belonged to S. T. Coleridge, and a collation of the text of the 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié', as published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799, with two MSS.

preserved in the British Museum, are included in Appendix No. I.

The text of the 'Allegoric Vision' has been collated with the original MS. and with the texts of 1817 and 1829.

A section has been devoted to 'Metrical Experiments'; eleven out of thirteen are now published for the first time. A few critical notes by Professor Saintsbury are, with his kind permission, appended to the text.

Numerous poems and fragments of poems first saw the light in 1893; and now again, in 1912, a second batch of newly-discovered, forgotten, or purposely omitted MSS. has been collected for publication. It may reasonably be asked if the tale is told, or if any MSS. have been retained for publication at a future date. I cannot answer for fresh discoveries of poems already published in newspapers and periodicals, or of MSS. in private collections, but I can vouch for a final issue of all poems and fragments of poems included in the collection of Notebooks and unassorted MSS. which belonged to Coleridge at his death and were bequeathed by him to his literary executor, Joseph Henry Green. Nothing remains which if published in days to come could leave the present issue incomplete.

A bibliography of the successive editions of poems and dramas published by Coleridge himself and of the principal collected and selected editions which have been published since 1834 follows the Appendices to this volume. The actual record is long and intricate, but the history of the gradual accretions may be summed up in a few sentences. 'The Fall of Robespierre' was published in 1795. A first edition, entitled 'Poems on Various Subjects', was published in 1796. Second and third editions, with additions and subtractions, followed in 1797 and 1803. Two poems, 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' and 'The Nightingale, a Conversation Poem', and two extracts from an unpublished drama ('Osorio') were included in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. A quarto pamphlet containing three poems, 'Fears in Solitude,' 'France: An Ode,' 'Frost at Midnight,' was issued in the same year. 'Love' was first published in the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800. 'The Three Graves,' 'A Hymn before Sunrise, &c.,' and 'Idoloclastes Satyrane', were included in the *Friend* (Sept.-Nov., 1809). 'Christabel,' 'Kubla Khan,' and 'The Pains of Sleep' were published by themselves in 1816. *Sibylline Leaves*, which appeared in 1817 and was described as 'A Collection of Poems', included the contents of the editions of 1797 and 1803, the poems published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, 1800, and the quarto pamphlet of 1798, but excluded the contents of the first edition (except the 'Eolian Harp'), 'Christabel', 'Kubla Khan', and 'The Pains of Sleep'. The first collected edition of the *Poetical Works* (which included a selection of the poems published in the three first editions, a reissue of *Sibylline Leaves*, the 'Wanderings of Cain', a few poems recently contributed to periodicals, and the following dramas—the translation of Schiller's 'Piccolomini', published in 1800, 'Remorse'—a revised version of 'Osorio'—published in 1813, and 'Zapolya', published in 1817) was issued in three volumes in 1828. A second collected edition in three volumes, a reissue of 1828, with an amended text and the addition of 'The Improvisatore' and 'The Garden of Boccaccio', followed in 1829.

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Finally, in 1834, there was a reissue in three volumes of the contents of 1829 with numerous additional poems then published or collected for the first time. The first volume contained twenty-six juvenilia printed from letters and MS. copybooks which had been preserved by the poet's family, and the second volume some forty 'Miscellaneous Poems', extracted from the Notebooks or reprinted from newspapers. The most important additions were 'Alice du Clos', then first published from MS., 'The Knight's Tomb' and the 'Epitaph'. 'Love, Hope, and Patience in Education', which had appeared in the *Keepsake* of 1830, was printed on the last page of the third volume.

After Coleridge's death the first attempt to gather up the fragments of his poetry was made by his 'latest editor' H. N. Coleridge in 1836. The first volume of *Literary Remains* contains the first reprint of 'The Fall of Robespierre', some thirty-six poems collected from the *Watchman*, the *Morning Post*, &c., and a selection of fragments then first printed from a MS. Notebook, now known as 'the Gutch Memorandum Book'.

H. N. Coleridge died in 1843, and in 1844 his widow prepared a one-volume edition of the Poems, which was published by Pickering. Eleven juvenilia which had first appeared in 1834 were omitted and the poems first collected in *Literary Remains* were for the first time included in the text. In 1850 Mrs. H. N. Coleridge included in the third volume of the *Essays on His Own Times* six poems and numerous epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* which had appeared in the *Morning Post* and *Courier*. This was the first reprint of the Epigrams as a whole. A 'new edition' of the Poems which she had prepared in the last year of her life was published immediately after her death (May, 1852) by Edward Moxon. It was based on the one-volume edition of 1844, with unimportant omissions and additions; only one poem, 'The Hymn', was published for the first time from MS.

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In the same year (1852) the Dramatic Works (not including 'The Fall of Robespierre'), edited by Derwent Coleridge, were published in a separate volume.

In 1863 and 1870 the 'new edition' of 1852 was reissued by Derwent Coleridge with an appendix containing thirteen poems collected for the first time in 1863. The reissue of 1870 contained a reprint of the first edition of the 'Ancient Mariner'.

The first edition of the *Poetical Works*, based on all previous editions, and including the contents of *Literary Remains* (vol. i) and of *Essays on His Own Times* (vol. iii), was issued by Basil Montagu Pickering in four volumes in 1877. Many poems (including 'Remorse') were collated for the first time with the text of previous editions and newspaper versions by the editor, Richard Herne Shepherd. The four volumes (with a Supplement to vol. ii) were reissued by Messrs. Macmillan in 1880.

Finally, in the one-volume edition of the *Poetical Works* issued by Messrs. Macmillan in 1893, J. D. Campbell included in the text some twenty poems and in the Appendix a large number of poetical

fragments and first drafts then printed for the first time from MS.

The frontispiece of this edition is a photogravure by Mr. Emery Walker, from a pencil sketch (*circ.* 1818) by C. R. Leslie, R.A., in the possession of the Editor. An engraving of the sketch, by Henry Meyer, is dated April, 1819.

The vignette on the title-page is taken from the impression of a seal, stamped on the fly-leaf of one of Coleridge's Notebooks.

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I desire to express my thanks to my kinsman Lord Coleridge for opportunity kindly afforded me of collating the text of the fragments first published in 1893 with the original MSS. in his possession, and of making further extracts; to Mr. Gordon Wordsworth for permitting me to print a first draft of the poem addressed to his ancestor on the 'Growth of an Individual Mind'; and to Miss Arnold of Fox How for a copy of the first draft of the lines 'On Revisiting the Sea-shore'.

I have also to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of the Authorities of Rugby School, who permitted me to inspect and to make use of an annotated copy of Coleridge's translation of Schiller's 'Piccolomini', and to publish first drafts of 'The Eolian Harp' and other poems which had formerly belonged to Joseph Cottle and were presented by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson to the School Library.

I am indebted to my friend Mr. Thomas Hutchinson for valuable information with regard to the authorship of some of the fragments, and for advice and assistance in settling the text of the 'Metrical Experiments' and other points of difficulty.

I have acknowledged in a prefatory note to the epigrams my obligation to Dr. Hermann Georg Fiedler, Taylorian Professor of the German Language and Literature at Oxford, in respect of his verifications of the German originals of many of the epigrams published by Coleridge in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere.

Lastly, I wish to thank Mr. H. S. Milford for the invaluable assistance which he afforded me in revising my collation of the 'Songs of the Pixies' and the 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié', and some of the earlier poems, and the Reader of the Oxford University Press for numerous hints and suggestions, and for the infinite care which he has bestowed on the correction of slips of my own or errors of the press.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

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H. Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie. [ <i>M. P.</i> Dec. 21, 1799.]	1052
I. The Triumph of Loyalty. An Historic Drama. [Add. MSS. 34,225.]	1060
J. Chamouny; The Hour before Sunrise. A Hymn. [ <i>M. P.</i> Sept. 11, 1802.]	1074
K. Dejection: An Ode. [ <i>M. P.</i> Oct. 4, 1802.]	1076
L. To W. Wordsworth. January 1807	1081
M. Youth and Age. (MS. I, Sept. 10, 1823.)	1084
Youth and Age. (MS. II. 1.)	1085
Youth and Age. (MS. II. 2.)	1086
[xxiii] N. Love's Apparition and Evanishment. (First Draft.)	1087
O. Two Versions of the Epitaph. ('Stop, Christian,' &c.)	1088
P. [Habent sua Fata—Poetae.] ('The Fox, and Statesman,' &c.)	1089

Q. To John Thelwall [1090](#)  
R. [Lines to T. Poole.] [1807.] [1090](#)

## APPENDIX II

ALLEGORIC VISION [1091](#)

## APPENDIX III

APOLOGETIC PREFACE TO 'FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER' [1097](#)

## APPENDIX IV

### PROSE VERSIONS OF POEMS, ETC.

A. Questions and Answers in the Court of Love [1109](#)  
B. Prose Version of Glycine's Song in *Zapolya* [1109](#)  
C. Work without Hope. (First Draft.) [1110](#)  
D. Note to Line 34 of the *Joan of Arc* Book II. [4<sup>o</sup> 1796.] [1112](#)  
E. Dedication. Ode on the Departing Year. [4<sup>o</sup> 1796.] [1113](#)  
F. Preface to the MS. of *Osorio* [1114](#)

## APPENDIX V

### ADAPTATIONS

From Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke:  
God and the World *we* worship still together [1115](#)  
The *Augurs* we of all the world admir'd [1116](#)  
Of Humane Learning [1116](#)  
From Sir John Davies: On the Immortality of the Soul [1116](#)  
From Donne: Eclogue. 'On Unworthy Wisdom' [1117](#)  
Letter to Sir Henry Goodyere. [1117](#)  
From Ben Jonson: A Nymph's Passion (Mutual Passion) [1118](#)  
Underwoods, No. VI. The Hour-glass [1119](#)  
The Poetaster, Act I, Scene i. [1120](#)  
From Samuel Daniel: Epistle to Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight [1120](#)  
Musophilus, Stanza CXLVII [1121](#)  
Musophilus, Stanzas XXVII, XXIX, XXX [1122](#)  
From Christopher Harvey: The Synagogue (The Nativity, or Christmas Day.) [1122](#)  
From Mark Akenside: Blank Verse Inscriptions [1123](#)  
From W. L. Bowles:—'I yet remain' [1124](#)  
From an old Play: Napoleon [1124](#)

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## APPENDIX VI

### ORIGINALS OF TRANSLATIONS

F. von Matthison: Ein milesisches Märchen, Adonide [1125](#)  
Schiller: Schwindelnd trägt er dich fort auf rastlos strömenden Wogen [1125](#)  
Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule [1125](#)  
Stolberg: Unsterblicher Jüngling! [1126](#)  
Seht diese heilige Kapell! [1126](#)  
Schiller: Nimmer, das glaubt mir [1127](#)  
Goethe: Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn [1128](#)  
François-Antoine-Eugène de Planard: 'Batelier, dit Lisette' [1128](#)  
German Folk Song: Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär [1129](#)  
Stolberg: Mein Arm wird stark und gross mein Muth [1129](#)  
Lessing: Ich fragte meine Schöne [1130](#)  
Stolberg: Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme! [1130](#)  
Friederike Brun: Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains [1131](#)  
Giambattista Marino: Donna, siam rei di morte. Errasti, errai [1131](#)  
MS. Notebook: In diesem Wald, in diesen Gründen [1132](#)  
Anthologia Graeca: Κοινή πᾶρ κλισίη ληθαργικὸς ἦδὲ φρενοπλήξ [1132](#)  
Battista Guarini: Canti terreni amorì [1132](#)  
Stolberg: Der blinde Sänger stand am Meer [1134](#)

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE [1135](#)

### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

No. I. Poems first published in Newspapers or Periodicals [1178](#)  
No. II. Epigrams and Jeux d'Esprit first published in Newspapers and Periodicals [1182](#)  
No. III. Poems included in Anthologies and other Works [1183](#)  
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## ABBREVIATIONS

- MS. B. = MS. preserved in the British Museum.  
 M.
- MS. O. = MS. Ottery: i. e. a collection of juvenile poems in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge (*circ.* 1793).
- MS. O. = MS. Ottery, No. 3: a transcript (*circ.* 1823) of a collection of juvenile poems by S. T. Coleridge.  
 (c.)
- MS. S. T. = A single MS. poem in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge.  
 C.
- MS. E. = MS. Estlin: i. e. a collection of juvenile poems in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge presented to Mrs. Estlin of Bristol *circ.* 1795.
- MS. 4<sup>o</sup> = A collection of early poems in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge (*circ.* 1796).
- MS. W. = An MS. in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge, now in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth.
- MS. R. = MS. Rugby: i. e. in the possession of the Governors of Rugby School.
- An. Anth.* = *Annual Anthology* of 1800.  
*B. L.* = *Biographia Literaria*.  
*C. I.* = *Cambridge Intelligencer*.  
*E. M.* = *English Minstrelsy*.  
*F. F.* = *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, 1818.  
*F. O.* = *Friendship's Offering*, 1834.  
*L. A.* = *Liber Aureus*.  
*L. B.* = *Lyrical Ballads*.  
*L. R.* = *Literary Remains*.  
*M. C.* = *Morning Chronicle*.  
*M. M.* = *Monthly Magazine*.  
*M. P.* = *Morning Post*.  
*P. R.* = *Poetical Register*, 1802.
- P. & D.* = *Poetical and Dramatic Works*.  
 W.
- P. W.* = *Poetical Works*.  
*S. L.* = *Sibylline Leaves* (1817).  
*S. S.* = *Selection of Sonnets*.
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## ERRATA

- On p. 16, *n.* 2, line 1, *for* Oct. 15, *read* Oct. 25.
- On p. 68, line 6, *for* 1795 *read* 1794, and *n.* 1, line 1, *for* September 24, *read* September 23.
- On p. 69, lines 11 and 28, *for* 1795 *read* 1794.
- On p. 96, *n.* 1, line 1, *for* March 9, *read* March 17.
- On p. 148, *n.* 1, line 2, *for* March 28, *read* March 25.
- On p. 314, line 17, *for* May 26 *read* May 6.
- On p. 1179, line 7, *for* Sept. 27, *read* Sept. 23.
- On p. 1181, line 33, *for* Oct. 9 *read* Oct. 29.
- 

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## POETICAL WORKS

[\[xxviii\]](#)[\[1\]](#)


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## POEMS

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VERSE 1ST

Hail! festal Easter that dost bring  
Approach of sweetly-smiling spring,  
When Nature's clad in green:  
When feather'd songsters through the grove  
With beasts confess the power of love  
And brighten all the scene. 5

VERSE 2ND

Now youths the breaking stages load  
That swiftly rattling o'er the road  
To Greenwich haste away:  
While some with sounding oars divide  
Of smoothly-flowing Thames the tide  
All sing the festive lay. 10

VERSE 3RD

With mirthful dance they beat the ground,  
Their shouts of joy the hills resound  
And catch the jocund noise:  
Without a tear, without a sigh  
Their moments all in transports fly  
Till evening ends their joys. 15

VERSE 4TH

But little think their joyous hearts  
Of dire Misfortune's varied smarts  
Which youthful years conceal:  
Thoughtless of bitter-smiling Woe  
Which all mankind are born to know  
And they themselves must feel. 20

[2]

VERSE 5TH

Yet he who Wisdom's paths shall keep  
And Virtue firm that scorns to weep  
At ills in Fortune's power,  
Through this life's variegated scene  
In raging storms or calm serene  
Shall cheerful spend the hour. 30

VERSE 6TH

While steady Virtue guides his mind  
Heav'n-born Content he still shall find  
That never sheds a tear:  
Without respect to any tide  
His hours away in bliss shall glide  
Like Easter all the year. 35

1787.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[1:1] From a hitherto unpublished MS. The lines were sent in a letter to Luke Coleridge, dated May 12, 1787.

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**DURA NAVIS**<sup>[2:1]</sup>

To tempt the dangerous deep, too venturous youth,  
Why does thy breast with fondest wishes glow?  
No tender parent there thy cares shall sooth,  
No much-lov'd Friend shall share thy every woe.  
Why does thy mind with hopes delusive burn?  
Vain are thy Schemes by heated Fancy plann'd:  
Thy promis'd joy thou'lt see to Sorrow turn  
Exil'd from Bliss, and from thy native land. 5

Hast thou foreseen the Storm's impending rage,

	When to the Clouds the Waves ambitious rise, And seem with Heaven a doubtful war to wage, Whilst total darkness overspreads the skies; Save when the lightnings darting wingéd Fate Quick bursting from the pitchy clouds between In forkéd Terror, and destructive state <sup>[2:2]</sup> Shall shew with double gloom the horrid scene?	10      15
[3]	Shalt thou be at this hour from danger free? Perhaps with fearful force some falling Wave Shall wash thee in the wild tempestuous Sea, And in some monster's belly fix thy grave; Or (woful hap!) against some wave-worn rock Which long a Terror to each Bark had stood Shall dash thy mangled limbs with furious shock And stain its craggy sides with human blood.	20
	Yet not the Tempest, or the Whirlwind's roar Equal the horrors of a Naval Fight, When thundering Cannons spread a sea of Gore And varied deaths now fire and now affright: The impatient shout, that longs for closer war, Reaches from either side the distant shores; Whilst frighten'd at His streams ensanguin'd far Loud on his troubled bed huge Ocean roars. <sup>[3:1]</sup>	25      30
	What dreadful scenes appear before my eyes! Ah! see how each with frequent slaughter red, Regardless of his dying fellows' cries O'er their fresh wounds with impious order tread! From the dread place does soft Compassion fly! The Furies fell each alter'd breast command; Whilst Vengeance drunk with human blood stands by And smiling fires each heart and arms each hand.	35      40
	Should'st thou escape the fury of that day A fate more cruel still, unhappy, view. Opposing winds may stop thy luckless way, And spread fell famine through the suffering crew, Canst thou endure th' extreme of raging Thirst Which soon may scorch thy throat, ah! thoughtless Youth! Or ravening hunger canst thou bear which erst On its own flesh hath fix'd the deadly tooth?	45
[4]	Dubious and fluttering 'twixt hope and fear With trembling hands the lot I see thee draw, Which shall, or sentence thee a victim drear, To that ghaunt Plague which savage knows no law: Or, deep thy dagger in the friendly heart, Whilst each strong passion agitates thy breast, Though oft with Horror back I see thee start, Lo! Hunger <i>drives</i> thee to th' inhuman feast.	50      55
	These are the ills, that may the course attend— Then with the joys of home contented rest— Here, meek-eyed Peace with humble Plenty lend Their aid united still, to make thee blest. To ease each pain, and to increase each joy— Here mutual Love shall fix thy tender wife, Whose offspring shall thy youthful care employ And gild with brightest rays the evening of thy Life.	60

1787.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[2:1] First published in 1893. The autograph MS. is in the British Museum.

[2:2] *State, Grandeur* [1792]. This school exercise, written in the 15th year of my age, does not contain a line that any clever schoolboy might not have written, and like most school poetry is a *Putting of Thought into Verse*; for such Verses as *strivings* of mind and struggles after the Intense and Vivid are a fair Promise of better things.—S. T. C. *aetat. suae* 51. [1823.]

[3:1] I well remember old Jemmy Bowyer, the plagose Orbilius of Christ's Hospital, but an admirable educator no less than Educator of the Intellect, bade me leave out as many epithets as would turn the whole into eight-syllable lines, and then ask myself if the exercise would not be greatly improved. How often have I thought of the proposal since then, and how

many thousand bloated and puffing lines have I read, that, by this process, would have tripped over the tongue excellently. Likewise, I remember that he told me on the same occasion—'Coleridge! the connections of a Declamation are not the transitions of Poetry—bad, however, as they are, they are better than "Apostrophes" and "O thou's", for at the worst they are something like common sense. The others are the grimaces of Lunacy.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.

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## NIL PEJUS EST CAELIBE VITÂ<sup>[4:1]</sup>

### [IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

#### I

What pleasures shall he ever find?  
What joys shall ever glad his heart?  
Or who shall heal his wounded mind,  
If tortur'd by Misfortune's smart?  
Who Hymeneal bliss will never prove, 5  
That more than friendship, friendship mix'd with love.

#### II

Then without child or tender wife,  
To drive away each care, each sigh,  
Lonely he treads the paths of life  
A stranger to Affection's tye: 10  
And when from Death he meets his final doom  
No mourning wife with tears of love shall wet his tomb.

[5]

#### III

Tho' Fortune, Riches, Honours, Pow'r,  
Had giv'n with every other toy,  
Those gilded trifles of the hour, 15  
Those painted nothings sure to cloy:  
He dies forgot, his name no son shall bear  
To shew the man so blest once breath'd the vital air.

1787.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[4:1] First published in 1893.

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## SONNET<sup>[5:1]</sup>

### TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON

Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!  
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!  
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light  
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil; 5  
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud  
Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;  
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud  
Thy placid lightning o'er the awaken'd sky.

Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!  
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight; 10  
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:  
But soon emerging in her radiant might  
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care  
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

1788.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Effusion xviii, To the, &c.: Sonnet xviii, To the, &c., 1803.

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**ANTHEM**<sup>[5:2]</sup>

**FOR THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL**

Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng  
With tuneful ecstasies of praise:  
O! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song  
Of fervent gratitude to raise—  
[6] Like you, inspired with holy flame 5  
To dwell on that Almighty name  
Who bade the child of Woe no longer sigh,  
And Joy in tears o'erspread the widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer;  
The meek tear strongly pleads on high; 10  
Wan Resignation struggling with despair  
The Lord beholds with pitying eye;  
Sees cheerless Want unpitied pine,  
Disease on earth its head recline,  
And bids Compassion seek the realms of woe 15  
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes! she comes! the meek-eyed Power I see  
With liberal hand that loves to bless;  
The clouds of Sorrow at her presence flee;  
Rejoice! rejoice! ye Children of Distress! 20  
The beams that play around her head  
Thro' Want's dark vale their radiance spread:  
The young uncultur'd mind imbibes the ray,  
And Vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.

Cease, thou lorn mother! cease thy wailings drear; 25  
Ye babes! the unconscious sob forego;  
Or let full Gratitude now prompt the tear  
Which erst did Sorrow force to flow.  
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill  
In Life's morn oft the traveller chill, 30  
But soon his path the sun of Love shall warm;  
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm!

1789.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[5:2] First published in 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

This [Anthem](#) was written as if intended to have been sung by the Children of Christ's Hospital. *MS. O.*

[3] yours] you *MS. O.*

[14] its head on earth *MS. O.*

---

**JULIA**<sup>[6:1]</sup>

**[IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]**

Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid.

[7]

Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace:  
 Small poets lov'd to sing her blooming face.  
 Before her altars, lo! a numerous train  
 Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain,  
 Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came  
 And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.  
 The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal  
 What every look and action would reveal.  
 With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,  
 He pleads the cause of Marriage and of Love:  
 The course of Hymeneal joys he rounds,  
 The fair one's eyes danc'd pleasure at the sounds.  
 Nought now remain'd but 'Noes'—how little meant!  
 And the sweet coyness that endears consent.  
 The youth upon his knees enraptur'd fell:  
 The strange misfortune, oh! what words can tell?  
 Tell! ye neglected sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,  
 Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward?  
 Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall  
 On the ill-fated neck of much-lov'd Ball?  
 The favourite on his mistress casts his eyes,  
 Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies.  
 Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!  
 Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.  
 Her eyes she fixt on guilty Florio first:  
 On him the storm of angry grief must burst.  
 That storm he fled: he wooes a kinder fair,  
 Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.  
 'Twere vain to tell, how Julia pin'd away:  
 Unhappy Fair! that in one luckless day—  
 From future Almanacks the day be crost!—  
 At once her Lover and her Lap-dog lost.

1789.

### FOOTNOTES:

[6:1] First published in the *History of . . . Christ's Hospital*. By the Rev. W. Trollope, 1834, p. 192. Included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 33, 34. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80.

### LINENOTES:

[Medio, &c.] De medio fonte leporum. *Trollope*.

[12] danc'd] dance (*T. Lit. Rem.*)

## QUAE NOCENT DOCENT<sup>[7:1]</sup>

### [IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

O! mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos!

Oh! might my ill-past hours return again!  
 No more, as then, should Sloth around me throw  
 Her soul-enslaving, leaden chain!  
 No more the precious time would I employ  
 In giddy revels, or in thoughtless joy,  
 A present joy producing future woe.

[8]

But o'er the midnight Lamp I'd love to pore,  
 I'd seek with care fair Learning's depths to sound,  
 And gather scientific Lore:  
 Or to mature the embryo thoughts inclin'd,  
 That half-conceiv'd lay struggling in my mind,  
 The cloisters' solitary gloom I'd round.

'Tis vain to wish, for Time has ta'en his flight—  
 For follies past be ceas'd the fruitless tears:  
 Let follies past to future care incite.  
 Averse maturer judgements to obey  
 Youth owns, with pleasure owns, the Passions' sway,

But sage Experience only comes with years.

1789.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[7:1] First published in 1893.

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## THE NOSE<sup>[8:1]</sup>

Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse  
Who sweep the earth with lowly wing,  
Like sand before the blast disperse—  
A Nose! a mighty Nose I sing!  
As erst Prometheus stole from heaven the fire 5  
To animate the wonder of his hand;  
Thus with unhallow'd hands, O Muse, aspire,  
And from my subject snatch a burning brand!  
So like the Nose I sing—my verse shall glow—  
Like Phlegethon my verse in waves of fire shall flow! 10

Light of this once all darksome spot  
Where now their glad course mortals run,  
First-born of Sirius begot  
Upon the focus of the Sun—  
I'll call thee —! for such thy earthly name— 15  
What name so high, but what too low must be?  
Comets, when most they drink the solar flame  
Are but faint types and images of thee!  
Burn madly, Fire! o'er earth in ravage run,  
Then blush for shame more red by fiercer — outdone! 20

I saw when from the turtle feast  
The thick dark smoke in volumes rose!  
I saw the darkness of the mist  
Encircle thee, O Nose!  
Shorn of thy rays thou shott'st a fearful gleam 25  
(The turtle quiver'd with prophetic fright)  
Gloomy and sullen thro' the night of steam:—  
So Satan's Nose when Dunstan urg'd to flight,  
Glowing from gripe of red-hot pincers dread  
Athwart the smokes of Hell disastrous twilight shed! 30

The Furies to madness my brain devote—  
In robes of ice my body wrap!  
On billowy flames of fire I float,  
Hear ye my entrails how they snap?  
Some power unseen forbids my lungs to breathe! 35  
What fire-clad meteors round me whizzing fly!  
I vitrify thy torrid zone beneath,  
Proboscis fierce! I am calcined! I die!  
Thus, like great Pliny, in Vesuvius' fire,  
I perish in the blaze while I the blaze admire. 40

1789.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[8:1] First published in 1834. The third stanza was published in the *Morning Post*, Jan. 2, 1798, entitled 'To the Lord Mayor's Nose'. William Gill (see ll. [15](#), [20](#)) was Lord Mayor in 1788.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Rhapsody *MS. O*: The Nose.—An Odaic Rhapsody *MS. O (c)*.

[5] As erst from Heaven Prometheus stole the fire *MS. O (c)*.

[7] hands] hand *MS. O (c)*.

[10] waves of fire] fiery waves *MS. O (c)*.

[15] I'll call thee Gill *MS. O*. G—ll *MS. O (c)*.

- [16] high] great *MS. O (c)*.
- [20] by fiercer Gill outdone *MS. O.:* more red for shame by fiercer G—ll *MS. O (c)*.
- [22] dark] dank *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.
- [25] rays] beams *MS. O (c)*.
- [30] *MS. O (c) ends with the third stanza.*

## TO THE MUSE<sup>[9:1]</sup>

5

Tho' no bold flights to thee belong;  
 And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,  
 Shrink from Judgement's eye severe,  
 Yet much I thank thee, Spirit of my song!  
 For, lovely Muse! thy sweet employ  
 Exalts my soul, refines my breast,  
 Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,  
 And softens sorrow into pensive Joy.  
 From thee I learn'd the wish to bless,  
 From thee to commune with my heart; 10  
 From thee, dear Muse! the gayer part,  
 To laugh with pity at the crowds that press  
 Where Fashion flaunts her robes by Folly spun,  
 Whose hues gay-varying wanton in the sun.

1789.

### FOOTNOTES:

[9:1] First published in 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Sonnet I. To my Muse *MS. O*.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE<sup>[10:1]</sup>

I

Heard'st thou yon universal cry,  
 And dost thou linger still on Gallia's shore?  
 Go, Tyranny! beneath some barbarous sky  
 Thy terrors lost and ruin'd power deplore!  
 What tho' through many a groaning age 5  
 Was felt thy keen suspicious rage,  
 Yet Freedom rous'd by fierce Disdain  
 Has wildly broke thy triple chain,  
 And like the storm which Earth's deep entrails hide,  
 At length has burst its way and spread the ruins wide. 10

\* \* \* \* \*

IV

In sighs their sickly breath was spent; each gleam  
 Of Hope had ceas'd the long long day to cheer;  
 Or if delusive, in some flitting dream,  
 It gave them to their friends and children dear—  
 Awaked by lordly Insult's sound 15  
 To all the doubled horrors round,  
 Oft shrunk they from Oppression's band  
 While Anguish rais'd the desperate hand  
 For silent death; or lost the mind's controll,  
 Thro' every burning vein would tides of Frenzy roll. 20

[11]

V

But cease, ye pitying bosoms, cease to bleed!  
 Such scenes no more demand the tear humane;  
 I see, I see! glad Liberty succeed

With every patriot virtue in her train!  
And mark yon peasant's raptur'd eyes; 25  
Secure he views his harvests rise;  
No fetter vile the mind shall know,  
And Eloquence shall fearless glow.  
Yes! Liberty the soul of Life shall reign,  
Shall throb in every pulse, shall flow thro' every vein! 30

VI

Shall France alone a Despot spurn?  
Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care?  
Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn,  
Tho' Power's blood-stain'd streamers fire the air, 35  
And wider yet thy influence spread,  
Nor e'er recline thy weary head,  
Till every land from pole to pole  
Shall boast one independent soul!  
And still, as erst, let favour'd Britain be  
First ever of the first and freest of the free! 40

? 1789.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[10:1] First published in 1834. *Note.* The Bastille was destroyed July 14, 1789.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] An ode on the Destruction of the Bastille *MS. O.*

[11] In *MS. O* stanza iv follows stanza i, part of the leaf being torn out. In another *MS.* copy in place of the asterisks the following note is inserted: 'Stanzas second and third are lost. We may gather from the context that they alluded to the Bastille and its inhabitants.'

[12] long long] live-long *MS. O.*

[32] Shall She, O Freedom, all thy blessings share *MS. O erased.*

---

**LIFE**<sup>[11:1]</sup>

As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain  
Where native Otter sports his scanty stream,  
Musing in torpid woe a Sister's pain,  
The glorious prospect woke me from the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight— 5  
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary Steep,  
Following in quick succession of delight,—  
Till all—at once—did my eye ravish'd sweep!

[12] May this (I cried) my course through Life portray!  
New scenes of Wisdom may each step display, 10  
And Knowledge open as my days advance!  
Till what time Death shall pour the undarken'd ray,  
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,  
And thought suspended lie in Rapture's blissful trance.

1789.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[11:1] First published in 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Sonnet II. Written September, 1789 *MS. O.* Sonnet written just after the writer left the Country in Sept. 1789, *aetat.* 15 *MS. O (c).*

[6] dreary] barren *MS. O, MS. O (c).*

[8] my ravish'd eye did sweep. *MS. O, MS. O (c).*



[12] Till when death pours at length *MS. O (c)*.

[14] While thought suspended lies *MS. O*: While thought suspended lies in Transport's blissful trance *MS. O (c)*.

---

## PROGRESS OF VICE<sup>[12:1]</sup>

[Nemo repente turpissimus]

Deep in the gulph of Vice and Woe  
Leaps Man at once with headlong throw?  
Him inborn Truth and Virtue guide,  
Whose guards are Shame and conscious Pride.  
In some gay hour Vice steals into the breast; 5  
Perchance she wears some softer Virtue's vest.  
By unperceiv'd degrees she tempts to stray,  
Till far from Virtue's path she leads the feet away.

Then swift the soul to disentrall 10  
Will Memory the past recall,  
And Fear before the Victim's eyes  
Bid future ills and dangers rise.  
But hark! the Voice, the Lyre, their charms combine—  
Gay sparkles in the cup the generous Wine—  
Th' inebriate dance, the fair frail Nymph inspires, 15  
And Virtue vanquish'd—scorn'd—with hasty flight retires.

But soon to tempt the Pleasures cease;  
Yet Shame forbids return to peace,  
And stern Necessity will force 20  
Still to urge on the desperate course.  
The drear black paths of Vice the wretch must try,  
Where Conscience flashes horror on each eye,  
Where Hate—where Murder scowl—where starts Affright!  
Ah! close the scene—ah! close—for dreadful is the sight.

[13]

1790.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[12:1] First published in 1834, from *MS. O*.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Progress of Vice. An Ode *MS. O*. The motto first appears in Boyer's *Liber Aureus*.

[1] Vice] Guilt *L. A*.

[3] inborn] innate *L. A*.

[9] Yet still the heart to disentrall *L. A*.

[12] Bid] Bids *MS. O*. ills] woes *L. A*.

[13] But hark! their charms the voice *L. A*.

[15] The mazy dance and frail young Beauty fires *L. A*.

[20] Still on to urge *MS. O*.

[24] Ah! close the scene, for dreadful *MS. O*.

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## MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON<sup>[13:1]</sup>

[FIRST VERSION, IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK—1790]

Cold penury repress'd his noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of his soul.

Now prompts the Muse poetic lays,  
And high my bosom beats with love of Praise!  
But, Chatterton! methinks I hear thy name,

For cold my Fancy grows, and dead each Hope of Fame.

When Want and cold Neglect had chill'd thy soul, 5  
Athirst for Death I see thee drench the bowl!  
Thy corpse of many a livid hue  
On the bare ground I view,  
Whilst various passions all my mind engage; 10  
Now is my breast distended with a sigh,  
And now a flash of Rage  
Darts through the tear, that glistens in my eye.

Is this the land of liberal Hearts!  
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain  
Pour'd forth her soul-enchancing strain? 15  
Ah me! yet Butler 'gainst the bigot foe  
Well-skill'd to aim keen Humour's dart,  
Yet Butler felt Want's poignant sting;  
And Otway, Master of the Tragic art,  
Whom Pity's self had taught to sing, 20  
Sank beneath a load of Woe;  
This ever can the generous Briton hear,  
And starts not in his eye th' indignant Tear?

[14]

Elate of Heart and confident of Fame,  
From vales where Avon sports, the Minstrel came, 25  
Gay as the Poet hastes along  
He meditates the future song,  
How Ælla battled with his country's foes,  
And whilst Fancy in the air  
Paints him many a vision fair 30  
His eyes dance rapture and his bosom glows.  
With generous joy he views th' ideal gold:  
He listens to many a Widow's prayers,  
And many an Orphan's thanks he hears; 35  
He soothes to peace the care-worn breast,  
He bids the Debtor's eyes know rest,  
And Liberty and Bliss behold:  
And now he punishes the heart of steel,  
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Fated to heave sad Disappointment's sigh, 40  
To feel the Hope now rais'd, and now deprest,  
To feel the burnings of an injur'd breast,  
From all thy Fate's deep sorrow keen  
In vain, O Youth, I turn th' affrighted eye;  
For powerful Fancy evernigh 45  
The hateful picture forces on my sight.  
There, Death of every dear delight,  
Frowns Poverty of Giant mien!  
In vain I seek the charms of youthful grace,  
Thy sunken eye, thy haggard cheeks it shews, 50  
The quick emotions struggling in the Face  
Faint index of thy mental Throes,  
When each strong Passion spurn'd controll,  
And not a Friend was nigh to calm thy stormy soul.

Such was the sad and gloomy hour 55  
When anguish'd Care of sullen brow  
Prepared the Poison's death-cold power.  
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,  
When filial Pity stood thee by,  
Thy fixéd eyes she bade thee roll 60  
On scenes that well might melt thy soul—  
Thy native cot she held to view,  
Thy native cot, where Peace ere long  
Had listen'd to thy evening song;  
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear, 65  
And mark thy mother's thrilling tear,  
She made thee feel her deep-drawn sigh,  
And all her silent agony of Woe.

[15]

And from *thy* Fate shall such distress ensue? 70  
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!  
And thou had'st dash'd it at her soft command;  
But that Despair and Indignation rose,  
And told again the story of thy Woes,  
Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling Heart,  
The dread dependence on the low-born mind, 75

Told every Woe, for which thy breast might smart,  
Neglect and grinning scorn and Want combin'd—  
Recoiling back, thou sent'st the friend of Pain  
To roll a tide of Death thro' every freezing vein.

O Spirit blest! 80  
Whether th' eternal Throne around,  
Amidst the blaze of Cherubim,  
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn,  
Or, soaring through the blest Domain,  
Enraptur'st Angels with thy strain,— 85  
Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound,  
Like thee, with fire divine to glow—  
But ah! when rage the Waves of Woe,  
Grant me with firmer breast t'oppose their hate,  
And soar beyond the storms with upright eye elate! 90

1790

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [13:1] First published in 1898. The version in the Ottery Copy-book *MS. O* was first published in *P. and D. W.*, 1880, ii. 355\*-8\*. Three MSS. of the *Monody*, &c. are extant: (1) the Ottery Copy-book [*MS. O*]; (2) Boyer's *Liber Aureus* = the text as printed; (3) the transcription of S. T. C.'s early poems made in 1823 [*MS. O (c)*]. Variants in 1 and 3 are given below.
- [15:1] [Note to ll. 88-90.] 'Altho' this latter reflection savours of suicide, it will easily meet with the indulgence of the considerate reader when he reflects that the Author's imagination was at that time inflam'd with the idea of his beloved Poet, and perhaps uttered a sentiment which in his cooler moments he would have abhor'd the thought of.' [Signed] J. M. *MS. O (c)*.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] A Monody on Chatterton, who poisoned himself at the age of eighteen—written by the author at the age of sixteen. *MS. O (c)*.

*The motto does not appear in MS. O, but a note is prefixed:* 'This poem has since appeared in print, much altered, whether for the better I doubt. This was, I believe, written before the Author went to College' (J. T. C.).

- [6] drench] drain *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[7] corpse] corse *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[13] Hearts] Heart *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[20] taught] bade *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[21] Sank] Sunk *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[22] This ever] Which can the . . . ever hear *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[29] whilst] while *MS. O*.  
[32] ideal] rising *MS. O*.  
[36] eyes] too *MS. O (c)*.  
[42] To feel] With all *MS. O*.  
[43] Lo! from thy dark Fate's sorrow keen *MS. O*.  
[45] powerful] busy *MS. O*.  
[50] cheeks it] cheek she *MS. O*: looks she *MS. O (c)*.  
[51] the] thy *MS. O*.  
[60] eyes] eye *MS. O*.  
[61] On scenes which *MS. O*. On] To *MS. O (c)*.  
[64] evening] Evening's *MS. O (c)*.  
[66] thrilling] frequent *MS. O (c)*.  
[67] made] bade *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[78] sent'st] badest *MS. O*.  
[79] To] Quick. freezing] icening *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[81] eternal] Eternal's *MS. O*: endless *MS. O (c)*.  
[82] Cherubim] Seraphim *MS. O*.  
[88] But ah!] Like thee *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.  
[89] To leave behind Contempt, and Want, and State, *MS. O*.

To leave behind Contempt and Want and Hate *MS. O (c)*.

And seek in other worlds an happier Fate *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[16]

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## AN INVOCATION<sup>[16:1]</sup>

Sweet Muse! companion of my every hour!  
Voice of my Joy! Sure soother of the sigh!  
Now plume thy pinions, now exert each power,  
And fly to him who owns the candid eye.  
And if a smile of Praise thy labour hail  
(Well shall thy labours then my mind employ)  
Fly fleetly back, sweet Muse! and with the tale  
O'erspread my Features with a flush of Joy!

5

1790.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[16:1] First published in 1893, from an autograph MS.

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## ANNA AND HARLAND<sup>[16:2]</sup>

Within these wilds was Anna wont to rove  
While Harland told his love in many a sigh,  
But stern on Harland roll'd her brother's eye,  
They fought, they fell—her brother and her love!

To Death's dark house did grief-worn Anna haste,  
Yet here her pensive ghost delights to stay;  
Oft pouring on the winds the broken lay—  
And hark, I hear her—'twas the passing blast.

5

I love to sit upon her tomb's dark grass,  
Then Memory backward rolls Time's shadowy tide;  
The tales of other days before me glide:  
With eager thought I seize them as they pass;  
For fair, tho' faint, the forms of Memory gleam,  
Like Heaven's bright beauteous bow reflected in the stream.

10

? 1790.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[16:2] First printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, Oct. 25, 1794. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1880, *Supplement*, ii. 359. The text is that of 1880 and 1893, which follow a MS. version.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Anna and Henry *C. I.*

[1] Along this glade *C. I.*

[2] Henry *C. I.*

[3] stern] dark *C. I.* Harland] Henry *C. I.*

[5] To her cold grave did woe-worn *C. I.*

[6] stay] stray *C. I.*

[7] the] a *C. I.*

[9] dark] dank *C. I.*

[10] Then] There *C. I.*

[11] tales] forms *C. I.*

[14] Like Heaven's bright bow reflected on the stream. *C. I.*

---

## TO THE EVENING STAR<sup>[16:3]</sup>

[17] O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze,  
I hail, sweet star, thy chaste effulgent glow;  
On thee full oft with fixed eye I gaze  
Till I, methinks, all spirit seem to grow. 5  
O first and fairest of the starry choir,  
O loveliest 'mid the daughters of the night,  
Must not the maid I love like thee inspire  
*Pure joy and calm Delight?*

Must she not be, as is thy placid sphere 10  
Serenely brilliant? Whilst to gaze a while  
Be all my wish 'mid Fancy's high career  
E'en till she quit this scene of earthly toil;  
Then Hope perchance might fondly sigh to join  
Her spirit in thy kindred orb, O Star benign!

? 1790.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[16:3] First published in *P. and D. W.*, 1880, *Supplement*, ii. 359, from *MS. O*.

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## PAIN<sup>[17:1]</sup>

Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze,  
All Nature charm, and gay was every hour:—  
But ah! not Music's self, nor fragrant bower  
Can glad the trembling sense of wan Disease. 5  
Now that the frequent pangs my frame assail,  
Now that my sleepless eyes are sunk and dim,  
And seas of Pain seem waving through each limb—  
Ah what can all Life's gilded scenes avail?  
I view the crowd, whom Youth and Health inspire, 10  
Hear the loud laugh, and catch the sportive lay,  
Then sigh and think—I too could laugh and play  
And gaily sport it on the Muse's lyre,  
Ere Tyrant Pain had chas'd away delight,  
Ere the wild pulse throbb'd anguish thro' the night!

? 1790.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[17:1] First published in 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Pain, a Sonnet *MS. O*: Sonnet Composed in Sickness *MS*.

[3] But ah! nor splendid feasts *MS. O (c)*.

[12] Muse's] festive *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

---

## ON A LADY WEeping<sup>[17:2]</sup>

### IMITATION FROM THE LATIN OF NICOLAUS ARCHIUS

[18] Lovely gems of radiance meek  
Trembling down my Laura's cheek,  
As the streamlets silent glide  
Thro' the Mead's enamell'd pride,  
Pledges sweet of pious woe, 5  
Tears which Friendship taught to flow,  
Sparkling in yon humid light

Love embathes his pinions bright:  
There amid the glitt'ring show'r  
Smiling sits th' insidious Power;  
As some wingéd Warbler oft  
When Spring-clouds shed their treasures soft  
Joyous tricks his plumes anew,  
And flutters in the fost'ring dew.

10

? 1790.

[17:2] First published in 1893. From *MS. O (c)*.

---

## MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE<sup>[18:1]</sup>

O Muse who sangest late another's pain,  
To griefs domestic turn thy coal-black steed!  
With slowest steps thy funeral steed must go,  
Nodding his head in all the pomp of woe:  
Wide scatter round each dark and deadly weed,  
And let the melancholy dirge complain,  
(Whilst Bats shall shriek and Dogs shall howling run)  
The tea-kettle is spoilt and Coleridge is undone!

5

Your cheerful songs, ye unseen crickets, cease!  
Let songs of grief your alter'd minds engage!  
For he who sang responsive to your lay,  
What time the joyous bubbles 'gan to play,  
The *sooty swain* has felt the fire's fierce rage;—  
Yes, he is gone, and all my woes increase;  
I heard the water issuing from the wound—  
No more the Tea shall pour its fragrant steams around!

10

15

O Goddess best belov'd! Delightful Tea!  
With thee compar'd what yields the madd'ning Vine?  
Sweet power! who know'st to spread the calm delight,  
And the pure joy prolong to midmost night!  
Ah! must I all thy varied sweets resign?  
Enfolded close in grief thy form I see;  
No more wilt thou extend thy willing arms,  
Receive the *fervent Jove*, and yield him all thy charms!

20

[19]

How sink the mighty low by Fate opprest!—  
Perhaps, O Kettle! thou by scornful toe  
Rude urg'd t' ignoble place with plaintive din.  
May'st rust obscure midst heaps of vulgar tin;—  
As if no joy had ever seiz'd my breast  
When from thy spout the streams did arching fly,—  
As if, infus'd, thou ne'er hadst known t' inspire  
All the warm raptures of poetic fire!

25

30

But hark! or do I fancy the glad voice—  
'What tho' the swain did wondrous charms disclose—  
(Not such did Memnon's sister sable drest)  
Take these bright arms with royal face imprest,  
A better Kettle shall thy soul rejoice,  
And with Oblivion's wings o'erspread thy woes!  
Thus Fairy Hope can soothe distress and toil;  
On empty Trivets she bids fancied Kettles boil!

35

40

1790.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[18:1] First published in 1834, from *MS. O*. The text of 1893 follows an autograph *MS.* in the Editor's possession.

### LINENOTES:

[1] Muse that late sang another's poignant pain *MS. S. T. C.*

[3] In slowest steps the funeral steeds shall go *MS. S. T. C.*

[4] Nodding their heads *MS. S. T. C.*

- [5] each deadly weed *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [8] The] His *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [9] songs] song *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [15] issuing] hissing *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [16] pour] throw *MS. S. T. C.* steams] steam *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [18] thee] whom *MS. S. T. C.* Vine] Wine *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [19] who] that *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [21] various charms *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [23] extend] expand *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [25] How low the mighty sink *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [29] seiz'd] chear'd *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [30-1] When from thy spout the stream did arching flow  
 As if, inspir'd

*MS. S. T. C.*

- [33] the glad] *Georgian MS. S. T. C.*  
 [34] the swain] its form *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [35] *Note.* A parenthetical reflection of the Author's. *MS. O.*  
 [38] wings] wing *MS. S. T. C.*

---

## GENEVIEVE<sup>[19:1]</sup>

[20] Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve!  
 In Beauty's light you glide along;  
 Your eye is like the Star of Eve,  
 And sweet your voice, as Seraph's song  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with Passion soft to glow:  
 Within your soul a voice there lives!  
 It bids you hear the tale of Woe.  
 When sinking low the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,  
 Fair, as the bosom of the Swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve!

5

10

1789-90.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [19:1] First published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for Nov. 1, 1794: included in the editions of 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Three MSS. are extant; (1) an autograph in a copy-book made for the family [*MS. O.*]; (2) an autograph in a copy-book presented to Mrs. Estlin [*MS. E.*]; and (3) a transcript included in a copy-book presented to Sara Coleridge in 1823 [*MS. O (c).*]. In an unpublished letter dated Dec. 18, 1807, Coleridge invokes the aid of Richard ['Conservation'] Sharp on behalf of a 'Mrs. Brewman, who was elected a nurse to one of the wards of Christ's Hospital at the time that I was a boy there'. He says elsewhere that he spent full half the time from seventeen to eighteen in the sick ward of Christ's Hospital. It is doubtless to this period, 1789-90, that *Pain* and *Genevieve*, which, according to a Christ's Hospital tradition, were inspired by his 'Nurse's Daughter', must be assigned.

'This little poem was written when the Author was a boy'—*Note 1796, 1803.*

### LINENOTES:

- [[Title](#)] Sonnet iii. *MS. O.* Ode *MS. E.* A Sonnet *MS. O (c).* Effusion xvii. 1796. The heading, *Genevieve*, first appears in 1803.
- [2] Thou glid'st along [so, too, in ll. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 14] *MS. O, MS. E, MS. O (c), C. I.*
- [4] Thy voice is lovely as the *MS. E.* Thy voice is soft, &c. *MS. O (c), C. I.*
- [8] It bids thee hear the tearful plaint of woe *MS. E.*
- [10] no . . . save] no friendly hand that saves *MS. E.* outstretch'd] stretcht out *MS. O, MS. O (c), C. I.*
- [12] the wave] quick-rolling waves *MS. E.*

## ON RECEIVING AN ACCOUNT THAT HIS ONLY SISTER'S DEATH WAS INEVITABLE<sup>[20:1]</sup>

The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry—  
Pain after pain, and woe succeeding woe—  
Is my heart destin'd for another blow?  
O my sweet sister! and must thou too die?  
Ah! how has Disappointment pour'd the tear  
O'er infant Hope destroy'd by early frost!  
How are ye gone, whom most my soul held dear!  
Scarce had I lov'd you ere I mourn'd you lost;  
Say, is this hollow eye, this heartless pain,  
Fated to rove thro' Life's wide cheerless plain—  
Nor father, brother, sister meet its ken—  
My woes, my joys unshared! Ah! long ere then  
On me thy icy dart, stern Death, be prov'd;—  
Better to die, than live and not be lov'd!

5

10

1791.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[20:1] First published in 1834. The 'brother' (line 1) was Luke Herman Coleridge who died at Thorverton in 1790. Anne Coleridge, the poet's sister (the only daughter of his father's second marriage), died in March 1791.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Sonnet v. *MS. O.*

[1] tear] tears *MS. O.*

[4] O my sweet sister must *thou* die *MS. O.*

[7] gone] flown *MS. O.*

[10] Fated] Destin'd *MS. O.*

[11] father] Mother *MS. O.*

[21]

## ON SEEING A YOUTH AFFECTIONATELY WELCOMED BY A SISTER<sup>[21:1]</sup>

I too a sister had! too cruel Death!  
How sad Remembrance bids my bosom heave!  
Tranquil her soul, as sleeping Infant's breath;  
Meek were her manners as a vernal Eve.  
Knowledge, that frequent lifts the bloated mind,  
Gave her the treasure of a lowly breast,  
And Wit to venom'd Malice oft assign'd,  
Dwelt in her bosom in a Turtle's nest.  
Cease, busy Memory! cease to urge the dart;  
Nor on my soul her love to me impress!  
For oh I mourn in anguish—and my heart  
Feels the keen pang, th' unutterable distress.  
Yet wherefore grieve I that her sorrows cease,  
For Life was misery, and the Grave is Peace!

5

10

1791.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[21:1] First published in 1834.



If Pegasus will let *thee* only ride him,  
Spurning my clumsy efforts to o'erstride him,  
Some fresh expedient the Muse will try,  
And walk on stilts, although she cannot fly.

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

DEAR BROTHER,

I have often been surprised that Mathematics, the quintessence of Truth, should have found admirers so few and so languid. Frequent consideration and minute scrutiny have at length unravelled the cause; viz. that though Reason is feasted, Imagination is starved; whilst Reason is luxuriating in its proper Paradise, Imagination is wearily travelling on a dreary desert. To assist Reason by the stimulus of Imagination is the design of the following production. In the execution of it much may be objectionable. The verse (particularly in the introduction of the ode) may be accused of unwarrantable liberties, but they are liberties equally homogeneal with the exactness of Mathematical disquisition, and the boldness of Pindaric daring. I have three strong champions to defend me against the attacks of Criticism: the Novelty, the Difficulty, and the Utility of the work. I may justly plume myself that I first have drawn the nymph Mathesis from the visionary caves of abstracted idea, and caused her to unite with Harmony. The first-born of this Union I now present to you; with interested motives indeed—as I expect to receive in return the more valuable offspring of your Muse.

Thine ever,  
S. T. C.

[CHRIST'S HOSPITAL], *March 31, 1791.*

This is now—this was erst,  
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I

On a given finite line  
Which must no way incline;  
To describe an equi—  
—lateral Tri—  
—A, N, G, L, E. [22:1]

5

Now let A. B.  
Be the given line  
Which must no way incline;  
The great Mathematician  
Makes this Requisition,  
That we describe an Equi—  
—lateral Tri—  
—angle on it:  
Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit!

10

II

From the centre A. at the distance A. B.  
Describe the circle B. C. D.  
At the distance B. A. from B. the centre  
The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture. [22:2]  
(Third postulate see.)  
And from the point C.  
In which the circles make a pother  
Cutting and slashing one another,  
Bid the straight lines a journeying go.  
C. A. C. B. those lines will show.  
To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd,  
And postulate the second  
For Authority ye know.  
A. B. C.

15

20

Triumphant shall be  
An Equilateral Triangle,  
Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

30

III

Because the point A. is the centre  
Of the circular B. C. D.  
And because the point B. is the centre

[22]

[23]

35

Of the circular A. C. E.  
A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.  
Harmoniously equal for ever must stay;  
Then C. A. and B. C.  
Both extend the kind hand  
To the basis, A. B. 40  
Unambitiously join'd in Equality's Band.  
But to the same powers, when two powers are equal,  
My mind forbodes the sequel;  
My mind does some celestial impulse teach,  
And equalises each to each. 45  
Thus C. A. with B. C. strikes the same sure alliance,  
That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before;  
And in mutual affiance  
None attempting to soar  
Above another, 50  
The unanimous three  
C. A. and B. C. and A. B.  
All are equal, each to his brother,  
Preserving the balance of power so true:  
Ah! the like would the proud Autocratrix<sup>[23:1]</sup> do! 55  
At taxes impending not Britain would tremble,  
Nor Prussia struggle her fear to dissemble;  
Nor the Mah'met-sprung Wight  
The great Mussulman  
Would stain his Divan 60  
With Urine the soft-flowing daughter of Fright.

[24]

IV

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine!  
Should Empires bloat the scientific line?  
Or with dishevell'd hair all madly do ye run  
For transport that your task is done? 65  
For done it is—the cause is tried!  
And Proposition, gentle Maid,  
Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,  
Has proved her right, and A. B. C.  
Of Angles three 70  
Is shown to be of equal side;  
And now our weary steed to rest in fine,  
'Tis rais'd upon A. B. the straight, the given line.

1791.

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [21:2] First published in 1834 without a title, but tabulated as 'Mathematical Problem' in 'Contents' 1 [p. xi].
- [22:1] *Poetice* for Angle. *Letter*, 1791.
- [22:2] Delendus 'fere'. *Letter*, 1791.
- [23:1] Empress of Russia.

**LINENOTES:**

- [Title] Prospectus and Specimen of a Translation of Euclid in a series of Pindaric Odes, communicated in a letter of the author to his Brother Rev. G. Coleridge [March 17, 1791]. *MS. O (c)*.
- [5] A E N G E E E L E. *Letter*, 1791.
- [36] A C to C B and C B to C A. *Letter*, 1791, *MS. O (c)*.
- [48] affiance] alliance *Letter*, 1791.
- [55] Autocratrix] Autocratorix *MS. O (c)*.

**HONOUR**<sup>[24:1]</sup>

O, curas hominum! O, quantum est in rebus inane!

The fervid Sun had more than halv'd the day,  
 When gloomy on his couch Philedon lay;  
 His feeble frame consumptive as his purse,  
 His aching head did wine and women curse;  
 His fortune ruin'd and his wealth decay'd, 5  
 Clamorous his duns, his gaming debts unpaid,  
 The youth indignant seiz'd his tailor's bill,  
 And on its back thus wrote with moral quill:  
 'Various as colours in the rainbow shown,  
 Or similar in emptiness alone, 10  
 How false, how vain are Man's pursuits below!  
 Wealth, Honour, Pleasure—what can ye bestow?  
 Yet see, how high and low, and young and old  
 Pursue the all-delusive power of Gold.  
 Fond man! should all Peru thy empire own, 15  
 For thee tho' all Golconda's jewels shone,  
 What greater bliss could all this wealth supply?  
 What, but to eat and drink and sleep and die?  
 Go, tempt the stormy sea, the burning soil—  
 Go, waste the night in thought, the day in toil, 20  
 Dark frowns the rock, and fierce the tempests rave—  
 Thy ingots go the unconscious deep to pave!  
 Or thunder at thy door the midnight train,  
 Or Death shall knock that never knocks in vain.  
 Next Honour's sons come bustling on amain; 25  
 I laugh with pity at the idle train.  
 Infirm of soul! who think'st to lift thy name  
 Upon the waxen wings of human fame,—  
 Who for a sound, articulated breath—  
 Gazest undaunted in the face of death! 30  
 What art thou but a Meteor's glaring light—  
 Blazing a moment and then sunk in night?  
 Caprice which rais'd thee high shall hurl thee low,  
 Or Envy blast the laurels on thy brow.  
 To such poor joys could ancient Honour lead 35  
 When empty fame was toiling Merit's meed;  
 To Modern Honour other lays belong;  
 Profuse of joy and Lord of right and wrong,  
 Honour can game, drink, riot in the stew,  
 Cut a friend's throat;—what cannot Honour do? 40  
 Ah me!—the storm within can Honour still  
 For Julio's death, whom Honour made me kill?  
 Or will this lordly Honour tell the way  
 To pay those debts, which Honour makes me pay?  
 Or if with pistol and terrific threats 45  
 I make some traveller pay my Honour's debts,  
 A medicine for this wound can Honour give?  
 Ah, no! my Honour dies to make my Honour live.  
 But see! young Pleasure, and her train advance,  
 And joy and laughter wake the inebriate dance; 50  
 Around my neck she throws her fair white arms,  
 I meet her loves, and madden at her charms.  
 For the gay grape can joys celestial move,  
 And what so sweet below as Woman's love?  
 With such high transport every moment flies, 55  
 I curse Experience that he makes me wise;  
 For at his frown the dear deliriums flew,  
 And the changed scene now wears a gloomy hue.  
 A hideous hag th' Enchantress Pleasure seems,  
 And all her joys appear but feverous dreams. 60  
 The vain resolve still broken and still made,  
 Disease and loathing and remorse invade;  
 The charm is vanish'd and the bubble's broke,—  
 A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke!  
 Such lays repentant did the Muse supply; 65  
 When as the Sun was hastening down the sky,  
 In glittering state twice fifty guineas come,—  
 His Mother's plate antique had rais'd the sum.  
 Forth leap'd Philedon of new life possess:—  
 'Twas Brookes's all till two,—'twas Hackett's all the rest! 70

1791.

[24:1] First published in 1834: included in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, and in 1893.

### LINENOTES:

No [title](#), but motto as above *MS. O.*: Philedon, *Eds. 1877, 1893.*

[34] Or] And *MS. O.*

[43-4] Or will my Honour kindly tell the way  
To pay the debts

*MS. O.*

[60] feverous] feverish *MS. O.*

[70] Brookes's, a famous gaming-house in Fleet Street. Hackett's, a brothel under the Covent Garden Piazza. *Note MS. O.*

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### ON IMITATION<sup>[26:1]</sup>

All are not born to soar—and ah! how few  
In tracks where Wisdom leads their paths pursue!  
Contagious when to wit or wealth allied,  
Folly and Vice diffuse their venom wide.  
On Folly every fool his talent tries;  
It asks some toil to imitate the wise;  
Tho' few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—  
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

5

? 1791

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### FOOTNOTES:

[26:1] First published in 1834. In *MS. O* lines 3, 4 follow lines 7, 8 of the text.

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### INSIDE THE COACH<sup>[26:2]</sup>

'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try  
Unclos'd to keep the weary eye;  
But ah! Oblivion's nod to get  
In rattling coach is harder yet.  
Slumbrous God of half-shut eye!  
Who lovest with limbs supine to lie;  
Soother sweet of toil and care  
Listen, listen to my prayer;  
And to thy votary dispense  
Thy soporific influence!  
What tho' around thy drowsy head  
The seven-fold cap of night be spread,  
Yet lift that drowsy head awhile  
And yawn propitiously a smile;  
In drizzly rains poppean dews  
O'er the tired inmates of the Coach diffuse;  
And when thou'st charm'd our eyes to rest,  
Pillowing the chin upon the breast,  
Bid many a dream from thy dominions  
Wave its various-painted pinions,  
Till ere the splendid visions close  
We snore quartettes in ecstasy of nose.  
While thus we urge our airy course,  
O may no jolt's electric force  
Our fancies from their steeds unhorse,  
And call us from thy fairy reign  
To dreary Bagshot Heath again!

5

[10](#)

15

20

25

[27]

1791.

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### FOOTNOTES:

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Ode to sleep. Travelling in the Exeter Coach with three other passengers over Bagshot Heath, after some vain endeavours to compose myself I composed this Ode— August 17, 1791. *MS. O.*

[12] Vulgo yclept night-cap *MS. O.*

[13] that] thy *MS. O.*

**DEVONSHIRE ROADS**<sup>[27:1]</sup>

The indignant Bard composed this furious ode,  
As tired he dragg'd his way thro' Plimtree road!<sup>[27:2]</sup>  
Crusted with filth and stuck in mire  
Dull sounds the Bard's bemudded lyre;  
Nathless Revenge and Ire the Poet goad 5  
To pour his imprecations on the road.

Curst road! whose execrable way  
Was darkly shadow'd out in Milton's lay,  
When the sad fiends thro' Hell's sulphureous roads 10  
Took the first survey of their new abodes;  
Or when the fall'n Archangel fierce  
Dar'd through the realms of Night to pierce,  
What time the Bloodhound lur'd by Human scent  
Thro' all Confusion's quagmires floundering went.

Nor cheering pipe, nor Bird's shrill note 15  
Around thy dreary paths shall float;  
Their boding songs shall scritch-owls pour  
To fright the guilty shepherds sore,

[28] Led by the wandering fires astray  
Thro' the dank horrors of thy way! 20  
While they their mud-lost sandals hunt  
May all the curses, which they grunt  
In raging moan like goaded hog,  
Alight upon thee, damnéd Bog!

1791.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[27:1] First published in 1834.

[27:2] Plymtree Road, August 18, 1791. *Note, MS. O.* [Plimtree is about 8 miles N. of Ottery St. Mary. S. T. C. must have left the mail coach at Cullompton to make his way home on foot.]

**LINENOTES:**

No title *MS. O.*

**MUSIC**<sup>[28:1]</sup>

Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony  
That lead'st th' oblivious soul astray—  
Though thou sphere-descended be—  
Hence away!—  
Thou mightier Goddess, thou demand'st my lay, 5  
Born when earth was seiz'd with cholic;

Or as more sapient sages say,  
What time the Legion diabolic  
Compell'd their beings to enshrine 10  
In bodies vile of herded swine,  
Precipitate adown the steep  
With hideous rout were plunging in the deep,  
And hog and devil mingling grunt and yell  
Seiz'd on the ear with horrible obtrusion;—

Then if aright old legendaries tell, 15  
 Wert thou begot by Discord on Confusion!

What though no name's sonorous power  
 Was given thee at thy natal hour!—  
 Yet oft I feel thy sacred might,  
 While concords wing their distant flight. 20  
 Such Power inspires thy holy son  
 Sable clerk of Tiverton!

And oft where Otter sports his stream,  
 I hear thy banded offspring scream.  
 Thou Goddess! thou inspir'st each throat; 25  
 'Tis thou who pour'st the scritch-owl note!  
 Transported hear'st thy children all  
 Scrape and blow and squeak and squall;  
 And while old Otter's steeple rings,  
 Clappest hoarse thy raven wings! 30

1791.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[28:1] First published in 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Ode on the Ottery and Tiverton Church Music *MS. O.*

[29]

**SONNET**<sup>[29:1]</sup>

**ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE**

Farewell parental scenes! a sad farewell!  
 To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,  
 Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings  
 Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell. 5  
 Adieu, adieu! ye much-lov'd cloisters pale!  
 Ah! would those happy days return again,  
 When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,  
 I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!  
 Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,  
 Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet, 10  
 Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,  
 As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn  
 By early sorrow from my native seat,  
 Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

1791.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[29:1] First published in 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Sonnet on the Same (i. e. 'Absence, A Farewell Ode,' &c.) 1834.

**ABSENCE**<sup>[29:2]</sup>

**A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS  
 COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**

Where graced with many a classic spoil  
 CAM rolls his reverend stream along,  
 I haste to urge the learned toil

That sternly chides my love-lorn song:  
 Ah me! too mindful of the days 5  
 Illumed by Passion's orient rays,  
 When Peace, and Cheerfulness and Health  
 Enriched me with the best of wealth.  
 Ah fair Delights! that o'er my soul  
 On Memory's wing, like shadows fly! 10  
 Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole  
 While Innocence stood smiling by!—  
 But cease, fond Heart! this bootless moan:  
 Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown  
 Shall yet return, by Absence crown'd, 15  
 And scatter livelier roses round.  
 The Sun who ne'er remits his fires  
 On heedless eyes may pour the day:  
 The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,  
 Endears her renovated ray. 20  
 What though she leave the sky unblest  
 To mourn awhile in murky vest?  
 When she relumes her lovely light,  
 We bless the Wanderer of the Night.

[30]

1791.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[29:2] First published in *Cambridge Intelligencer*, October 11, 1794: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] Sonnet on Quitting Christ's Hospital *MS. O. Absence, A Farewell Ode 1796, 1803.*

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## HAPPINESS <sup>[30:1]</sup>

On wide or narrow scale shall Man  
 Most happily describe Life's plan?  
 Say shall he bloom and wither there,  
 Where first his infant buds appear;  
 Or upwards dart with soaring force, 5  
 And tempt some more ambitious course?  
 Obedient now to Hope's command,  
 I bid each humble wish expand,  
 And fair and bright Life's prospects seem.  
 While Hope displays her cheering beam, 10  
 And Fancy's vivid colourings stream,  
 While Emulation stands me nigh  
 The Goddess of the eager eye.  
 With foot advanc'd and anxious heart  
 Now for the fancied goal I start:— 15  
 Ah! why will Reason intervene  
 Me and my promis'd joys between!  
 She stops my course, she chains my speed,  
 While thus her forceful words proceed:—  
 Ah! listen, Youth, ere yet too late, 20  
 What evils on thy course may wait!  
 To bow the head, to bend the knee,  
 A minion of Servility,  
 At low Pride's frequent frowns to sigh, 25  
 And watch the glance in Folly's eye;  
 To toil intense, yet toil in vain,  
 And feel with what a hollow pain  
 Pale Disappointment hangs her head  
 O'er darling Expectation dead!  
 'The scene is changed and Fortune's gale 30  
 Shall belly out each prosperous sail.  
 Yet sudden wealth full well I know  
 Did never happiness bestow.  
 That wealth to which we were not born  
 Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn. 35  
 Behold yon flock which long had trod  
 O'er the short grass of Devon's sod,

[31]

	To Lincoln's rank rich meads transferr'd, And in their fate thy own be fear'd; Through every limb contagions fly, Deform'd and choked they burst and die.	40
	'When Luxury opens wide her arms, And smiling woos thee to those charms, Whose fascination thousands own, Shall thy brows wear the stoic frown? And when her goblet she extends Which maddening myriads press around, What power divine thy soul befriends That thou should'st dash it to the ground?— No, thou shalt drink, and thou shalt know Her transient bliss, her lasting woe, Her maniac joys, that know no measure, And Riot rude and painted Pleasure;— Till (sad reverse!) the Enchantress vile To frowns converts her magic smile; Her train impatient to destroy, Observe her frown with gloomy joy; On thee with harpy fangs they seize The hideous offspring of Disease, Swoln Dropsy ignorant of Rest, And Fever garb'd in scarlet vest, Consumption driving the quick hearse, And Gout that howls the frequent curse, With Apoplex of heavy head That surely aims his dart of lead.	45 50 55
[32]	'But say Life's joys unmix'd were given To thee some favourite of Heaven: Within, without, tho' all were health— Yet what e'en thus are Fame, Power, Wealth, But sounds that variously express, What's thine already—Happiness! 'Tis thine the converse deep to hold With all the famous sons of old; And thine the happy waking dream While Hope pursues some favourite theme, As oft when Night o'er Heaven is spread, Round this maternal seat you tread, Where far from splendour, far from riot, In silence wrapt sleeps careless Quiet. 'Tis thine with Fancy oft to talk, And thine the peaceful evening walk; And what to thee the sweetest are— The setting sun, the Evening Star— The tints, which live along the sky, And Moon that meets thy raptur'd eye, Where oft the tear shall grateful start, Dear silent pleasures of the Heart! Ah! Being blest, for Heaven shall lend To share thy simple joys a friend! Ah! doubly blest, if Love supply His influence to complete thy joy, If chance some lovely maid thou find To read thy visage in thy mind.	65 70 75 80
[33]	'One blessing more demands thy care:— Once more to Heaven address the prayer: For humble independence pray The guardian genius of thy way; Whom (sages say) in days of yore Meek Competence to Wisdom bore, So shall thy little vessel glide With a fair breeze adown the tide, And Hope, if e'er thou 'ginst to sorrow, Remind thee of some fair to-morrow, Till Death shall close thy tranquil eye While Faith proclaims "Thou shalt not die!"	85 90 95 100 105

1791.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [30:1] First published in 1834. The poem was sent to George Coleridge in a letter dated June 22, 1791. An adapted version of ll. 80-105 was sent to Southey, July 13, 1794.



## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Upon the Author's leaving school and entering into Life. *MS. O (c)*.

[6] tempt] dare *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[10] While] When *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

*Between 11-13*

How pants my breast before my eyes  
While Honour waves her radiant prize.  
And Emulation, &c.

*MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[22] To bend the head, to bow *MS. O (c)*.

[24] frowns] frown *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[25] in] of *MS. O (c)*.

[41] Deformed, choaked *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[45] brows] brow *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[55] magic] wonted *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[57] her frown] the fiend *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[68] Without, within *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[76] is] has *MS O, MS. O (c)*.

[77] *Note*—Christ's Hospital *MS. O: Ottery S. Mary in Devonshire MS. O (c)*.

[80-1] 'Tis thine with faery forms to talk  
And thine the philosophic walk.

*Letter to Southey, 1794.*

[84] which] that *MS. O, MS. O (c), Letter, 1794.*

[85] And] The *Letter, 1794.*

[86] Where grateful oft the big drops start. *Letter, 1794.* shall] does *MS. O (c)*.

[90-3] Ah! doubly blest, if Love supply  
Lustre to this now heavy eye,  
And with unwonted Spirit grace  
That fat<sup>[32:A]</sup> vacuity of face.  
Or if e'en Love, the mighty Love  
Shall find this change his power above;  
Some lovely maid perchance thou'lt find  
To read thy visage in thy mind.

*MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

<sup>[32:A]</sup> The Author was at this time, *aetat.* 17, remarkable for a plump face. *MS. O (c)*.

[96-7] But if thou pour one votive lay  
For humble, &c.

*Letter, 1794.*

[96] *Not in Letter.*

[101] adown Life's tide *MS. O, MS. O (c)*.

[102-3] *Not in Letter, 1794.*

---

## A WISH<sup>[33:1]</sup>

WRITTEN IN JESUS WOOD, FEB. 10, 1792

Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves,  
Thro' vales irriguous, and thro' green retreats,  
With languid murmur creeps the placid stream  
And works its secret way.

Awhile meand'ring round its native fields  
It rolls the playful wave and winds its flight:  
Then downward flowing with awaken'd speed  
Embosoms in the Deep!

Thus thro' its silent tenor may my Life  
Smooth its meek stream by sordid wealth unclogg'd,  
Alike unconscious of forensic storms,

5

10

And Glory's blood-stain'd palm!

And when dark Age shall close Life's little day,  
Sate of sport, and weary of its toils,  
E'en thus may slumbrous Death my decent limbs  
Compose with icy hand!

15

1792.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[33:1] First published in 1893, from *MS. Letter to Mary Evans*, Feb. 13 [1792].

---

## AN ODE IN THE MANNER OF ANACREON<sup>[33:2]</sup>

As late, in wreaths, gay flowers I bound,  
Beneath some roses Love I found;  
And by his little frolic pinion  
As quick as thought I seiz'd the minion,  
Then in my cup the prisoner threw,  
And drank him in its sparkling dew:  
And sure I feel my angry guest  
Fluttering *his wings* within my breast!

[34]

5

1792.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[33:2] First published in 1893, from *MS. Letter*, Feb. 13 [1792].

---

## TO DISAPPOINTMENT<sup>[34:1]</sup>

Hence! thou fiend of gloomy sway,  
That lov'st on withering blast to ride  
O'er fond Illusion's air-built pride.  
Sullen Spirit! Hence! Away!

Where Avarice lurks in sordid cell,  
Or mad Ambition builds the dream,  
Or Pleasure plots th' unholy scheme  
There with Guilt and Folly dwell!

5

But oh! when Hope on Wisdom's wing  
Prophetic whispers pure delight,  
Be distant far thy cank'rous blight,  
Demon of envenom'd sting.

10

Then haste thee, Nymph of balmy gales!  
Thy poet's prayer, sweet May! attend!  
Oh! place my parent and my friend  
'Mid her lovely native vales.

15

Peace, that lists the woodlark's strains,  
Health, that breathes divinest treasures,  
Laughing Hours, and Social Pleasures  
Wait my friend in Cambria's plains.

20

Affection there with mingled ray  
Shall pour at once the raptures high  
Of filial and maternal Joy;  
Haste thee then, delightful May!

And oh! may Spring's fair flowerets fade,  
May Summer cease her limbs to lave  
In cooling stream, may Autumn grave  
Yellow o'er the corn-cloath'd glade;

25

Ere, from sweet retirement torn,  
She seek again the crowded mart:  
Nor thou, my selfish, selfish heart  
Dare her slow return to mourn!

1792.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[34:1] First published in *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1895, i. 28, 29. The lines were included in a letter to Mrs. Evans, dated February 13, 1792.

[35]

**A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A LECTURE-ROOM**<sup>[35:1]</sup>

Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream,  
And bog and desolation reign supreme;  
Where all Boeotia clouds the misty brain,  
The owl Mathesis pipes her loathsome strain.  
Far, far aloof the frightened Muses fly,  
Indignant Genius scowls and passes by:  
The frolic Pleasures start amid their dance,  
And Wit congeal'd stands fix'd in wintry trance.  
But to the sounds with duteous haste repair  
Cold Industry, and wary-footed Care;  
And Dulness, dosing on a couch of lead,  
Pleas'd with the song uplifts her heavy head,  
The sympathetic numbers lists awhile,  
Then yawns propitiously a frosty smile. . . .  
[Caetera desunt.]

5

10

1792.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[35:1] First published in *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1895, i. 44. The lines were sent in a letter to the Rev. G. Coleridge, dated April [1792].

**LINENOTES:**

[1] slumbrous] reverend *MS. E.*

[5] frightened] affrighted *MS. E.*

[9] to] at *MS. E.*

[12] Sooth'd with the song uprears *MS. E.*

[13] The] Its *MS. E.*

---

**ODE**<sup>[35:2]</sup>

Ye Gales, that of the Lark's repose  
The impatient Silence break,  
To yon poor Pilgrim's wearying Woes  
Your gentle Comfort speak!  
He heard the midnight whirlwind die,  
He saw the sun-awaken'd Sky  
Resume its slowly-purpling Blue:  
And ah! he sigh'd—that I might find  
The cloudless Azure of the Mind  
And Fortune's brightning Hue!  
Where'er in waving Foliage hid  
The Bird's gay Charm ascends,  
Or by the fretful current chid  
Some giant Rock impends—  
There let the lonely Cares respire  
As small airs thrill the mourning Lyre  
And teach the Soul her native Calm;

5

10

15

[36]

While Passion with a languid Eye  
Hangs o'er the fall of Harmony  
And drinks the sacred Balm. 20

Slow as the fragrant whisper creeps  
Along the liliated Vale,  
The alter'd Eye of Conquest weeps,  
And ruthless War grows pale  
Relenting that his Heart forsook 25  
Soft Concord of auspicious Look,  
And Love, and social Poverty;  
The Family of tender Fears,  
The Sigh, that saddens and endears,  
And Cares, that sweeten Joy. 30

Then cease, thy frantic Tumults cease,  
Ambition, Sire of War!  
Nor o'er the mangled Corse of Peace  
Urge on thy scythéd Car. 35  
And oh! that Reason's voice might swell  
With whisper'd Airs and holy Spell  
To rouse thy gentler Sense,  
As bending o'er the chilly bloom  
The Morning wakes its soft Perfume  
With breezy Influence. 40

1792.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[35:2] These lines, first published in the *Watchman* (No. IV, March 25, 1796, *signed* G. A. U. N. T.), were included in the volume of MS. Poems presented to Mrs. Estlin in April, 1795. They were never claimed by Coleridge or assigned to him, and are now collected for the first time.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] A Morning Effusion *Watchman*.

- [4] Comfort] solace *W*.
- [13] fretful] fretting *MS. E*.
- [16] mourning] lonely *W*.
- [17] her] its *W*.
- [18] languid] waning *W*.
- [19] Hangs] Bends *W*.
- [21-2] As slow the whisper'd measure creeps  
Along the steaming Vale.

*W*.

- [24] grows] turns *W*.
- [31] Tumults] outrage *W*.
- [32] Thou scepter'd Demon, WAR *W*.
- [35] oh] ah *W*.
- [38] chilly] flowrets' *W*.

---

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS<sup>[36:1]</sup>

### WHO DESERTED HIM IN QUEST OF A MORE WEALTHY HUSBAND IN THE EAST INDIES

The dubious light sad glimmers o'er the sky:  
'Tis silence all. By lonely anguish torn,  
With wandering feet to gloomy groves I fly,  
And wakeful Love still tracks my course forlorn.

And will you, cruel Julia! will you go?  
And trust you to the Ocean's dark dismay?  
Shall the wide wat'ry world between us flow?

And winds unpitying snatch my Hopes away?

[37]

Thus could you sport with my too easy heart?  
Yet tremble, lest not unaveng'd I grieve!  
The winds may learn your own delusive art,  
And faithless Ocean smile—but to deceive!

10

1792.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[36:1] First published in 1893, from *MS. Letter*, Feb. 13 [1792].

---

## WITH FIELDING'S 'AMELIA'<sup>[37:1]</sup>

Virtues and Woes alike too great for man

In the soft tale oft claim the useless sigh;

For vain the attempt to realise the plan,

On Folly's wings must Imitation fly.

With other aim has Fielding here display'd

Each social duty and each social care;

With just yet vivid colouring portray'd

What every wife should be, what many are.

And sure the Parent<sup>[37:2]</sup> of a race so sweet

With double pleasure on the page shall dwell,

Each scene with sympathizing breast shall meet,

While Reason still with smiles delights to tell

Maternal hope, that her loved progeny

In all but sorrows shall Amelias be!

5

10

? 1792.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[37:1] First published in 1834.

[37:2] It is probable that the recipient of the *Amelia* was the mother of Coleridge's first love, Mary Evans.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Sent to Mrs. — with an *Amelia*. *MS. O.*

[10] double] doubled *MS. O.*

---

## WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER<sup>[37:3]</sup>

Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,

To find a likeness for friend V—ker,

I've made thro' Earth, and Air, and Sea,

A Voyage of Discovery!

And let me add (to ward off strife)

For V—ker and for V—ker's Wife—

She large and round beyond belief,

A superfluity of beef!

Her mind and body of a piece,

And both composed of kitchen-grease.

In short, Dame Truth might safely dub her

Vulgarity enshrin'd in blubber!

He, meagre bit of littleness,

All snuff, and musk, and politesse;

So thin, that strip him of his clothing,

He'd totter on the edge of Nothing!

In case of foe, he well might hide

Snug in the collops of her side.

5

[38]

10

15

Ah then, what simile will suit?

Spindle-leg in great jack-boot? [20](#)  
Pismire crawling in a rut?  
Or a spigot in a butt?  
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,  
When Madam Memory with a smile  
Thus twitch'd my ear—'Why sure, I ween, [25](#)  
In London streets thou oft hast seen  
The very image of this pair:  
A little Ape with huge She-Bear  
Link'd by hapless chain together:  
An unlick'd mass the one—the other [30](#)  
An antic small with nimble crupper——'  
But stop, my Muse! for here comes supper.

1792.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [37:3] First published in 1796, and secondly in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. These lines, described as 'A Simile', were sent in a letter to the Rev. George Coleridge, dated August 9 [1792]. The Rev. Fulwood Smerdon, the 'Vicar' of the original MS., succeeded the Rev. John Coleridge as vicar of Ottery St. Mary in 1781. He was the 'Edmund' of 'Lines to a Friend', &c., *vide post*, pp. [74](#), [75](#).

### LINENOTES:

- [Title](#)] Epistle iii. Written, &c., 1796.
- [1] dear Jack] at folk *Letter*, 1792.
- [2] A simile for Vicar *Letter*, 1792.
- [6] For Vicar and for Vicar's wife *Letter*, 1792.
- [7] large] gross *Letter*, 1792.
- [12] enshrin'd] enclos'd
- [19] will] can *Letter*, 1792.
- [23] I ha'd and hem'd *Letter*, 1792.
- [24] Madam] Mrs. *Letter*, 1792.
- [28] huge] large *Letter*, 1792.
- [29] Link'd] Tied *Letter*, 1792.
- [31] small] lean *Letter*, 1792: huge 1796, 1877, 1888, 1893. For Antic huge read *antic small* 'Errata', 1796 p. [189].

---

### IMITATED FROM OSSIAN [\[38:1\]](#)

The stream with languid murmur creeps,  
In Lumin's *flowery* vale:  
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps  
Slow-waving to the gale.

- [39] 'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say, 5  
'Nor wake me with thy sighing!  
The honours of my vernal day  
On rapid wing are flying.

'To-morrow shall the Traveller come  
Who late beheld me blooming: [10](#)  
His searching eye shall vainly roam  
The *dreary* vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek  
My wonted haunts along, [15](#)  
Thus, faithful Maiden! *thou* shalt seek  
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll  
The voice of feeble power;  
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,  
In Slumber's nightly hour. 20

1793.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [38:1] First published in 1796: included in 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The following note was attached in 1796 and 1803:—The flower hangs its [heavy] head waving at times to the gale. 'Why dost thou awake me, O Gale?' it seems to say, 'I am covered with the drops of Heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. Tomorrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, [but] they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field.'—Berrathon, see Ossian's *Poems*, vol. ii. [ed. 1819, p. 481].

## LINENOTES:

- [Title] Ode *MS. E.*  
[10] That erst, &c. *MS. E.*  
[15] faithful] lovely *MS. E.*  
[16] simplest] gentle *MS. E.*

---

## THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHÓMA [\[39:1\]](#)

### FROM THE SAME

How long will ye round me be swelling,  
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?  
Not always in caves was my dwelling,  
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree. 5  
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma  
In the steps of my beauty I strayed;  
The warriors beheld Ninathóma,  
And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid!  
A Ghost! by my cavern it darted! 10  
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—  
For lovely appear the Departed  
When they visit the dreams of my rest!  
But disturb'd by the tempest's commotion  
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—  
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean! 15  
To howl through my cavern by night.

[40]

1793.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [39:1] First published in 1796: included in 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. These lines were included in a letter from Coleridge to Mary Evans, dated Feb. 7, 1793. In 1796 and 1803 the following note was attached:—'How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of Ocean. My dwelling is not always in caves; nor beneath the whistling tree. My [The] feast is spread in Torthoma's Hall. [My father delighted in my voice.] The youths beheld me in [the steps of] my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Nina-thomà.'—Berrathon [Ossian's *Poems*, 1819, ii. 484].

## LINENOTES:

- [Title] Effusion xxx. The Complaint, &c., 1796.  
[5] halls] Hall *Letter, 1793.*  
[8] white-bosom'd] dark-tressed *Letter, 1793.*  
[8-9] By my friends, by my Lovers discarded,  
Like the flower of the Rock now I waste,  
That lifts her fair head unregarded,  
And scatters its leaves on the blast.  
*Letter, 1793.*  
[13] disturb'd] dispers'd *Letter, 1793.*

---

## SONGS OF THE PIXIES [\[40:1\]](#)

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author, during the summer months of the year 1793, conducted a party of young ladies; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

I

Whom the untaught Shepherds call  
Pixies in their madrigal,  
Fancy's children, here we dwell:  
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell. 5  
Here the wren of softest note  
Builds its nest and warbles well;  
Here the blackbird strains his throat;  
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

[41]

II

When fades the moon to shadowy-pale,  
And scuds the cloud before the gale, 10  
Ere the Morn all gem-bedight  
Hath streak'd the East with rosy light,  
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dew  
Clad in robes of rainbow hues;  
Or sport amid the shooting gleams 15  
To the tune of distant-tinkling teams,  
While lusty Labour scouting sorrow  
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,  
Who jogs the accustom'd road along,  
And paces cheery to her cheering song. 20

III

But not our filmy pinion  
We scorch amid the blaze of day,  
When Noontide's fiery-tresséd minion  
Flashes the fervid ray. 25  
Aye from the sultry heat  
We to the cave retreat  
O'er-canopied by huge roots intertwin'd  
With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age:  
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,  
Beneath whose foliage pale 30  
Fann'd by the unfrequent gale  
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

[42]

IV

Thither, while the murmuring throng  
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song, 35  
By Indolence and Fancy brought,  
A youthful Bard, 'unknown to Fame,'  
Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,  
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh  
Gazing with tearful eye,  
As round our sandy grot appear 40  
Many a rudely-sculptur'd name  
To pensive Memory dear!  
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctur'd hue,  
We glance before his view:  
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed 45  
And twine the future garland round his head.

V

When Evening's dusky car  
Crown'd with her dewy star  
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight; 50  
On leaves of aspen trees  
We tremble to the breeze  
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.  
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,  
Along our wildly-bower'd sequester'd walk,  
We listen to the enamour'd rustic's talk; 55



Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,  
Where young-eyed Loves have hid their turtle nest;  
Or guide of soul-subduing power  
The glance that from the half-confessing eye  
Darts the fond question or the soft reply.

[60](#)

[43]

VI

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale  
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;  
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court,  
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,  
Where wearied with his flower-caressing sport,  
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;  
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam  
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;  
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song  
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froths along;  
Or where, his silver waters smooth'd to rest,  
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

[65](#)

[70](#)

VII

Hence thou lingerer, Light!  
Eve saddens into Night.  
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view  
The sombre hours, that round thee stand  
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)  
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.  
Sorceress of the ebon throne!  
Thy power the Pixies own,  
When round thy raven brow  
Heaven's lucent roses glow,  
And clouds in watery colours drest  
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:  
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day  
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:  
For mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,  
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

[75](#)

[80](#)

[85](#)

[44]

VIII

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell  
Where the blameless Pixies dwell:  
But thou, Sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Faery Queen,  
With what obeisance meet  
Thy presence shall we greet?  
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen  
Graceful Ease in artless stole,  
And white-robed Purity of soul,  
With Honour's softer mien;  
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,  
And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,  
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,  
As snow-drop wet with dew.

[90](#)

[95](#)

[100](#)

IX

Unboastful Maid! though now the Lily pale  
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;  
Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,  
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,  
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,  
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek;  
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose  
Extract a Blush for Love!

[105](#)

1793.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[40:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. *The Songs of the Pixies* forms part of the volume of MS. Poems presented to Mrs. Estlin, and of a quarto MS. volume which the poet retained for his own use.

**LINENOTES:**

This [preface](#) appears in all editions. Previous to 1834 the second paragraph read:—To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the Summer months of the year 1793, &c.

The Songs of the Pixies, an irregular Ode. The lower orders of the people in Devonshire have a superstition concerning the existence of 'Pixies', a race of beings supposed to be invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small village in the county, half-way up a Hill, is a large excavation called the 'Pixies' Parlour. The roots of the trees growing above it form the ceiling—and on its sides are engraved innumerable cyphers, among which the author descried his own and those of his Brothers, cut by the rude hand of their childhood. At the foot of the Hill flows the River Otter. To this place the Author had the Honour of conducting a party of Young Ladies during the Summer months, on which occasion the following Poem was written. *MS. E.*

*Note.* The emendations in ll. 9, 11, 12, 15, 16 are peculiar to the edition of 1834, and are, certainly, Coleridge's own handiwork.

[9] to] all *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[11] Ere Morn with living gems bedight *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[12] Hath streak'd] Purples *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1828, 1829:* Streaks *1797, 1803.* rosy] streaky *MS. E, 1796, 1828, 1829:* purple *1797, 1803.*

*After [l. 14](#) the following lines appear in *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828:**

Richer than the deepen'd bloom  
That glows on Summer's lily-scented (scented *1797, 1803*) plume.

[15] shooting] rosy *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[15-16] gleam . . . team *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[16] To the tune of] Sooth'd by the *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[20] Timing to Dobbin's foot her cheery song. *MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[21] our] the *MS. E.*

[35] By rapture-beaming Fancy brought *MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[37] Oft woos *MS. E:* our faery garlands *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[53-5] Or at the silent visionary hour  
Along our rude sequester'd walk  
We list th' enamour'd Shepherd's talk.

*MS. E.*

Or at the silent

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[54] wildly-bower'd] wild *1797, 1803.*

[57] hid] built *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[58] of] with *MS. E.*

[59] The Electric Flash that from the melting eye,

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[60] or] and *MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

[61-5] Or haply in the flower-embroider'd vale  
We ply our faery feet in gamesome prank;  
Or pay our wonted court  
Circling the Spirits of the Western Gale,  
Where tir'd with vernal sport

*MS. E.*

[63] Or in deft homage pay our silent court

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[68-70] By lonely Otter's 'peace-persuading' stream  
Or where his frothing wave with merry song  
'Dash'd o'er the rough rock lightly leaps along'

*MS. E.*

[68] peace-persuading stream *MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[69-70] Or where his waves with loud unquiet song  
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796 ('froths' in text, 'froth' errata).*

[70] froths] froth *1828, 1829.*

[75-7] Mother of wild'ring dreams thy course pursue.  
With downcast eyes around thee stand  
The sombre Hours, a duteous band.

*MS. E.*

[92] obedience *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796: Correction made in Errata.*

[94] For lo! around thy *MS. E.*

[97] softer] gentler *MS. E.*

[99] meek-eyed] meekest *MS. E.*

[100] cheeks are] cheek is *MS. E.*

[104-5] Yet ere again the impurpled vale  
And elfin-haunted grove

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

[104-6] Yet ere again the purpling vale  
And elfin-haunted Grove  
Young Zephyr with fresh flowrets strews.

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E.*

[108] nectar-breathing] nectar-dropping *MS. E.*

[109] for] of *MS. E.*

[45]

## THE ROSE<sup>[45:1]</sup>

As late each flower that sweetest blows  
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!  
Within the petals of a Rose  
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath  
Of many a lucent hue;  
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,  
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd the unguarded Power,  
Nor scared his balmy rest:  
And placed him, caged within the flower,  
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile  
Awoke the prisoner sweet,  
He struggled to escape awhile  
And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
Subdued the impatient boy!  
He gazed! he thrill'd with deep delight!  
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

[46]

'And O!' he cried—'Of magic kind  
What charms this Throne endear!  
Some other Love let Venus find—  
I'll fix *my* empire *here*.<sup>[46:1]</sup>

1793.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[45:1] First published in 1796, included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. A copy of this poem is written in pencil on the blank page of Langhorne's *Collins*; a note adds, 'This "Effusion" and "Kisses" were addressed to a Miss F. Nesbitt at Plymouth, whither the author accompanied his eldest brother, to whom he was paying a visit, when he was twenty-one years of age.' In a letter to his brother George, dated July 28, 1793, Coleridge writes, 'presented a moss rose to a lady. Dick Hart [George Coleridge's brother-in-law] asked if she was not afraid to put it in her bosom, as, perhaps, there might be love in it. I immediately wrote the following little ode or song or what you please to call it. [The Rose.] It is of the namby-pamby genus.' *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 54.

[46:1] *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. p. 55.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] On presenting a moss rose to Miss F. Nesbitt. *MS. (pencil)*. Effusion xxvi. 1796.

[5] beamy] lucent *MS. E: lucid Letter, 1793*.

[6] lucent] changing *MS. E: mingled Letter, 1793*.

[12] On lovely Nesbitt's breast. *MS. (pencil)*.

On Angelina's breast. *Letter, 1793*.

On spotless Anna's breast. *MS. E*.

[Probably Anna Buclé, afterwards Mrs. Cruikshank.]

[13] But when all reckless *Letter, 1793*.

[14] prisoner] slumberer *Letter, 1793*.

[16] faery] angry *Letter, 1793*.

[21-2] 'And, O', he cried, 'What charms refined  
This magic throne endear

*Letter, 1793, MS. E.*

[23] Another Love may *Letter, 1793*.

---

## KISSES<sup>[46:2]</sup>

Cupid, if storying Legends tell aright,  
Once fram'd a rich Elixir of Delight.  
A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,  
And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mix'd:  
With these the magic dews which Evening brings,  
Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings:  
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,  
Each gentler Pleasure of th' unspotted mind—  
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,  
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.  
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,  
The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs;  
Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamour'd Dove  
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive Love.  
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,  
And 'Kisses' was the precious Compound's name.  
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,  
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

[47]

5

10

15

1793.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[46:2] First published in 1796: included in 1797 (*Supplement*), 1803, and 1844. Three MSS. are extant, (1) as included in a letter to George Coleridge, Aug. 5, 1793; (2) as written in pencil in a copy of Langhorne's *Collins* in 1793; (3) *MS. E. Poems*, 1796 (Note 7, p. 181), and footnotes in 1797 and 1803, supply the original Latin:

Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem  
Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manu.  
Ambrosiae succos occultâ temperat arte,  
Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.  
Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim  
Non impune favis surripisset Amor.  
Decussos violae foliis admiscet odores  
Et spolia aestivis plurima rapta rosis.  
Addit et illecebras et mille et mille lepores,  
Et quot Acidalius gaudia Cestus habet.  
Ex his composuit Dea basia; et omnia libens  
Invenias nitidae sparsa per ora Cloës.

Carm[ina] Quad[ragesimalia], vol. ii.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Cupid turn'd Chymist *Letter, 1793, Pencil*. The Compound *MS. E: Effusion xxvi. 1796*:  
The Composition of a Kiss 1797: Kisses 1803, 1844, 1852.

[1] storing] ancient *Pencil*.

[3] Chalice] cauldron *Letter, 1793*.

[[8] gentler] gentle *Pencil*.

[9] Gay Dreams whose tints with beamy brightness glow.

*Letter, 1793, MS. E.*

[9-10]

And [ Hopes the blameless parasites of Woe  
Fond

*Bristol MS.*

And Dreams whose tints with beamy brightness glow.

*Pencil, Bristol MS.*

[11-12]

With joy he view'd his chymic process rise,  
The steaming cauldron bubbled up in sighs.

*Letter, 1793.*

[11-12]

the chymic process rise,  
The steaming chalice

*Pencil, MS. E.*

[11-12]

the chymic process rise,  
The charming cauldron

*Bristol MS.*

[14]

Murmuring] murmurs *Letter, 1793*.

Cooes the soft murmurs *Pencil*.

[15]

not Envy's self could blame *Letter, 1793, Pencil*.  
might blame. *MS. E.*

[17]

With part *Letter, 1793, MS. E.*

[18]

on Nesbitt's lovely lips the rest. *Letter, 1793, Pencil*.

on Mary's lovelier lips the rest. *MS. E.*

on lovely Nesbitt's lovely lips the rest. *Bristol MS.*

---

## THE GENTLE LOOK<sup>[47:1]</sup>

Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,  
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream  
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!  
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:  
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day  
I lay me down and think of happier years;  
Of joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,  
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.  
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!  
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.  
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone  
To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again:  
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam  
Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.<sup>[48:1]</sup>

[48]

5

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? 1793.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[47:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The 'four *last* lines' of the Sonnet as sent to Southey, on Dec. 11, 1794, were written by Lamb. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 111, 112.

[48:1] Compare ll. 13, 14 with ll. 13, 14 of *Anna and Harland* and ll. 17, 18 of *Recollection*. Vide [Appendix](#).

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Irregular Sonnet *MS. E.* Effusion xiv. 1796: Sonnet III. 1797, 1803: Sonnet viii. 1828, 1829, 1834: The Smile *P. W.* 1885: The Gentle Look *P. W.* 1893.

[1] Thou] O *Letter*, 1794.

[9] gone] flown *MS. E.*

[10] you] one *Letter*, 1794.

[13-14] Anon they haste to everlasting Night,  
Nor can a Giant's arm arrest them in their flight *Letter*, 1794.

On on, &c., *MS. E.*

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## SONNET<sup>[48:2]</sup>

### 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 imprest  
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes  
I never shut amid the sunny ray,  
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,  
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,  
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dyes  
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On my way,  
Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguil'd  
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:  
Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

5

10

? 1793.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[48:2] Lines 2-11 were first published in the *Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796, as lines 17-26 of *Recollection*. First published, as a whole, in *Selection of Sonnets*, 1796, included in 1797, 1803, *Sibyline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Sonnet No. IV. To the, &c., 1797, 1803.

[3] What blissful and what anguish'd hours *Watchman*, *S. S.*, 1797, 1803.

[7] ray] blaze *Watchman*, *S. S.*, 1797, 1803.

[8] thy] their *S. L. Corrected in Errata*, p. [xii].

[9] The crossing plank, and margin's willowy maze *Watchman*.

Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze *S. S.*, 1797, 1803.

[11] On my way] to the gaze *Watchman*, *S. S.*, 1797, 1803.

[14] Ah! that I were once more, &c. *S. L. Corrected in Errata*, p. [xii].

[49]

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### FIRST DRAFT

## AN EFFUSION AT EVENING

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1792

Imagination, Mistress of my Love!  
Where shall mine Eye thy elfin haunt explore?  
Dost thou on yon rich Cloud thy pinions bright  
Embathe in amber-glowing Floods of Light?  
Or, wild of speed, pursue the track of Day  
In other worlds to hail the morning Ray?  
'Tis time to bid the faded shadowy Pleasures move  
On shadowy Memory's wings across the Soul of Love;

5

And thine o'er *Winter's* icy plains to fling  
Each flower, that binds the breathing Locks of *Spring*,  
When blushing, like a bride, from primrose Bower  
She starts, awaken'd by the pattering Shower! 10

Now sheds the setting Sun a purple gleam,  
Aid, lovely Sorc'ress! aid the Poet's dream.  
With faery wand O bid my Love arise,  
The dewy brilliance dancing in her Eyes; 15  
As erst she woke with soul-entrancing Mien  
The thrill of Joy extatic yet serene,  
When link'd with Peace I bounded o'er the Plain  
And Hope itself was all I knew of Pain! 20

Propitious Fancy hears the votive sigh—  
The absent Maiden flashes on mine Eye!  
When first the matin Bird with startling Song  
Salutes the Sun his veiling Clouds among,

I trace her footsteps on the 

[	accustom'd
	steaming Lawn,

I view her glancing in the gleams of Dawn!  
When the bent Flower beneath the night-dew weeps  
And on the Lake the silver Lustre sleeps,  
Amid the paly Radiance soft and sad  
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.  
With *her* along the streamlet's brink I rove;  
With *her* I list the warblings of the Grove;  
And seems in each low wind *her* voice to float,  
Lone-whispering Pity in each soothing Note!  
As oft in climes beyond the western Main  
Where boundless spreads the wildly-silent Plain,  
The savage Hunter, who his drowsy frame  
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded Flame,  
Awakes amid the tempest-troubled air,  
The Thunder's Peal and Lightning's lurid glare—  
Aghast he hears the rushing Whirlwind's Sweep,  
And sad recalls the sunny hour of Sleep!  
So lost by storms along Life's wild'ring Way  
Mine Eye reverted views that cloudless Day,  
When, —! on thy banks I joy'd to rove  
While Hope with kisses nurs'd the infant Love!

[50]

Sweet —! where Pleasure's streamlet glides  
Fann'd by soft winds to curl in mimic tides;  
Where Mirth and Peace beguile the blameless Day;  
And where Friendship's fixt star beams a mellow'd Ray; 50  
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears;  
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;  
And Memory, with a Vestal's meek employ,  
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of Joy!  
No more thy Sky Larks less'ning from my sight 55  
Shall thrill th' attuned Heartstring with delight;  
No more shall deck thy pensive Pleasures sweet  
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat!  
Yet dear to [My] Fancy's Eye thy varied scene  
Of Wood, Hill, Dale and sparkling Brook between: 60  
Yet sweet to [My] Fancy's Ear the warbled song,  
That soars on Morning's wing thy fields among!

Scenes of my Hope! the aching Eye ye leave,  
Like those rich Hues that paint the clouds of Eve!  
Tearful and saddening with the sadden'd Blaze 65  
Mine Eye the gleam pursues with wistful Gaze—  
Sees Shades on Shades with deeper tint impend,  
Till chill and damp the moonless Night descend!

1792.

[51]

LINES [\[51:1\]](#)

### ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more  
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!

Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight  
Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light;  
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day, 5  
With western peasants hail the morning ray!  
Ah! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,  
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!  
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling  
Each flower that wreath'd the dewy locks of Spring, 10  
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower  
She leapt, awaken'd by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,  
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!  
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise, 15  
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;  
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode  
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed;  
When as she twin'd a laurel round my brow,  
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow, 20  
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,  
And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,  
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes!  
When first the lark high-soaring swells his throat, 25  
Mocks the tir'd eye, and scatters the loud note,  
I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,  
I mark her glancing mid the gleam of dawn.  
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps  
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps, 30  
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,  
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.  
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;  
With her I list the warblings of the grove;  
And seems in each low wind her voice to float 35  
Lone-whispering Pity in each soothing note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! Obey  
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.  
Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,  
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle-trees, 40  
Or with fond languishment around my fair  
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;  
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,  
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given 45  
Form'd by the wond'rous Alchemy of Heaven!  
No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,  
No fairer Maid e'er heav'd the bosom's snow.  
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;  
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye; 50  
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips  
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.  
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—  
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong. 55  
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls  
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls!

[52:1] O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,  
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God!  
A flower-entangled Arbour I would seem 60  
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam:  
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose od'rous boughs  
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.  
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,  
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale;  
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest, 65  
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!  
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,  
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—  
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,  
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes! 70

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame  
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,  
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,  
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—  
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep, 75



And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—  
 So tossed by storms along Life's wild'ring way,  
 Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,  
 When by my native brook I wont to rove,  
 While Hope with kisses nurs'd the Infant Love. 80

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly  
 Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!  
 Dear native brook! where first young Poesy  
 Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream!  
 Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,  
 As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream! 85

Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,  
 Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray,  
 Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,  
 Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;  
 And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,  
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy! 90

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight  
 Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—  
 No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet  
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat. 95

Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene  
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!  
 Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,  
 That soars on Morning's wing your vales among. 100

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave  
 Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!  
 Tearful and saddening with the sadden'd blaze  
 Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:  
 Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,  
 Till chill and damp the moonless night descend 105

1793.

### FOOTNOTES:

[51:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829 and 1834. In *Social Life at the English Universities*, by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., 1874, it is recorded that this poem was read by Coleridge to a party of college friends on November 7, 1793.

[52:1] Note to line 57. Poems, 1796, pp. 183-5:—I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality: as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams. The lines in this poem from the 27th to the 36th, I have been told are a palpable imitation of the passage from the 355th to the 370th line of the Pleasures of Memory Part 3. I do not perceive so striking a similarity between the two passages; at all events I had written the Effusion several years before I had seen M<sup>r</sup> Rogers' Poem.—It may be proper to remark that the tale of Florio in the 'Pleasures of Memory' is to be found in Lochleven, a poem of great merit by Michael Bruce.—In M<sup>r</sup> Rogers' Poem<sup>[52:A]</sup> the names are Florio and Julia; in the Lochleven Lomond and Levina—and this is all the difference. We seize the opportunity of transcribing from the Lochleven of Bruce the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart.

Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side  
 Large droves of oxen and the fleecy flocks  
 Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air  
 With Music grateful to their [the] Master's ear.  
 The Traveller stops and gazes round and round  
 O'er all the plains [scenes] that animate his heart  
 With mirth and music. Even the mendicant  
 Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone  
 Sole-sitting suns him in the public way,  
 Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

[*Poems* by Michael Bruce, 1796, p. 94.]

[52:A] For Coleridge's retraction of the charge of plagiarism and apology to Rogers see 'Advertisement to Supplement of 1797', pp. 244, 245.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] Effusion xxxvi. Written in Early Youth, The Time, An Autumnal Evening 1796: Written in etc. 1803: An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening. Written in Early Youth 1797 (*Supplement*).

A first draft, headed 'An Effusion at Evening, Written in August, 1792' is included in the MS. volume presented to Mrs. Estlin in April, 1795 (*vide ante*, pp. [49](#), [50](#)).

[28] gleam] gleams 1796, 1797, 1803, 1893.

[51-3] in Joy's bright nectar dips  
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips!  
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,  
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infants' smile.  
She speaks, &c.

1796, 1803.

[54] still those mazy notes 1796, 1803.

[55-6] Sweet as th' angelic harps, whose rapturous falls  
Awake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls.

1796, 1803.

[86] thy] a 1796, 1803.

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## TO FORTUNE<sup>[54:1]</sup>

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MORNING CHRONICLE'

SIR,—The following poem you may perhaps deem admissible into your journal—if not, you will commit it εἰς ἱερὸν μένος Ἡφαιίστοιο.—I am, with more respect and gratitude than I ordinarily feel for Editors of Papers, your obliged, &c.,

CANTAB.—S. T. C.

[55]

### To Fortune

*On buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery*

Composed during a walk to and from the Queen's Head, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, and Hornsby's and Co., Cornhill.

Promptress of unnumber'd sighs,  
O snatch that circling bandage from thine eyes!  
O look, and smile! No common prayer  
Solicits, Fortune! thy propitious care!  
For, not a silken son of dress, 5  
I clink the gilded chains of *politesse*,  
Nor ask thy boon what time I scheme  
Unholy Pleasure's frail and feverish dream;  
Nor yet my view life's *dazzle* blinds—  
Pomp!—Grandeur! Power!—I give you to the winds! 10  
Let the little bosom cold  
Melt only at the sunbeam ray of gold—  
My pale cheeks glow—the big drops start—  
The rebel *Feeling* riots at my heart!  
And if in lonely durance pent, 15  
Thy poor mite mourn a brief imprisonment—  
That mite at Sorrow's faintest sound  
Leaps from its scrip with an elastic bound!  
But oh! if ever song thine ear  
Might soothe, O haste with fost'ring hand to rear 20  
One Flower of Hope! At Love's behest,  
Trembling, I plac'd it in my secret breast:  
And thrice I've view'd the vernal gleam,  
Since oft mine eye, with Joy's electric beam,  
Illum'd it—and its sadder hue 25  
Oft moisten'd with the Tear's ambrosial dew!  
Poor wither'd floweret! on its head  
Has dark Despair his sickly mildew shed!  
But thou, O Fortune! canst relume  
Its deaden'd tints—and thou with hardier bloom 30  
May'st haply tinge its beauties pale,  
And yield the unsunn'd stranger to the western gale!

1793.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[54:1] First published, *Morning Chronicle*, Nov. 7, 1793. First collected 1893.

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The dust flies smothering, as on clatt'ring wheel  
 Loath'd Aristocracy careers along;  
 The distant track quick vibrates to the eye,  
 And white and dazzling undulates with heat,  
 Where scorching to the unwary traveller's touch, 5  
 The stone fence flings its narrow slip of shade;  
 Or, where the worn sides of the chalky road  
 Yield their scant excavations (sultry grots!),  
 Emblem of languid patience, we behold  
 The fleecy files faint-ruminating lie. 10

1794.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[56:1] First published, *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1895, i. 73, 74. The lines were sent in a letter to Southey, dated July 6, 1794.

**[AVE, ATQUE VALE!]**<sup>[56:2]</sup>

Vivit sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita,  
 Ah dolor! alterius carâ a cervice pependit.  
 Vos, malefida valete accensae insomnia mentis,  
 Littora amata valete! Vale, ah! formosa Maria!

1794.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[56:2] First published, *Biog. Lit.* 1847, *Biog. Supplement*, ii. 340. This Latin quatrain was sent in a letter to Southey, dated July 13, 1794.

**ON BALA HILL**<sup>[56:3]</sup>

With many a weary step at length I gain  
 Thy summit, Bala! and the cool breeze plays  
 Cheerily round my brow—as hence the gaze  
 Returns to dwell upon the journey'd plain.  
 'Twas a long way and tedious!—to the eye 5  
 Tho' fair th' extended Vale, and fair to view  
 The falling leaves of many a faded hue  
 That eddy in the wild gust moaning by!  
 Ev'n so it far'd with Life! in discontent  
 Restless thro' Fortune's mingled scenes I went, 10  
 Yet wept to think they would return no more!  
 O cease fond heart! in such sad thoughts to roam,  
 For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,  
 And pleasant is the way that lies before.

[57]

1794.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[56:3] First published (as Coleridge's) in 1893, from an unsigned autograph MS. found among the Evans Papers. The lines are all but identical with Southey's Sonnet to Lansdown Hill (Sonnet viii), dated 1794, and first published in 1797, and were, probably, his composition. See *Athenaeum*, January 11, 1896.

**LINENOTES:**

- [2] Bala] Lansdown *Poems*, 1797.  
 [3] Cheerily] Gratefully *Poems*, 1797.  
 [12] O] But *Poems*, 1797.

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## LINES<sup>[57:1]</sup>

### WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE 'MAN OF ROSS'

Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards,  
 Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,  
 Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS! O Traveller, hear!  
 Departed Merit claims a reverent tear. 5  
 Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,  
 With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;  
 He heard the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise,  
 He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze,  
 Or where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay, 10  
 Pour'd the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.  
 Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,  
 Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:  
 To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,  
 And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl. 15  
 But if, like me, through Life's distressful scene  
 Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;  
 And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,  
 Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought;  
 Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,  
 And *dream* of Goodness, thou hast never felt! 20

[58]

1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[57:1] First published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, September 27, 1794: included in *A Pedestrian Tour through North Wales*. By J. Hucks, 1795, p. 15: 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

In a letter to Southey dated July 13, 1794, Coleridge writes:—'At Ross . . . we took up our quarters at the King's Arms, once the house of Kyrle, the Man of Ross. I gave the window-shutter the following effusion—"Richer than Misers" etc.' J. Hucks, in his *Tour*, 1795, p. 15, writes to the same effect. There are but slight variations in the text as printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* and in Hucks' *Tour*. In 1796 lines 5-10 of the text, which were included in *A Monody on the Death of Chatterton* (1796), are omitted, and the poem numbered only fourteen lines. In 1797 lines 5-10 were restored to the *Man of Ross* and omitted from the *Monody*. The poem numbered twenty lines. In 1803 lines 5-10 were again omitted from the *Man of Ross*, but not included in the *Monody*. The poem numbered fourteen lines. The text of 1828, 1829 is almost identical with that of 1834.

Four MS. versions are extant, (1) the Letter to Southey, July 13, 1794; (2) the Estlin Copy-book; (3) the Morrison MSS.; (4) the MS. 4<sup>o</sup> Copy-book.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Written . . . Mr. Kyrle, 'the Man of Ross'. *MS. E*.

- [1] Misers o'er their *Letter*, 1794, *J. H., MS. E*, 1808.  
 [4] the glistening tear *Letter*, 1794: a] the *J. H., MS. E. Lines 5-10 are not in MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796, 1803: in 1797 they follow l. 14 of the text.*  
 [5] to the poor man wealth, *Morrison MSS.*  
 [7] heard] hears 1797, 1828, 1829.  
 [8] mark'd] marks 1797, 1828.  
 [9] And o'er the dowried maiden's glowing cheek, *Letter*, 1794, *Morrison MSS.*: virgin's snowy cheek, *J. H., MS. E*.  
 [10] Bade bridal love suffuse its blushes meek. *Letter*, 1794, *MS. E, Morrison MSS.* Pour'd] Pours 1797, 1828, 1829.  
 [11] If 'neath this roof thy wine cheer'd moments pass *Letter*, *J. H., MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1803.*  
 [14] ennobled] sparkling *Letter*, 1794.  
 [15] me] mine 1803.

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## IMITATED FROM THE WELSH <sup>[58:1]</sup>

If while my passion I impart,  
You deem my words untrue,  
O place your hand upon my heart—  
Feel how it throbs for *you*!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim  
In pity to your Lover!  
That thrilling touch would aid the flame  
It wishes to discover.

5

? 1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[58:1] First published in 1796: included in 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] Song *MS. E: Effusion xxxi. Imitated &c., 1796.*

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## LINES <sup>[58:2]</sup>

### TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE

Once more! sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,  
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.  
Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours,  
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers  
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)  
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.  
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude  
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;  
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,  
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!  
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply  
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.  
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks  
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,  
Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,  
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.  
The rustic here at eve with pensive look  
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,  
Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread  
To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread:  
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,  
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.

[5](#)

10

15

[20](#)

Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls  
The faded form of past delight recalls,  
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,  
And all was joy; save when another's woes  
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,  
Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.  
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,  
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:  
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,  
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

[25](#)

[30](#)

1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[58:2] First published in 1796: included in *Annual Register*, 1796: 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Lines addressed to a Spring in Village of Kirkhampton near Bath *MS. E.*

[7] groves in murmurs *MS. E.*

[21-2] And now essays his simple Faith to prove  
By all the soft sollicitudes of Love.

*MS. E.*

*For ll. 29-32*

But ah! too brief in Youths' enchanting reign,  
Ere Manhood wakes th' unweeting heart to pain,  
Silent and soft thy silver waters glide:  
So glided Life, a smooth and equal Tide.  
Sad Change! for now by choking Cares withstood  
It hardly bursts its way, a turbid, boist'rous Flood!

*MS. E.*

[30] Or silver'd its smooth course beneath the Moon. *MS. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

[31] rude] the thorny *MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

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## IMITATIONS AD LYRAM<sup>[59:1]</sup>

### (CASIMIR, BOOK II. ODE 3)

The solemn-breathing air is ended—  
Cease, O Lyre! thy kindred lay!  
From the poplar-branch suspended  
Glitter to the eye of Day!

[60] On thy wires hov'ring, dying, 5  
Softly sighs the summer wind:  
I will slumber, careless lying,  
By yon waterfall reclin'd.

In the forest hollow-roaring 10  
Hark! I hear a deep'ning sound—  
Clouds rise thick with heavy low'ring!  
See! th' horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,  
Let me seize thy wetted string!  
Swiftly flies the flatterer, Pleasure, 15  
Headlong, ever on the wing.<sup>[60:1]</sup>

1794.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[59:1] First published in the *Watchman*, No. II, March 9, 1796: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, I. 41-3. First collected in 1844.

[60:1] If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know not of any Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The Odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about 150 years ago, by a Thomas Hill, I think, [—by G. H. [G. Hills.] London, 1646. 12mo. *Ed. L. R.* 1836. I never saw the translation. A few of the Odes have been translated in a very animated manner by Watts. I have subjoined the third ode of the second book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In the imitation attempted, I am sensible that I have destroyed the *effect of suddenness*, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

AD LYRAM.

Sonori buxi Filia subtilis,  
Pendebris alta, Barbite, populo,  
Dum ridet aer, et supinas  
Solicitat levis aura frondes:  
Te sibilantis lenior halitus  
Perflabit Euri: me iuuet interim  
Collum reclinasse, et virenti  
Sic temere iacuisse ripa.

Eheu! serenum quae nebulae tegunt  
Repente caelum! quis sonus imbrium!  
Surgamus—heu semper fugaci  
Gaudia praeteritura passu!

'Advertisement' to *Ad Lyram*, in *Watchman*, II, March 9, 1796.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Song. [*Note*. Imitated from Casimir.] *MS. E*.

---

## TO LESBIA [\[60:2\]](#)

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.  
CATULLUS.

[\[61\]](#) My Lesbia, let us love and live,  
And to the winds, my Lesbia, give  
Each cold restraint, each boding fear  
Of age and all her saws severe.  
Yon sun now posting to the main [5](#)  
Will set,—but 'tis to rise again;—  
But we, when once our mortal light  
Is set, must sleep in endless night.  
Then come, with whom alone I'll live,  
A thousand kisses take and give! 10  
Another thousand!—to the store  
Add hundreds—then a thousand more!  
And when they to a million mount,  
Let confusion take the account,—  
That you, the number never knowing, [15](#)  
May continue still bestowing—  
That I for joys may never pine,  
Which never can again be mine!

? 1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[\[60:2\]](#) First published in the *Morning Post*, April 11, 1798: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 274. First collected in *P. W.*, 1893.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Lines imitated from Catullus. *M. P.*

[\[4\]](#) her] its *L. R.*

[\[7\]](#) mortal] little *L. R.*

[\[18\]](#) *signed* Mortimer *M. P.*

---

## THE DEATH OF THE STARLING [\[61:1\]](#)

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque.—CATULLUS.

Pity! mourn in plaintive tone  
The lovely starling dead and gone!  
Pity mourns in plaintive tone  
The lovely starling dead and gone.  
Weep, ye Loves! and Venus! weep [5](#)  
The lovely starling fall'n asleep!  
Venus sees with tearful eyes—  
In her lap the starling lies!  
While the Loves all in a ring  
Softly stroke the stiffen'd wing. 10

? 1794.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [61:1] First published, *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 274. First collected, *P. W.*, 1893. The titles 'Lesbia' and 'The Death of the Starling' first appear in 1893.

## LINENOTES:

- [7] sees] see *L. R.*

---

### MORIENS SUPERSTITI<sup>[61:2]</sup>

- [62] The hour-bell sounds, and I must go;  
Death waits—again I hear him calling;—  
No cowardly desires have I,  
Nor will I shun his face appalling.  
I die in faith and honour rich— 5  
But ah! I leave behind my treasure  
In widowhood and lonely pain;—  
To live were surely then a pleasure!
- My lifeless eyes upon thy face 10  
Shall never open more to-morrow;  
To-morrow shall thy beauteous eyes  
Be closed to Love, and drown'd in Sorrow;  
To-morrow Death shall freeze this hand,  
And on thy breast, my wedded treasure,  
I never, never more shall live;— 15  
Alas! I quit a life of pleasure.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [61:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, May 10, 1798, with a prefatory note:—'The two following verses from the French, never before published, were written by a French Prisoner as he was preparing to go to the Guillotine': included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 275. First collected *P. W.*, 1893.

---

### MORIENTI SUPERSTES

- Yet art thou happier far than she  
Who feels the widow's love for thee!  
For while her days are days of weeping,  
Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping,  
In some still world, unknown, remote, 5  
The mighty parent's care hast found,  
Without whose tender guardian thought  
No sparrow falleth to the ground.
- ? 1794.

---

### THE SIGH<sup>[62:1]</sup>

- When Youth his faery reign began  
Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;  
While Peace the present hour beguil'd,  
And all the lovely Prospect smil'd;  
Then Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee 5  
I heav'd the painless Sigh for thee.
- And when, along the waves of woe,  
My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know  
The frantic burst of Outrage keen,  
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen; 10  
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea  
I heaved an anguish'd Sigh for thee!
- [63] But soon Reflection's power imprest



A stiller sadness on my breast;  
And sickly Hope with waning eye  
Was well content to droop and die:  
I yielded to the stern decree,  
Yet heav'd a languid Sigh for thee!

15

And though in distant climes to roam,  
A wanderer from my native home,  
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,  
And lull to sleep the Joys that were!  
Thy Image may not banish'd be—  
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

20

1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [62:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829. Coleridge dated the poem, June 1794, but the verses as sent to Southey, in a letter dated November, 1794 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 100, 101), could not have taken shape before the August of that year, after the inception of Pantisocracy and his engagement to Sarah Fricker.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] Ode *MS. E*: Song *Letter*, Nov. 1794, *Morrison MSS.*: Effusion xxxii: The Sigh 1796.
- [7] along th'] as tossed on 1803. waves] wilds *Letter*, 1794, *MS. E*.
- [9] of] the 1803.
- [13] power] hand *Letter*, Nov. 1794, *MS. E*.
- [18] a] the *Letter*, 1794.
- [21-2] I fain would woo a gentle Fair  
To soothe the aching sense of Care
- Letter*, Nov. 1794.
- [21] sense of] aching *MS. E*.
- Below [L. 24](#) June 1794 *Poems*, 1796.

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## THE KISS <sup>[63:1]</sup>

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd—  
Your scorn the little boon denied.  
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?  
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,  
The Spirit of the Western Gale,  
At Morning's break, at Evening's close  
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,  
And hovers o'er the uninjur'd bloom  
Sighing back the soft perfume.  
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing  
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;  
And He the glitter of the Dew  
Scatters on the Rose's hue.  
Bashful lo! she bends her head,  
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

5

10

15

Too well those lovely lips disclose  
The triumphs of the opening Rose;  
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove  
As passive to the breath of Love.  
In tender accents, faint and low,  
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd 'No!'  
The whispered 'No'—how little meant!  
Sweet Falsehood that endears Consent!  
For on those lovely lips the while  
Dawns the soft relenting smile,  
And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy  
The gentle violence of Joy.

20

25

[64]

**FOOTNOTES:**

[63:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Ode *MS. E*: Effusion xxviii 1796: The Kiss 1797, 1828, 1829, 1834: To Sara 1803. *MSS. of The Kiss are included in the Estlin volume and in S. T. C.'s quarto copy-book.*

[11-15] Vigor to his languid wing  
The Rose's fragrant kisses bring,  
And He o'er all her brighten'd hue  
Flings the glitter of the dew.  
See she bends her bashful head.

*MS. E.*

[13-14] And He o'er all her brighten'd hue  
Sheds the glitter of the dew.

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[18] The fragrant triumphs of the Rose. *MS. E.*

[26] Dawns] Dawn'd *MS. E.*

[27] And] That *MS. E.*

**TO A YOUNG LADY**<sup>[64:1]</sup>

**WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION**

Much on my early youth I love to dwell,  
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,  
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,  
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!  
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing, 5  
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.

Aye as the Star of Evening flung its beam  
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,  
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom  
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo!<sup>[64:2]</sup> o'er thy tomb. 10  
Where'er I wander'd, Pity still was near,  
Breath'd from the heart and glisten'd in the tear:  
No knell that toll'd but fill'd my anxious eye,  
And suffering Nature wept that *one* should die!<sup>[65:1]</sup>

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast, 15  
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West:  
When slumbering Freedom roused by high Disdain  
With giant Fury burst her triple chain!  
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd;  
Her banners, like a midnight meteor, flow'd; 20  
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies!  
She came, and scatter'd battles from her eyes!  
Then Exultation waked the patriot fire  
And swept with wild hand the Tyrtæan lyre:  
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance, 25  
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fallen is the Oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,  
And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.  
With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,  
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the Myrtle braid. 30  
And O! if Eyes whose holy glances roll,  
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;  
If Smiles more winning, and a gentler Mien  
Than the love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen  
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air, 35  
If these demand the empassion'd Poet's care—  
If Mirth and soften'd Sense and Wit refined,  
The blameless features of a lovely mind;

[65]

[66]

Then haply shall my trembling hand assign  
 No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.  
 Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers refuse—  
 Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues;  
 No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings  
 From Flattery's night-shade: as he feels he sings.

September 1794.

### FOOTNOTES:

[64:1] First published in *The Watchman*, No. I, March 1, 1796: included in 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Three MSS. are extant: (1) the poem as sent to Southey in a letter dated Oct. 21, 1794 (see *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1855, i. 94, 95); (2) the Estlin volume; (3) the MS. 4<sup>o</sup> copy-book.

[64:2] Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich churchyard. See Keate's *Account of the Pelew Islands*. 1788.

[65:1] And suffering Nature, &c. Southey's *Retrospect*.

'When eager patriots fly the news to spread  
 Of glorious conquest, and of thousands dead;  
 All feel the mighty glow of victor joy—

\* \* \* \* \*

But if extended on the gory plain,  
 And, snatch'd in conquest, some lov'd friend be slain,  
 Affection's tears will dim the sorrowing eye,  
 And suffering Nature grieve that one should die.'

From the *Retrospect* by Robert Southey, published by Dilly [1795, pp. 9, 10]. MS. 4<sup>o</sup>.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Verses addressed to a Lady with a poem relative to a recent event in the French Revolution MS. E.

[2] friendly] guardian MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E.

[3] cloisters] cloister MS. E.

[5] careless] rosy MS. E.

[9] My pensive soul amid the twilight gloom MS. Letter, 1794.

[10] Boo] Bo MS. E.

[12] glisten'd] glitter'd MS. Letter, 1794.

[13] anxious] anguish'd MS. Letter, 1794.

[16] Calm] Bright MS. E.

[17] by] with 1829.

[23] waked] woke MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E.

[24] with wilder hand th' empassion'd lyre MS. Letter, 1794: with wilder hand th' Alcaean lyre MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, MS. E, *Watchman*, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

[25] wound] wounds MS. Letter, 1794.

[27] In ghastly horror lie th' Oppressors low MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796, *Watchman*.

[29] With sad and wearied thought I seek the shade MS. E: With wearied thought I seek the amaranth shade MS. Letter, 1794.

[30] the] her MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E.

[32] The eloquent messengers of the pure soul MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, *Watchman*, 1796.

[33] winning] cunning MS. Letter, 1794.

[36] empassion'd] wond'ring MS. Letter, 1794.

[40] wreath] flowers MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E.

[41-4] Nor, Brunton! thou the blushing-wreath refuse,  
 Though harsh her notes, yet guileless is my Muse.  
 Unwont at Flattery's Voice to plume her wings,  
 A Child of Nature, as she feels she sings.

MS. Letter, 1794.

Nor—! thou the blushing wreath refuse

Tho' harsh her song, yet guileless is the Muse.  
Unwont &c.

*MS. E.*

[42-4] No Serpent lurks beneath their simple hues.  
No purple blooms from Flattery's nightshade brings,  
The Child of Nature—as he feels he sings.

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup> erased.*

[43-4] Nature's pure Child from Flatt'ry's night-shade brings  
No blooms rich-purpling: as he feels he sings.

*MS. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

Below [l. 44](#) September, 1794 1797, 1803: September 1792 1828, 1829, 1834.

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## TRANSLATION<sup>[66:1]</sup>

### OF WRANGHAM'S 'HENDECASYLLABI AD BRUNTONAM E GRANTA EXITURAM' [KAL. OCT. MDCCXC]

Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth  
Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,  
Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul,  
And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl:  
Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair, 5  
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care;  
And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,  
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

[67] For never yet did mortal voice impart  
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart: 10  
Whether, to rouse the sympathetic glow,  
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of woe;  
Or haply clothest with funereal vest  
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast.  
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep, 15  
Th' entrancéd Passions their still vigil keep;  
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,  
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,  
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace, 20  
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew  
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.  
Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll  
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul:  
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear; 25  
Methought he said, 'Thou art no Actress here!  
A semblance of thyself the *Grecian* dame,  
And Brunton and Euphrasia still the same!'

O soon to seek the city's busier scene,  
Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-eyed maid serene, 30  
Till Granta's sons from all her sacred bowers  
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flowers  
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,  
Enchanting mistress of virtuous woe!

1794.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[66:1] First published in *Poems*, by Francis Wrangham, London, 1795, pp. 79-83. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1880, ii. 360\* (*Supplement*).

---

## TO MISS BRUNTON<sup>[67:1]</sup>

WITH THE PRECEDING TRANSLATION

That darling of the Tragic Muse,  
When Wrangham sung her praise,  
Thalia lost her rosy hues,  
And sicken'd at her lays:

But transient was th' unwonted sigh;  
For soon the Goddess spied  
A sister-form of mirthful eye,  
And danc'd for joy and cried:

'Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud dame,  
The fates have given to you!  
Still bid your Poet boast her name;  
*I have my Brunton too.'*

1794.

5

10

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### FOOTNOTES:

[67:1] First published in *Poems*, by Francis Wrangham, 1795, p. 83. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1880, ii. 362\* (*Supplement*).

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### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT<sup>[68:1]</sup>

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care:  
The opening Bud to Heaven convey'd,  
And bade it blossom *there*.

1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[68:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, September 23, 1794: included in *The Watchman*, No. IX, May 5, 1796, *Poems* 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. These well-known lines, which vexed the soul of Charles Lamb, were probably adapted from 'An Epitaph on an Infant' in the churchyard of Birchington, Kent (*A Collection of Epitaphs*, 1806, i. 219):—

Ah! why so soon, just as the bloom appears,  
Drops the fair blossom in the vale of tears?  
Death view'd the treasure in the desert given  
And claim'd the right of planting it in Heav'n.

In *MS. E* a Greek version (possibly a rejected prize epigram) is prefixed with the accompanying footnote.

Ἦλυες εἰς αἰδην, καὶ δὴ τυ ποθεῦσι τοκηες:  
Ἦλυες ἀυ βρεφος! τοι βραχυ δυνε φας.  
Οἴμα μιν εἰς σεο σῆμα Ἰατηρ πικρον ποτιβαλλει  
Ευσεβης δε Θεω δωρα διδωσιw εἰα!<sup>[68:A]</sup>

[68:A] Translation of the Greek Epitaph. 'Thou art gone down into the Grave, and heavily do thy Parents feel the Loss. Thou art gone down into the Grave, sweet Baby! Thy short Light is set! Thy Father casts an Eye of Anguish towards thy Tomb—yet with uncomplaining Piety resigns to God his own Gift!'

Equal or Greater simplicity marks all the writings of the Greek Poets.—The above [i. e. the Greek] Epitaph was written in Imitation of them. [S. T. C.]

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### PANTISOCRACY<sup>[68:2]</sup>

No more my visionary soul shall dwell  
On joys that were; no more endure to weigh  
The shame and anguish of the evil day,  
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell  
Sublime of Hope, I seek the cottag'd dell  
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray,  
And dancing to the moonlight roundelay,

[69]

5

The wizard Passions weave an holy spell.  
Eyes that have ach'd with Sorrow! Ye shall weep  
Tears of doubt-mingled joy, like theirs who start  
From Precipices of distemper'd sleep,  
On which the fierce-eyed Fiends their revels keep,  
And see the rising Sun, and feel it dart  
New rays of pleasance trembling to the heart.

1794.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[68:2] First published in the *Life and Correspondence of R. Southey*, 1849, i. 224. First collected 1852 (Notes). Southey includes the sonnet in a letter to his brother Thomas dated Oct. 19, 1794, and attributes the authorship to Coleridge's friend S. Favell, with whom he had been in correspondence. He had already received the sonnet in a letter from Coleridge (dated Sept. 18, 1794), who claims it for his own and apologizes for the badness of the poetry. The octave was included (ll. 129-36) in the second version of the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, first printed in Lancelot Sharpe's edition of the *Poems* of Chatterton published at Cambridge in 1794. Mrs. H. N. Coleridge (*Poems*, 1852, p. 382) prints the sonnet and apologizes for the alleged plagiarism. It is difficult to believe that either the first eight or last six lines of the sonnet were not written by Coleridge. It is included in the MS. volume of *Poems* which Coleridge presented to Mrs. Estlin in 1795. The text is that of *Letter Sept. 18, 1794*.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Sonnet *MS. E*.

[1] my] the *MS. E*.

[8] Passions weave] Passion wears *Letter, Oct. 19 1794, 1852*.

[9] Sorrow] anguish *Letter, Oct. 19 1794, 1852*.

[10] like theirs] as those *Letter, Oct. 19 1794, 1852*: as they, *MS. E*.

[12] feel] find *Letter, Oct. 19 1794, 1852*.

[14] pleasance] pleasure *Letter, Oct. 19 1794, 1852*.

---

**ON THE PROSPECT OF ESTABLISHING  
A PANTISOCRACY IN AMERICA** <sup>[69:1]</sup>

Whilst pale Anxiety, corrosive Care,  
The tear of Woe, the gloom of sad Despair,  
And deepen'd Anguish generous bosoms rend;—  
Whilst patriot souls their country's fate lament;  
Whilst mad with rage demoniac, foul intent,  
Embattled legions Despots vainly send  
To arrest the immortal mind's expanding ray  
Of everlasting Truth;—I other climes  
Where dawns, with hope serene, a brighter day  
Than e'er saw Albion in her happiest times,  
With mental eye exulting now explore,  
And soon with kindred minds shall haste to enjoy  
(Free from the ills which here our peace destroy)  
Content and Bliss on Transatlantic shore.

5

10

1795.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[69:1] First published in the *Co-operative Magazine and Monthly Herald*, March 6, 1826, and reprinted in the *Athenæum*, Nov. 5, 1904. First collected in 1907. It has been conjectured, but proof is wanting, that the sonnet was written by Coleridge.

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**ELEGY** <sup>[69:2]</sup>**IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE**

## INSCRIPTIONS [(No.) III.]

- [70] 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! 5  
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, 10  
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! 15  
Where'er with wilder'd step she wander'd pale,  
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,  
Still Edmund's voice accus'd her in each gale.
- With keen regret, and conscious Guilt's alarms, 20  
Amid the pomp of Affluence she pined;  
Nor all that lur'd 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.
- ? 1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [69:2] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, September 23, 1794: included in *The Watchman*, No. III, March 17, 1794: in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: 1828, 1829, and 1834, but omitted in 1852 as of doubtful origin. The elegy as printed in the *Morning Chronicle* is unsigned. In *The Watchman* it is signed T.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] An Elegy *Morning Chronicle, Watchman*.

- [1] the] yon *M. C.*
- [6] And there his pale-eyed phantom loves to rove *M. C.*
- [10] West-wind] Zephyr *M. C.*
- [11] till] ere *M. C.*
- [12] Lucinda sunk *M. C.*
- [13] Guilt] crime *M. C.*
- [14] step] steps *M. C.*
- [17] remorse and tortur'd Guilt's *M. C.*
- [20] Could soothe the conscious horrors of her mind *M. C.* horror] horrors *The Watchman*.
- [22] tearful] lovely *M. C.*

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## THE FADED FLOWER <sup>[70:1]</sup>

- [71] Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,  
Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;  
Inhal'd awhile thy odours on his walk,  
Then onward pass'd and left thee to decay. 5  
Ah! melancholy emblem! had I seen  
Thy modest beauties dew'd with Evening's gem,  
I had not rudely cropp'd thy parent stem,  
But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven'd green  
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,  
And drop the tear—as Fancy, at my side, 10  
Deep-sighing, points the fair frail Abra's tomb—

'Like thine, sad Flower, was that poor wanderer's pride!  
Oh! lost to Love and Truth, whose selfish joy  
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy!'

1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[70:1] First published in the *Monthly Magazine*, August, 1836. First collected in *P. W.*, 1893.

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## THE OUTCAST<sup>[71:1]</sup>

Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn!  
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,  
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness  
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn!  
The world is pitiless: the chaste one's pride  
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:  
Thy Loves and they that envied thee deride:  
And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!  
O! I could weep to think that there should be  
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place  
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,  
And force from Famine the caress of Love;  
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,  
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

5

10

? 1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[71:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. 'The first half of Effusion xv was written by the Author of "Joan of Arc", an Epic Poem.' Preface to *Poems*, 1796, p. xi.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xv. 1796: Sonnet vii. 1797: Sonnet vi. 1803: Sonnet ix. 1828, 1829, and 1834: An Unfortunate 1893.

[7] Thy kindred, when they see thee, turn aside 1803.

[9] O I am sad 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

[10] Men, born of woman 1803.

[13-14] Man has no feeling for thy sore Disgrace:  
Keen blows the Blast upon the moulting Dove.

1803.

[13] the] thy 1796, 1797, 1828.

---

## DOMESTIC PEACE<sup>[71:2]</sup>

### [FROM 'THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE', ACT I, L. 210]

Tell me, on what holy ground  
May Domestic Peace be found?  
Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
Far on fearful wings she flies,  
From the pomp of Sceptered State,  
From the Rebel's noisy hate.

5

In a cottag'd vale She dwells,  
Listening to the Sabbath bells!  
Still around her steps are seen  
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,  
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,

[72]

10



Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
And conscious of the past employ  
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[71:2] First published in the *Fall of Robespierre*, 1795: included (as 'Song', p. 13) in 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xxv. 1796.

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## ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE<sup>[72:1]</sup>

Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress  
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile  
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while  
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.  
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?  
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,  
When Jealousy with feverous fancies pale  
Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?  
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair  
And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest:  
Thou should'st have lov'd it most, when most opprest,  
And nurs'd it with an agony of care,  
Even as a mother her sweet infant heir  
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

5

10

1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[72:1] First published in 1796: *Selection of Sonnets, Poems* 1796: in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. It was sent in a letter to Southey, dated October 21, 1794. (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 92.)

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xix. 1796 (in 'Contents' *To my Heart*): Sonnet II. On a Discovery made too late 1797, 1803, and again in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80: Sonnet xi. 1828, 1829, 1834.

[2-4] Doth Reason ponder with an anguish'd smile  
Probing thy sore wound sternly, tho' the while  
Her eye be swollen and dim with heaviness.

*Letter, 1794.*

[6] the] its *Letter, 1794.*

[7] feverous] feverish 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

[14] wan] pale *Letter, 1794.*

---

## TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROBBERS'<sup>[72:2]</sup>

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
If thro' the shuddering midnight I had sent  
From the dark dungeon of the Tower time-rent  
That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry—  
Lest in some after moment aught more mean  
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
Black Horror scream'd, and all her *goblin* rout  
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!  
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!  
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood

[73]

5

10

Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye  
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!  
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:  
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

? 1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[72:2] First published in 1796: included in *Selection of Sonnets*, 1796: in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The following 'Note' (Note 6, pp. 180, 181) was printed in 1796, and appears again in 1797 as a footnote, p. 83:—'One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers", a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—A Winter midnight—the wind high—and "The Robbers" for the first time!—The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the *goblin* rout—even of Shakespeare.' See for another account of the midnight reading of 'The Robbers', Letter to Southey, November [6], 1794, *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 96, 97.

In the *Selection of Sonnets*, 1796, this note was reduced to one sentence. 'Schiller introduces no Supernatural Beings.' In 1803 the note is omitted, but a footnote to line 4 is appended: 'The Father of Moor in the Play of the Robbers.'

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xx. To the Author, &c. [To 'Schiller', *Contents*] 1796: Sonnet viii. To the Author of 'The Robbers' 1797: Sonnet xv. 1803: Sonnet xii. To the Author of the Robbers 1828, 1829, 1834.

*Lines 1-4* are printed in the reverse order (4, 3, 2, 1). *Selections*.

[5-6] That in no after moment aught, less vast  
Might stamp me human!

*Selections*.

That in no after moment aught less vast  
Might stamp me mortal!

1797, 1803.

[8] From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past. *Selections*, 1797, 1803.

---

## MELANCHOLY<sup>[73:1]</sup>

### A FRAGMENT

Stretch'd on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall,  
Where ruining ivies propp'd the ruins steep—  
Her folded arms wrapping her tatter'd pall,

[73:2] Had Melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.

[74]

The fern was press'd beneath her hair,

5

The dark green Adder's Tongue<sup>[74:1]</sup> was there;  
And still as pass'd 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—

10

? 1794.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[73:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, December 12, 1797 (not, as Coleridge says, the *Morning Chronicle*); included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817 (with an addition), and, again, in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, and (in its first shape) in 1828, 1829, 1834, 1852, and 1893. Sent in Letter to Sotheby, Aug. 26, 1802.

[73:2] Bowles borrowed these lines unconsciously, I doubt not. I had repeated the poem on my first visit [Sept. 1797]. *MS. Note*, *S. T. C.* See, too, *Letter*, Aug. 26, 1802. [Here Melancholy on the pale crags laid, Might muse herself to sleep—*Coomb Ellen*, written September,

- [74:1] A Plant found on old walls and in wells and mois[t] [h]edges.—It is often called the Hart's Tongue. *M. C. Asplenium Scolopendrium*, more commonly called Hart's Tongue. *Letter*, 1802. A botanical mistake. The plant I meant is called the Hart's Tongue, but this would unluckily spoil the poetical effect. *Cedat ergo Botanice. Sibylline Leaves*, 1817. A botanical mistake. The plant which the poet here describes is called the Hart's Tongue, 1828, 1829, 1852.

### LINENOTES:

- [1] Upon a mouldering *Letter*, Aug. 26, 1802.  
 [2] Where ruining] Whose running *M. C.* propp'd] prop *Letter*, Aug. 26, 1802.  
 [7] pass'd] came *Letter*, 1802. sea-gale] sea-gales *M. C.*, *Letter*, 1802.  
 [8] The] Her *Letter*, 1802.  
 [9] That] Her *Letter*, 1802.  
 [13] *Not in Letter 1802.*  
 [13] Strange was the dream that fill'd her soul,  
 Nor did not whisp'ring spirits roll  
 A mystic tumult, and a fateful rhyme,  
 Mix'd with wild shapings of the unborn time!

*M. C.*, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.

---

## TO A YOUNG ASS<sup>[74:2]</sup>

### ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT

- Poor little Foal of an oppresséd race!  
 I love the languid patience of thy face:  
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,  
 And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head. 5  
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,  
 That never thou dost sport along the glade?  
 [75] And (most unlike the nature of things young)  
 That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?  
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate, 10  
 Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?  
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches  
 'Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes'?  
 Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain  
 To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?  
 And truly, very piteous is *her* lot— 15  
 Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot,  
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,  
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
- Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show  
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe! 20  
 For much I fear me that *He* lives like thee,  
 Half famish'd in a land of Luxury!  
 How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend?  
 It seems to say, 'And have I then *one* friend?'  
 Innocent foal! thou poor despis'd forlorn! 25  
 I hail thee *Brother*—spite of the fool's scorn!  
 And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell  
 Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,  
 Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,  
 And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side! 30  
 [76] How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,  
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!  
 Yea! and more musically sweet to me  
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,  
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest 35  
 The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

[74:2] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 30, 1794: included in 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. A MS. version, dated October 24, 1794 (see *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 477, 488), was presented by Coleridge to Professor William Smyth, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 1807-49; a second version was included in a letter to Southey, dated December 17, 1794 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 119, 120).

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Monologue to a Young Jack Ass in Jesus Piece. Its mother near it chained to a log *MS. Oct. 24, 1794*: Address to a Young Jack-Ass and its Tether'd mother *MS. Dec. 17, 1794*: Address, &c. In familiar verse *Morning Chronicle, Dec. 30, 1794*: Effusion xxxiii. To a Young Ass, &c. *1796*.

- [3] gentle] friendly *MS. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[4] pat] scratch *MS. Oct. 1794, M. C.*  
[5] spirits] spirit *MSS. Oct. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[6] along] upon *MS. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[8] That still to earth thy moping head is hung *MSS. Oct. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[9] Doth thy prophetic soul *MS. Oct. 1794.*  
[12] Which] That *MSS. Oct. Dec. 1794.*  
[14] shorten'd] lengthen'd *MS. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[16] within] upon *MSS. Oct. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[19] thy] her *1796.*  
[21] For much I fear, that He lives e'en as she, *1796.*  
[23] footsteps hither bend] steps toward me tend *MS. Oct. 1794*: steps towards me bend *MS. Dec. 1794, M. C.*: footsteps t'ward me bend *1796.*  
[25] despised and forlorn *MS. Oct. 1794.*  
[27] would] I'd *MSS. Oct. Dec. 1794.* in] to *MS. Oct. 1794.*  
[28] Of high-soul'd Pantisocracy to dwell *MS. Dec. 1794, M. C.*  
[28 foll.](#)

Where high-soul'd Pantisocracy shall dwell!  
Where Mirth shall tickle Plenty's ribless side,<sup>[75:A]</sup>  
And smiles from Beauty's Lip on sunbeams glide,  
Where Toil shall wed young Health that charming Lass!  
And use his sleek cows for a looking-glass—  
Where Rats shall mess with Terriers hand-in-glove  
And Mice with Pussy's Whiskers sport in Love

*MS. Oct. 1794.*

[75:A] This is a truly poetical line of which the author has assured us that he did not *mean* it to have any *meaning*. Note by Ed. of *MS. Oct. 1794.*

- [35-6] Than Handel's softest airs that soothe to rest  
The tumult of a scoundrel Monarch's Breast.

*MS. Oct. 1794.*

Than *Banti's* warbled airs that sooth to rest  
The tumult &c.

*MS. Dec. 1794.*

- [36] The tumult of some SCOUNDREL Monarch's breast.

*M. C. 1796.*

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## LINES ON A FRIEND<sup>[76:1]</sup>

### WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS

Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan,  
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!  
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth  
If gifted with th' Ithuriel lance of Truth  
We force to start amid her feign'd caress  
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;  
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,  
And on we go in heaviness and fear!  
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower

[10](#)

Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,  
 The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground,  
 And mingled forms of Misery rise around:  
 Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,  
 That courts the future woe to hide the past;  
 Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side, [15](#)  
 And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied:  
 Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping Pain,  
 Darts her hot lightning-flash athwart the brain.

[77]

Rest, injur'd shade! Shall Slander squatting near [20](#)  
 Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear?  
 'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow  
 In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;  
 Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,  
 The zoneless Cares, and smiling Courtesies.  
 Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew, [25](#)  
 And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew  
 Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;  
 And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,  
 With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,  
 And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise. [30](#)  
 Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them well!  
 Were they more wise, the Proud who never fell?  
 Rest, injur'd shade! the poor man's grateful prayer  
 On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.

As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass, [35](#)  
 And sit me down upon its recent grass,  
 With introverted eye I contemplate  
 Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!  
 To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd  
 Energic Reason and a shaping mind, [40](#)  
 The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,  
 And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—  
 Sloth-jaundic'd all! and from my graspless hand  
 Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.  
 I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows, [45](#)  
 A dreamy pang in Morning's feverous doze.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound?  
 Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crown'd?  
 Tired Sentinel! mid fitful starts I nod,  
 And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod! [50](#)

[78]

1794.

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [76:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Four MS. versions are extant, (1) in Letter to Southey, Nov. [6], 1794 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 98, 99): (2) in letter to George Coleridge, Nov. 6, 1794: (3) in the Estlin copy-book: (4) in the MS. 4<sup>o</sup>. The Friend was the Rev. Fulwood Smerdon, vicar of Ottery St. Mary, who died in August 1794.

## LINENOTES:

- [Title] On the Death of a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever brought on by anxiety *MS. E.*
- [1] —! thy grave *MS. Letter to R. S.*: Smerdon! thy grave *MS. Letter to G. C.*
- [3] early] earliest *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E.*
- [5] We] He *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796.*
- [7] will] shall *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E.*
- [8] And on he goes *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E, 1796*: Onward we move 1803.
- [9] his fond heart *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E, 1796.*
- [11] quick stamps *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E, MS. 4<sup>o</sup>.*
- [12] threaten round *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C.*
- [17] fierce-eyed] frantic *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E erased* [See *Lamb's Letter to Coleridge*, June 10, 1796].
- [19] squatting] couching *MS Letter to G. C., MS. E* [See *Lamb's Letter*, June 10, 1796].
- [23] cheer] cheers *MS. E.*

- [25] firmer] generous *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C.*: manly *MS. E.*
- [29] roll'd] prowl'd *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E.*
- [33-4] the poor man's prayer of praise  
On heavenward wing thy wounded soul shall raise.  
  
1796.
- [35] As oft in Fancy's thought *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C.*
- [39] bounteous] liberal *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E.*
- [41] ken] soul *MS. Letter to R. S.*
- [46] feverous] feverish *all MSS. and Eds. 1796-1829.*
- [47] this] that *MS. Letters to R. S. and G. C., MS. E.* passless] hapless *Letter to G. C.*
- [49] Sentinel] Centinel *all MSS. and Eds. 1796-1829.* mid] with *Letters to R. S. and G. C.*  
*Below [l. 50](#) the date (November 1794) is affixed in 1796, 1797, and 1803.*

## TO A FRIEND<sup>[78:1]</sup>

[CHARLES LAMB]

### TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme  
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart  
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers  
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse,  
Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought 5  
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)  
From business wandering far and local cares,  
Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd Sister's bed  
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,  
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude, 10  
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.  
I too a Sister *had*, an only Sister—  
She lov'd me dearly, and I doted on her!  
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows  
(As a sick Patient in a Nurse's arms) 15  
And of the heart those hidden maladies  
That e'en from Friendship's eye will shrink asham'd.  
[79] O! I have wak'd at midnight, and have wept,  
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!  
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year: 20  
Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.  
For not uninterested the dear Maid  
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,  
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories  
That play around a sainted infant's head. 25  
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,  
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love  
Aught to *implore*<sup>[79:1]</sup> were impotence of mind)  
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,  
Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes, 30  
Thanksgiving to pour forth with lifted heart,  
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's Joy!

1794.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [78:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, and, again, in 1844. Lines 12-19 ('I too a sister . . . Because she was not') are published in 1834 (i. 35) under the heading 'The Same', i. e. the same as the preceding poem, 'On seeing a Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister.' The date, December 1794, affixed in 1797 and 1803, is correct. The poem was sent in a letter from Coleridge to Southey, dated December 1794. (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 128.) The 'Unfinished Poem' was, certainly, *Religious Musings*, begun on Christmas Eve, 1794. The text is that of 1844.
- [79:1] I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines—

'Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love  
Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,'

it being written in Scripture, 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to Deity. [Note of S. T. C., in *Poems*, 1797 and 1803.]

## LINENOTES:

[Title] To C. Lamb *MS. Letter, Dec. 1794*: Effusion xxii. To a Friend, &c. 1796: To Charles Lamb with an unfinished Poem 1844.

- [1-3] Thus far my sterile brain hath fram'd the song  
Elaborate and swelling: but the heart  
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing power

*MS. Letter, Dec. 1794.*

- [7] *Not in MS. Letter, Dec. 1794.*

Between 13 and 14

On her soft bosom I reposed my cares  
And gain'd for every wound a healing tear.

*MS. Letter, 1794.*

- [15] a] his *MS. Letter, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803.*  
[17] That shrink asham'd from even Friendship's eye. *MS. Letter, 1794, 1796, 1797.*  
[18] wak'd] woke *MS. Letter, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803.*  
[21] warm] high: high] warm *MS. Letter, 1794.* presages] presagings 1803.  
[25] sainted] holy *MS. Letter, 1794.*  
[26] that] who *MS. Letter, 1794.*  
[31] To pour forth thanksgiving *MS. Letter, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803.*

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## SONNETS ON EMINENT CHARACTERS

### CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'MORNING CHRONICLE' IN DECEMBER 1794 AND JANUARY 1795

[The Sonnets were introduced by the following letter:—

'MR. EDITOR—If, Sir, the following Poems will not disgrace your poetical department, I will transmit you a series of *Sonnets* (as it is the fashion to call them) addressed like these to eminent Contemporaries.

'JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.'

S. T. C.]

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I<sup>[79:21]</sup>

### TO THE HONOURABLE MR. ERSKINE

When British Freedom for an happier land  
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,  
ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paus'd her flight  
Sublime of hope, for dreadless thou didst stand  
(Thy censor glowing with the hallow'd flame)  
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,  
And at her altar pour the stream divine  
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name

[80]

5

Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast  
With blessings heaven-ward breath'd. And when the doom  
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb  
Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West

10

Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,  
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze. [80:A]

December 1, 1794.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[79:2] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 1, 1794: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[80:A] 'Our elegant correspondent will highly gratify every reader of taste by the continuance of his exquisitely beautiful productions. No. II. shall appear on an early day.'

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion v. 1796: Sonnet x. 1803: Sonnet iv. 1828, 1829, 1834.

[4] for dreadless] where fearless *M. C. Dec. 1, 1794.*

[6] A] An *M. C., 1796-1803, 1828, 1829.* the insulted] her injur'd *M. C.*

[7] pour] pour'dst *M. C., 1796, 1803.*

[8] unmatch'd] matchless *M. C.*

[10] With heav'n-breath'd blessings; and, when late the doom *M. C.*

[11] die] rise 1803.

[13-14] Though the great Sun not meets our wistful gaze  
Still glows wide Heaven

*M. C.*

Below [L. 14](#) Jesus College Cambridge *M. C.*

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## II [\[80:1\]](#)

### BURKE

As late I lay in Slumber's shadowy vale,  
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,  
I saw the sainted form of FREEDOM rise:  
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—

'Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,  
Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice  
Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice  
Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.

5

'Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl! [\[80:2\]](#)  
Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure  
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul  
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!

[\[81\]](#)

[10](#)

'That Error's mist had left thy purgéd eye:  
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!'

December 9, 1794.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[80:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 9, 1794: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. This Sonnet was sent in a letter to Southey, dated December 11, 1794. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 118.

[80:2] *Yet never, BURKE! thou dran'kst Corruption's bowl!*

When I composed this line, I had not read the following paragraph in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* (of Saturday, November 21, 1795):—

'When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry, he received a pension of £1200 a year charged on the King's Privy Purse. When he had completed his labours, it was then a question what recompense his service deserved. Mr. Burke wanting a present supply of money, it was thought that a pension of £2000 *per annum* for *forty years certain*, would sell for eighteen years' purchase, and bring him of course £36,000. But this pension must, by the very unfortunate act, of which Mr. Burke was himself the author, have come before Parliament. Instead of this Mr. Pitt suggested the idea of a pension of £2000 a year for *three lives*, to be charged on the King's Revenue of the West India 4-1/2 per cents. This was tried at the market, but it was found that it would not produce the £36,000 which were wanted. In consequence of this a pension of £2500 per annum, for *three lives* on the 4-1/2 West India Fund, the lives to be nominated by Mr. Burke, that he may accommodate the purchasers is *finally* granted to this disinterested



patriot. He has thus retir'd from the trade of politics, with pensions to the amount of £3700 a year.' 1796, Note, pp. 177-9.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion ii. 1796: Sonnet vii. 1803: Sonnet ii. 1828, 1829, 1834.

[1] As late I roam'd through Fancy's shadowy vale *MS. Letter, Dec. 11, 1794.*

[4] She] He *MS. Letter, 1794.*

[12] Urg'd on with wild'ring fires *MS. Letter, Dec. 17, 1794, M. C.*

Below [I. 14](#) Jesus College *M. C.*

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### III<sup>[81:1]</sup>

#### PRIESTLEY

Though rous'd by that dark Vizir Riot rude  
Have driven our PRIESTLEY o'er the Ocean swell;  
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood  
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;  
Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell!  
For lo! RELIGION at his strong behest  
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,  
And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,  
Her mitred State and cumbrous Pomp unholy;  
And JUSTICE wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail  
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;  
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won  
Meek NATURE slowly lifts her matron veil  
To smile with fondness on her gazing Son!

5

10

[82]

*December 11, 1794.*

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[81:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 11, 1794: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. In all editions prior to 1852, 'Priestley' is spelled 'Priestly'. The Sonnet was sent to Southey in a letter dated December 17, 1794.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion iv. 1796: Sonnet ix. 1803: Sonnet iii. 1828, 1829, 1834.

[1-2] Tho' king-bred rage with lawless uproar rude  
Hath driv'n

*M. C.*

Tho' king-bred rage with lawless tumult rude  
Have driv'n

*MS. Letter, Dec. 17, 1794.*

[7] Disdainful rouses from the Papal spell, *M. C., MS. Letter, 1794.*

[11] That ground th' ensnared soul of patient Folly. *M. C., MS. Letter, 1794.*

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### IV<sup>[82:1]</sup>

#### LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are heard  
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among;  
Within his cage the imprison'd Matin Bird  
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,  
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—  
His fellows' Freedom soothes the Captive's cares!

5

Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice  
 Life's better Sun from that long wintry night,  
 Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice  
 And mock with raptures high the Dungeon's might:

For lo! the Morning struggles into Day,  
 And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!<sup>[82:2]</sup>

December 15, 1794.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [82:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 15, 1794: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [82:2] The above beautiful sonnet was written antecedently to the joyful account of the Patriot's escape from the Tyrant's Dungeon. [Note in *M. C.*]

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Effusion ix. 1796: Sonnet xiii. 1803: Sonnet vii. 1828, 1829, 1834.

V<sup>[82:3]</sup>

### KOSKIUSKO

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,  
 As though a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd!  
 Ah me! they saw beneath a Hireling's sword  
 Their Koskiusko fall! Through the swart air  
 (As pauses the tir'd Cossac's barbarous yell  
 Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale  
 Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell  
 The dirge of murder'd Hope! while Freedom pale  
 Bends in such anguish o'er her destin'd bier,  
 As if from eldest time some Spirit meek  
 Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear  
 That ever on a Patriot's furrow'd cheek  
 Fit channel found; and she had drain'd the bowl  
 In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

[83]

5

10

December 16, 1794.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [82:3] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 16, 1794: included in 1796, 1828, 1829, 1834. The Sonnet was sent to Southey in a letter dated December 17, 1794. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 117.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Effusion viii. 1796: Sonnet vi. 1828, 1829, 1834.

- [3-4] Great *Kosciusko* 'neath an hireling's sword  
 The warriors view'd! Hark! through the list'ning air

*MS. Letter, Dec. 17, 1794.*

Great KOSCIUSKO 'neath an Hireling's sword  
 His country view'd. Hark through the list'ning air

*M. C.*

Ah me! they view'd beneath an hireling's sword  
 Fall'n Kosciusko! Thro' the burthened air

1796, 1828, 1829.

- [5] As] When *M. C.*, *MS. Letter, Dec. 17, 1794.*

- [8] The 'dirge of Murder'd Hope' *MS. Letter, Dec. 17, 1794.*

- [12] That ever furrow'd a sad Patriot's cheek *MS. Letter, 1794, M. C., 1796.*

[13-14] And she had drench'd the sorrows of the bowl  
E'en till she reel'd intoxicate of soul

*MS. Letter, 1794, M. C.*

And she had drain'd the sorrows of the bowl  
E'en till she reel'd, &c.

1796.

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## VI<sup>[83:1]</sup>

### PITT

Not always should the Tear's ambrosial dew  
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek!  
Not always heaven-breath'd tones of Suppliance meek  
Beseem thee, Mercy! Yon dark Scowler view,  
Who with proud words of dear-lov'd Freedom came—  
More blasting than the mildew from the South!  
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth  
(Ah! foul apostate from his Father's fame!)<sup>[83:2]</sup>  
Then fix'd her on the Cross of deep distress,  
And at safe distance marks the thirsty Lance  
Pierce her big side! But O! if some strange trance  
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd Sister<sup>[83:3]</sup> press,  
Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,  
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand!

5

10

[84]

*December 23, 1794.*

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## FOOTNOTES:

[83:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 23, 1794, and, secondly, in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796; included in 1796, 1803, and in 1852, with the following note:—"This Sonnet, and the ninth, to Stanhope, were among the pieces withdrawn from the second edition of 1797. They reappeared in the edition of 1803, and were again withdrawn in 1828, solely, it may be presumed, on account of their political vehemence. They will excite no angry feelings, and lead to no misapprehensions now, and as they are fully equal to their companions in poetical merit, the Editors have not scrupled to reproduce them. These Sonnets were originally entitled "Effusions".'

[83:2] Earl of Chatham.

[83:3] Justice.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion iii. 1796: To Mercy *Watchman*: Sonnet viii. 1803: Sonnet iii. 1852.

[8] Staining most foul a Godlike Father's name *M. C., Watchman*.

[13] Seize thou more terrible th' avenging brand *M. C.*

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## VII<sup>[84:1]</sup>

### TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES<sup>[84:2]</sup>

#### [FIRST VERSION, PRINTED IN 'MORNING CHRONICLE', DECEMBER 26, 1794]

My heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES! for those soft strains,  
That, on the still air floating, tremblingly  
Wak'd in me Fancy, Love, and Sympathy!  
For hence, not callous to a Brother's pains

Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went;  
And, when the *darker* day of life began,  
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man!  
Thy kindred Lays an healing solace lent,

Each lonely pang with dreamy joys combin'd,

5

And stole from vain REGRET her scorpion stings;  
While shadowy PLEASURE, with mysterious wings,  
Brooded the wavy and tumultuous mind,

Like that great Spirit, who with plastic sweep  
Mov'd on the darkness of the formless Deep!

### FOOTNOTES:

- [84:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 26, 1794. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 138. The sonnet was sent in a letter to Southey, dated December 11, 1794. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 111.
- [84:2] Author of *Sonnets and other Poems*, published by Dilly. To Mr. Bowles's poetry I have always thought the following remarks from Maximus Tyrius peculiarly applicable:—"I am not now treating of that poetry which is estimated by the pleasure it affords to the ear—the ear having been corrupted, and the judgment-seat of the perceptions; but of that which proceeds from the intellectual Helicon, that which is *dignified*, and appertaining to *human* feelings, and entering into the soul."—The 13th Sonnet for exquisite delicacy of painting; the 19th for tender simplicity; and the 25th for manly pathos, are compositions of, perhaps, unrivalled merit. Yet while I am selecting these, I almost accuse myself of causeless partiality; for surely never was a writer so equal in excellence!—S. T. C. [In this note as it first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* a Greek sentence preceded the supposed English translation. It is not to be found in the *Dissertations* of Maximus Tyrius, but the following passage which, for verbal similitudes, may be compared with others (e. g. 20, 8, p. 243: 21, 3, p. 247; 28, 3, p. 336) is to be found in Davies and Markland's edition (Lips. 1725), vol. ii, p. 203:—Οὐ τί τοι λέγω τὴν δι' αὐλῶν καὶ ὤδων καὶ χορῶν καὶ ψαλμάτων, ἀνευ λόγου ἐπὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἰοῦσαν, τῷ τερπνῷ τῆς ἀκοῆς τιμηθεῖσαν . . . τὴν ἀληθῆ καὶ ἐκ τοῦ Ἑλικῶνος μούσαν. . . .]

### LINENOTES:

- [3] Wak'd] Woke *MS. Letter, Dec. 11, 1794.*

[85]

### [SECOND VERSION] [\[85:1\]](#)

My heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES! for those soft strains  
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!  
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains

Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:  
And when the mightier Throes of mind began,  
And drove me forth, a thought-bewilder'd man,  
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent

A mingled charm, such as the pang consign'd  
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd;  
Bidding a strange mysterious PLEASURE brood  
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,

As the great SPIRIT erst with plastic sweep  
Mov'd on the darkness of the unform'd deep.

5

10

### FOOTNOTES:

- [85:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Effusion i. 1796: Sonnet i. 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, 1834.

- [6-7] And when the darker day of life began  
And I did roam, &c.

1796, 1797, 1803.

- [9] such as] which oft 1797, 1803.

- [11] a] such 1797, 1803.

- [13-14] As made the soul enamour'd of her woe:  
No common praise, dear Bard! to thee I owe.

1797, 1803.

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## VIII <sup>[85:2]</sup>

### MRS. SIDDONS

As when a child on some long Winter's night  
Affrighted clinging to its Grandam's knees  
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight  
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees  
Muttered to wretch by necromantic spell;  
Or of those hags, who at the witching time  
Of murky Midnight ride the air sublime,  
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell:

[86]

5

Cold Horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear  
More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame tell  
Of pretty Babes, that lov'd each other dear.  
Murder'd by cruel Uncle's mandate fell:

10

Even such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,  
Even so thou, SIDDONS! meltest my sad heart!

December 29, 1794.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[85:2] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 29, 1794, under the signature, S. T. C.: included in 1796 (as C. L.'s) and in 1797 as Charles Lamb's, but reassigned to Coleridge in 1803. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 140, 141. This sonnet may have been altered by Coleridge, but was no doubt written by Lamb and given by him to Coleridge to make up his tale of sonnets for the *Morning Chronicle*. In 1796 and 1797 Coleridge acknowledged the sonnet to be Lamb's; but in 1803, Lamb, who was seeing that volume through the press, once more handed it over to Coleridge.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion vii. 1796: Sonnet viii. 1797, p. 224: Sonnet xii. 1803.

[4] dark tales of fearful strange decrees *M. C.*

[6] Of Warlock Hags that *M. C.*

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## IX

### TO WILLIAM GODWIN <sup>[86:1]</sup>

#### AUTHOR OF 'POLITICAL JUSTICE'

O form'd t' illumine a sunless world forlorn,  
As o'er the chill and dusky brow of Night,  
In Finland's wintry skies the Mimic Morn <sup>[86:2]</sup>  
Electric pours a stream of rosy light,

Pleas'd I have mark'd OPPRESSION, terror-pale,  
Since, thro' the windings of her dark machine,  
Thy steady eye has shot its glances keen—  
And bade th' All-lovely 'scenes at distance hail'.

5

Nor will I not thy holy guidance bless,  
And hymn thee, GODWIN! with an ardent lay;  
For that thy voice, in Passion's stormy day,  
When wild I roam'd the bleak Heath of Distress,

10

Bade the bright form of Justice meet my way—  
And told me that her name was HAPPINESS.

January 10, 1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[86:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, January 10, 1795. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 143. The last six lines were sent in a letter to Southey, dated December 17, 1794. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 117.

[86:2] Aurora Borealis.

[87]

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X<sup>[87:1]</sup>

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

OF BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AUTHOR OF THE 'RETROSPECT',  
AND OTHER POEMS

SOUTHEY! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear  
Like far-off joyance, or the murmuring  
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring—  
Sounds of such mingled import as may cheer

The lonely breast, yet rouse a mindful tear: 5  
Wak'd by the Song doth Hope-born FANCY fling  
Rich showers of dewy fragrance from her wing,  
Till sickly PASSION's drooping Myrtles sear

Blossom anew! But O! more thrill'd, I prize 10  
Thy sadder strains, that bid in MEMORY's Dream  
The faded forms of past Delight arise;  
Then soft, on Love's pale cheek, the tearful gleam

Of Pleasure smiles—as faint yet beauteous lies  
The imag'd Rainbow on a willowy stream.

January 14, 1795.

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FOOTNOTES:

[87:1] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, January 14, 1795. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 142. This sonnet was sent in a letter to Southey, dated December 17, 1794. *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 120.

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XI<sup>[87:2]</sup>

TO RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

It was some Spirit, SHERIDAN! that breath'd  
O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power!  
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,  
Thy temples with Hymettian<sup>[88:1]</sup> flow'rets wreath'd:

And sweet thy voice, as when o'er LAURA's bier 5  
Sad Music trembled thro' Vauclusa's glade;  
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade  
That wafts soft dreams to SLUMBER's listening ear.

Now patriot Rage and Indignation high 10  
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance  
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!  
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance

The Apostate by the brainless rout ador'd,  
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

January 29, 1795.

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FOOTNOTES:

[87:2] First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, January 29, 1795: included in 1796, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Two MS. versions are extant; one in a letter to Southey, dated December 9,

[88]

5

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5

10

1794 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 118), and a second in the Estlin copy-book. In 1796 a note to line 4 was included in Notes, p. 179, and in 1797 and 1803 affixed as a footnote, p. 95:—'Hymettian Flowrets. Hymettus, a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his poetry. In Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint* there is a fine stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
 All kind of argument and question deep,  
 All replication prompt and reason strong  
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep:  
 He had the dialect and different skill  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will;  
 That he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young and old.'

[88:1] Hymettus, a mountain of Attica famous for honey. *M. C.*

### LINENOTES:

[Title] To Sheridan *MS. E*: Effusion vi. 1796: Sonnet xi. 1803: Sonnet v. 1828, 1829, 1834.

[1-5] Some winged Genius, Sheridan! imbreath'd  
 His *various* influence on thy natal hour:  
 My fancy bodies forth the Guardian power,  
 His temples with Hymettian flowrets wreath'd  
 And sweet his voice

*MS. Letter, Dec. 9, 1794.*

[1-2] Was it some Spirit, SHERIDAN! that breath'd  
 His *various* &c.

*M. C.*

[1-3] Some winged Genius, Sheridan! imbreath'd  
 O'er thy young Soul a wildly-various power!  
 My Fancy meets thee in her shaping hour

*MS. E.*

[8] wafts] bears *MS. Letter, 1794, M. C., MS. E.*

[9] Rage] Zeal *MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E, M. C.*

[10] thine] his *Letter, 1794, M. C.*

[12] While inly writhes from the Soul-probing glance

*M. C.*

[12-14] Th' Apostate by the brainless rout ador'd  
 Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance  
 As erst that nobler Fiend

*MS. Letter, 1794, MS. E.*

[14] elder] other *M. C.*

## [89] TO LORD STANHOPE<sup>[89:1]</sup>

### ON READING HIS LATE PROTEST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

['MORNING CHRONICLE,' JAN. 31, 1795]

STANHOPE! I hail, with ardent Hymn, thy name!  
 Thou shalt be bless'd and lov'd, when in the dust  
 Thy corse shall moulder—Patriot pure and just!  
 And o'er thy tomb the grateful hand of FAME

Shall grave:—'Here sleeps the Friend of Humankind!'  
 For thou, untainted by CORRUPTION'S bowl,  
 Or foul AMBITION, with undaunted soul  
 Hast spoke the language of a Free-born mind

5

Pleading the cause of Nature! Still pursue  
 Thy path of Honour!—To thy Country true,

10

Still watch th' expiring flame of Liberty!  
 O Patriot! still pursue thy virtuous way,  
 As holds his course the splendid Orb of Day,  
 Or thro' the stormy or the tranquil sky!

1795.

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [89:1] First collected in 1893. Mr. Campbell assigned the authorship of the Sonnet to Coleridge, taking it to be 'the original of the one to Stanhope printed in the *Poems* of 1796 and 1803'. For 'Corruption's bowl' (l. 6) see [Sonnet to Burke](#), line 9 (*ante*, p. 80).

**TO EARL STANHOPE**<sup>[89:2]</sup>

Not, STANHOPE! with the Patriot's doubtful name  
 I mock thy worth—Friend of the Human Race!  
 Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim  
 Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,

Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain, 5  
 Nobility: and aye unterrify'd  
 Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train  
 That sit plotting with rebellious pride

- [90] 'Gainst Her<sup>[90:1]</sup> who from the Almighty's bosom leapt  
 With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love!  
 Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,  
 Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above:

10

And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice,  
 Champion of Freedom and her God! rejoice!

1795.

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [89:2] First published in 1796: included in 1803, in Cottle's *Early Rec.* i. 203, and in *Rem.* 1848, p. 111. First collected in 1852.
- [90:1] Gallic Liberty.

**LINENOTES:**

[[Title](#)] Effusion x. 1796 (To Earl Stanhope *Contents*): Sonnet xvi. 1803: Sonnet ix. 1852.

**LINES**<sup>[90:2]</sup>**TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER**

Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh,  
 The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!  
 Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,  
 When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun flashes a mournful gleam 5  
 Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:  
 To-morrow shall the many-colour'd main  
 In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time  
 Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance 10  
 The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance  
 Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate;  
 The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led  
 His weary oxen to their nightly shed,  
 To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State. 15

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile



Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,  
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height  
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

20

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown  
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;  
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest!  
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

? 1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[90:2] First published in 1796: included in 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Epistle II. To a Friend, &c. 1796: To a Friend, &c. 1803.

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## [91] TO AN INFANT<sup>[91:1]</sup>

Ah! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!  
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife:  
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,  
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry! 5  
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,  
Tutor'd by Pain each source of pain to know!  
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire  
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;  
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,  
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill Affright! 10  
Untaught, yet wise! mid all thy brief alarms  
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,  
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast  
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!  
Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me sigh— 15  
A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!  
To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,  
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,  
Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,  
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow! 20

O thou that rearest with celestial aim  
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,  
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet  
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,  
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee, 25  
Meek nurse of souls through their long Infancy!

1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[91:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797 (*Supplement*), 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. A MS. version numbering 16 lines is included in the Estlin volume.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xxxiv. To an Infant 1796.

[1-10] How yon sweet Child my Bosom's grief beguiles  
With soul-subduing Eloquence of smiles!  
Ah lovely Babe! in thee myself I scan—  
Thou weepst! sure those Tears proclaim thee Man!  
And now some glitt'ring Toy arrests thine eye,  
And to quick laughter turns the peevish cry.  
Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,  
Tutor'd by Pain the source of Pain to know!  
Alike the foodful Fruit and scorching Fire  
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;  
Alike the Good, the Ill thy aching sight

Scare with the keen Emotions of Affright!

*MS. E.*

[8-11] Or rouse thy screams, or wake thy young desire:  
Yet art thou wise, for mid thy brief alarms

1797.

[9-10] *om. 1797.*

[14] Whose kindly Heavings lull thy cares to Rest *MS. E.*

[19] tetchy] fretful 1797.

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## TO THE REV. W. J. HORT<sup>[92:1]</sup>

### WHILE TEACHING A YOUNG LADY SOME SONG-TUNES ON HIS FLUTE

#### I

Hush! ye clamorous Cares! be mute!  
Again, dear Harmonist! again  
Thro' the hollow of thy flute  
Breathe that passion-warbled strain:  
Till Memory each form shall bring  
The loveliest of her shadowy throng;  
And Hope, that soars on sky-lark wing,  
Carol wild her gladdest song!

5

#### II

O skill'd with magic spell to roll  
The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!  
Breathe thro' thy flute those tender notes again,  
While near thee sits the chaste-eyed Maiden mild;  
And bid her raise the Poet's kindred strain  
In soft impassion'd voice, correctly wild.

10

#### III

In Freedom's UNDIVIDED dell,  
Where *Toil* and *Health* with mellow'd *Love* shall dwell,  
Far from folly, far from men,  
In the rude romantic glen,  
Up the cliff, and thro' the glade,  
Wandering with the dear-lov'd maid,  
I shall listen to the lay,  
And ponder on thee far away  
Still, as she bids those thrilling notes aspire  
(*'Making my fond attuned heart her lyre'*),  
Thy honour'd form, my Friend! shall reappear,  
And I will thank thee with a raptur'd tear.

15

[20](#)

25

1795.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[92:1] First published in 1796, and again in 1863.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title] To the Rev. W. J. H. while Teaching, &c. 1796, 1863.

[24] her] his 1863.

[93]

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#### PITY<sup>[93:1]</sup>

Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled  
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy grey hairs  
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares

To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.  
 My Father! throw away this tatter'd vest  
 That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use  
 A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews  
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.  
 My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:  
 And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,  
 Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness—  
 He did not so, the Galilaeen mild,  
 Who met the Lazars turn'd from rich men's doors  
 And call'd them Friends, and heal'd their noisome sores!

5

10

? 1795.

### FOOTNOTES:

[93:1] First published in 1796: included in *Selection of Sonnets, Poems* 1796, in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xvi. 1796 (*Contents*—To an Old Man): Sonnet vi. 1797: Sonnet v. 1803: Sonnet x. 1828, 1829, 1834: Charity 1893.

[7] arm] arms 1796, 1828.

[12-14] He did not scowl, the Galilaeen mild,  
 Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich man's doors,  
 And call'd him Friend, and wept upon his sores.

1797, 1803.

[13] men's] man's 1796, *Selection of Sonnets*, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE<sup>[93:2]</sup>

Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!  
 How many Bards in city garret pent,  
 While at their window they with downward eye  
 Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,  
 And listen to the drowsy cry of Watchmen  
 (Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of Time!),  
 How many wretched Bards address *thy* name,  
 And hers, the full-orb'd Queen that shines above.  
 But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,  
 Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid  
 Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.  
 O! I have listened, till my working soul,  
 Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,  
 Absorb'd hath ceas'd to listen! Therefore oft,  
 I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight  
 Oft will I tell thee, Minstrel of the Moon!  
 'Most musical, most melancholy' Bird!  
 That all thy soft diversities of tone,  
 Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs  
 That vibrate from a white-arm'd Lady's harp,  
 What time the languishment of lonely love  
 Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,  
 Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,  
 My Sara—best beloved of human kind!  
 When breathing the pure soul of tenderness,  
 She thrills me with the Husband's promis'd name!

5

10

15

20

25

[94]

1795.

### FOOTNOTES:

[93:2] First published in 1796: included in 1803 and in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 38. First collected in 1844.

### LINENOTES:

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## LINES [\[94:1\]](#)

### COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY 1795

With many a pause and oft reverted eye  
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near  
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:  
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear. 5  
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock  
That on green plots o'er precipices browse:  
From the deep fissures of the naked rock  
The Yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs  
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)  
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats, 10  
I rest:—and now have gain'd the topmost site.  
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets  
My gaze! Proud towers, and Cots more dear to me,  
Elm-shadow'd Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea!  
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear: 15  
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

---

#### FOOTNOTES:

[94:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797 (*Supplement*), 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Effusion xxi. Composed while climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb, in the County of Somerset, May 1795 1796: Sonnet v. Composed, &c. 1797: Sonnet xiv. Composed, &c. 1803.

[7] deep] forc'd 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

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## LINES IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER [\[94:2\]](#)

[95] O Peace, that on a liliated bank dost love  
To rest thine head beneath an Olive-Tree,  
I would that from the pinions of thy Dove  
One quill withouten pain ypluck'd might be! 5  
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,  
And fain to her some soothing song would write,  
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,  
Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,  
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow 10  
With thoughts of my dissever'd Fair engross'd,  
Chill Fancy droop'd wreathing herself with willow,  
As though my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.  
'From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,  
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way; 15  
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!  
As night-clos'd floweret to the orient ray,  
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey.'

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought, 20  
Contriv'd a too successful wile, I ween:  
And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught—  
'Too long our Slave the Damsel's *smiles* hath seen:  
To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien!  
He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed  
The morning shot her dewy glances keen, 25  
When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—  
'Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!' the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing  
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;  
When twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic string, 30  
With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.  
Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart?  
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?  
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start  
(No fairer deck'd the bowers of old Romance) 35  
That Sleep enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;  
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:  
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!  
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme— 40  
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,  
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide,  
That I the living Image of my Dream  
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—  
'O! how shall I behold my Love at eventide!' 45

[96]

1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[94:2] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xxiv. In the, &c. 1796: In the, &c. 1797.

[17] Like snowdrop opening to the solar ray, 1796.

[19] 'heard the silence of my thought' 1797, 1803.

[26] to lift] uplift 1797, 1803.

Below [L. 45](#) July 1795 1797, 1803.

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## THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN<sup>[96:1]</sup>

(Composed during Illness, and in Absence.)

Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,  
O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car!  
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering Dove,  
And give me to the bosom of my Love! 5  
My gentle Love, caressing and carest,  
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest!  
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,  
Lull with fond woe, and medicine me with sighs!  
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,  
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek. 10  
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May  
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day;  
Young Day returning at her promis'd hour  
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her favourite Flower;  
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs, 15  
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.  
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:  
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

? 1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[96:1] First published in *The Watchman*, No. III, March 17, 1796 (*signed C.*): included in 1797, 1803, 1844, and 1852. It was first reprinted, after 1803, in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 43, under 'the sportive title "Darwiniana", on the supposition that it was written' in half-mockery of Darwin's style with its *dulcia vitia*. (See 1852, *Notes*, p. 885.)

### LINENOTES:

[9-10] *om. 1803.*

[14] her] the *Lit. Rem., 1844, 1852.*

[17] New] Now *Watchman.*

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## LINES<sup>[96:2]</sup>

### WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL

Good verse *most* good, and bad verse then seems better  
Receiv'd from absent friend by way of Letter.  
For what so sweet can labour'd lays impart  
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?—ANON.

- [97] Nor travels my meandering eye  
The starry wilderness on high;  
Nor now with curious sight  
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,  
Move with 'green radiance'<sup>[97:1]</sup> through the grass, 5  
An emerald of light.
- O ever present to my view!  
My wafted spirit is with you,  
And soothes your boding fears:  
I see you all oppressed with gloom 10  
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—  
Ah me! You are in tears!
- Belovéd Woman! did you fly  
Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,  
Or Mirth's untimely din? 15  
With cruel weight these trifles press  
A temper sore with tenderness,  
When aches the void within.
- But why with sable wand unblessed  
Should Fancy rouse within my breast 20  
Dim-visag'd shapes of Dread?  
Untenanting its beauteous clay  
My Sara's soul has wing'd its way,  
And hovers round my head!
- [98] I felt it prompt the tender Dream, 25  
When slowly sank the day's last gleam;  
You rous'd each gentler sense,  
As sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom  
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume  
With viewless influence. 30
- And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans  
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling stones  
In bold ambitious sweep  
The onward-surg'ing tides supply  
The silence of the cloudless sky 35  
With mimic thunders deep.
- Dark reddening from the channell'd Isle<sup>[98:1]</sup>  
(Where stands one solitary pile  
Unslated by the blast)  
The Watchfire, like a sullen star 40  
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar  
Rude cradled on the mast.
- Even there—beneath that light-house tower—  
In the tumultuous evil hour  
Ere Peace with Sara came, 45  
Time was, I should have thought it sweet  
To count the echoings of my feet,  
And watch the storm-vex'd flame.
- And there in black soul-jaundic'd fit  
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit, 50

	And listen to the roar: When mountain surges bellowing deep With an uncouth monster-leap Plung'd foaming on the shore.	
	Then by the lightning's blaze to mark Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark; Her vain distress-guns hear; And when a second sheet of light Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night— To see <i>no</i> vessel there!	55 60
[99]	But Fancy now more gaily sings; Or if awhile she droop her wings, As skylarks 'mid the corn, On summer fields she grounds her breast: The oblivious poppy o'er her nest Nods, till returning morn.	65
	O mark those smiling tears, that swell The open'd rose! From heaven they fell, And with the sun-beam blend. Blest visitations from above, Such are the tender woes of Love Fostering the heart they bend!	70
	When stormy Midnight howling round Beats on our roof with clattering sound, To me your arms you'll stretch: Great God! you'll say—To us so kind, O shelter from this loud bleak wind The houseless, friendless wretch!	75
	The tears that tremble down your cheek, Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek In Pity's dew divine; And from your heart the sighs that steal Shall make your rising bosom feel The answering swell of mine!	80
	How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet I paint the moment, we shall meet! With eager speed I dart— I seize you in the vacant air, And fancy, with a husband's care I press you to my heart!	85 90
[100]	'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour Flashes the golden-colour'd flower A fair electric flame: <sup>[99:1]</sup> And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye When all the heart's big ecstasy Shoots rapid through the frame!	95

1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[96:2] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[97:1] The expression 'green radiance' is borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure; but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring. Note, 1796, p. 185: Footnote, 1797, p. 88.

[The phrase 'green radiance' occurs in *An Evening Walk*, ll. 264-8, first published in 1793, and reprinted in 1820. In 1836 the lines were omitted.

Oft has she taught them on her lap to play  
Delighted with the glow-worm's harmless ray,  
Toss'd light from hand to hand; while on the ground  
Small circles of green radiance gleam around.]

[98:1] The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

[99:1] LIGHT *from plants*. In Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been observed on certain flowers, by M. Haggern, lecturer in natural history. One evening he perceived a faint flash of light repeatedly dart from a marigold. Surprised at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention; and, to be assured it was no deception of the eye, he

placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal at the moment when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment.

The light was most brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame colour; but scarcely visible on pale ones. The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession; but more commonly at intervals of several minutes; and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be observed at a considerable distance.

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and August at sun-set, and for half an hour when the atmosphere was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours nothing of it was seen.

The following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in this order:—

1. The marigold, *galendula [sic] officinalis*.
2. Monk's-hood, *tropaelum [sic] majus*.
3. The orange-lily, *lilium bulbiferum*.
4. The Indian pink, *tagetes patula et erecta*.

From the rapidity of the flash, and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that there is something of electricity in this phenomenon. Notes to *Poems*, 1796. Note 13, pp. 186, 188.

In 1797 the above was printed as a footnote on pp. 93, 94. In 1803 the last stanza, lines 91-96, was omitted, and, of course, the note disappeared. In 1828, 1829, and 1834 the last stanza was replaced but the note was not reprinted.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Epistle I. Lines written, &c. The motto is printed on the reverse of the half-title 'Poetical Epistles' [pp. 109, 110]. 1796: Ode to Sara, written at Shurton Bars, &c. 1797, 1803. The motto is omitted in 1797, 1803: The motto is prefixed to the poem in 1828, 1829, and 1834. In 1797 and 1803 a note is appended to the title:—Note. *The first stanza alludes to a Passage in the Letter*. [The allusions to a 'Passage in the Letter' must surely be contained not in the first but in the second and third stanzas. The reference is, no doubt, to the alienation from Southey, which must have led to a difference of feeling between the two sisters Sarah and Edith Fricker.]

[26] sank] sunk 1796-1829.

[33] With broad impetuous 1797, 1803.

[34] fast-encroaching 1797, 1803.

[48] storm-vex'd] troubled 1797, 1803.

[49] black and jaundic'd fit 1797.

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## THE EOLIAN HARP<sup>[100:1]</sup>

### COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE

My pensive Sara! 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!) 5  
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,  
Slow saddening 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! 10  
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea  
Tells us of silence.

[101] 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, 15  
It pours such sweet upbraiding, 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 20  
As twilight Elfins 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 untam'd wing! 25  
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—  
Methinks, it should have been impossible 30  
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd;  
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air  
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway slope  
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon, 35  
Whilst through 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 flitting phantasies, 40  
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,  
As wild and various as the random gales  
That swell and flutter on this subject Lute!

[102]

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic Harps diversely fram'd, 45  
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 belovéd Woman! nor such thoughts 50  
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,  
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.  
Meeek Daughter in the family of Christ!  
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd  
These shapings of the unregenerate mind; 55  
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break  
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.  
For never guiltless may I speak of him,  
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe  
I praise him, and with Faith that inly *feels*; [102:1] 60  
Who with his saving mercies healéd me,  
A sinful and most miserable man,  
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess  
Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honour'd Maid!

1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[100:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[102:1] L'athée n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le dévot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne: il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends une [un 1797, 1803] action de grace. 'Appel a l'impartiale postérité', par la Citoyenne Roland, troisième partie, p. 67. Notes to *Poems*. Note 10, 1796, p. 183. The above was printed as a footnote to p. 99, 1797, and to p. 132, 1803.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xxxv. Composed August 20th, 1795, At Clevedon, Somersetshire 1796. Composed at Clevedon Somersetshire 1797, 1803: The Eolian Harp. Composed, &c. *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

[5] *om. 1803.*

[8] *om. 1803.*

[11] Hark! the still murmur 1803.

[12] And th' Eolian Lute, 1803.

[13] *om. 1803.*

[16] upbraiding] upbraidings 1796, 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.

Lines 21-33 are *om.* in 1803, and the text reads:

*Such a soft floating witchery of sound—  
Methinks, it should have been impossible  
Not to love all things in a World like this,  
Where e'en the Breezes of the simple Air  
Possess the power and Spirit of Melody!  
And thus, my Love, &c.*

[26-33](#) are not in 1796, 1797. In *Sibylline Leaves*, for lines 26-33 of the text, four lines are inserted:

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.

Lines 26-33 were first included in the text in 1828, and reappeared in 1829 and 1834. They are supplied in the *Errata*, pp. [xi, xii], of *Sibylline Leaves*, with a single variant (l. 33): Is Music slumbering on *its* instrument.

[44] And] Or 1796, 1797, 1803.

[64] dear honoured Maid 1893.

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## TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS<sup>[102:2]</sup>

[JOSEPH COTTLE]

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY AT BRISTOL IN SEPTEMBER 1795

[103] Unboastful Bard! whose verse concise yet clear  
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,  
May your fame fadeless live, as 'never-sere'  
The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence  
Embowers me from Noon's sultry influence! 5  
For, like that nameless Rivulet stealing by,  
Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear  
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye  
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount 10  
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow  
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount:  
The vapour-poison'd Birds, that fly too low,  
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.  
Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet 15  
Beneath the Mountain's lofty-frowning brow,  
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,  
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlabouring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast, 20  
That like some giant king, o'er-glooms the hill;  
Nor there the Pine-grove to the midnight blast  
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill  
To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill  
Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers.  
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will 25  
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flowers  
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb  
You wove th' unfinish'd<sup>[103:1]</sup> wreath of saddest hues;  
And to that holier<sup>[103:2]</sup> chaplet added bloom 30  
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.  
But lo your Henderson<sup>[103:3]</sup> awakes the Muse—  
His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!  
You left the plain and soar'd mid richer views!  
So Nature mourn'd when sunk the First Day's light, 35  
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar, my Friend, those richer views among,  
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam!  
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;  
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme: 40  
Waked by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam  
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!  
But if the vext air rush a stormy stream  
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,  
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honor'd ground.

## FOOTNOTES:

[102:2] First published in 1796: included in 1797 (*Supplement*), 1803, and 1852.

'The first in order of the verses which I have thus endeavoured to reprove from immediate oblivion was originally addressed "To the Author of Poems published anonymously at Bristol". A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed: and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a man, and a Christian.' 'Advertisement' to *Supplement*, 1797, pp. 243, 244.

[103:1] 'War,' a Fragment.

[103:2] 'John Baptist,' a poem.

[103:3] 'Monody on John Henderson.'

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Epistle iv. To the Author, &c. 1796: Lines to Joseph Cottle 1797: To the Author, &c., with footnote, 'Mr. Joseph Cottle' 1803.

[1] Unboastful Bard] My honor'd friend 1797.

[35] sunk] sank 1797.

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## THE SILVER THIMBLE<sup>[104:1]</sup>

### THE PRODUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY, ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEMS ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING EPISTLE

*She had lost her Silver Thimble, and her complaint being accidentally overheard by him, her Friend, he immediately sent her four others to take her choice of.*

As oft mine eye with careless glance  
Has gallop'd thro' some old romance,  
Of speaking Birds and Steeds with wings,  
Giants and Dwarfs, and Fiends and Kings;  
Beyond the rest with more attentive care  
I've lov'd to read of elfin-favour'd Fair—— 5  
How if she long'd for aught beneath the sky  
And suffer'd to escape one votive sigh,  
Wafted along on viewless pinions aery  
It laid itself obsequious at her feet: 10  
Such things, I thought, one might not hope to meet  
Save in the dear delicious land of Faery!  
But now (by proof I know it well)  
There's still some peril in free wishing——  
*Politeness* is a licensed *spell*, 15  
And *you*, dear Sir! the Arch-magician.  
You much perplex'd me by the various set:  
They were indeed an elegant quartette!  
My mind went to and fro, and waver'd long;  
At length I've chosen (Samuel thinks me wrong) 20  
*That*, around whose azure rim  
Silver figures seem to swim,  
Like fleece-white clouds, that on the skiey Blue,  
Waked by no breeze, the self-same shapes retain;  
Or ocean-Nymphs with limbs of snowy hue 25  
Slow-floating o'er the calm cerulean plain.

Just such a one, *mon cher ami*,  
(The finger shield of industry)  
Th' inventive Gods, I deem, to Pallas gave  
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave, 30  
Challeng'd the blue-eyed Virgin of the sky  
A duel in embroider'd work to try.  
And hence the thimble'd Finger of grave Pallas  
To th' erring Needle's point was more than callous.  
But ah the poor Arachne! She unarm'd 35  
Blundering thro' hasty eagerness, alarm'd  
With all a *Rival's* hopes, a *Mortal's* fears,  
Still miss'd the stitch, and stain'd the web with tears.  
Unnumber'd punctures small yet sore  
Full fretfully the maiden bore, 40  
Till she her lily finger found  
Crimson'd with many a tiny wound;

And to her eyes, suffus'd with watery woe,  
Her flower-embroider'd web danc'd dim, I wist,  
Like blossom'd shrubs in a quick-moving mist: 45  
Till vanquish'd the despairing Maid sunk low.

O Bard! whom sure no common Muse inspires,  
I heard your Verse that glows with vestal fires!  
And I from unwatch'd needle's erring point  
Had surely suffer'd on each finger-joint 50

Those wounds, which erst did poor Arachne meet;  
While he, the much-lov'd Object of my choice  
(My bosom thrilling with enthusiast heat),  
Pour'd on mine ear with deep impressive voice, 55  
How the great Prophet of the Desart stood  
And preach'd of Penitence by Jordan's Flood;

[106]

On War; or else the legendary lays  
In simplest measures hymn'd to Alla's praise;  
Or what the Bard from his heart's inmost stores  
O'er his *Friend's* grave in loftier numbers pours: 60  
Yes, Bard polite! you but obey'd the laws  
Of Justice, when the thimble you had sent;  
What wounds your thought-bewildering Muse might cause  
'Tis well your finger-shielding gifts prevent.

SARA.

1795.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[104:1] First published in 1796: included for the first time in Appendix to 1863. Mrs. Coleridge told her daughter (*Biog. Lit.*, 1847, ii. 411) that she wrote but little of these verses.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Epistle v. The Production of a Young Lady, &c. 1796: From a Young Lady *Appendix*, 1863.

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## REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT<sup>[106:1]</sup>

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 5  
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) 10  
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, 15  
Then eyed our Cottage, and gaz'd round again,  
And sigh'd, and said, it was a Bless'd Place.  
And we *were* bless'd. Oft with patient ear  
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note  
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen 20  
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whisper'd tones

[107]

I've said to my Belovéd, 'Such, sweet Girl!  
The inobtrusive song of Happiness,  
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard  
When the Soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd, 25  
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 scene! *Here* the bleak mount,  
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep; 30  
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;  
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'er-brow'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; 35  
 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: 40  
 No *wish* profan'd my overwhelméd heart.  
 Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet Dell! dear Cot, and Mount sublime!  
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,  
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled, 45  
 That I should dream away the 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: 50  
 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  
 Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st 55  
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!  
 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, 60  
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight  
 Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.

[108]

Yet oft when after honourable toil  
 Bests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,  
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot! 65  
 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. 70  
 Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

1795.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [106:1] First published in the *Monthly Magazine*, October, 1796, vol. ii, p. 712: included in 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Reflections on entering into active life. A Poem which affects not to be Poetry *M. Mag.* The motto was prefixed in 1797.

- [12-17] Bristowa's citizen—he paus'd and look'd  
 With a pleas'd sadness and gaz'd all around,  
 Then eye'd our cottage and gaz'd round again,  
 And said it was a *blessed little place*.  
*Monthly Magazine*.
- [17] And sigh'd, and said, *it was a blessed place*.  
 1797, 1803.
- [21] wings] wing *M. M.*, 1797, 1803, *S. L.*
- [21-3] Gleaming on sunny wing,) 'And such,' I said,  
 'The inobtrusive song  
 1803.
- [40] Was *imag'd M. M.*

- [46] entrusted] trusted *M. M.*, 1797.  
 [55] Seizes my Praise, when I reflect on those 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817 (line as in text supplied in *Errata*).  
 [69] none] *none M. M.* all] *all M. M.*  
 [70-1] *om.* 1803.

## RELIGIOUS MUSINGS<sup>[108:1]</sup>

### A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794

	<p>This is the time, when most divine to hear,          The voice of Adoration rouses me,          As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,          Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view          The vision of the heavenly multitude,          Who hymned the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!          Yet thou more bright than all the Angel-blaze,          That harbingered thy birth, Thou Man of Woes!          Despiséd Galilaeen! For the Great          Invisible (by symbols only seen)          With a peculiar and surpassing light          Shines from the visage of the oppressed good man,          When heedless of himself the scourgéd saint          Mourns for the oppressor. Fair the vernal mead,          Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars;          True impress each of their creating Sire!          Yet nor high grove, nor many-colour'd mead,          Nor the green ocean with his thousand isles,          Nor the starred azure, nor the sovran sun,          E'er with such majesty of portraiture          Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,          As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour          When thy insulted anguish winged the prayer          Harped by Archangels, when they sing of mercy!          Which when the Almighty heard from forth his throne          Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstasy!          Heaven's hymnings paused: and Hell her yawning mouth          Closed a brief moment.</p>			
[109]				5
[110]				10
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[111]				45
[111]				50
[111]				55

	Their's too celestial courage, inly armed— Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse On their great Father, great beyond compare! And marching onwards view high o'er their heads His waving banners of Omnipotence. Who the Creator love, created Might Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk. For they are holy things before the Lord Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell; God's altar grasping with an eager hand Fear, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch, Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven He calms the throb and tempest of his heart. His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss Swims in his eye—his swimming eye uprais'd: And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs! And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe, A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmoved Views e'en the immitigable ministers That shower down vengeance on these latter days. For kindling with intenser Deity From the celestial Mercy-seat they come, And at the renovating wells of Love Have fill'd their vials with salutary wrath, <sup>[112:1]</sup> To sickly Nature more medicinal Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours Into the lone despoiléd traveller's wounds!	60 65 70 75 80 85
[112]	Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith, Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty cares <sup>[112:2]</sup> Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire New names, new features—by supernal grace Enrobed with Light, and naturalised in Heaven. As when a shepherd on a vernal morn Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot, Darkling he fixes on the immediate road His downward eye: all else of fairest kind Hid or deformed. But lo! the bursting Sun! Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree; On every leaf, on every blade it hangs! Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays, And wide around the landscape streams with glory!	90 95 100
[113]	There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind, Omnific. His most holy name is Love. Truth of subliming import! with the which Who feeds and saturates his constant soul, He from his small particular orbit flies With blest outstarting! From himself he flies, Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze Views all creation; and he loves it all, And blesses it, and calls it very good! This is indeed to dwell with the Most High! Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim Can press no nearer to the Almighty's throne. But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts Unfeeling of our universal Sire, And that in His vast family no Cain Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow Victorious Murder a blind Suicide) Haply for this some younger Angel now Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold! A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad Embattling Interests on each other rush With unhelmed rage!	105 110 115 120 125
[114]	'Tis the sublime of man, Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole! This fraternises man, this constitutes Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;	130

	This the worst superstition, him except Aught to desire, Supreme Reality! <sup>[114:1]</sup> The plenitude and permanence of bliss! O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft	135
	The erring Priest hath stained with brother's blood Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath Thunder against you from the Holy One! But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun, Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish; I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends! And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith, Hiding the present God; whose presence lost, The moral world's cohesion, we become	140 145
[115]	An Anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitched, Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul, No common centre Man, no common sire Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing, Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams Feeling himself, his own low self the whole; When he by sacred sympathy might make The whole one Self! Self, that no alien knows! Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel! Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own, Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith! This the Messiah's destined victory!	150 155
	But first offences needs must come! Even now <sup>[115:1]</sup> (Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!) Thee to defend, meek Galilaeen! Thee And thy mild laws of Love unutterable, Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands Of social peace: and listening Treachery lurks With pious fraud to snare a brother's life; And childless widows o'er the groaning land Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread! Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind! Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace! From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War!— Austria, and that foul Woman of the North, The lustful murderess of her wedded lord!	160 165 170
	And he, connatural Mind! <sup>[115:2]</sup> whom (in their songs So bards of elder time had haply feigned) Some Fury fondled in her hate to man, Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreathe Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore! Soul-hardened barterers of human blood! <sup>[116:1]</sup> Death's prime slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate! Nor least in savagery of holy zeal, Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate, Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons! Thee to defend the Moloch Priest prefers The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd, That Deity, Accomplice Deity In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath Will go forth with our armies and our fleets To scatter the red ruin on their foes! O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds With blessedness!	175 180 185 190
[116]	Lord of unsleeping Love, <sup>[116:2]</sup> From everlasting Thou! We shall not die. These, even these, in mercy didst thou form, Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong Making Truth lovely, and her future might Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.	195
	In the primeval age a dateless while The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock, Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved. But soon Imagination conjured up An host of new desires: with busy aim, Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.	200



	So Property began, twy-streaming fount, Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall. Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe, The timbrel, and arched dome and costly feast, With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants Unsensualised the mind, which in the means Learnt to forget the grossness of the end, Best pleased with its own activity. And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm, The daggered Envy, spirit-quenching Want, Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills <sup>[117:1]</sup> That vex and desolate our mortal life. Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source Of mightier good. Their keen necessities To ceaseless action goading human thought Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord; And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand Strong as an host of armed Deities, Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.	205
	From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom. O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls, Conscious of their high dignities from God, Brook not Wealth's rivalry! and they, who long Enamoured with the charms of order, hate The unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er Turn with mild sorrow from the Victor's car And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse On that blest triumph, when the Patriot Sage <sup>[118:1]</sup> Called the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud And dashed the beautiful terrors on the earth Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er Measured firm paces to the calming sound Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day, When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men Have roused with pealing voice the unnumbered tribes That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind— These, hush'd awhile with patient eye serene, Shall watch the mad careering of the storm; Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms, As erst were wont,—bright visions of the day!— To float before them, when, the summer noon, Beneath some arched romantic rock reclined They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks; Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve, Wandering with desultory feet inhaled The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods And many-tinted streams and setting sun With all his gorgeous company of clouds Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they strayed Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused Why there was misery in a world so fair.	210
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	Ah! far removed from all that glads the sense, From all that softens or ennobles Man, The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads They gape at pageant Power, nor recognise Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen Rudely disbranchéd! Blessed Society! Fitliest depicted by some sun-scorched waste, Where oft majestic through the tainted noon The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp <sup>[119:1]</sup> Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night, Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs The lion couches: or hyaena dips Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws; Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk, Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth <sup>[119:2]</sup> yells, His bones loud-crashing!	265
[118]		270
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	Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony Drives from Life's plenteous feast! O thou poor Wretch Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want, Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand	280
	Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form, The victim of seduction, doomed to know Polluted nights and days of blasphemy; Who in loathed orgies with lewd wassailers Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered Home Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart! O agéd Women! ye who weekly catch The morsel tossed by law-forced charity, And die so slowly, that none call it murder!	285
[120]	O loathly suppliants! ye, that unreceived Totter heart-broken from the closing gates Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand, Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death, Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak! O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatched cot Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise, More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full. Yet is the day of Retribution nigh: The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal: <sup>[120:1]</sup> And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire	290
	The innumerable multitude of wrongs By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile, Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men, The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World, With all that fixed on high like stars of Heaven Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth, Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.	295
[121]	Even now the storm begins: <sup>[121:1]</sup> each gentle name, Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy Tremble far-off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge, Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits Nursing the impatient earthquake. O return!	300
	Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorréd Form <sup>[121:2]</sup> Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp, Who drank iniquity in cups of gold, Whose names were many and all blasphemous, Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry? The mighty army of foul Spirits shrieked Disherited of earth! For she hath fallen On whose black front was written Mystery; She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood; She that worked whoredom with the Daemon Power, And from the dark embrace all evil things Brought forth and nurtured: mitred Atheism! And patient Folly who on bended knee Gives back the steel that stabbed him; and pale Fear Haunted by ghastlier shapings than surround Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight! Return pure Faith! return meek Piety!	305
[122]	The kingdoms of the world are your's: each heart Self-governed, the vast family of Love Raised from the common earth by common toil Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights As float to earth, permitted visitants! When in some hour of solemn jubilee The massy gates of Paradise are thrown Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies, And odours snatched from beds of Amaranth, And they, that from the crystal river of life Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!	310
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	The favoured good man in his lonely walk Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks Strange bliss which he shall recognise in heaven. And such delights, such strange beatitudes	355
	Seize on my young anticipating heart When that blest future rushes on my view! For in his own and in his Father's might The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand Years <sup>[122:1]</sup> Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!	360
[123]	Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead Rise to new life, who'er from earliest time With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan, Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump The high groves of the renovated Earth	365
	Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hushed, Adoring Newton his serener eye Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind Wisest, he <sup>[123:1]</sup> first who marked the ideal tribes Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.	370
	Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage, Him, full of years, from his loved native land Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous By dark lies maddening the blind multitude Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired, And mused expectant on these promised years.	375
	O Years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints! Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright, The wings that veil the adoring Seraphs' eyes, What time they bend before the Jasper Throne <sup>[123:2]</sup> Reflect no lovelier hues! Yet ye depart, And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange, Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing. For who of woman born may paint the hour, When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane	380
[124]	Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born May image in the workings of his thought, How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched <sup>[124:1]</sup> Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans, In feverous slumbers—destined then to wake, When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm The last great Spirit lifting high in air Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One, Time is no more!	385
	Believe thou, O my soul, <sup>[124:2]</sup> Life is a vision shadowy of Truth; And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave, Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire, And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God Forth flashing unimaginable day Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.	390
	Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er With untired gaze the immeasurable fount Ebullient with creative Deity! And ye of plastic power, that interfused Roll through the grosser and material mass In organizing surge! Holies of God! (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?) I haply journeying my immortal course Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then	405
[125]	I discipline my young and novice thought In ministeries of heart-stirring song, And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love, Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul As the great Sun, when he his influence Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.	410
		415

## FOOTNOTES:

- [108:1] First published in 1796: included in 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Lines 260-357 were published in *The Watchman*, No. II, March 9, 1796, entitled 'The Present State of Society'. In the editions of 1796, 1797, and 1803 the following lines, an adaptation of a passage in the First Book of Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, were prefixed as a motto:—

What tho' first,  
In years unseason'd, I attun'd the lay  
To idle Passion and unreal Woe?  
Yet serious Truth her empire o'er my song  
Hath now asserted; Falsehood's evil brood,  
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once  
Excluded, and my Fancy's careless toil  
Drew to the better cause!

An 'Argument' followed on a separate page:—

Introduction. Person of Christ. His prayer on the Cross. The process of his Doctrines on the mind of the Individual. Character of the Elect. Superstition. Digression to the present War. Origin and Uses of Government and Property. The present State of Society. The French Revolution. Millenium. Universal Redemption. Conclusion.

- [110:1] Τὸ Νοητὸν διηγήκασιν εἰς πολλῶν Θεῶν ιδιότητας. DAMAS. DE MYST. AEGYPT. *Footnote* to line 34, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829. [This note, which should be attached to l. 33, is a comment on the original line 'Split and mishap'd' &c., of 1796. The quotation as translated reads thus:—'Men have split up the Intelligible One into the peculiar attributes of Gods many'.]
- [110:2] See this *demonstrated* by Hartley, vol. 1, p. 114, and vol. 2, p. 329. See it likewise proved, and freed from the charge of Mysticism, by Pistorius in his Notes and Additions to part second of Hartley on Man, Addition the 18th, the 653rd page of the third volume of Hartley, Octavo Edition. *Note* to line 44, 1797. [David Hartley's *Observations on Man* were published in 1749. His son republished them in 1791, with Notes, &c., from the German of H. A. Pistorius, Pastor and Provost of the Synod at Poseritz in the Island of Rügen.]
- [112:1] And I heard a great voice out of the Temple saying to the seven Angels, pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. Revelation, xvi. 1. *Note* to line 91, *Notes*, 1796, p. 90.
- [112:2] Our evil Passions, under the influence of Religion, become innocent, and may be made to animate our virtue—in the same manner as the thick mist melted by the Sun, increases the light which it had before excluded. In the preceding paragraph, agreeably to this truth, we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of Fear into holy Awe. *Footnote* to line 91, 1797: to line 101, 1803.
- [114:1] If to make aught but the Supreme Reality the object of final pursuit, be Superstition; if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be Superstition; then Avarice and Ambition are Superstitions: and he who wishes to estimate the evils of Superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican Deities, but to the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is the sentiment convey'd in this and the subsequent lines. *Footnote* to line 135, 1797: to line 143, 1803.
- [115:1] January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford (*sic*) moved an Amendment to the following effect:—"That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France," &c. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who 'considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION'. May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: 'The best road to Peace, my Lords, is WAR! and WAR carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our CREATOR, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength.' [*Footnote* to line 159, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829, and 1834.]
- [115:2] That Despot who received the wages of an hireling that he might act the part of a swindler, and who skulked from his impotent attacks on the liberties of France to perpetrate more successful iniquity in the plains of Poland. *Note* to line 193. *Notes*, 1796, p. 170.
- [116:1] The Father of the present Prince of Hesse Cassell supported himself and his strumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American War for the flesh of his subjects. *Notes*, 1796, p. 176.
- [116:2] Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord! thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c. Habakkuk i. 12. *Note* to line 212. *Notes*, 1796, p. 171. *Footnote*, 1828, 1829, 1834.

Art thou not, &c. In this paragraph the Author recalls himself from his indignation against the instruments of Evil, to contemplate the *uses* of these Evils in the great process of divine Benevolence. In the first age, Men were innocent from ignorance of Vice; they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they might attain intellectual security, i. e. Virtue, which is a wise and strong-nerv'd Innocence. *Footnote* to line 196, 1797: to line 204, 1803.

- [117:1] I deem that the teaching of the gospel for hire is wrong; because it gives the teacher an improper bias in favour of particular opinions on a subject where it is of the last importance that the mind should be perfectly unbiassed. Such is my private opinion; but I mean not to censure all hired teachers, many among whom I know, and venerate as the best and wisest of men—God forbid that I should think of these, when I use the word PRIEST, a name, after which any other term of abhorrence would appear an anti-climax. By a Priest I mean a man who holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a bible (translated by authority) in his left, doth necessarily cause the bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so

produces that temper of mind which leads to Infidelity—Infidelity which judging of Revelation by the doctrines and practices of established Churches honors God by rejecting Christ. See 'Address to the People', p. 57, sold by Parsons, Paternoster Row. *Note* to line 235. *Notes*, 1796, pp. 171, 172.

- [118:1] Dr. Franklin. *Note* to line 253. *Notes*, 1796, p. 172.
- [119:1] At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, IDRIS cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, for here is the Simoom'. I saw from the S.E. an haze come on, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground.—We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till IDRIS told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was indeed passed; but the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation. Bruce's *Travels*, vol. 4, p. 557. *Note* to line 288. *Notes*, 1796, pp. 172, 173.
- [119:2] Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the Elephant, some the Hippopotamus; some affirm it is the Wild Bull. Poetically, it designates any large Quadruped. [Footnote to l. 279, 1797: to l. 286, 1803. Reprinted in 1828, 1829, and 1834. The note to l. 294 in 1796, p. 173 ran thus: Used poetically for a very large quadruped, but in general it designates the elephant.]
- [120:1] See the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine.—And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the FOURTH part of the Earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with pestilence, and with the beasts of the Earth.—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; and it was said unto 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. And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, the stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind: And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, &c. *Note* to line 324. *Notes*, 1796, pp. 174, 175.
- [121:1] Alluding to the French Revolution 1834: The French Revolution 1796: This passage alludes to the French Revolution: and the subsequent paragraph to the downfall of Religious Establishments. I am convinced that the Babylon of the Apocalypse does not apply to Rome exclusively; but to the union of Religion with Power and Wealth, wherever it is found. *Footnote* to line 320, 1797, to line 322, 1803.
- [121:2] And there came one of the seven Angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, come hither! I will show unto thee the judgment of the great Whore, that sitteth upon many waters: with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, &c. Revelation of St. John the Divine, chapter the seventeenth. *Note* to l. 343. *Notes*, 1796, p. 175.
- [122:1] The Millenium:—in which I suppose, that Man will continue to enjoy the highest glory, of which his human nature is capable.—That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former Life: and that the wicked will during the same period, be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this Earth and by our entering the state of pure intellect; when all Creation shall rest from its labours. *Footnote* to line 365, 1797, to line 367, 1803.
- [123:1] David Hartley. [*Footnote* to line 392, 1796, to line 375, 1797, to line 380, 1803: reprinted in 1828, 1829, and 1834.]
- [123:2] Rev. chap. iv. v. 2 and 3.—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, &c. [*Footnote* to line 386, 1797, to line 389, 1803: reprinted in 1828, 1829, and 1834.]
- [124:1] The final Destruction impersonated. [*Footnote* to line 394, 1797, to line 396, 1803: reprinted in 1828, 1829, and 1834.]
- [124:2] This paragraph is intelligible to those, who, like the Author, believe and feel the sublime system of Berkley (*sic*); and the doctrine of the final Happiness of all men. *Footnote* to line 402, 1797, to line 405, 1803.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] — on Christmas Eve. In the year of Our Lord, 1794.

- [1-23] This is the time, when most divine to hear,  
As with a Cherub's 'loud uplifted' trump  
The voice of Adoration my thrill'd heart  
Rouses! And with the rushing noise of wings  
Transports my spirit to the favor'd fields  
Of Bethlehem, there in shepherd's guise to sit  
Sublime of extacy, and mark entranc'd  
The glory-streaming VISION through the night. [109:A]  
Ah not more radiant, nor loud harmonies  
Hymning more unimaginally sweet  
With choral songs around th' ETERNAL MIND,  
The constellated company of WORLDS  
Danc'd jubilant: what time the startling East

Saw from her dark womb leap her flamy child!  
 Glory to God in the Highest! PEACE on Earth!  
 Yet thou more bright than all that Angel Blaze,  
 Despiséd GALILAEAN! Man of Woes!  
 For chiefly in the oppressed Good Man's face  
 The Great Invisible (by symbols seen)  
 Shines with peculiar and concentrated light,  
 When all of Self regardless the scourg'd Saint  
 Mourns for th' oppressor. O thou meekest Man!  
 Meek Man and lowliest of the Sons of Men!  
 Who thee beheld thy imag'd Father saw. [\[109:B\]](#)  
 His Power and Wisdom from thy awful eye  
 Blended their beams, and loftier Love sat there  
 Musing on human weal, and that dread hour  
*When thy insulted, &c.*

1796.

[\[109:A\]](#) And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying glory to God in the highest and on earth peace. Luke ii. 13 1796.

[\[109:B\]](#) Philip saith unto him, Lord! shew us the Father and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. John xiv. 9 1796.

[\[7\]](#) Angel-blaze] Angel-Host 1803.

[\[26\]](#) Diviner light flash'd extacy o'er Heaven!

1796.

[\[32-4\]](#) What mists dim-floating of Idolatry  
 Split and mishap'd the Omnipresent Sire:  
 And first by Terror, Mercy's startling prelude,  
 Uncharm'd the Spirit spell-bound with earthy lusts.

1796.

[\[39\]](#) From Hope and stronger Faith to perfect Love

1796.

[\[54\]](#) embosom] imbosom 1796, 1797, 1803.

[\[64-71\]](#) They cannot dread created might, who love  
 God the Creator! fair and lofty thought!  
 It lifts and swells my heart! and as I muse,  
 Behold a VISION gathers in my soul,  
 Voices and shadowy shapes! In human guise  
 I seem to see the phantom, FEAR, pass by,  
 Hotly-pursued, and pale! From rock to rock  
 He bounds with bleeding feet, and thro' the swamp,  
 The quicksand and the groaning wilderness,  
 Struggles with feebler and yet feebler flight.  
 But lo! an altar in the wilderness,  
 And eagerly yet feebly lo! he grasps  
 The altar of the living God! and there  
 With wan reverted face the trembling wretch  
 All wildly list'ning to his Hunter-fiends  
 Stands, till the last faint echo of their yell  
 Dies in the distance. *Soon refresh'd from Heaven &c.*

1803.

[\[74-7\]](#) Swims in his eyes: his swimming eyes uprais'd:  
 And Faith's whole armour girds his limbs! And thus  
 Transfigur'd, with a meek and dreadless awe,  
 A solemn hush of spirit *he beholds*

1803.

[\[78-84\]](#) Yea, and there,  
 Unshudder'd unaghasted, he shall view  
 E'en the SEVEN SPIRITS, who in the latter day  
 Will shower hot pestilence on the sons of men,  
 For he shall know, his heart shall understand,  
 That kindling with intenser Deity  
 They from the MERCY-SEAT like rosy flames,  
 From God's celestial MERCY-SEAT will flash,  
 And at the wells of renovating LOVE  
 Fill their Seven Vials *with salutary wrath.*

1796.

[\[81-3\]](#) For even these on wings of healing come,  
 Yea, kindling with intenser Deity  
 From the Celestial MERCY SEAT they speed,

1803.

[86] soft] sweet 1803.

[96-7] Darkling with earnest eyes he traces out  
Th' immediate road, all else of fairest kind

1803.

[98] the burning Sun 1803.

[115] The Cherubs and the trembling Seraphim 1803.

[119-21] *om.* 1803.

[135-41] O Fiends of SUPERSTITION! not that oft  
Your pitiless rites have floated with man's blood  
The skull-pil'd Temple, not for this shall wrath  
Thunder against you from the Holy One!  
But (whether ye th' unclimbing Bigot mock  
With secondary Gods, or if more pleas'd  
Ye petrify th' imbrothell'd Atheist's heart,  
The Atheist your worst slave) I o'er some plain  
Peopled with Death, and to the silent Sun  
Steaming with tyrant-murder'd multitudes;  
Or where mid groans and shrieks loud-laughing TRADE  
More hideous packs his bales of living anguish

1796.

[165] pious] *pious* 1796-1829.

[176] mazy surge] tortuous-folds 1796.

[177] imbreathe] inbreathe 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

[202] An] A 1834.

[222] an] a 1834.

[223] *om.* 1796, 1803.

[254-5] The wafted perfumes, gazing on the woods  
The many tinted streams

1803.

[257] In extacy! 1803.

[266] Blessed] O *Blest* 1796, *Watchman*: evil 1803: *Blessed* 1797, 1828, 1829.

[270] by] at *Watchman*.

[273] bloody] gore-stained 1803.

[274] plants] rolls 1796.

[277-8] Ye whom Oppression's ruffian gluttony  
Drives from the feast of life

1803.

[280-1] Dost roam for prey—yea thy unnatural hand  
Liftest to deeds of blood

1796.

[281] Dost] Dar'st *Watchman*.

[283-4] Nights of pollution, days of blasphemy,  
Who in thy orgies with loath'd wassailers

1803.

[290] O loathly-visag'd Suppliants! ye that oft 1796: O loathly-visag'd supplicants! that oft  
*Watchman*.

[291-2] Rack'd with disease, from the unopen'd gate  
Of the full Lazar-house, heart-broken crawl!

1796, *Watchman*.

[293-6] O ye to scepter'd Glory's gore-drench'd field  
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who swept by Slaughter's scythe  
Stern nurse of Vultures! steam in putrid heaps

1796.

O ye that steaming to the silent Noon,  
People with Death red-eyed Ambition's plains!  
O Wretched *Widow*

*Watchman*.

- [300] Cow'rest 1796.
- [302] stream] steam 1796, *Watchman*, 1797, 1803.
- [305] And upward spring on swiftest plume of fire *Watchman*.
- [337] Hunted by ghastlier terrors 1796, *Watchman*. Haunted] Hunted 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.
- [345-8] When on some solemn Jubilee of Saints  
The sapphire-blazing gates of Paradise  
Are thrown wide open, and thence voyage forth  
Detachments wild of seraph-warbled airs  
  
*1796, Watchman.*
- [355] beatitudes] beatitude 1796, *Watchman*, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.
- [356] Seize on] Have seiz'd *Watchman*.
- [359-61] The SAVIOUR comes! While as to solemn strains,  
The THOUSAND YEARS lead up their mystic dance  
Old OCEAN claps his hands! the DESERT shouts!  
And soft gales wafted from the haunts of spring  
Melt the primaeval North!  
  
*The Mighty Dead 1796.*
- [365] The odorous groves of Earth reparadis'd  
  
*1796.*
- [370-2] Down the fine fibres from the sentient brain  
Roll subtly-surgin'. Pressing on his steps  
Lo! PRIESTLEY there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,  
Whom that my fleshly eye hath never seen  
A childish pang of impotent regret  
Hath thrill'd my heart. Him from his *native land*  
  
*1796.*
- Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain  
Pass in fine surges. Pressing on his steps  
*Lo! Priestley there*  
  
*1803.*
- [378-80] Sweeping before the rapt prophetic Gaze  
Bright as what glories of the jasper throne  
Stream from the gorgeous and face-veiling plumes  
Of Spirits adoring! Ye blest years! must end  
  
*1796.*
- [380] they bend] he bends 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.
- [387] May image in his wildly-working thought 1796: May image, how the red-eyed Fiend  
outstretcht 1803.
- [390] feverous] feverish 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.  
  
*Between 391, 392 DESTRUCTION! when the Sons of Morning shout, The Angels shout,  
DESTRUCTION 1803.*
- [393] The Mighty Spirit 1796.
- [400] *om.* 1803.
- [401] blaze] Light 1803.
- [411] and novice] novice 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

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## MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON [\[125:1\]](#)

O what a wonder seems the fear of death,  
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,  
Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,  
Night following night for threescore years and ten!  
But doubly strange, where life is but a breath  
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

5

Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away!  
Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display  
For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of State!  
Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom  
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom  
(*That* all bestowing, *this* withholding all)  
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome

10



Sound like a seeking Mother's anxious call,  
Return, poor Child! Home, weary Truant, home! 15

[126] Thee, Chatterton! these unblest stones protect  
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect.  
Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven  
Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod!  
Thou! O vain word! *thou* dwell'st not with the clod! 20  
Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven  
Thou at the throne of mercy and thy God  
The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn  
(Believe it, O my Soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perforce ('tis suffering Nature's call), 25  
I weep that heaven-born Genius *so* should fall;  
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul  
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.  
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view 30  
    Thy corse of livid hue;  
Now Indignation checks the feeble sigh,  
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?  
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain 35  
    Pour'd forth his lofty strain?  
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,  
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,  
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd.  
    And o'er her darling dead 40  
    Pity hopeless hung her head,

While 'mid the pelting of that merciless storm,'  
Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famish'd form!  
Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,  
From vales where Avon<sup>[127:1]</sup> winds the Minstrel came. 45  
    Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,  
    He meditates the future song,  
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foe;  
    And while the numbers flowing strong  
    In eddies whirl, in surges throng, 50  
Exulting in the spirits' genial throe  
In tides of power his life-blood seems to flow.

And now his cheeks with deeper ardors flame,  
His eyes have glorious meanings, that declare  
More than the light of outward day shines there,  
A holier triumph and a sterner aim! 55  
Wings grow within him; and he soars above  
Or Bard's or Minstrel's lay of war or love.  
Friend to the friendless, to the sufferer health,  
He hears the widow's prayer, the good man's praise;  
To scenes of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth, 60  
And young and old shall now see happy days.  
On many a waste he bids trim gardens rise,  
Gives the blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes;  
And now in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,  
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel. 65  
Sweet Flower of Hope! free Nature's genial child!

[128] That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,  
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume!  
For thee in vain all heavenly aspects smil'd;  
From the hard world brief respite could they win— 70  
The frost nipp'd sharp without, the canker prey'd within!  
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,  
And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er thy face?  
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!  
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view, 75  
On thy wan forehead starts the lethal dew,  
And oh! the anguish of that shuddering sigh!

    Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,  
    When Care, of wither'd brow, 80  
    Prepar'd the poison's death-cold power:  
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,  
    When near thee stood Affection meek  
    (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)  
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll 85  
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;  
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,

[129]	Thy native cot, where still, at close of day, Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay; Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear, And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear; See, see her breast's convulsive throe, Her silent agony of woe! Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!	90
	And thou hadst dashed it, at her soft command, But that Despair and Indignation rose, And told again the story of thy woes; Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart, The dread dependence on the low-born mind; Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart, Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined! Recoiling quick, thou badest the friend of pain Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein! O spirit blest!	95
	Whether the Eternal's throne around, Amidst the blaze of Seraphim, Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn, Or soaring thro' the blest domain Enrapturest Angels with thy strain,— Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound, Like thee with fire divine to glow;— But ah! when rage the waves of woe, Grant me with firmer breast to meet their hate, And soar beyond the storm with upright eye elate!	100 105
	Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep, To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep! For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave; Watching with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve. Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove, In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove, Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.	110 115
[130]	And here, in Inspiration's eager hour, When most the big soul feels the mastering power, These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er, Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar, With wild unequal steps he pass'd along, Oft pouring on the winds a broken song: Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.	120 125
	Poor Chatterton! <i>he</i> sorrows for thy fate Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late. Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb; But dare no longer on the sad theme muse, Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom: For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing, Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring; And the stern Fate transpierc'd with viewless dart The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart!	130 135
	Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell On joys that were! no more endure to weigh The shame and anguish of the evil day, Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray; And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay, The wizard Passions weave an holy spell!	140 145
	O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive! Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale, And love with us the tinkling team to drive O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale; And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng, Would hang, enraptur'd, on thy stately song, And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy All deftly mask'd as hoar Antiquity.	150 155
[131]	Alas, vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood! Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,	

Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream;  
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side  
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,  
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,  
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!  
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

160

165

1790-1834.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[125:1] The 'Monody', &c., dated in eds. 1796, 1797, 1803, 'October, 1794,' was first published at Cambridge in 1794, in *Poems*, By Thomas Rowley [i. e. Chatterton] and others edited by Lancelot Sharpe (pp. xxv-xxviii). An *Introductory Note* was prefixed:—"The Editor thinks himself happy in the permission of an ingenious friend to insert the following Monody." The variants marked 1794 are derived from that work. The 'Monody' was not included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817. For MS. variants *vide ante*, 'Monody', &c., Christ's Hospital Version.

Coleridge told Cottle, May 27, 1814 that lines 1-4 were written when he was 'a mere boy' (*Reminiscences*, 1847, p. 348); and, again, April 22, 1819, he told William Worship that they were written 'in his thirteenth year as a school exercise'. The Monody numbered 107 lines in 1794, 143 in 1796, 135 in 1797, 119 in 1803, 143 in 1828, 154 in 1829, and 165 lines in 1834.

[127:1] Avon, a river near Bristol, the birth-place of Chatterton.

### LINENOTES:

[1-15] When faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild  
Slow journeys onward, poor Misfortune's child;  
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,  
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;  
(No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,  
No helméd terrors nodding o'er thy head.)  
Assume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,  
And bid the heartsick Wanderer's Anguish cease.

1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.

[Lines 1-15 of the text were first printed in 1829.]

[16] these] yon 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.

[18-24] Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod  
Meek at the throne of Mercy and of God,  
Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn  
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.

[25] Yet oft ('tis Nature's bosom-startling call) 1794, 1796, 1828: Yet oft ('tis Nature's call) 1797, 1803.

[26] should] shall 1829.

[30] Thy] The 1794.

[31-32] And now a flash of Indignation high  
Darts through the tear that glistens in mine eye.

1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.

[35] his] her 1794.

[37] Disappointment's deadly shade 1794.

[41] merciless] pitiless 1794.

[45] aye, as] *om.* 1797, 1803.

[46] He] And 1797, 1803.

[47-56] How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;  
And, as floating high in air,  
Glitter the sunny Visions fair,  
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!

1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.

[1794 reads 'Danish foes'; 1797, 1803 read 'See, as floating', &c. Lines 48-56 were added in 1829.]

[58-71] Friend to the friendless, to the sick man Health,  
With generous Joy he views th' *ideal* wealth;  
He hears the Widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of Praise;  
He marks the shelter'd Orphan's tearful gaze;

Or where the sorrow-shrivell'd Captive lay,  
Pours the bright Blaze of Freedom's noon-tide Ray:  
And now, indignant 'grasps the patriot steel'  
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Clad in Nature's rich array,  
And bright in all her tender hues,  
Sweet Tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring!  
How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,  
Loading the west winds with its soft perfume!  
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,  
[And Fancy hovering round on shadowy wing, 1794.]  
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,  
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient Day!  
But soon upon thy poor unshelter'd Head  
[Ah! soon, &c. 1794.]  
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:  
And soon the scathing Lightning bade thee stand  
In frowning horror o'er the blighted Land

1794, 1796, 1828.

[Lines 1-8 of the preceding variant were omitted in 1797. Line 9 reads 'Yes! Clad,' &c., and line 12 reads 'Most fair,' &c. The entire variant, 'Friend . . . Land,' was omitted in 1803, but reappears in 1828. The quotation marks 'grasps the patriot steel' which appear in 1796, but not in 1794, were inserted in 1828, but omitted in 1829, 1834. Lines 1-6 were included in 'Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross', as first published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, Sept. 27, 1794, and in the editions of 1797, 1828, 1829, and 1834.]

- [72] Ah! where] Whither 1794, 1797.
- [73] that lighten'd] light-flashing 1797, 1803.
- [76] wan] cold 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828. lethal] anguish'd 1794, 1796, 1797, 1828.
- [77] And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.
- [78] the gloomy] that gloomy 1803.
- [80] Prepar'd the poison's power 1797, 1803.
- [90] And mark thy mother's tear 1797, 1803.
- [98] low-born] low-bred 1794.
- [99] with] at 1794. must] might 1794.
- [102] black] dark 1794.
- [103-13] These lines, which form the conclusion (ll. 80-90) of the Christ's Hospital Version, were printed for the first time in 1834, with the following variants: l. 104 the Eternal's] th' Eternal; l. 105 Seraphim] Cherubim; l. 112 to meet] t'oppose; l. 113 storm] storms.
- [120] slow] rude 1794.
- [121] Lone glittering thro' the Forest's murky pride 1794.
- [123] mastering] mad'ning 1794, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828.
- [129] Here the Monody ends 1794.
- [130-65] First printed in 1796.
- [133] unshaped] shapeless 1803.
- [136-39] *om.* 1803.
- [147] an] a 1834.
- [153] Would hang] Hanging 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

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## THE DESTINY OF NATIONS <sup>[131:1]</sup>

### 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!  
To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good!  
The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God!

5

[132]

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  
Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.  
For what is Freedom, but the unfettered use

10

Of all the powers which God for use had given?  
But chiefly this, him First, him Last to view 15  
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 20  
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,  
That we may learn with young unwounded ken  
The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,  
Whose latence is the plenitude of All,  
Thou with retracted beams, and self-eclipse 25  
Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free  
When they within this gross and visible sphere  
Chain down the wingéd thought, scoffing ascent,  
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat 30  
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. 35

[133]

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 boldlier think 40  
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 45  
With absolute ubiquity of thought  
(His one eternal self-affirming act!)  
All his involvéd Monads, that yet seem  
With various province and apt agency  
Each to pursue its own self-centering end. 50  
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 lightnings to their volleying car. 55  
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 rebellious, o'er dark realms 60  
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 65  
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 70

[134]

Or Balda Zhiok, [\[133:1\]](#) or the mossy stone  
Of Solfar-kapper, [\[133:2\]](#) while the snowy blast  
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge, 75  
Making the poor babe at its mother's back [\[134:1\]](#)  
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  
Who there in floating robes of rosy light 80  
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power  
That first unsensualises 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 85  
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,  
Till Superstition with unconscious hand

Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,  
Nor yet without permitted power impressed,  
I deem those legends terrible, with which 90  
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:  
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan  
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird  
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise  
Is Tempest, when the unutterable Shape 95  
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once <sup>[134:2]</sup>  
That shriek, which never murderer heard, and lived.

[135] Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance  
Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed  
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave 100  
By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such  
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea:  
Where dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name  
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,  
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound, 105  
Unsleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear  
Lest haply 'scaping on some treacherous blast  
The fateful word let slip the Elements  
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,  
Arm'd with Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of Good, <sup>[135:1]</sup> 110  
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny  
Of the Ocean stream;—thence thro' the realm of Souls,  
Where live the Innocent, as far from cares  
As from the storms and overwhelming waves  
That tumble on the surface of the Deep, 115  
Returns with far-heard pant, hotly pursued  
By the fierce Warders of the Sea, once more,  
Ere by the frost foreclosed, to repossess  
His fleshly mansion, that had staid the while  
In the dark tent within a cow'ring group 120  
Untenanted.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,  
On the victorious goodness of high God  
Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope,  
Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth 125  
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, 130  
Distinguishing from mortal agency,  
They choose their human ministers from such states  
As still the Epic song half fears to name,  
Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike  
The palace-roof and soothe the monarch's pride. 135

[137] Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)  
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France  
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,  
With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts, 140  
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark  
The good and evil thing, in human lore  
Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,  
And Heaven had doomed her early years to toil  
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself 145  
Unfeared by Fellow-natures, she might wait  
On the poor labouring man with kindly looks,  
And minister refreshment to the tired  
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn bench  
The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft 150  
Vacantly watched the rudely-pictured board  
Which on the Mulberry-bough with welcome creak  
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 155  
At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress  
Had wept and shivered. To the tottering Eld  
Still as a daughter would she run: she placed  
His cold limbs at the sunny door, and loved  
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort, 160  
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 haired and low, 165  
 And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,  
 Spake more than Woman's thought; and all her face  
 Was moulded to such features as declared  
 That Pity there had oft and strongly worked,  
 And sometimes Indignation. Bold her mien, 170  
 And like an haughty huntress of the woods  
 She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!  
 And in each motion her most innocent soul  
 Beamed forth so brightly, that who saw would say  
 Guilt was a thing impossible in her! 175  
 Nor idly would have said—for she had lived  
 In this bad World, as in a place of Tombs,  
 And touched not the pollutions of the Dead.

[138]

'Twas the cold season when the Rustic's eye  
 From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields 180  
 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 185  
 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 190  
 The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watched  
 The alien shine of unconcerning stars,  
 Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights  
 Seen in Neufchâtel's vale; now slopes adown  
 The winding sheep-track vale-ward: when, behold 195  
 In the first entrance of the level road  
 An unattended team! The foremost horse  
 Lay with stretched limbs; the others, yet alive  
 But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes  
 Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally 200  
 The dark-red dawn now glimmered; but its gleams  
 Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,  
 Then hailed who might be near. No voice replied.  
 From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear  
 A sound so feeble that it almost seemed 205  
 Distant: and feebly, with slow effort pushed,  
 A miserable man crept forth: his limbs  
 The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.  
 Faint on the shafts he rested. She, meantime,  
 Saw crowded close beneath the coverture 210  
 A mother and her children—lifeless all,  
 Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred—  
 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, 215  
 Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand  
 Stretched on her bosom.

[139]

Mutely questioning,  
 The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.  
 He, his head feebly turning, on the group 220  
 Looked with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke  
 The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.  
 She shuddered; 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, 225  
 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 hovering spirits of his Wife and Babes  
 Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs, 230  
 With interruptions long from ghastly throes,  
 His voice had faltered out this simple tale.

The Village, where he dwelt an husbandman,  
 By sudden inroad had been seized and fired

Late on the yester-evening. With his wife 235  
 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 quenched 240  
 Their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.  
 The air clipt keen, the night was fanged with frost,  
 And they provisionless! The weeping wife  
 Ill hushed her children's moans; and still they moaned,  
 Till Fright and Cold and Hunger drank their life. 245  
 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 dropped dead.  
 Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food, 250  
 He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,  
 Till wakened 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! 255  
 And now her flushed tumultuous features shot  
 Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye  
 Of Misery fancy-crazed! and now once more  
 Naked, and void, and fixed, and all within  
 The unquiet silence of confuséd thought 260  
 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 smouldered stones  
 The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there, 265  
 Unconscious of the driving element,  
 Yea, swallowed up in the ominous dream, she sate  
 Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish  
 Breathed from her look! and still with pant and sob,  
 Inly she toiled to flee, and still subdued, 270  
 Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toiled in troublous ecstasy,  
 A horror of great darkness wrapt her round,  
 And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones,  
 Calming her soul,—'O Thou of the Most High 275  
 Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven  
 Behold expectant—'

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

[140:1] Maid beloved of Heaven!  
 (To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)  
 Of Chaos the adventurous progeny 280  
 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 fluttered with such glad noise,  
 As what time after long and pestful calms, 285  
 With slimy shapes and miscreated life  
 Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze  
 Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night  
 An heavy unimaginal moan  
 Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld 290  
 Stand beauteous on Confusion's charméd wave.  
 Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound  
 That leads with downward windings to the Cave  
 Of Darkness palpable, Desert of Death  
 Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots. 295  
 There many a dateless age the Beldame lurked  
 And trembled; till engendered by fierce Hate,  
 Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,  
 Shaped like a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.  
 It roused the Hell-Hag: she the dew-damp wiped 300  
 From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze  
 Retraced her steps; but ere she reached the mouth  
 Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,  
 Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulph.  
 As through the dark vaults of some mouldered Tower 305  
 (Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind

[140]

[141]



Circles at distance in his homeward way)  
The winds breathe hollow, deemed the plaining groan  
Of prisoned spirits; with such fearful voice  
Night murmured, and the sound through Chaos went.  
Leaped at her call her hideous-fronted brood!  
A dark behest they heard, and rushed on earth;  
Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,  
Rebels from God, and Tyrants o'er Mankind!

310

From his obscure haunt  
Shrieked Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,  
Feverous yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,  
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds.  
Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring  
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

315

[142]

'Even so (the exulting Maiden said)  
The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,  
And thus they witnessed 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 agéd 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 slaughtered saints  
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals grateful  
Receive some martyred patriot. The harmony<sup>[142:1]</sup>  
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense  
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

320

325

330

335

[143]

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:  
And through a mist, the relict of that trance  
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appeared,  
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,  
Glassed on the subject ocean. A vast plain  
Stretched opposite, where ever and anon  
The plough-man following sad his meagre team  
Turned up fresh skulls 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-wreathed; and where she trod,  
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.  
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,  
And anxious pleasure beamed 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 blessed prophetic mandate then fulfilled—  
Peace be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief,  
She seemed to wander with assiduous feet,  
And healed the recent harm of chill and blight,  
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

340

345

350

355

360

But soon a deep precursive sound moaned hollow:  
Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)  
Their reddening shapes, transformed to Warrior-hosts,  
Coursed 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 looming on the mist,  
Wan stains of ominous light! Resigned, yet sad,  
The fair Form bowed her olive-crownéd brow,  
Then o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye  
Fled till a place of Tombs she reached, and there  
Within a ruined Sepulchre obscure  
Found hiding-place.

365

370

[144]

The delegated Maid  
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed;—  
Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?

375

	The Power of Justice like a name all light, Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.	380
	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, <sup>[144:1]</sup> As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,	<a href="#">385</a>
	That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek; And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits. But boasts the shrine of Dæmon War one charm, <sup>[144:2]</sup> Save that with many an orgie strange and foul, <sup>[144:3]</sup> Dancing around with interwoven arms,	<a href="#">390</a>
	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 said:	<a href="#">395</a>
	'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 accustomed 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!	400
<a href="#">[145]</a>	<i>Therefore</i> , uninjured 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 hushed 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.	405
	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 the unfinished works of Peace. But yonder look! for more demands thy view! He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle A vapour sailed, 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-doomed land, distant in vain, It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the plain, Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose, And steered its course which way the vapour went.	410
		415
		<a href="#">420</a>
		<a href="#">425</a>
<a href="#">[146]</a>	The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean. But long time passed not, ere that brighter cloud Returned more bright; along the plain it swept; And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged A dazzling form, broad-bosomed, bold of eye, And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.	<a href="#">430</a>
	Not more majestic stood the healing God, <sup>[146:1]</sup> When from his bow the arrow sped that slew Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng, And with them hissed the locust-fiends that crawled And glittered 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, <sup>[146:2]</sup> Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of palms, The infuriate spirits of the murdered make Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven. Warmed with new influence, the unwholesome plain Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn: The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in Blood!	<a href="#">435</a>
		440
		445
		450

'Maiden beloved, 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 passed,  
And with him disappeared the heavenly Vision.

455

'Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!  
All-conscious Presence of the Universe!

460

[147]

Nature's vast ever-acting Energy!<sup>[147:1]</sup>  
In will, in deed, Impulse of All to All!  
Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray  
Beam on the Prophet's purgéd eye, or if  
Diseasing realms the Enthusiast, wild of thought,  
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!'

465

[148]

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.

470

1796.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[131:1] First published, in its entirety, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. Two hundred and fifty-five lines were included in Book II of *Joan of Arc, An Epic Poem*, by Robert Southey, Bristol and London, 1796, 4<sup>o</sup>. The greater part of the remaining 212 lines were written in 1796, and formed part of an unpublished poem entitled *The Progress of Liberty or The Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, or *Visions of the Maid of Orleans*, or *Visions of the Maid of Arc*, or *The Vision of the Patriot Maiden*. (See letter to Poole, Dec. 13, and letter to J. Thelwall, Dec. 17, 1796, *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 192, 206. See, too, Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1837, i. 230; and, for Lamb's criticism of a first draft of the poem, his letters to Coleridge, dated Jan. 5 and Feb. 12, 1797.) For a reprint of *Joan of Arc*, Book the Second (Preternatural Agency), see Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1837, ii. 241-62.

The texts of 1828, 1829 (almost but not quite identical) vary slightly from that of the *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, and, again, the text of 1834 varies from that of 1828 and 1829. These variants (on a proof-sheet of the edition of 1828) are in Coleridge's own handwriting, and afford convincing evidence that he did take some part in the preparation of the text of his poems for the last edition issued in his own lifetime.

[133:1] Balda-Zhiok, i. e. mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

[133:2] Solfar-kapper: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitione sacrificiisque 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 praealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.

[134:1] The Lapland women carry their infants at their backs 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 praesertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus oblecta 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 baiulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur, in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus iacet.—LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

[134:2] Jaibme Aibmo.

[135:1] They call the Good Spirit, Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit 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, *History of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

[140:1] These are very fine Lines, tho' I say it, that should not: but, hang me, if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' my own composition. *MS. Note by S. T. C.*

[142:1] Rev. 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; and it was said unto 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.

[144:1] A grievous defect here in the rhyme recalling assonance of Pēace, sweet̄ ève, chēek. Better thus:—

Sweet are thy Songs, O Peace! lenient of care.

*S. T. C., 1828.*

[144:2] 388-93 Southeyan. To be omitted. *S. T. C., 1828.*

[144:3] A vile line [*foul* is underlined]. *S. T. C., 1828.*

[146:1] The Apollo Belvedere.

[146:2] The Slaves in the West-India Islands consider Death as a passport to their native country. The 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 or Metre, in which they are conveyed:—

Ὡ σκότου πύλας, Θάνατε, προλείπων  
Ἐς γένος σπεύδοις ὑποζευχθέν Ἄτα<sup>[146:A]</sup>,  
Ὁυ ζειστήση γενῶν σπαραγμοῖς  
Ὁυδ' ὀλολυγμῶ,

Ἀλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροῖτόποισι  
Κασμάτων χαρὰ, φοβερὸς μὲν ἐσσί,  
Ἄλλ' ὁμῶς Ἐλευθερία συνοικεῖς,  
Στυγνὲ Τύρανε!

Δασκίοις ἐπὶ πτερύγεσσι σῆσι  
Ἄ! θαλάσσιον καθορώντες οἶμα  
Αἰθεροπλαγκτοῖς ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἀνεῖσι  
Πατρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν,

Ἐνθα μὲν Ἐρασταὶ Ἐρωμένησιν  
Ἀμφὶ πηγῆσιν κιτρίνων ὑπ' ἄλσῶν,  
Ὅσσ' ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἐπαθον βροτοὶ, τὰ  
Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a Race yoked to 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 dwellest 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.

[146:A] ο before ζ ought to have been made long; δοῖς ὑπὸζ is an Amphimacer not (as the metre here requires) a Dactyl. *S. T. C.*

[147:1] Tho' these Lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily, and more naturally interpreted with a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *Mongrels*, the Josephidites [Josephides = the Son of Joseph], a proper name of distinction from those who believe *in*, as well as believe Christ the only begotten Son of the Living God before all Time. *MS. Note by S. T. C.*

### LINENOTES:

[1] No more of Usurpation's doom'd defeat

*4<sup>o</sup>.*

[5-6] Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd  
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling hosts.

*4<sup>o</sup>, Sibylline Leaves.*

[5] THE WILL, THE WORD, THE BREATH, THE LIVING GOD *1828, 1829.*

[6] *Added in 1834.*

[9-12] The Harp which hanging high between the shields  
Of Brutus and Leonidas oft gives  
A fitful music to the breezy touch  
Of patriot spirits that demand their fame.

*4<sup>o</sup>.*

[12] Man's] Earth's *Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*

[15] But chiefly this with holiest habitude  
Of constant Faith, him First, him Last to view

*4<sup>o</sup>.*

[23-6] Things from their shadows. Know thyself my Soul!  
Confirm'd thy strength, thy pinions fledged for flight

Bursting this shell and leaving next thy nest  
Soon upward soaring shalt thou fix intense  
Thine eaglet eye on Heaven's Eternal Sun!

4<sup>o</sup>.

The substance from its shadow—Earth's broad shade  
Revealing by Eclipse, the Eternal Sun.

*Sibylline Leaves.*

[The text of lines 23-6 is given in the Errata p. [lxii].]

- [37] *om.* 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[40] seems] is 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[44] Form one all-conscious Spirit, who directs 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[46] *om.* 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[47] involvéd] component 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[54] lightnings] lightning 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[70] Niemi] Niemi's 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[90] deem] deemed 1829.  
[96-7] Speeds from the mother of Death his destin'd way  
To snatch the murderer from his secret cell.

4<sup>o</sup>.

*Between lines 99-100:*

(Where live the innocent as far from cares  
As from the storms and overwhelming waves  
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep).

4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*

These lines form part of an addition (lines 111-21) which dates from 1834.

- [103] Where] There 4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*  
[105] *om.* 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[107] 'scaping] escaping 4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*  
[108] fateful word] fatal sound 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[112-21] thence thro' . . . Untenanted are not included in 4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves, 1828, or 1829.* For lines 113-15 vide *ante*, variant of line 99 of the text.  
[112] Ocean] Ocean's 1828, 1829.  
[130](#) foll.

To rear some realm with patient discipline,  
Aye bidding PAIN, dark ERROR's uncouth child,  
Blameless Parenticide! his snakey scourge  
Lift fierce against his Mother! Thus they make  
Of transient Evil ever-during Good  
Themselves probationary, and denied  
Confess'd to view by preternatural deed  
To o'erwhelm the will, save on some fated day  
Headstrong, or with petition'd might from God.  
And such perhaps the guardian Power whose ken  
Still dwelt on France. He from the invisible World  
Burst on the MAIDEN's eye, impregning Air  
With Voices and strange Shapes, illusions apt  
Shadowy of Truth. [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 sunder'd cubs with piteous rage  
And savage agony.] Mid the drear scene  
A craggy mass uprear'd its misty brow,  
Untouch'd by breath of Spring, unwont to know  
Red Summer's influence, or the chearful face  
Of Autumn; yet its fragments many and huge  
Astounded ocean with the dreadful dance  
Of whirlpools numberless, absorbing oft  
The blameless fisher at his perilous toil.

4<sup>o</sup>.

*Note*—Lines 148-223 of the Second Book of *Joan of Arc* are by Southey. Coleridge's unpublished poem of 1796 (*The Visions of the Maid of Orleans*) begins at line 127 of the text, ending at line 277. The remaining portion of the *Destiny of Nations* is taken from lines contributed to the Second Book. Lines 136-40 of variant 130 foll. form the concluding

fragment of the *Destiny of Nations*. Lines 141-3 of the variant are by Southey. (See his Preface to *Joan of Arc*, 1796, p. vi.) The remaining lines of the variant were never reprinted.

[132] human] mortal *Sibylline Leaves* (correction made in Errata, p. [xii]).

[171] an] a 1834.

[201] now] new *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828.

[289] An] A 1834.

[300] dew-damp] dew-damps 4<sup>o</sup>.

[314] Tyrants] Monarchs 4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829.

Between lines 314 and 315 of the text, the text of the original version (after line 259 of *Joan of Arc*, Book II) continues:—

'These are the fiends that o'er thy native land  
Spread Guilt and Horror. Maid belov'd of Heaven!  
Dar'st thou inspir'd by the holy flame of Love  
Encounter such fell shapes, nor fear to meet  
Their wrath, their wives? O Maiden dar'st thou die?'  
'Father of Heaven: I will not fear.' she said,  
'My arm is weak, but mighty is thy sword.'

She spake and as she spake the trump was heard  
That echoed ominous o'er the streets of Rome,  
When the first Caesar totter'd o'er the grave  
By Freedom delv'd: the Trump, whose chilling blast  
On Marathon and on Plataea's plain  
Scatter'd the Persian.—From his obscure haunt, &c.

[Lines 267-72, She spake . . . the Persian, are claimed by Southey.]

[316] Shriek'd Fear the ghastliest of Ambition's throng 4<sup>o</sup>.

[317] Feverous] Fev'rish 4<sup>o</sup>, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829.

Between lines 320 and 321 of the text, the text of *Joan of Arc*, Book II, continues:—

'Lo she goes!  
To Orleans lo! she goes—the mission'd Maid!  
The Victor Hosts wither beneath her arm!  
And what are Crecy, Poitiers, Azincour  
But noisy echoes in the ear of Pride?'  
Ambition heard and startled on his throne;  
But strait a smile of savage joy illum'd  
His grisly features, like the sheety Burst  
Of Lightning o'er the awaken'd midnight clouds  
Wide flash'd. [For lo! a flaming pile reflects  
Its red light fierce and gloomy on the face  
Of SUPERSTITION and her goblin Son  
Loud-laughing CRUELTY, who to the stake  
A female fix'd, of bold and beauteous mien,  
Her snow-white Limbs by iron fetters bruis'd  
Her breast expos'd.] JOAN saw, she saw and knew  
Her perfect image. Nature thro' her frame  
One pang shot shiv'ring; but, that frail pang soon  
Dismiss'd, 'Even so, &c.

4<sup>o</sup>.

[The passage included in brackets was claimed by Southey.]

[330] calmest] calmy 4<sup>o</sup>.

[339-40] But lo! no more was seen the ice-pil'd mount  
And meteor-lighted dome.—An Isle appear'd

4<sup>o</sup>.

[342] white] rough 4<sup>o</sup>.

[361] and] or 4<sup>o</sup>.

[366-7] The Sea meantime his Billows darkest roll'd,  
And each stain'd wave dash'd on the shore a corse.

4<sup>o</sup>.

[369-72] His hideous features blended with the mist,  
The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld  
And o'er the plain

4<sup>o</sup>.

[369] Like hideous features blended with the clouds *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817. (Errata: for 'blended', &c., read 'looming on the mist'. S. L., p. [xii].)

[378-9] The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow

(The reading of the text is given as an emendation in the *Errata, Sibylline Leaves, 1817*, p. [xii].)

[386] That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples

4<sup>o</sup>.

[394] Chieftains'] Chieftain's 4<sup>o</sup>.

[395] said] replied 4<sup>o</sup>, S. L., 1828.

Between lines [421](#) and 423 of the text, the text of *Joan of Arc*, Book II, inserts:—

A Vapor rose, pierc'd by the MAIDEN's eye.  
Guiding its course OPPRESSION sate within, [\[145:A\]](#)  
With terror pale and rage, yet laugh'd at times  
Musing on Vengeance: trembled in his hand  
A Sceptre fiercely-grasp'd. O'er Ocean westward  
The Vapor sail'd

4<sup>o</sup>.

[\[145:A\]](#) These images imageless, these *Small-Capitals* constituting themselves Personifications, I despised even at that time; but was forced to introduce them, to preserve the connection with the machinery of the Poem, previously adopted by Southey. S. T. C.

After [429](#) of the text, the text of *Joan of Arc* inserts:—

ENVY sate guiding—ENVY, hag-abhorr'd!  
Like JUSTICE mask'd, and doom'd to aid the fight  
Victorious 'gainst oppression. Hush'd awhile

4<sup>o</sup>.

[These lines were assigned by Coleridge to Southey.]

[434] with] by 4<sup>o</sup>.

[437-8] Shriek'd AMBITION's ghastly throng  
And with them those the locust Fiends that crawl'd [\[146:B\]](#)

4<sup>o</sup>.

[\[146:B\]](#) —if Locusts how could they *shriek*? I must have caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*. S. T. C. 4<sup>o</sup>.

[458] heavenly] goodly 4<sup>o</sup>.

[463] Love] Law 4<sup>o</sup>.

For lines [470-74](#) vide *ante* var. of lines [130 foll.](#)

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## VER PERPETUUM [\[148:1\]](#)

### FRAGMENT

#### From an unpublished poem.

The early Year's fast-flying vapours stray  
In shadowing trains across the orb of day:  
And we, poor Insects of a few short hours,  
Deem it a world of Gloom.  
Were it not better hope a nobler doom, 5  
Proud to believe that with more active powers  
On rapid many-coloured wing  
We thro' one bright perpetual Spring  
Shall hover round the fruits and flowers,  
Screen'd by those clouds and cherish'd by those showers! 10

1796.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[\[148:1\]](#) First published without title ('*From an unpublished poem*') in *The Watchman*, No. iv, March

25, 1796, and reprinted in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 44, with an extract from the Essay in the *Watchman* in which it was included:—'In my calmer moments I have the firmest faith that all things work together for good. But alas! it seems a long and dark process.' First collected with extract only in Appendix to 1863. First entitled 'Fragment from an Unpublished Poem' in 1893, and 'Ver Perpetuum' in 1907.

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## ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY 1796<sup>[148:2]</sup>

[149] Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem  
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort  
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month  
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee  
With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower! 5  
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.  
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,  
Even 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 10  
Nipp'd by consumption mid untimely charms?  
Or to Bristowa's bard,<sup>[149:1]</sup> the wondrous boy!  
An amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own,  
Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong  
Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief 15  
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,  
Bright flower of hope killed 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 20  
From anxious Self, Life's cruel taskmaster!  
And the warm wooings of this sunny day  
Tremble along my frame and harmonize  
The attemper'd organ, that even saddest thoughts  
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes 25  
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

1796.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [148:2] First published in *The Watchman*, No. vi, April 11, 1796: included in 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [149:1] Chatterton.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] Lines on observing, &c., Written near Sheffield, *Watchman*, 1797, 1803.
- [5] With 'blue voluptuous eye' 1803.  
*Between 13 and 14* Blooming mid Poverty's drear wintry waste *Watchman*, 1797, 1803, *S. L.*, 1817, 1828.
- [16] hope] hopes, *Watchman*.
- [21] From black anxiety that gnaws my heart.  
For her who droops far off on a sick bed.  
*Watchman*, 1797, 1803.
- [24] Th' attemper'd brain, that ev'n the saddest thoughts  
*Watchman*, 1797, 1803.

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## TO A PRIMROSE<sup>[149:2]</sup>

### THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON

Nitens et roboris expers  
Turget et insolida est: et spe delectat.



Thy smiles I note, sweet early Flower,  
That peeping from thy rustic bower  
The festive news to earth dost bring,  
A fragrant messenger of Spring.

[150]

But, tender blossom, why so pale?  
Dost hear stern Winter in the gale?  
And didst thou tempt the ungentle sky  
To catch one vernal glance and die?

5

Such the wan lustre Sickness wears  
When Health's first feeble beam appears;  
So languid are the smiles that seek  
To settle on the care-worn cheek,

10

When timorous Hope the head uprears,  
Still drooping and still moist with tears,  
If, through dispersing grief, be seen  
Of Bliss the heavenly spark serene.

15

And sweeter far the early blow,  
Fast following after storms of Woe,  
Than (Comfort's riper season come)  
Are full-blown joys and Pleasure's gaudy bloom.

20

1796.

### FOOTNOTES:

[149:2] First published in *The Watchman*, No. viii, April 27, 1796: reprinted in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 47. First collected in Appendix to 1863.

### LINENOTES:

*Motto*: et] at *L. R., App. 1863*.

[17-20] *om. L. R., App. 1863*

## VERSES <sup>[150:1]</sup>

### ADDRESSED TO J. HORNE TOOKE AND THE COMPANY WHO MET ON JUNE 28TH, 1796, TO CELEBRATE HIS POLL AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION

Britons! when last ye met, with distant streak  
So faintly promis'd the pale Dawn to break:  
So dim it stain'd the precincts of the Sky  
E'en *Expectation* gaz'd with doubtful Eye.

5

But now such fair Varieties of Light  
O'ertake the heavy sailing Clouds of Night;  
Th' Horizon kindles with so rich a red,  
That tho' the *Sun still hides* his glorious head  
Th' impatient *Matin-bird, assur'd of Day,*

10

Leaves his low nest to meet its earliest ray;  
Loud the sweet song of Gratulation sings,  
And high in air claps his rejoicing wings!  
Patriot and Sage! whose breeze-like Spirit first  
The lazy mists of Pedantry dispers'd

[151]

(Mists in which Superstition's *pigmy* band  
Seem'd Giant Forms, the Genii of the Land!),  
Thy struggles soon shall wak'ning Britain bless,  
And Truth and Freedom hail thy wish'd success.  
Yes *Tooke!* tho' foul Corruption's wolfish throng  
Outmalice Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue,  
Thy Country's noblest and *determin'd* Choice,  
Soon shalt thou thrill the Senate with thy voice;  
With gradual Dawn bid Error's phantoms flit,  
Or wither with the lightning's flash of Wit;  
Or with sublimer mien and tones more deep,  
Charm sworded Justice from mysterious Sleep,

15

20

25

'By violated Freedom's loud Lament,  
 Her Lamps extinguish'd and her Temple rent;  
 By the forc'd tears her captive Martyrs shed; 30  
 By each pale Orphan's feeble cry for bread;  
 By ravag'd Belgium's corse-impeded Flood,  
 And Vendee steaming still with brothers' blood!  
 And if amid the strong impassion'd Tale,  
 Thy Tongue should falter and thy Lips turn pale;  
 If transient Darkness film thy awful Eye, 35  
 And thy tir'd Bosom struggle with a sigh:  
 Science and Freedom shall demand to hear  
 Who practis'd on a Life so doubly dear;  
 Infus'd the unwholesome anguish drop by drop,  
 Pois'ning the sacred stream they could not stop! 40  
 Shall bid thee with recover'd strength relate  
 How dark and deadly is a Coward's Hate:  
 What seeds of death by wan Confinement sown,  
 When Prison-echoes mock'd Disease's groan!  
 Shall bid th' indignant Father flash dismay, 45  
 And drag the unnatural Villain into Day  
 Who [\[151:1\]](#) to the sports of his flesh'd Ruffians left  
 Two lovely Mourners of their Sire bereft!  
 'Twas wrong, like this, which Rome's *first Consul* bore,  
 So by th' insulted Female's name *he* swore 50  
 Ruin (and rais'd her reeking dagger high)  
 Not to the *Tyrants* but the Tyranny!

1796.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[\[150:1\]](#) First printed in the *Transactions* of the Philobiblon Society. First published in *P. W.*, 1893. The verses (without the title) were sent by Coleridge in a letter to the Rev. J. P. Estlin, dated July 4, [1796].

[\[151:1\]](#) 'Dundas left thief-takers in Horne Tooke's House for three days, with his two Daughters *alone*: for Horne Tooke keeps no servant.' *S. T. C. to Estlin*.

#### LINENOTES:

[\[31. 32\]](#) These lines are borrowed from the first edition (4<sup>o</sup>) of the *Ode to the Departing Year*.

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[\[152\]](#) **ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE** [\[152:1\]](#)

**[PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES]**

I sigh, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate;  
 But what shall sighs avail thee? thy poor heart,  
 'Mid all the 'pomp and circumstance' of state,  
 Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start

Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream, 5  
 That shaped a seraph form, and named it Love,  
 Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam  
 Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy  
 Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome; 10  
 Those plaudits that thy *public* path annoy,  
 Alas! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch *at home!*

O then retire, and weep! *Their very woes*  
*Solace the guiltless.* Drop the pearly flood  
 On thy sweet infant, as the full-blown rose, 15  
 Surcharg'd with dew, bends o'er its neighbouring bud.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend  
 To lure thy Wanderer from the Syren's power;  
 Then bid your souls inseparably blend  
 Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower. 20

1796.

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [152:1] First published in the *Monthly Magazine*, September 1796, vol. ii, pp. 64-7, reprinted in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1796, and in the *Poetical Register*, 1806-7 [1811, vol. vi, p. 365]. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 187. The lines were sent in a letter to Estlin, dated July 4, 1796.

## LINENOTES:

- [Title] To an Unfortunate Princess *MS. Letter, July 4, 1796.*
- [17] might] could *MS. Letter, 1796.*
- [18] thy] the *Felix Farley's, &c.*
- [20] meeting] bosomed *MS. Letter, 1796.*

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## SONNET<sup>[152:2]</sup>

### ON RECEIVING A LETTER INFORMING ME OF THE BIRTH OF A SON

[153] When they did greet me father, sudden awe  
Weigh'd down my spirit: I retired and knelt  
Seeking the throne of grace, but inly felt  
No heavenly visitation upwards draw  
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart. 5  
Ah me! before the Eternal Sire I brought  
Th' unquiet silence of confuséd thought  
And shapeless feelings: my o'erwhelméd heart  
Trembled, and vacant tears stream'd down my face.  
And now once more, O Lord! to thee I bend, 10  
Lover of souls! and groan for future grace,  
That ere my babe youth's perilous maze have trod,  
Thy overshadowing Spirit may descend,  
And he be born again, a child of God.

*Sept. 20, 1796.*

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [152:2] First published in the 'Biographical Supplement' to the *Biographia Literaria*, 1847, ii. 379. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. This and the two succeeding sonnets were enclosed in a letter to Poole, dated November 1, 1796. A note was affixed to the sonnet 'On Receiving', &c.: 'This sonnet puts in no claim to poetry (indeed as a composition I think so little of them that I neglected to repeat them to you) but it is a most faithful picture of my feelings on a very interesting event. When I was with you they were, indeed, excepting the first, in a rude and undrest shape.'

## LINENOTES:

- [Title] Sonnet written on receiving letter informing me of the birth of a son, I being at Birmingham *MS. Letter, Nov. 1, 1796.*
- [8] shapeless] hopeless *B. L.*

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## SONNET<sup>[153:1]</sup>

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

[154] 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,  
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul  
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said<sup>[153:2]</sup> 5  
We liv'd, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.<sup>[154:1]</sup>  
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,

If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,  
(As sometimes, through 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!

1796.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [153:1] First published in 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [153:2] Ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχή πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ εἶδει γενέσθαι. Plat. *Phaedon*. Cap. xviii. 72 e.
- [154:1] Almost all the followers of Fénelon believe that men are degraded Intelligences who had all once existed together in a paradisiacal or perhaps heavenly state. The first four lines express a feeling which I have often had—the present has appeared like a vivid dream or exact similitude of some past circumstances. *MS. Letter to Poole*, Nov. 1, 1796.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Sonnet composed on my journey home from Birmingham *MS. Letter, 1796*: Sonnet ix. To a Friend, &c. *1797*: Sonnet xvii. To a Friend, &c. *1803*.

- [1-11] Oft of some unknown Past such Fancies roll  
Swift o'er my brain as make the Present seem  
For a brief moment like a most strange dream  
When not unconscious that she dreamt, the soul  
Questions herself in sleep! and some have said  
We lived ere yet this fleshly robe we wore.

*MS. Letter, 1796.*

- [6] robe of flesh] fleshy robe *1797, 1803.*
- [8] art] wert *MS. Letter, 1796, 1797, 1803.*

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**SONNET**<sup>[154:2]</sup>**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.

5

10

1796.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [154:2] First published in 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The 'Friend' was, probably, Charles Lloyd.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] To a Friend who wished to know, &c. *MS. Letter, Nov. 1, 1796*: Sonnet x. To a Friend *1797*: Sonnet xix. To a Friend, &c. *1803*.

- [4] child] babe *MS. Letter, 1796, 1797, 1803.*

[5] saw] watch'd *MS. Letter, 1796.*

[11] angel-form] Angel's form *MS. Letter, 1796, 1797, 1803.*

[13] Comforts on his late eve, whose youthful friend. *MS. correction by S. T. C. in copy of *Nugae Canorae* in the British Museum.*

[155]

## SONNET<sup>[155:1]</sup>

### [TO CHARLES LLOYD]

The piteous sobs that choke the Virgin's breath  
 For him, the fair betrothéd Youth, who lies  
 Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries  
 With which a Mother wails her darling's death, 5  
 These from our nature's common impulse spring,  
 Unblam'd, unprais'd; but o'er the piléd earth  
 Which hides the sheeted corpse of grey-hair'd Worth,  
 If droops the soaring Youth with slacken'd wing;  
 If he recall in saddest minstrelsy  
 Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth imprest, 10  
 Such grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety!  
 And from the Almighty Father shall descend  
 Comforts on his late evening, whose young breast  
 Mourns with no transient love the Agéd Friend.

1796.

### FOOTNOTES:

[155:1] First published in *Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer*. By her Grandson, 1796, folio. It prefaced the same set of Lloyd's Sonnets included in the second edition of *Poems* by S. T. Coleridge, 1797. It was included in C. Lloyd's *Nugae Canorae*, 1819. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND<sup>[155:2]</sup>

### 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 colour'd lichens with slow oozing weep;  
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild; 5  
 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, 10  
 That rustling on the bushy cliff 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— 15  
 How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless  
 The adventurous 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 20  
 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 to unlock 25  
 The treasur'd heart; arm linked in friendly arm,  
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm  
 Muttering brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;

[156]

Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears, 30  
 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 the enamour'd sight  
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims, 35  
 Tinged 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, 40  
 And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,  
 Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine  
 To cheat our noons in moralising mood,  
 While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd:  
 Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount, 45  
 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 essayed to trace; 50  
 That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,  
 And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour  
 To glad, and fertilise the subject plains;  
 That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,  
 And many a fancy-blest and holy sod 55  
 Where Inspiration, his diviner strains  
 Low-murmuring, lay; and starting from the rock's  
 Stiff evergreens, (whose spreading foliage mocks  
 Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,  
 And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!) 60  
 O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,  
 Cheering and cheered, 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, 65  
 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, 70  
 As neighbouring fountains image each the whole:  
 Then when the mind hath drunk 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, honour'd youth! 75  
 Now may Heaven realise this vision bright!

1796.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[155:2] First published in 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] To C. Lloyd on his proposing to domesticate, &c. 1797: To a Friend, &c. 1803.  
 'Composed in 1796' was added in *S. L.*

[8] those still] stilly 1797: stillest 1803.

[11] cliff] clift *S. L.*, 1828, 1829.

[16] How heavenly sweet 1797, 1803.

[42] youth] Lloyd 1797: Charles 1803.

[46] lone] low 1797, 1803.

[60] And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage 1797, 1803.

[69] We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame 1797, 1803.

[71] In 1803 the poem ended with line 71. In the *Sibylline Leaves*, 1829, the last five lines were replaced.

[72] hath drunk] has drank 1797: hath drank *S. L.*, 1828, 1829.

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**ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE**<sup>[157:1]</sup>  
**[C. LLOYD]**

**WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS  
MELANCHOLY**

[158] 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: 5  
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 10  
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 object! if, to sickly dreams resign'd,  
All effortless thou leave Life's commonweal 15  
A prey to Tyrants, Murderers of Mankind.

1796.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[157:1] First published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, December 17, 1796: included in the Quarto Edition of the *Ode on the Departing Year*, 1796, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The lines were sent in a letter to John Thelwall, dated December 17, 1796 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 207, 208).

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Lines, &c., *C. I.*: To a Young Man who abandoned himself to a causeless and indolent melancholy *MS. Letter*, 1796.

[6-7] These lines were omitted in the *MS. Letter* and 4<sup>o</sup> 1796, but were replaced in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.

[8] Or seek some widow's *MS. Letter*, Dec. 17, 1796.

[11] eye] eyes *MS. Letter*, Dec. 9, 1796, *C. I.*

[15-16] earth's common weal  
A prey to the thron'd Murderess of Mankind.  
*MS. Letter*, 1796.

All effortless thou leave Earth's commonweal  
A prey to the thron'd Murderers of Mankind.

*C. I.*, 1796, 4<sup>o</sup>.

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**TO A FRIEND**<sup>[158:1]</sup>

**[CHARLES LAMB]**

**WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO  
MORE POETRY**

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween  
That Genius plung'd thee in that wizard fount  
Hight Castalie: and (sureties of thy faith)  
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,  
And promis'd for thee, that thou shouldst renounce  
The world's low cares and lying vanities,

Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,  
 And wash'd and sanctified to Poesy.  
 Yes—thou wert plung'd, but with forgetful hand  
 Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son: 10  
 And with those recreant unbaptizéd 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, 15  
 And I have arrows<sup>[159:1]</sup> mystically dipped  
 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, 20  
 Who to the 'Illustrious<sup>[159:2]</sup> of his native Land  
 So properly did look for patronage.'  
 Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!  
 They snatch'd him from the sickle and the plough—  
 To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return! 25

On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount,  
 There stands a lone and melancholy tree,  
 Whose agéd branches to the midnight blast  
 Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,  
 Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled, 30  
 And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.  
 Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,  
 Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers  
 Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit,  
 These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand 35  
 Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine,  
 The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility!

1796.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[158:1] First published in a Bristol newspaper in aid of a subscription for the family of Robert Burns (the cutting is bound up with the copy of *Selection of Sonnets (S. S.)* in the Forster Library in the Victoria and Albert Museum): reprinted in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[159:1] [Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκώνος ὠκέα βέλη  
 Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας  
 Φωνάοντα συνετοῖσιν.]

Pind. *Olymp.* ii. 149, κ. τ. λ.

[159:2] Verbatim from Burns's Dedication of his Poems to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

**LINENOTES:**

[1] whilst] while *An. Anth.*

[3] of] for *S. S., An. Anth.*

[25] gauge] guard *S. L., 1817* (For 'guard' read 'gauge'. *Errata*, p. [xii]).

[33] stinking hensbane *S. S., An. Anth.*: hensbane *S. L., 1817*.

[35] Those with stopped nostrils *MS. correction in printed slip of the newspaper*. See *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 379.

After 37 E S T E E S I 1796, *An. Anth.*

**ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR**<sup>[160:1]</sup>

Ἴοὺ ἰοῦ, ὦ ὦ κακά.  
 Ὑπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος  
 Στροβεῖ, ταρασσῶν φροῖμοις δυσφροῖμοις.

\* \* \* \* \*

Τὸ μέλλον ἤξει. Καὶ σύ μ' τάχει παρῶν



ARGUMENT

The Ode<sup>[160:2]</sup> 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, etc., as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

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 fix'd on Heaven's unchanging clime

Long had I listen'd, free from mortal fear,

With inward stillness, and a bowéd mind;

When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,

[161] 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 the impetuous song, and solemniz'd his flight.

5

10

II<sup>[161:1]</sup>

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;

Or where o'er cradled infants bending,

Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze;

Hither, in perplexéd dance,

Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand

Whose indefatigable sweep

Raises its fateful strings from sleep,

I bid you haste, a mix'd 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 rejoice!

Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth<sup>[161:2]</sup>

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 Liberty!

15

20

25

30

35

III<sup>[162:1]</sup>

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!

I heard the mailéd Monarch's troublous cry—

'Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay!<sup>[162:2]</sup>

Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'

Fly, mailéd Monarch, fly!

Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,

No more on Murder's lurid face

The insatiate Hag shall gloat with drunken eye!

Manes of the unnumber'd slain!

Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!

Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,

When human ruin choked the streams,

Fell in Conquest's glutted hour,

Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!

Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,

Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,

Oft, at night, in misty train,

40

45

50

[162]

[163]

Rush around her narrow dwelling! 55  
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, 60  
Each some Tyrant-Murderer's fate!

[164]

IV[164:1]

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore  
My soul beheld thy Vision! [164:2] Where alone,  
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,  
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscrib'd with gore, 65  
With many an unimaginable groan  
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,  
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,  
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone. 70  
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: 75  
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 80  
Love and uncreated Light,  
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,  
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!  
By Peace with proffer'd insult scared, 85  
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! 90  
By what deep guilt belongs  
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!' [165:1]  
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? 95  
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! 100  
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!  
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'

[165]

VI[166:1]

The voice had ceas'd, the Vision fled;  
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread. 105  
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; 110  
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, 115  
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!) 120

VII

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,  
 O Albion! O my mother Isle!  
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,  
 Glitter green with sunny showers;  
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells 125  
     Echo to the bleat of flocks;  
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells  
     Proudly ramparted with rocks)  
 And Ocean mid his uproar wild  
 [167]      Speaks safety to his Island-child! 130  
             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! [167:1] mad Avarice thy guide, 135  
 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!  
 [168] The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering 140  
     Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!  
     Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream  
 Of central fires through nether seas up-thundering  
     Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies  
     By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,  
     If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes, 145  
     O Albion! thy predestin'd ruins rise,  
 The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,  
 Muttering distemper'd triumph in her charméd sleep.

IX

Away, my soul, away!  
 In vain, in vain the Birds of warning sing— 150  
 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 155  
     Soliciting for food my scanty soil,  
 Have wail'd my country with a loud Lament.  
 Now I recentre my immortal mind  
     In the deep Sabbath of meek self-content;  
 Cleans'd from the vaporious passions that bedim 160  
 God's Image, sister of the Seraphim. [168:1]

1796.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[160:1] First published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, December 31, 1796, and at the same time issued in a quarto pamphlet (the Preface is dated December 26): included in 1797, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, 1829, and 1834. The Argument was first published in 1797. In 1803 the several sentences were printed as notes to the Strophes, Antistrophes, &c. For the Dedication vide [Appendices](#).

This Ode was written on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796; and published separately on the last day of the year. *Footnote, 1797, 1808*: This Ode was composed and was first published on the last day of that year. *Footnote, S. L., 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834*.

[160:2] The Ode commences with an address to the great BEING, or Divine Providence, who regulates into one vast Harmony all the Events of Time, however Calamitous some of them appear to mortals. *1803*.

[161:1] The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private Joys and Sorrows, and to devote their passions for a while to the cause of human Nature in general. *1803*.

[161:2] The Name of Liberty, which at the commencement of the French Revolution was both the occasion and the pretext of unnumbered crimes and horrors. *1803*.

[162:1] The first Epode refers to the late 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. *1803*. The Empress died just as she had engaged to furnish more effectual aid to the powers combined against France. *C. I.*

[162:2] A subsidiary Treaty had been just concluded; and Russia was to have furnished more effectual aid than that of pious manifestoes to the Powers combined against France. I rejoice—not over the deceased Woman (I never dared figure the Russian Sovereign to my

imagination under the dear and venerable Character of WOMAN—WOMAN, that complex term for Mother, Sister, Wife!) I rejoice, as at the disenshrining of a Daemon! I rejoice, as at the extinction of the evil Principle impersonated! This very day, six years ago, the massacre of Ismail was perpetrated. THIRTY THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, murdered in cold blood, for no other crime than that their garrison had defended the place with perseverance and bravery. Why should I recal the poisoning of her husband, her iniquities in Poland, or her late unmotivated attack on Persia, the desolating ambition of her public life, or the libidinous excesses of her private hours! I have no wish to qualify myself for the office of Historiographer to the King of Hell—! December, 23, 1796. 4<sup>o</sup>.

- [164:1] The first Antistrophe describes the Image of the Departing Year, as in a vision; and concludes with introducing the Planetary Angel of the Earth preparing to address the Supreme Being. 1803.
- [164:2] 'My soul beheld thy vision!' i. e. Thy Image in a vision. 4<sup>o</sup>.
- [165:1] Gifts used in Scripture for corruption. C. I.
- [166:1] The poem concludes with prophecying in anguish of Spirit the Downfall of this Country. 1803.
- [167:1] 'Disclaim'd of Heaven!'—The Poet from having considered the peculiar advantages, which this country has enjoyed, passes in rapid transition to the uses, which we have made of these advantages. We have been preserved by our insular situation, from suffering the actual horrors of War ourselves, and we have shewn our gratitude to Providence for this immunity by our eagerness to spread those horrors over nations less happily situated. In the midst of plenty and safety we have raised or joined the yell for famine and blood. Of the one hundred and seven last years, fifty have been years of War. Such wickedness cannot pass unpunished. We have been proud and confident in our alliances and our fleets—but God has prepared the canker-worm, and will smite the *gourds* of our pride. 'Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the Sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength and it was infinite: Put and Lubim were her helpers. Yet she was carried away, she went into captivity: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. Thou also shalt be drunken: all thy strongholds shall be like fig trees with the first ripe figs; if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater. Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven. Thy crowned are as the locusts; and thy captains as the great grasshoppers which camp in the hedges in the cool-day; but when the Sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are. There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all, that hear the report of thee, shall clap hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?' *Nahum*, chap. iii. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.
- [168:1] 'Let it not be forgotten during the perusal of this Ode that it was written many years before the abolition of the Slave Trade by the British Legislature, likewise before the invasion of Switzerland by the French Republic, which occasioned the Ode that follows [*France: an Ode*. First published as *The Recantation: an Ode*], a kind of Palinodia.' *MS. Note by S. T. C.*

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Ode for the last day of the Year 1796, C. I.: Ode on the Departing Year 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803, S. L., 1817, 1828, 1829.

[Motto](#)] 3-5 All editions (4<sup>o</sup> to 1834) read ἐφημίους for δυσφορούμιους, and ἄγαν γ' for ἄγαν; and all before 1834 μῆν for μ' ἐν.

[I](#)] Strophe I C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[1] Spirit] Being 1803.

[4] unchanging] unchanged 4<sup>o</sup>.

[5] free] freed 4<sup>o</sup>.

[6] and a bowéd] and submitted 1803, S. L., 1817, 1828, 1829.

[7] When lo! far onwards waving on the wind  
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR.

C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[11] Ere yet he pierc'd the cloud and mock'd my sight C. I. foreclos'd] forebade 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[II](#)] Strophe II C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[15-16] From Poverty's heart-wasting languish  
From Distemper's midnight anguish

C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[22] Ye Sorrows, and ye Joys advance C. I. ye] and 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[25] Forbids its fateful strings to sleep C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.

[31] O'er the sore travail of the common Earth C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>.

[33-7] Seiz'd in sore travail and portentous birth  
(Her eyeballs flashing a pernicious glare)  
Sick Nature struggles! Hark! her pangs increase!  
Her groans are horrible! but O! most fair

[36] thy] the 1797, 1803.

[III](#)] Epode *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[40] Ah! whither *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>.*

[41] on] o'er *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[43] 'twice mortal' mace *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[45] The insatiate] That tyrant *C. I.]* drunken] frenzied *C. I.*

Between [51](#) and 52

Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir  
Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre

*C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[58] armies] Army *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[61] Tyrant-Murderer's] scepter'd Murderer's *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

After [61](#)

When shall sceptred SLAUGHTER cease?  
A while he crouch'd, O Victor France!  
Beneath the lightning of thy lance;  
With treacherous dalliance courting PEACE—[\[163:A\]](#)  
But soon upstarting from his coward trance  
The boastful bloody Son of Pride betray'd  
His ancient hatred of the dove-eyed Maid.  
A cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb of Light,  
And sure he deem'd that orb was set in night:  
For still does MADNESS roam on GUILT'S bleak dizzy height!

*C. I.*

When shall sceptred, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

With treacherous dalliance wooing Peace.  
But soon up-springing from his dastard trance  
The boastful bloody Son of Pride betray'd  
His hatred of the blest and blessing Maid.  
One cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb of Light,  
And sure he deem'd that orb was quench'd in night:  
For still, &c.

*4<sup>o</sup>.*

[\[163:A\]](#) To juggle this easily-juggled people into better humour with the supplies (and themselves, perhaps, affrighted by the successes of the French) our Ministry sent an Ambassador to Paris to sue for Peace. The supplies are granted: and in the meantime the Archduke Charles turns the scale of victory on the Rhine, and Buonaparte is checked before Mantua. Straightways our courtly messenger is commanded to *uncurl* his lips, and propose to the lofty Republic to *restore* all *its* conquests, and to suffer England to *retain* all *hers* (at least all her *important* ones), as the only terms of Peace, and the ultimatum of the negotiation!

Θρασύνει γὰρ αἰσχρομήτις  
Τάλαινα ΠΑΡΑΚΟΪΑ πρωτοπήμων—AESCHYL., *Ag.* 222-4.

The friends of Freedom in this country are idle. Some are timid; some are selfish; and many the torpedo torch of hopelessness has numbed into inactivity. We would fain hope that (if the above account be accurate—it is only the French account) this dreadful instance of infatuation in our Ministry will rouse them to one effort more; and that at one and the same time in our different great towns the people will be called on to think solemnly, and declare their thoughts fearlessly by every method which the *remnant* of the Constitution allows. *4<sup>o</sup>.*

[IV](#)] Antistrophe I. *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[62] no earthly] an awful *C. I.*

[65] thy . . . gore] there garmented with gore *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797.*

[65-7] Aye Memory sits: thy vest profan'd with gore.  
Thou with an unimaginable groan  
Gav'st reck'ning of thy Hours!

[68] ethereal] choired *C. I.*

[69] Whose purple locks with snow-white glories shone *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>*: Whose wreathed locks with snow-white glories shone *1797, 1803.*

[70] wild] strange *C. I.*

V] Antistrophe II. *C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[74-9] On every Harp on every Tongue  
While the mute Enchantment hung:  
Like Midnight from a thunder-cloud  
Spake the sudden Spirit loud.

*C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

The sudden Spirit cried aloud.

*C. I.*

Like Thunder from a Midnight Cloud  
Spake the sudden Spirit loud

*1803.*

[83] Arm] God *C. I.*

Between [83](#) and 84

By Belgium's corse-impeded flood, [\[165:A\]](#)  
By Vendee steaming [streaming *C. I.*] Brother's blood.

*C. I., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[\[165:A\]](#) The Rhine. *C. I., 1797, 1803.*

[85] And mask'd Hate *C. I.*

[87] By Hunger's bosom to the bleak winds bar'd *C. I.*

[89] Strange] Most *C. I.*

[90] By] And *C. I.*

[91] Synod] Senate *1797, 1803.*

[94-102] For ever shall the bloody island scowl?  
For ever shall her vast and iron bow  
Shoot Famine's evil arrows o'er the world, [\[165:B\]](#)  
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below;  
Rise, God of Mercy, rise! why sleep thy bolts unhurl'd?

*C. I.*

For ever shall the bloody Island scowl?  
For aye, unbroken shall her cruel Bow  
Shoot Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged World?  
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below—  
Rise, God of Nature, rise, why sleep thy Bolts unhurl'd?

*4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

Rise God of Nature, rise! ah! why those bolts unhurl'd?

*1797, 1803.*

[\[165:B\]](#) 'In Europe the smoking villages of Flanders and the putrified fields of La Vendée—from Africa the unnumbered victims of a detestable Slave-Trade. In Asia the desolated plains of Indostan, and the millions whom a rice-contracting Governor caused to perish. In America the recent enormities of the Scalp-merchants. The four quarters of the globe groan beneath the intolerable iniquity of the nation.' See 'Addresses to the People', p. 46. *C. I.*

[102] Here the Ode ends *C. I.*

VI] Epode II. *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[103] Vision] Phantoms *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[106] phantom] vision *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[107] sweat-drops] sweat-damps *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[113] stranger] uglier *4<sup>o</sup>.*

[119] starting] startful *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[121] O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile *4<sup>o</sup>, 1797, 1803.*

[133] proud Invader's] sworded Foeman's 4<sup>o</sup>, 1797: sworded Warrior's 1803.

[135-9] Disclaim'd of Heaven! mad Avarice at thy side

4<sup>o</sup>, 1797.

At coward distance, yet with kindling pride—  
Safe 'mid thy herds and cornfields thou hast stood,  
And join'd the yell of Famine and of Blood.  
All nations curse thee: and with eager wond'ring

4<sup>o</sup>, 1797.

[135] O abandon'd 1803.

[137-8] Mid thy Corn-fields and Herds thou in plenty hast stood  
And join'd the loud yellings of Famine and Blood.

1803.

[139] They] and 1797, 1803, S. L. 1817.

[142] fires] flames 4<sup>o</sup>.

[144] Stretch'd on the marge of some fire-flashing fount  
In the black Chamber of a sulphur'd mount.

4<sup>o</sup>.

[144] By livid fount, or roar of blazing stream 1797.

[146] Visions of thy predestin'd ruins rise 1803.

[151] famish'd] famin'd 4<sup>o</sup>.

[156] Soliciting my scant and blameless soil 4<sup>o</sup>.

[159-60] In the long sabbath of high self-content.  
Cleans'd from the fleshly passions that bedim

4<sup>o</sup>.

In the deep sabbath of blest self-content  
Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim

1797.

In the blest sabbath of high self-content  
Cleans'd from bedimming Fear, and Anguish weak and blind.

1803.

[161] om. 1803.

[169]

## THE RAVEN<sup>[169:1]</sup>

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

Underneath an old oak tree  
There was of swine a huge company,  
That grunted as they crunched 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, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!  
Blacker was he than blackest jet,  
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.  
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight  
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  
Travelled<sup>[170:1]</sup> he with wandering wings:  
Many Summers, many Winters—  
I can't tell half his adventures.

5

10

15

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,

20

[170]

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. 25  
He'd an axe 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 killed; for they could not depart,  
And their mother did die of a broken heart. 30

The boughs from the trunk the Woodman did sever;  
And they floated it down on the course of the river.  
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,  
And with this tree and others they made a good ship. 35  
The ship, it was launched; but in sight of the land  
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.  
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:  
Round and round flew the raven, and cawed to the blast.  
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—  
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls! 40  
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 IT WAS SWEET!

1797.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[169:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, March 10, 1798 (with an introductory letter, *vide infra*): included (with the letter, and except line 15 the same text) in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817 (pp. vi-viii), 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[To the editor of the *Morning Post*.]

'Sir,—I am not absolutely certain that the following Poem was written by  
EDMUND SPENSER, and found by an Angler buried in a fishing-box:—

'Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,  
Mid the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.'

But a learned Antiquarian of my acquaintance has given it as his opinion that  
it resembles SPENSER'S minor Poems as nearly as Vortigern and Rowena the  
Tragedies of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.—The Poem must be read in *recitative*, in  
the same manner as the Aegloga Secunda of the Shepherd's Calendar.

CUDDY.'

*M. P., An. Anth.*

[170:1] 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. Footnote, *Sibylline Leaves*,  
1817.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] 'A Christmas Tale,' &c., was first prefixed in *S. L. 1817*. The letter introduced the  
poem in the *Morning Post*. In the *Annual Anthology* the 'Letter' is headed 'The Raven'. Lamb  
in a letter to Coleridge, dated Feb. 5, 1797, alludes to this poem as 'Your *Dream*'.

[1-8] Under the arms of a goodly oak-tree  
There was of Swine a large company.  
They were making a rude *repast*,  
Grunting as they crunch'd the *mast*.  
Then they trotted away: for the wind blew high—  
One acorn they left, ne more mote you spy,  
Next came a Raven, who lik'd not such folly:  
He belong'd, I believe, to the witch MELANCHOLY!

*M. P., An. Anth., and (with variants given below) MS.*  
*S. T. C.*

[1] Beneath a goodly old oak tree *MS. S. T. C.*: an old] a huge *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829*.

[6] ne more] and no more *MS. S. T. C.*

[7] Next] But soon *MS. S. T. C.*

[8] belonged it was said *S. L. 1817*.

[10] in the rain; his feathers were wet *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*

[15] O'er hill, o'er dale *M. P.*



- [17] with] on *MS. S. T. C.*
- [20] came back] return'd *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [21] to a tall] a large *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [22] topmost] uppermost *MS. S. T. C.*
- [23] happy] jolly *M. P., An. Anth.*
- [26] and *he* nothing spoke *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [28] At length] Wel-a-day *MS. S. T. C.*: At last *M. P., An. Anth.*
- [30] And his wife she did die *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [31] The branches from off it *M. P., An. Anth.*: The branches from off this the *MS. S. T. C.*
- [32] And floated *MS. S. T. C.*
- [33] They saw'd it to planks, and its rind *M. P., An. Anth.*: They saw'd it to planks and its bark *MS. S. T. C.*
- [34] they built up a ship *M. P., An. Anth.*
- [36] Such . . . ship] A tempest arose which no ship *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [38] The auld raven flew round and round *M. P., An. Anth.*: The old raven flew round and round *MS. S. T. C., S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
- [39] He heard the sea-shriek of their perishing souls *M. P., An. Anth., MS. S. T. C.*
- [40-4] They be sunk! O'er the topmast the mad water rolls  
The Raven was glad that such fate they did *meet*.  
They had taken his all and REVENGE WAS SWEET.

*M. P., An. Anth.*

- [40] See she sinks *MS. S. T. C.*
- [41] Very glad was the Raven, this fate they did meet *MS. S. T. C.*
- [42-3] *om. MS. S. T. C.*
- [44] Revenge was sweet. *An. Anth., MS. S. T. C., S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

*After l. 44, two lines were added in Sibylline Leaves, 1817:—*

We must not think so; but forget and forgive,  
And what Heaven gives life to, we'll still let it live.<sup>[171:A]</sup>

<sup>[171:A]</sup> Added thro' cowardly fear of the Goody! What a Hollow, where the Heart of Faith ought to be, does it not betray? this alarm concerning Christian morality, that will not permit even a Raven to be a Raven, nor a Fox a Fox, but demands conventicular justice to be inflicted on their unchristian conduct, or at least an antidote to be annexed. *MS. Note by S. T. C.*

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## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE<sup>[171:1]</sup>

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

[172]

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,

5

10

15

20

Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!  
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 beanfield's odorous blooms.

25

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

30

1797.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [171:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, December 7, 1797: included in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834. For MS. sent to Cottle, see *E. R.* 1834, i. 213, 214.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] To an Unfortunate Woman in the Back Seats of the Boxes at the Theatre *M. P.*: To an Unfortunate Young Woman whom I had known in the days of her Innocence *MS. sent to Cottle, E. R. i. 213*: To an Unfortunate Woman whom the Author knew in the days of her Innocence. Composed at the Theatre *An. Anth. 1800*.

- [1] Maiden] Sufferer *An. Anth.*

*In place of* [5-12](#)

Inly gnawing, thy distresses  
Mock those starts of wanton glee;  
And thy inmost soul confesses  
Chaste Affection's [affliction's *An. Anth.*] majesty.

*MS. Cottle, An. Anth.*

- [14] Maiden] Sufferer *An. Anth.*  
[22] Firm are thy steps *M. P.*  
[25] sky-lark] Lavrac *MS. Cottle, An. Anth.*  
[26] the] those *MS. Cottle, M. P., An. Anth.*  
[27] Which late had *M. P.*  
[31] Upwards to the day star sing *MS. Cottle, An. Anth.*

Stanzas ii, iii, v, vi are not in *MS. Cottle* nor in the *Annual Anthology*.

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## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN<sup>[172:1]</sup>

### 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!

[173]

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.

5

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

10

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

15

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[172:1] First published in 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title](#)] Allegorical Lines on the Same Subject *MS. Cottle*.

[5] When the scythes-man o'er his sheaf  
Caroll'd in the yellow vale

*MS. Cottle.*

When the rustic o'er his sheaf  
Caroll'd in, &c.

1797.

[*Note.* The text of Stanza ii dates from 1803.]

[9] foolish] poor fond *MS. Cottle*.

[15] Soon upon this sheltered walk, *MS. Cottle, Second Version*.

[16] to fade, and rot. *MS. Cottle*.

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**TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE** [\[173:1\]](#)
**OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON*****With some Poems***

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

HOR. *Carm.* lib. II. 2.

[174] A blesséd lot hath he, who having passed  
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; 5  
And haply views his tottering little ones  
Embrace those agéd 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. 10  
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 the Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd 15  
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 20  
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  
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false, 25  
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,  
Mix'd their own venom with the rain from Heaven,  
That I woke poison'd! But, all praise to Him 30  
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me  
Permanent shelter; and beside one Friend,  
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,  
I've rais'd a lowly shed, and know the names  
Of Husband and of Father; not unhearing 35  
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

[175] My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through life 40  
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 didst watch my boyhood and my youth;  
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye; 45  
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, 50  
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; 55  
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,  
That hang above us in an arborous roof,  
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May, 60  
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those hours,  
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear  
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song 65  
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem  
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,  
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,  
Cope with the tempest's swell!

Those various strains,  
Which I have fram'd in many a various mood,  
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance 70  
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!

NETHER-STOWEY, SOMERSET, *May 26, 1797.*

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [173:1] First published as the Dedication to the Poems of 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. In a copy of the *Poems of 1797*, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Coleridge affixed the following note to the Dedication—'N. B. If this volume should ever be delivered according to its direction, *i. e.* to Posterity, let it be known that the Reverend George Coleridge was displeas'd and thought his character endanger'd by the Dedication.'—S. T. Coleridge. *Note to P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, i. 163.

## LINENOTES:

[Motto] lib. i. 2 *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

[10] Thine and thy Brothers' favourable lot. *1803.*

[23] and] or *1797, 1803.*

[30] That I woke prison'd! But (the praise be His *1803.*

[33-4] I as beneath the covert of an oak  
Have rais'd

*1803.*

[35] not] nor *1797, 1803, S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[47-9] Rebuk'd each fault, and wept o'er all my woes.  
Who counts the beatings of the lonely heart

*1797, 1803.*

Between [52-3](#) My eager eye glist'ning with memry's tear *1797.*

[62] thou] *thou* all editions to *1834.*

[176] **ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD** [176:1]

This day among the faithful plac'd  
And fed with fontal manna,  
O with maternal title grac'd,  
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fair, 5  
A maid of spotless fame,  
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—  
May'st thou deserve thy name!

Thy mother's name, a potent spell, 10  
That bids the Virtues hie  
From mystic grove and living cell,  
Confess'd to Fancy's eye;

Meek Quietness without offence;  
Content in homespun kirtle;  
True Love; and True Love's Innocence, 15  
White Blossom of the Myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Child!  
These Virtues may'st thou win;  
With face as eloquently mild  
To say, they lodge within. 20

So, when her tale of days all flown,  
Thy mother shall be miss'd here;  
When Heaven at length shall claim its own  
And Angels snatch their Sister;

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance, 25  
May gaze with stifled breath;  
And oft, in momentary trance,  
Forget the waste of death.

Even thus a lovely rose I've view'd  
In summer-swelling pride; 30  
Nor mark'd the bud, that green and rude  
Peep'd at the rose's side.

[177] It chanc'd I pass'd again that way  
In Autumn's latest hour,  
And wond'ring saw the selfsame spray 35  
Rich with the selfsame flower.

Ah fond deceit! the rude green bud  
Alike in shape, place, name,  
Had bloom'd where bloom'd its parent stud,  
Another and the same! 40

1797.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[176:1] First published in the Supplement to *Poems*, 1797; reprinted in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 48, 49; included in 1844 and 1852. The lines were addressed to Anna Cruickshank, the wife of John Cruickshank, who was a neighbour of Coleridge at Nether-Stowey.

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**TRANSLATION** [177:1]

**OF A LATIN INSCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES IN  
NETHER-STOWEY CHURCH**

Depart in joy from this world's noise and strife

To the deep quiet of celestial life!  
Depart!—Affection's self reproves the tear  
Which falls, O honour'd Parent! on thy bier;—  
Yet Nature will be heard, the heart will swell,  
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

5

1797.

[*The Tablet is erected to the Memory of Richard Camplin, who died Jan. 20, 1792.*

'Lætus abi! mundi strepitu curisque remotus;  
Lætus abi! cæli quâ vocat alma Quies.  
Ipsa fides loquitur lacrymamque incusat inanem,  
Quæ cadit in vestros, care Pater, Cineres.  
Heu! tantum liceat meritos hos solvere Ritus,  
Naturæ et tremulâ dicere Voce, Vale!']

5

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### FOOTNOTES:

[177:1] First published in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 50. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 365.

### LINENOTES:

[6] Et longum tremulâ *L. R.* 1836.

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## [178] **THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON** [178:1]

### [ADDRESSED TO CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA HOUSE, LONDON]

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. [178:2]

[179]

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,  
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost  
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been  
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age  
Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,  
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,  
On springy [179:1] 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, [179:2]  
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)  
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge  
Of the blue clay-stone.

5

10

15

Now, my friends emerge  
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again  
The many-steepled tract 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! richlier burn, ye clouds!

20

25

30

[180]

35

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 wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem  
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues  
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes  
Spirits perceive his presence.

40

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 promis'd 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 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<sup>[181:1]</sup>  
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom  
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

45

50

[181]

55

60

65

70

75

1797.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [178:1] First published in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, reprinted in Mylius' *Poetical Classbook*, 1810; included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, in 1828, 1829, and 1834. The poem was sent in a letter to Southey, July 9, 1797, and in a letter to C. Lloyd, [July, 1797]. See *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 225-7 and *P. W.*, 1893, p. 591.
- [178:2] 'Ch. and Mary Lamb—dear to my heart, yea, as it were my Heart.—S. T. C. Æt. 63; 1834—1797-1834 = 37 years!' (Marginal note written by S. T. Coleridge over against the introductory note to 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison', in a copy of the *Poetical Works*, 1834.)
- [179:1] 'Elastic, I mean.' *MS. Letter to Southey*.
- [179:2] 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.
- [181:1] Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to find [to observe *An. Anth.*, *S. L. 1828*] 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 creek as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea.'

### LINENOTES:

[Title] This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison. A Poem Addressed, &c. *An. Anth.*: the words 'Addressed to', &c., are omitted in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

- [1-28] Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,  
Lam'd by the scathe of fire, lonely and faint,  
This lime-tree bower my prison! They, meantime,

My Friends, whom I may never meet again,  
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge  
Wander delighted, and look down, perchance,  
On that same rifted dell, where many an ash  
Twists its wild limbs beside the ferny rock  
Whose plummy<sup>[178:A]</sup> ferns forever nod and drip  
Spray'd by the waterfall. But chiefly thou  
My gentle-hearted *Charles!* thou who had pin'd

*MS. Letter to Southey, July 17, 1797.*

<sup>[178:A]</sup> The ferns that grow in moist places grow five or six together, and form a complete 'Prince of Wales's Feather'—that is plummy. *Letter to Southey.*

[1-28] Well they are gone, and here I must remain  
This lime-tree, . . . hill-top edge  
Delighted wander, and look down, perchance,  
On that same rifted dell, where the wet ash  
Twists its wild limbs above, . . . who hast pin'd

*MS. Letter to Lloyd [July, 1797].*

[3] Such beauties and such feelings, as had been *An. Anth., S. L.*

[4] my remembrance] to have remembered *An. Anth.*

[6] My Friends, whom I may never meet again *An. Anth., S. L.*

[20] blue] dim *An. Anth.*

[22] tract] track *An. Anth., S. L. 1828.*

[24] bark, perhaps, which lightly touches *An. Anth.*

[28] hast] had'st *An. Anth.*

[31] patient] bowed *MS. Letter to Southey.*

[34] beams] heaven *MS. Letter to Southey.*

[38](#) foll.

Struck with joy's deepest calm, and gazing round  
On the wide view<sup>[180:A]</sup> may gaze till all doth seem  
Less gross than bodily; a living thing  
That acts upon the mind, and with such hues  
As clothe th' Almighty Spirit, when he makes.

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

<sup>[180:A]</sup> You remember I am a *Berkleyan.* *Note to Letter.*

[40] wide] wild *S. L.*

[40] (for *wild r. wide*; and the two following lines thus:

Less gross than bodily; and of such hues  
As veil the Almighty Spirit

*Errata, S. L., p. [xii].)*

As veil the Almighty Spirit, when he makes

*1828.*

[41](#) foll.

Less gross than bodily, a living thing  
Which acts upon the mind and with such hues  
As cloathe the Almighty Spirit, when he makes

*An. Anth., S. L.*

[45](#) foll.

As I myself were there! Nor in the bower  
Want I sweet sounds or pleasing shapes. I watch'd  
The sunshine of each broad transparent leaf  
Broke by the shadows of the leaf or stem  
Which hung above it: and that walnut tree

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

[55] branches] foliage *MS. Letter to Southey.*

[56] and though the rapid bat *MS. Letter to Southey.*

[60-64] *om. in MS. Letter to Lloyd.*

[61-2] No scene so narrow but may well employ *MS. Letter to Southey, An. Anth.*

[65] My Sister and my Friends *MS. Letter to Southey*: My Sara and my Friends *MS. Letter to Lloyd.*

[70] Homewards] Homeward *MS. Letter to Lloyd.*



- [71] *om. in MS. Letter to Lloyd. in the light An. Anth., S. L. (omit the before light. Errata, S. L., [p. xii]).*
- [72] Cross'd like a speck the blaze of setting day *MS. Letter to Southey*: Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated blase. *MS. Letter to Lloyd*.
- [73] While ye [you *MS. Letter to Lloyd*] stood *MS. Letter to Southey*.
- [74] thy head] your heads *MSS. Letters to Southey and Lloyd*.
- [75] For you my Sister and my Friends *MS. Letter to Southey*: For you my Sara and my Friends *MS. Letter to Lloyd*.

[182] **THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE** [182:1]

**A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT**

[From *Osorio*, Act IV. The title and text are here printed from *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.]

*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, whoe'er he be,  
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady, 5  
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— 10  
'Tis more like heaven to come than what *has* been!

[183] *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, 15  
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 20  
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 25  
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,  
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' 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, 30  
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,  
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:  
And all the autumn 'twas his only play  
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them  
With earth and water, on the stumps of trees. 35  
A Friar, who gather'd simples in the wood,  
A grey-haired man—he lov'd this little boy,  
The boy lov'd 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. 40  
So he became a very learned youth.  
But Oh! poor wretch!—he read, and read, and read,  
Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,  
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:  
And though he prayed, he never lov'd to pray 45  
With holy men, nor in a holy place—  
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,  
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.  
And once, as by the north side of the Chapel  
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse, 50  
The earth heav'd under them with such a groan,

That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fallen  
 Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frighten'd;  
 A fever seiz'd him, and he made confession  
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk 55  
 Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seiz'd  
 And cast into that hole. My husband's father  
 Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart:  
 And once as he was working in the cellar,  
 He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's, 60  
 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 65  
 His love grew desperate; and defying death,  
 He made that cunning entrance I describ'd:  
 And the young man escap'd.

*Maria.* 'Tis a sweet tale:  
 Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,  
 His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.— 70  
 And what became of him?

*Foster-Mother.* He went on shipboard  
 With those bold voyagers, who made discovery  
 Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother  
 Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,  
 He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth, 75  
 Soon after they arriv'd in that new world,  
 In spite of his dissuasion, seiz'd 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 suppos'd, 80  
 He liv'd and died among the savage men.

1797.

## FOOTNOTES:

[182:1] First published in the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and reprinted in the editions of 1800, 1803, and 1805. The 'dramatic fragment' was excluded from the acting version of *Remorse*, but was printed in an Appendix, p. 75, to the Second Edition of the Play, 1813. It is included in the body of the work in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, and again in 1852, and in the Appendix to *Remorse* in the editions of 1828, 1829, and 1834. It is omitted from 1844. 'The "Foster-Mother's Tale," (From Mr. C.'s own handwriting)' was published in Cottle's *Early Recollections*, i. 235.

'The following scene as unfit for the stage was taken from the Tragedy in 1797, and published in the *Lyrical Ballads*. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this with my other poems in that collection (the *Nightingale*, *Love*, and the *Ancient Mariner*) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it as a Note to the Second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 55.' App. to *Remorse*, Ed. 2, 1813. [This note is reprinted in 1828 and 1829, but in 1834 only the first sentence is prefixed to the scene.]

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Foster-Mother's Tale. (Scene—Spain) *Cottle, 1837*: The, &c. A Narration in Dramatic Blank Verse *L. B. 1800*. In *Remorse, App., 1813* and in *1828, 1829, 1834*, the *dramatis personae* are respectively Teresa and Selma. The fragment opens thus:—*Enter Teresa and Selma.*

*Ter.* 'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly  
 As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

In Cottle's version, the scene begins at line 4.

[1] man] Moor *Osorio, MS. I.*

[12-16] O my dear Mother . . . She gazes idly! *om. 1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

[12] me] us *Cottle, 1837.*

[13] the] yon *Osorio, MS. I.*

[16] In *Lyrical Ballads, 1800*, the scene begins with the words: 'But that entrance'. But that entrance, Selma? *1813.*

[19] Leoni] Sesina *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

[27] Velez'] Valdez' *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834*: Valez' *S. L. 1817.*

- [34] To gather seeds *1813, S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834.*  
 [36] gather'd] oft culled *S. L. 1817.*  
 [41] So he became a rare and learned youth *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*  
 [41-2] So he became a very learned man.  
 But O poor youth

*Cottle, 1837.*

- [48] Velez] Valdez *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834: Valez S. L. 1817.*  
 [54] made a confession *Osorio*. A fever seiz'd the youth and he made confession *Cottle, 1837.*  
 [57] hole] cell *L. B. 1800: den 1813.* [And fetter'd in that den. *MS. S. T. C.*].  
 [59] in the cellar] near this dungeon *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*  
 [62] wild] wide *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*  
 [65] He always] Leoni *L. B. 1800.*  
 [68-9] *om. L. B. 1800.*  
 [73] Leoni's] Sesina's *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.* younger] youngest *S. L. 1817.*  
 [75] Leoni] Sesina *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

[185]

## THE DUNGEON<sup>[185:1]</sup>

[From *Osorio*, Act V; and *Remorse*, Act V, Scene i. The title and text are here printed from *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.]

And this place our forefathers made for man!  
 This is the process of our love and wisdom,  
 To each poor brother who offends against us—  
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty? 5  
 Is this the only cure? Merciful God!  
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up  
 By Ignorance and parching Poverty,  
 His energies roll back upon his heart,  
 And stagnate and corrupt; till chang'd to poison,  
 They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot; 10  
 Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—  
 And this is their best cure! uncomforted  
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,  
 And savage faces, at the clanking hour,  
 Seen through the steams and vapour of his dungeon, 15  
 By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies  
 Circled with evil, till his very soul  
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd  
 By sights of ever more deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature! 20  
 Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:  
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,  
 Till he relent, and can no more endure 25  
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,  
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;  
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
 His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd  
 By the benignant touch of Love and Beauty. 30

1797.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [185:1] First published in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and reprinted in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800. First collected (as a separate poem) in *Poems*, 1893, p. 85.

### LINENOTES:

- [1] our] my *Osorio*, Act V, i. 107. *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.* man] men *Osorio.*  
 [15] steams and vapour] steaming vapours *Osorio*, V, i. 121: steam and vapours *1813, 1828, 1829, 1834.*

## IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiarum quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quae 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 hodiernae vitae minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURNET, *Archaeol. Phil.* p. 68. [\[186:2\]](#)

## ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country. [*L. B.* 1798.] [\[186:3\]](#)

[187]

## PART I

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?

**An ancient Mariner meeteth  
three Gallants bidden to a  
wedding-feast, and detaineth  
one.**

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

5

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

10

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 is spell-  
bound by the eye of the old  
seafaring man, and constrained  
to hear his tale.**

15

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

20

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

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.

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

25

[188]

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

30

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 heareth the  
bridal music; but the Mariner  
continueth his tale.**

35

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

40

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

**The ship driven by a storm  
toward the south pole.**

And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled. 50

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

[189] And through the drifts the snowy cliffs 55  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound! 60

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. 65

**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 steered us through! 70

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 perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white Moon-shine. 75

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

**The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen. 80**

## PART II

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.

[190] 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' hollo! 90

And I had done a 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!

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

95

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.

**But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime. 100**

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

**The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line. 105**

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.**

110

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.

[115](#)

[191]

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.**

[120](#)

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

125

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.

130

And some in dreams assuréd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

**A Spirit had followed 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.**

[135](#)

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked 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.

**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.**

[140](#)

[192]

PART III

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.

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

145

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

[150](#)

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

[155](#)

With throats unslaked, 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.**

[160](#)

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call:

[193]

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

**A flash of joy;**

[165](#)

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

**And horror follows. For can it be  
a ship that comes onward**

	She steadies with upright keel!	<b>without wind or tide?</b>	<a href="#">170</a>
	The western wave was all a-flame. The day was well nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Bested the broad bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun.		<a href="#">175</a>
	And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!) As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face.	<b>It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.</b>	<a href="#">180</a>
	Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those <i>her</i> sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres?	<b>And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.</b>	
	Are those <i>her</i> ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that Woman all her crew? Is that a DEATH? and are there two? Is DEATH that woman's mate?	<b>The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.</b>	185
<a href="#">[194]</a>	<i>Her</i> lips were red, <i>her</i> looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold.	<b>Like vessel, like crew!  Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.</b>	<a href="#">190</a>
	The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice; 'The game is done! I've won! I've won!' Quoth she, and whistles thrice.		<a href="#">195</a>
<a href="#">[195]</a>	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.	<b>No twilight within the <a href="#">[195:1]</a> courts of the Sun.</b>	<a href="#">200</a>
	We listened and looked sideways up! Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My life-blood seemed to sip! The stars were dim, and thick the night, The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white; From the sails the dew did drip— Till clomb above the eastern bar The hornéd Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.	<b>At the rising of the Moon.</b>	<a href="#">205</a>
<a href="#">[196]</a>	One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.	<b>One after another,</b>	210
	Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.	<b>His shipmates drop down dead.</b>	215
	The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow!	<b>But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.</b>	<a href="#">220</a>
	PART IV		
	'I fear thee, ancient Mariner! I fear thy skinny hand! And thou art long, and lank, and brown, As is the ribbed sea-sand. <a href="#">[196:1]</a>	<b>The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;</b>	225
	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.	<b>But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.</b>	<a href="#">230</a>
	Alone, alone, all, all alone,		

Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony. 235

[197] The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

**He despiseth the creatures of  
the calm,**

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay. 240

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

I looked 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. 245

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 load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet. 250

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away. 255

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

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. 260

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And no where did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside— 265

**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 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.**

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt always  
A still and awful red. 270

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

**By the light of the Moon he  
beholdeth God's creatures of the  
great calm.** 275

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire. 280

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware. 285

**Their beauty and their  
happiness.  
He blesseth them in his heart.**

The self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea. 290

**The spell begins to break.**

#### PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul. 295



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.

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

[300](#)

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.

[199]

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

[305](#)

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.**

[310](#)

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.

[315](#)

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

320

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.

[325](#)

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 [inspired, *S. L.*]  
and the ship moves on;**

[330](#)

[200]

They groaned, they stirred, 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.

335

[340](#)

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.

'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:

**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.**

[345](#)

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.

[350](#)

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

[355](#)

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air

360

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.

365

[201]

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.

[370](#)

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

375

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 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.**

380

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed 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.

385

[202]

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 swound.

[390](#)

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.

**The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, 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.**

395

'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.

400

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.'

405

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

## PART VI

### 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?'

410

### 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—

415

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.'

[420](#)

[203]

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 turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

[204]

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

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.

[205]

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

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,

**The Mariner hath been cast into  
a trance; for the angelic power  
causeth the vessel to drive  
northward faster than human  
life could endure.**

425

**The supernatural motion is  
retarded; the Mariner awakes,  
and his penance begins anew.**

430

435

[440](#)

**The curse is finally expiated.**

[445](#)

[450](#)

455

[460](#)

**And the ancient Mariner  
beholdeth his native country.**

465

470

[475](#)

**The angelic spirits leave the  
dead bodies,**

480

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.**

[485](#)

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

490

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

[495](#)

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 turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

[500](#)

[206]

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.

505

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.

[510](#)

#### PART VII

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.

**The Hermit of the Wood,**

[515](#)

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.

[520](#)

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

[525](#)

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

**Approacheth the ship with  
wonder.**

[530](#)

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

[207]

535

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

[540](#)

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.

545

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached 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 drowned  
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.** 550

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.

555

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.

560

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.  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see.  
The Devil knows how to row.'

565

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.

570

[208]

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

**The ancient Mariner earnestly  
entreateth the Hermit to shrieve  
him; and the penance of life  
falls on him.** 575

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

580

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

**And ever and anon throughout  
his future life an agony  
constraineth him to travel from  
land to land;** 585

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.

590

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!

595

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

600

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!

605

[209]

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell

**And to teach, by his own** 610

To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

**example, love and reverence to  
all things that God made and  
loveth.**

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

[615](#)

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.

620

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

625

1797-1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [186:1] The *Ancient Mariner* was first published in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. It was reprinted in the succeeding editions of 1800, 1802, and 1805. It was first published under the Author's name in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, and included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. For the full text of the poem as published in 1798, vide [Appendices](#). The marginal glosses were added in 1815-1816, when a collected edition of Coleridge's poems was being prepared for the press, and were first published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, but it is possible that they were the work of a much earlier period. The text of the *Ancient Mariner* as reprinted in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1802, 1805 follows that of 1800.
- [186:2] The text of the original passage is as follows: 'Facilè credo, plures esse naturas invisibiles quam visibiles, in rerum universitate: pluresque Angelorum ordines in cælo, quam sunt pisces in mari: Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? Et gradus, et cognationes, et discrimina, et singulorum munera? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attingit . . . Juvat utique non etc.: *Archæologiae Philosophicae sive Doctrina Antiqua De Rerum Originibus*. Libri Duo: Londini, MDCXCII, p. 68.'
- [186:3] How a Ship, having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner cruelly and in contempt of the laws of hospitality killed a Sea-bird and how he was followed by many and strange Judgements: and in what manner he came back to his own Country, [*L. B.* 1800.]
- [195:1] *Om.* in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.
- [196:1] For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed. [Note by S. T. C., first printed in *Sibylline Leaves*.]

### LINENOTES:

- [[Title](#)] The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere. In Seven Parts *L. B. 1798*: The Ancient Mariner. A Poet's Reverie *L. B. 1800, 1802, 1805*.
- [Note.—The 'Argument' was omitted in *L. B. 1802, 1805, Sibylline Leaves, 1817*, and in *1828, 1829, and 1834*.]
- [[PART I](#)] I *L. B. 1798, 1800*. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. In Seven Parts. *S. L., 1828, 1829*.
- [1] It is an ancyent Marinere *L. B. 1798* [ancient is spelled 'ancyent' and Mariner 'Marinere' through out *L. B. 1798*].
- [3] thy glittering eye *L. B. 1798, 1800*.
- [4] stopp'st thou] stoppest *L. B. 1798, 1800*.
- Between [8](#) and 13
- But still he holds the wedding guest—  
There was a Ship, quoth he—  
'Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,  
Marinere, [Mariner! *1800*] come with me.'
- He holds him with his skinny hand—  
Quoth he, there was a Ship—  
Now get thee hence thou greybeard Loon!  
Or my Staff shall make thee skip.

*L. B. 1798, 1800*.

Between [40](#) and 55

Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,  
A Wind and Tempest strong!  
For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—  
Like chaff we drove along.

Listen Stranger! Mist and Snow,  
And it grew wondrous cauld;  
And Ice mast-high came floating by  
As green as Emerald.

L. B. 1798.

Between [40](#) and 51

But now the Northwind came more fierce,  
There came a Tempest strong!  
And Southward still for days and weeks  
Like Chaff we drove along.

L. B. 1800.

Lines [41-50](#) of the text were added in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817. [Note. The emendation in the marginal gloss, 'driven' for 'drawn' first appears in 1893.]

- [55] cliffs] clift S. L. [probably a misprint. It is not corrected in the *Errata*.]  
[57] Nor . . . nor] Ne . . . ne L. B. 1798.  
[62] Like noises of a swound L. B. 1798: A wild and ceaseless sound L. B. 1800.  
[65] And an it were L. B. 1798: As if MS. *Corr. S. T. C.*  
[67] The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms L. B. 1798, 1800.  
[77] fog-smoke white] fog smoke-white L. B. 1798 (*corr. in Errata*).  
[PART II](#)] II L. B. 1798, 1800: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part the Second, S. L. 1828, 1829.  
[83] The Sun came up L. B. 1798.  
[85] And broad as a weft upon the left L. B. 1798.  
[89] Nor] Ne L. B. 1798.  
[90] mariners'] Marinere's L. B. 1798, 1800, S. L. 1817: Mariner's L. B. 1800.  
[91] a] an *all editions to 1834*.  
[95-6] *om.* L. B. 1798, 1800: were added in *Sibylline Leaves*.  
[97] Nor . . . nor] ne . . . ne L. B. 1798. like an Angel's head L. B. 1800.  
[103] The breezes blew L. B. 1798, 1800.  
[104] [\[190:A\]](#) The furrow stream'd off free S. L. 1817.

[\[190:A\]](#) In the former editions 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. *Note to S. L. 1817*.

- [116] nor . . . nor] ne . . . ne L. B. 1798.  
[122] Nor] Ne L. B. 1798.  
[123] deep] deeps L. B. 1798, 1800.  
[139] well a-day] wel-a-day L. B. 1798, 1800.

Between [143](#) and 149

I saw a something in the sky  
No bigger than my fist;  
At first it seem'd, &c.

L. B. 1798.

Between [143](#) and 147

So past a weary time, each throat  
Was parch'd and glaz'd each eye,  
When looking westward, &c.

L. B. 1800.

[Lines 143-8 of the text in their present shape were added in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.]

[PART III](#)] III L. B. 1798, 1800: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part the Third, S. L. 1828, 1829.

- [154] And still it ner'd and ner'd. L. B. 1798, 1800.  
[155] And, an it dodg'd L. B. 1798: And, as if it dodg'd L. B. 1800, S. L. 1817.

[157-60] With throat unslack'd with black lips baked  
Ne could we laugh, ne wail,  
Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood  
I bit my arm, and suck'd the blood

*L. B. 1798.*

[157] With throat unslack'd, &c. *L. B. 1800, 1802, S. L. 1817.*

[160] Till I bit my arm and suck'd the blood *L. B. 1800.*

[162] With throat unslack'd, &c. *L. B. 1798, 1800, 1802, S. L. 1817.*

[167-70] She doth not tack from side to side—  
Hither to work us weal.  
Withouten wind, withouten tide  
She steddies with upright keel.

*L. B. 1798.*

[170] She steddies *L. B. 1800, S. L. 1817.*

[177] straight] strait *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[182] neres and neres *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[183] *her*] her *1834, and also in 185 and 190.*

*Between 184-90*

Are those her naked ribs, which fleck'd  
The sun that did behind them peer?  
And are those two all, all the crew, [193:A]  
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

*His* bones were black with many a crack,  
All black and bare I ween;  
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust  
Of mouldy damp and charnel crust  
They're patch'd with purple and green.

*L. B. 1798.*

Are those *her* ribs which fleck'd the Sun  
Like the bars of a dungeon grate?  
And are those two all, all the crew  
That woman and her mate?

*MS. Correction of S. T. C. in L. B. 1798.*

Are those *her* Ribs, thro' which the Sun  
Did peer as thro' a grate?  
And are those two all, all her crew,  
That Woman, and her Mate?

*His* bones were black with many a crack

\* \* \* \* \*

They were patch'd with purple and green.

*L. B. 1800.*

This Ship it was a plankless thing,  
—A bare Anatomy!  
A plankless spectre—and it mov'd  
Like a Being of the Sea!  
The woman and a fleshless man  
Therein sate merrily.

His bones were black, &c. (as in *1800*).

This stanza was found added in the handwriting of the Poet in the margin of a copy of the Bristol Edition [1798] of *Lyrical Ballads*. It is here printed for the first time. *Note P. and D. W., 1877-80, ii. 36.*

[193:A] those] these *Errata, L. B. 1798.*

[190-4.] *Her* lips are red, *her* looks are free,  
*Her* locks are yellow as gold:  
*Her* skin is as white as leprosy,  
And she is far liker Death than he;  
*Her* flesh makes the still air cold.

*L. B. 1798.*

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
*Her* locks were as yellow as gold:  
*Her* skin was as white as leprosy,  
And she was far liker Death than he;  
*Her* flesh made the still air cold.



[196] casting] playing *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[197] The game is done, I've, I've won *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1839, 1834, 1844.* The restoration of the text of 1798 and 1800 dates from 1852.

[198] whistles] whistled *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

Between [198-218](#)

A gust of wind sterte up behind  
And whistled thro' his bones;

Thro the [ holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth  
hole *L. B. 1802, 1805*

Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea  
Off darts the Spectre-ship;  
While clombe above the Eastern bar  
The horned Moon with one bright Star  
Almost atween the tips.  
[Almost between the tips. *L. B. 1800.*]

One after one by the horned Moon  
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang  
And curs'd me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,  
With never a sigh or groan,

*L. B. 1798, 1800.*

Between [198-9](#) A gust of wind . . . half groans. *S. L.* (Page 15 erase the second stanza. *Errata, S. L.*, p. [xi].)

Between [201-12](#)

With never a whisper on the main  
Off shot the spectre ship;  
And stifled words and groans of pain

Mix'd on each           murmuring           ]  
                                  trembling           ] lip.

And we look'd round, and we look'd up,  
And fear at our hearts, as at a cup,  
The Life-blood seem'd to sip—

The sky was dull, and dark the night,  
The helmsman's face by his lamp gleam'd bright,  
From the sails the dews did drip—  
Till clomb above the Eastern Bar,  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within its nether tip.

*Undated MS. correction of S. T. C. (first published 1893).*

[208] dew] dews *S. L. 1817.*

[209] clomb] clombe *S. L. 1817, 1828.*

[PART IV](#)] IV. *L. B. 1798, 1800:* The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part the Fourth *S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[220] The] Their *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[224] ancycnt Marinere *L. B. 1798.*

[233-4] Alone on the wide wide sea;  
And Christ would take no pity on

*L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[238] And a million, million slimy things *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[242] rotting] eldritch *L. B. 1798:* ghastly *L. B. 1800.*

[249] And] Till *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[251] load] cloud *S. L.* (for *cloud* read *load.* *Errata, S. L.*, p. [xi]).

[254] Ne rot, ne reek *L. B. 1798.*

[260] the curse] a curse *1828, 1829.*

[268] Like morning frosts yspread *L. B. 1798.*

[PART V](#)] V. *L. B. 1798, 1800*: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part the Fifth *S. L. 1828, 1829*.

[294] To Mary-queen *L. B. 1798, 1800*. given] yeven *L. B. 1798*.

[300] awoke] woke (*a pencilled correction in 1828, ? by S. T. C.*).

[309] The roaring wind! it roar'd far off *L. B. 1798*.

[313] burst] bursts *L. B. 1798*.

[315] were] are *L. B. 1798*.

[317] The stars dance on between. *L. B. 1798*.

[317-24]     The coming wind doth roar more loud;  
          The sails do sigh, like sedge:  
          The rain pours down from one black cloud  
          And the Moon is at its edge.

          Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,  
          And the Moon is at its side

*L. B. 1798*.

[325] fell] falls *L. B. 1798*.

[327-8]     The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd  
          And dropp'd down like a stone!

*L. B. 1798*.

[332] nor . . . nor] ne . . . ne *L. B. 1798*.

*Between 344-5*

          And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
          How frightful it would be!

*L. B. 1798*.

[345-9] *om. in L. B. 1798, added in L. B. 1800*.

[350] The daylight dawn'd *L. B. 1798*.

[359] sky-lark] Lavrock *L. B. 1798*.

*Between 372-3*

          Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!  
          'Marinere! thou hast thy will:  
          For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make  
          My body and soul to be still.'

          Never sadder tale was told  
          To a man of woman born:  
          Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!  
          Thoul't rise to-morrow morn.

          Never sadder tale was heard  
          By a man of woman born:  
          The Mariners all return'd to work  
          As silent as before.

          The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes,  
          But look at me they n'old;  
          Thought I, I am as thin as air—  
          They cannot me behold.

*L. B. 1798*.

[373] quietly] silently *L. B. 1798, 1800*.

[392] down in] into *L. B. 1798, 1800*.

[PART VI](#)] VI. *L. B. 1798, 1800*: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Part the Sixth *S. L. 1828, 1829*.

[423] Withouten wave *L. B. 1798*.

[440-1] een from theirs; Ne turn *L. B. 1798*.

[442-6]     And in its time the spell was snapt,  
          And I could move my een:  
          I look'd far-forth, but little saw  
          Of what might else be seen.

*L. B. 1798*.

[446] lonesome] lonely *L. B. 1798*.

[453] Nor . . . nor] Ne . . . ne *L. B. 1798*.

[464] O dream *L. B. 1798, 1800*.

*Between 475-80*

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those dark-red shadows were;  
But soon I saw that my own flesh  
Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
And by the holy rood,  
The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
They held them strait and tight;  
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,  
A torch that's borne upright.  
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on  
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
Forth looking as before.  
There was no breeze upon the bay,  
No wave against the shore.

*L. B. 1798.*

[487] Oh, Christ!] O Christ *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[498] oh!] O *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[500] But soon] Eftsones *L. B. 1798.*

*Between* [503-4](#)

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;[\[205:A\]](#)  
The bodies rose anew:  
With silent pace, each to his place,  
Came back the ghastly crew,  
The wind, that shade nor motion made,  
On me alone it blew.

*L. B. 1798.*

[\[205:A\]](#)

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,  
The spirits of the air,  
No souls of mortal men were they,  
But spirits bright and fair.

*MS. Correction by S. T. C. in a copy of L. B. 1798.*

[511] makes] maketh (*a pencilled correction in 1828, ? by S. T. C.*).

[PART VII](#)] VII. *L. B. 1798, 1800: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part the Seventh S. L. 1829: The Ancient Mariner. Part the Seventh 1828.*

[517] marineres] mariners *L. B. 1800.*

[518] That come from a far Contrée. *L. B. 1798.*

[523] neared] ner'd *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[529] looked] look *L. B. 1798, 1800, S. L.*

[533] Brown] The *L. B. 1798, 1800, S. L.* [for *The read Brown. Errata, S. L. 1817, p. (xi).*]

[543] nor . . . nor] ne . . . ne *L. B. 1798.*

[577] What manner man *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[582-5] Since then at an uncertain hour,  
Now oft-times and now fewer,  
That anguish comes and makes me tell  
My ghastly aventure.

*L. B. 1798.*

[583] agony] agency [*a misprint*] *L. B. 1800.*

[588] That] The *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

[610] Farewell, farewell] *The comma to be omitted. Errata, L. B. 1798.*

[618] The Marinere *L. B. 1798.*

[SIGNED 'NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM']

I

[210] Pensive at eve on the *hard* world I mus'd,  
 And *my poor* heart was sad: so at the Moon  
 I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—for, ah! how soon  
 Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd  
 With tearful vacancy the *dampy* grass 5  
 Which wept and glitter'd in the *paly* ray;  
 And *I did pause me* on my lonely way,  
 And *mused me* on those *wretched ones* who pass  
*O'er the black heath* of Sorrow. But, alas!  
 Most of *Myself* I thought: when it befell 10  
 That the *sooth* Spirit of the breezy wood  
 Breath'd in mine ear—'All this is very well;  
 But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good.'  
 Ah! my *poor heart's* INEXPLICABLE SWELL!

II

TO SIMPLICITY

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity!*  
 For of thy lays the lulling simpleness  
 Goes to my heart and soothes each small distress,  
 Distress though small, yet haply great to me!  
 'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad 5  
 I amble on; yet, though I know not why,  
*So sad* I am!—but should a friend and I  
 Grow cool and *miff*; O! I am *very* sad!  
 And then with sonnets and with sympathy  
 My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall; 10  
 Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,  
 Now raving at mankind in general;  
 But, whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,  
 All very simple, meek *Simplicity!*

III

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY

And this reft house is that the which he built,  
 Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,  
 Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak so wild,  
 Squeak, not unconscious of their father's guilt.  
 Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the glade? 5  
 Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.  
 What though she milk no cow with crumpled horn,  
 Yet *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst* she stray'd;  
 And *aye* beside her stalks her amorous knight!  
 Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn, 10  
 And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,  
 His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white;  
 As when thro' broken clouds at night's high noon  
 Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

1797.

FOOTNOTES:

[209:1] First published in the *Monthly Magazine* for November, 1797. They were reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1803 (1805); by Coleridge in the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, i. 26-8<sup>[209:A]</sup>; and by Cottle in *Early Recollections*, i. 290-2; and in *Reminiscences*, p. 160. They were first collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, i. 211-13.

[209:A] 'Under the name of Nehemiah Higginbottom I contributed three sonnets, the first of which had for its object to excite a good-natured laugh at the spirit of doleful egotism and at the recurrence of favourite phrases, with the double defect of being at once trite and licentious. The second was on low creeping language and thoughts under the pretence of *simplicity*. The third, the phrases of which were borrowed entirely from my own poems, on the indiscriminate use of elaborate and swelling

language and imagery. . . . So general at the time and so decided was the opinion concerning the characteristic vices of my style that a celebrated physician (now alas! no more) speaking of me in other respects with his usual kindness to a gentleman who was about to meet me at a dinner-party could not, however, resist giving him a hint not to mention *The House that Jack Built* in my presence, for that I was as sore as a boil about that sonnet, he not knowing that I was myself the author of it.'

Coleridge's first account of these sonnets in a letter to Cottle [November, 1797] is much to the same effect:—'I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* (1797) three mock Sonnets in ridicule of my own Poems, and Charles Lloyd's and Lamb's, etc., etc., exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent in common-place epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, etc., etc. The instances were almost all taken from myself and Lloyd and Lamb. I signed them "Nehemiah Higginbottom". I think they may do good to our young Bards.' [*E. R.*, i. 289; *Rem.* 160.]

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Sonnet I *M. M.*

[4] darkens] saddens *B. L.*, i. 27.

[6] Which] That *B. L.*, i. 27.

[8] those] the *B. L.*, i. 27. who] that *B. L.*, i. 27.

[9] black] bleak *B. L.*, i. 27.

[14] Ah!] Oh! *B. L.*, i. 27.

[Sonnet II.](#) To Simplicity *M. M.*: no title in *B. L.*

[6] yet, though] and yet *B. L.*, i. 27.

[8] Frown, pout and part then I am *very* sad *B. L.*, i. 27.

[12] in gener-al *Cottle, E. R.*, i. 288.

[III](#)] Sonnet III. To, &c. *M. M.*

[10] their] his *Cottle, E. R.*, i. 292.

[13] As when] Ah! thus *B. L.*, i. 27.

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## PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS<sup>[211:1]</sup>

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

[212]

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?

5

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

10

Now cluttering to the Treasury Cluck, like chicken,  
 Now with small beaks the ravenous *Bill* opposing;<sup>[212:1]</sup>  
 With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now licking,  
 Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—

15

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,

20

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:

25

For lo! a very dainty simile  
Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill just suit 'e!

You know that water-fowl that cries, Quack! Quack!?  
Full often have I seen a waggish crew  
Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on its back,  
The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-who!

30

Both plung'd 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!

35

[213]

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.

40

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!

45

1798.

(Signed: LABERIUS.)

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [211:1] First published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, January 6, 1798: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: *Essays on His own Times*, 1850, iii. 969-70. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. In *Sibylline Leaves* the poem is incorrectly dated 1794.
- [212:1] Pitt's 'treble assessment at seven millions' which formed part of the budget for 1798. The grant was carried in the House of Commons, Jan. 4, 1798.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] To Sir John Sinclair, S. Thornton, Alderman Lushington, and the whole Troop of Parliamentary Oscillators *C. I.*
- [2] right] tight *C. I.*
- [3] It's hardly possible *C. I.*
- [9] But yet I cannot flatter you, your wit *C. I.*
- [14] the] his *C. I.*
- [24] O ye soft-hearted and soft-headed, &c. *C. I.*
- [26, 28] 'e] ye *C. I.*
- [29] that cries] which cries *C. I.*
- [30] Full often] Ditch-full oft *C. I.*
- [31] Fasten] Fallen *C. I.*

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## CHRISTABEL [\[213:1\]](#)

### PREFACE

[214] The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no

[215] notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets [\[215:1\]](#) whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters. [\[215:2\]](#)

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;  
But an if this will not do;  
Let it be mine, good friend! for I  
Am the poorer of the two.

25

I have only to add that the metre of Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

#### PART I

[216] 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;  
Tu—whit!—---Tu—whoo!  
And hark, again! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew. [5](#)  
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour; [10](#)  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?  
The night is chilly, but not dark. [15](#)  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.  
The moon is behind, and at the full;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray: [20](#)  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late, [25](#)  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away. [30](#)

[217] She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak  
But moss and rarest misletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, [35](#)  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is she cannot tell.— [40](#)  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?

	There is not wind enough in the air To move away the ringlet curl From the lovely lady's cheek— There is not wind enough to twirl The one red leaf, the last of its clan, That dances as often as dance it can, Hanging so light, and hanging so high, On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.	45
	Hush, beating heart of Christabel! Jesu, Maria, shield her well! She folded her arms beneath her cloak, And stole to the other side of the oak. What sees she there?	55
	There she sees a damsel bright, Drest in a silken robe of white, That shadowy in the moonlight shone: The neck that made that white robe wan, Her stately neck, and arms were bare; Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were, And wildly glittered here and there The gems entangled in her hair.	60
[218]	I guess, 'twas frightful there to see A lady so richly clad as she— Beautiful exceedingly!	65
	Mary mother, save me now! (Said Christabel,) And who art thou?	70
	The lady strange made answer meet, And her voice was faint and sweet:— Have pity on my sore distress, I scarce can speak for weariness: Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear! Said Christabel, How camest thou here? And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet, Did thus pursue her answer meet:—	75
	My sire is of a noble line, And my name is Geraldine: Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn: They choked my cries with force and fright, And tied me on a palfrey white. The palfrey was as fleet as wind, And they rode furiously behind.	80
[219]	They spurred amain, their steeds were white: And once we crossed the shade of night. As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought what men they be; Nor do I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis) Since one, the tallest of the five, Took me from the palfrey's back, A weary woman, scarce alive.	85
	Some muttered words his comrades spoke: Ha placed me underneath this oak; He swore they would return with haste; Whither they went I cannot tell— I thought I heard, some minutes past, Sounds as of a castle bell. Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she), And help a wretched maid to flee.	90
	Then Christabel stretched forth her hand, And comforted fair Geraldine: O well, bright dame! may you command The service of Sir Leoline; And gladly our stout chivalry Will he send forth and friends withal To guide and guard you safe and free Home to your noble father's hall.	95
	She rose: and forth with steps they passed That strove to be, and were not, fast. Her gracious stars the lady blest, And thus spake on sweet Christabel:	100
[220]		105
		110
		115



All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth, 120  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight, 125  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main 130  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135  
They crossed the court: right glad they were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side,  
Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress! 140  
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,  
I cannot speak for weariness.  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

[221]

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old 145  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she uttered yell 150  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as you will! 155  
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;  
And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 160  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.  
O softly tread, said Christabel,  
My father seldom sleepeth well. 165

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And jealous of the listening air  
They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom, 170  
And now they pass the Baron's room,  
As still as death, with stifled breath!  
And now have reached her chamber door;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

[222]

The moon shines dim in the open air, 175  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain, 180  
For a lady's chamber meet:  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim. 185  
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,

And left it swinging to and fro,  
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine, 190  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!  
It is a wine of virtuous powers;  
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn? 195  
Christabel answered—Woe is me!  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle-bell 200  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.  
O mother dear! that thou wert here!  
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

[223]

But soon with altered voice, said she— 205  
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!  
I have power to bid thee flee.'  
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
And why with hollow voice cries she, 210  
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— 215  
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—  
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, "'tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank: 220  
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright:  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée. 225

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
'All they who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel!  
And you love them, and for their sake 230  
And for the good which me befel,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
But now unrobe yourself; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, So let it be! 235  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe 240  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close;  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline 245  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

[224]

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, 245  
And slowly rolled her eyes around;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud,  
Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast:  
Her silken robe, and inner vest, 250  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold! her bosom and half her side—  
A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; 255

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;  
Then suddenly, as one defied, 260  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—  
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look 265  
These words did say:

[225] 'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; 270

But vainly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;

And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,  
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she 280  
Was praying at the old oak tree.

Amid the jaggéd shadows

Of mossy leafless boughs,

Kneeling in the moonlight,

To make her gentle vows; 285

Her slender palms together prest,

Heaving sometimes on her breast;

Her face resigned to bliss or bale—

Her face, oh call it fair not pale,

And both blue eyes more bright than clear, 290

Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)

Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,

Dreaming that alone, which is— 295

O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,

The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?

[226] And lo! the worker of these harms,

That holds the maiden in her arms,

Seems to slumber still and mild, 300

As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,

O Geraldine! since arms of thine

Have been the lovely lady's prison.

O Geraldine! one hour was thine— 305

Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,

The night-birds all that hour were still.

But now they are jubilant anew,

From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!

Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell! 310

And see! the lady Christabel

Gathers herself from out her trance;

Her limbs relax, her countenance

Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids

Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds— 315

Large tears that leave the lashes bright!

And oft the while she seems to smile

As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,

Like a youthful hermitess, 320

Beauteous in a wilderness,

Who, praying always, prays in sleep.

And, if she move unquietly,

Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free

Comes back and tingles in her feet. 325

No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.

What if her guardian spirit 'twere,  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call: 330  
For the blue sky bends over all!

1797.

[227]

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.  
These words Sir Leoline first said,  
When he rose and found his lady dead: 335  
These words Sir Leoline will say  
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began  
That still at dawn the sacristan,  
Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke—a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell! 345  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can!  
There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between.  
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair, 350  
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The death-note to their living brother; 355  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,  
The devil mocks the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud 360  
That merry peal comes ringing loud;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
And tricks her hair in lovely plight, 365  
And nothing doubting of her spell  
Awakens the lady Christabel.  
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?  
I trust that you have rested well.'

[228]

And Christabel awoke and spied 370  
The same who lay down by her side—  
O rather say, the same whom she  
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!  
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!  
For she belike hath drunken deep 375  
Of all the blessedness of sleep!  
And while she spake, her looks, her air  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts. 380  
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,  
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet  
With such perplexity of mind 385  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He, who on the cross did groan,  
Might wash away her sins unknown, 390  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall

Are pacing both into the hall,  
And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence-room. 395

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies, 400  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, 405  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

[229] Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above; 410  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline. 415

Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another 420

To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween, 425  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again. 430

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side  
He would proclaim it far and wide, 435  
With trump and solemn heraldry,  
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,  
Were base as spotted infamy!

'And if they dare deny the same,  
My herald shall appoint a week,  
And let the recreant traitors seek 440  
My tourney court—that there and then  
I may dislodge their reptile souls  
From the bodies and forms of men!'

He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!  
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned 445  
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

[230] And now the tears were on his face,  
And fondly in his arms he took  
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
Prolonging it with joyous look. 450

Which when she viewed, a vision fell  
Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!  
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—  
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,  
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?) 455

Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:  
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round, 460  
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid  
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
And in its stead that vision blest,

Which comforted her after-rest 465  
While in the lady's arms she lay,  
Had put a rapture in her breast,  
And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,  
'What ails then my beloved child?' 470  
The Baron said—His daughter mild  
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'  
I ween, she had no power to tell  
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475  
Had deemed her sure a thing divine:  
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
As if she feared she had offended  
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!  
And with such lowly tones she prayed 480  
She might be sent without delay  
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!  
Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.  
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine! 485  
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best  
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
And over the mountains haste along, 490  
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes 495  
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,  
And reaches soon that castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,  
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,  
More loud than your horses' echoing feet! 500  
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!

Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—  
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me!  
He bids thee come without delay 505  
With all thy numerous array  
And take thy lovely daughter home:  
And he will meet thee on the way  
With all his numerous array

White with their panting palfreys' foam: 510  
And, by mine honour! I will say,  
That I repent me of the day  
When I spake words of fierce disdain  
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—  
—For since that evil hour hath flown, 515  
Many a summer's sun hath shone;  
Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,  
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing; 520  
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
His gracious Hail on all bestowing!—  
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,  
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;  
Yet might I gain a boon of thee, 525  
This day my journey should not be,  
So strange a dream hath come to me,  
That I had vowed with music loud  
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,  
Warned by a vision in my rest! 530  
For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—  
Sir Leoline! I saw the same  
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan, 535  
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.

[232]

Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;  
For nothing near it could I see,  
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree. 540

'And in my dream methought I went  
To search out what might there be found;  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground. 545

I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry;  
But yet for her dear lady's sake  
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,  
When lo! I saw a bright green snake  
Coiled around its wings and neck. 550

Green as the herbs on which it couched,  
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;  
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!

I woke; it was the midnight hour,  
The clock was echoing in the tower;  
But though my slumber was gone by,  
This dream it would not pass away—  
It seems to live upon my eye! 555

And thence I vowed this self-same day  
With music strong and saintly song  
To wander through the forest bare,  
Lest aught unholy loiter there.' 560

[233] Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,  
Half-listening heard him with a smile; 565

Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love;  
And said in courtly accents fine,

'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,  
With arms more strong than harp or song, 570

Thy sire and I will crush the snake!  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine in maiden wise

Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine 575

She turned her from Sir Leoline;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o'er her right arm fell again;

And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast, 580

And looked askance at Christabel—  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy;  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,  
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye, 585

And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
At Christabel she looked askance!—  
One moment—and the sight was fled!

But Christabel in dizzy trance  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground 590

Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing, that sought relief,

Full of wonder and full of grief,  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine 595

Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
She nothing sees—no sight but one!  
The maid, devoid of guile and sin, 600

I know not how, in fearful wise,  
So deeply had she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,

[234] That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind: 605

And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate!

And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced unconscious sympathy

Full before her father's view— 610

As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:  
Then falling at the Baron's feet, 615  
'By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!  
She said: and more she could not say:  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell. 620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild;  
The same, for whom thy lady died! 625  
O by the pangs of her dear mother  
Think thou no evil of thy child!  
For her, and thee, and for no other,  
She prayed the moment ere she died:  
Prayed that the babe for whom she died, 630  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!  
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline!  
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
Her child and thine? 635

Within the Baron's heart and brain  
If thoughts, like these, had any share,  
They only swelled his rage and pain,  
And did but work confusion there. 640  
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,  
Dishonoured thus in his old age;  
Dishonoured by his only child,  
And all his hospitality 645  
To the wronged daughter of his friend  
By more than woman's jealousy  
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—  
He rolled his eye with stern regard  
Upon the gentle minstrel bard, 650  
And said in tones abrupt, austere—  
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?  
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;  
And turning from his own sweet maid,  
The agéd knight, Sir Leoline, 655  
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

1800.

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,  
That always finds, and never seeks, 660  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light;  
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
Upon his heart, that he at last  
Must needs express his love's excess 665  
With words of unmeant bitterness.  
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
Thoughts so all unlike each other;  
To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
To dally with wrong that does no harm. 670  
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty  
At each wild word to feel within  
A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
And what, if in a world of sin  
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!) 675  
Such giddiness of heart and brain  
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,  
So talks as it's most used to do.

1801.



## FOOTNOTES:

[213:1] First published, together with *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*, 1816: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. Three MSS. of *Christabel* have passed through my hands. The earliest, which belonged to Wordsworth, is partly in Coleridge's handwriting and partly in that of Mary Hutchinson (Mrs. Wordsworth). The probable date of this MS., now in the possession of the poet's grandson, Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, is April-October, 1800. Later in the same year, or perhaps in 1801, Coleridge made a copy of the First Part (or Book), the Conclusion to the First Book, and the Second Book, and presented it to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sarah Hutchinson. A facsimile of the MS., now in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge, was issued in collotype in the edition of *Christabel* published in 1907, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature. In 1801, or at some subsequent period (possibly not till 1815), Miss Hutchinson transcribed Coleridge's MS. The water-mark of the paper is 1801. Her transcript, now in the possession of Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, was sent to Lord Byron in October, 1815. It is possible that this transcription was the 'copy' for the First Edition published in 1816; but, if so, Coleridge altered the text whilst the poem was passing through the press.

The existence of two other MSS. rests on the authority of John Payne Collier (see *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*. By S. T. Coleridge, 1856, pp. xxxix-xliii).

The first, which remained in his possession for many years, was a copy in the handwriting of Sarah Stoddart (afterwards Mrs. Hazlitt). J. P. Collier notes certain differences between this MS., which he calls the 'Salisbury Copy', and the text of the First Edition. He goes on to say that before *Christabel* was published Coleridge lent him an MS. in his own handwriting, and he gives two or three readings from the second MS. which differ from the text of the 'Salisbury Copy' and from the texts of those MSS. which have been placed in my hands.

The copy of the First Edition of *Christabel* presented to William Stewart Rose's valet, David Hinves, on November 11, 1816, which Coleridge had already corrected, is now in the possession of Mr. John Murray. The emendations and additions inscribed on the margin of this volume were included in the collected edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, published by William Pickering in 1828. The editions of 1829 and 1834 closely followed the edition of 1828, but in 1834 there was in one particular instance (Part I, lines 6-10) a reversion to the text of the First Edition. The MS. of the 'Conclusion of Part II' forms part of a letter to Southey dated May 6, 1801. (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 355.) The following abbreviations have been employed to note the MSS. and transcriptions of *Christabel*:—

1. The Wordsworth MS., partly in Coleridge's (lines 1-295), and partly in Mary Hutchinson's (lines 295-655) handwriting = *MS. W.*
2. The Salisbury MS., copied by Sarah Stoddart = *S. T. C. (a)*.
3. The MS. lent by Coleridge to Payne Collier = *S. T. C. (b)*.
4. Autograph MS. in possession of Miss Edith Coleridge (reproduced in facsimile in 1907) = *S. T. C. (c)*.
5. Transcription made by Sarah Hutchinson = *S. H.*
6. Corrections made by Coleridge in the Copy of the First Edition presented to David Hinves = *H. 1816*.

[215:1] Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

[215:2] The 'Latin hexameters', 'in the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet', ran thus:

'Est meum et est tuum, amice! at si amborum nequit esse,  
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia certe sum magi' pauper.'

It is interesting to note that Coleridge translated these lines in November, 1801, long before the 'celebrated poets' in question had made, or seemed to make, it desirable to 'preclude a charge of plagiarism'.

## LINENOTES:

[PREFACE](#)] Prefixed to the three issues of 1816, and to 1828, 1829, 1834.

[2] The year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven *1816, 1828, 1829*.

[3, 4] The year one thousand eight hundred *1816, 1828, 1829*.

[4] *after* 'Cumberland'] Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year. *It is probable, &c. 1816, 1828, 1829: om. 1834.*

[23] doggrel *1816, 1828, 1829*.

[PART I](#)] Book the First *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.: Part the First 1828, 1829*.

[3] Tu-u-who! Tu-u-who! *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[6-7] Sir Leoline the Baron ~~bold~~  
Hath a toothless mastiff old

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff which

*H. 1816, 1828, 1829, 1893.*

[9] She makes *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition: Maketh H. 1816, 1828, 1829.*

[11] moonshine or shower *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition: by shine or shower H. 1816.*  
*Between 28-9*

Dreams, that made her moan and leap,  
As on her bed she lay in sleep.

*First Edition: Erased H. 1816: Not in any MS.*

[32] The breezes they were whispering low *S. T. C. (a):* The breezes they were still also *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

[34] But the moss and misletoe *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[35] kneels] knelt *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[37] sprang] leaps *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

[39] can] could *H. 1816.*

[45-7] *om. MS. W.*

[52] up] out *MS. W., S. H.*

[54] Jesu Maria *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[58-66]           A damsel bright  
Clad in a silken robe of white,  
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,  
And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.  
I guess, &c.

*MS. W.*

[60] *om. MS. S. T. C.*

[61-6]       Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,  
And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.  
I guess, &c.

*S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,  
And the jewels disorder'd in her hair.  
I guess, &c.

*First Edition.*

[65]       And the jewels were tangled in her hair.

*S. T. C. (b).*

[In the Hinves copy (Nov., 1816), ll. 60-5 are inserted in the margin and the two lines 'Her neck . . . her hair' are erased. This addition was included in *1828, 1829, 1834, &c.*]

[74] scarce can] cannot *H. 1816.*

[76] Said Christabel] Alas! but say *H. 1816.*

[81-3]       Five ruffians seized me yestermorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;  
They chok'd my cries with wicked might.

*MS. W., S. T. C. (a); MS. S. T. C. (c); S. H.*

Five warriors, &c. as in the text

*S. T. C. (b)*

[Lines 82, 83, 84-1/2 are erased in *H. 1816.* Lines 81-4, 89, 90, which Scott prefixed as a motto to Chapter XI of *The Black Dwarf* (1818), run thus:—

Three ruffians seized me yestermorn,  
Alas! a maiden most forlorn;  
They choked my cries with wicked might,  
And bound me on a palfrey white:  
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,  
I cannot tell what men they be.

*Christabel.*

The motto to Chapter XXIV of *The Betrothed* (1825) is slightly different:—

Four Ruffians . . . palfrey white.]

[88] once] twice *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[92] For I have lain in fits, I wis *MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.* [Text, which follows *S. T. C. (b), H. 1816,* was first adopted in *1828.*]

[96] comrades] comrade *MS. W.*

[98] He] They *MS. W.*

[106-11] Saying that she should command  
The service of Sir Leoline;  
And straight be convoy'd, free from thrall,  
Back to her noble father's hall.

*MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

[Text, which follows *H. 1816*, was first adopted in *1828*.]

[112-22] So up she rose and forth they pass'd  
With hurrying steps yet nothing fast.  
Her lucky stars the lady blest,  
And Christabel she sweetly said—  
All our household are at rest,  
Each one sleeping in his bed;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not awakened be,  
So to my room we'll creep in stealth,  
And you to-night must sleep with me.

*MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[So, too, *First Edition*, with the sole variant, 'And may not well awakened be'.]

[114-17] Her smiling stars the lady blest,  
And thus bespake sweet Christabel:  
All our household is at rest,  
The hall as silent as a cell.

*S. T. C. (b).*

[In *H. 1816* ll. 112-22 of the text are inserted in Coleridge's handwriting. Line 113 reads: 'yet were not fast'. Line 122 reads: 'share your bed with me'. In *1828*, ll. 117-22 were added to the text, and 'Her gracious stars' (l. 114) was substituted for 'Her lucky stars'.]

[137] And Christabel she sweetly cried *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[139] Praise we] O praise *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[145] Outside] Beside *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[146] Lay fast] Was stretch'd *H. 1816*. [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.]

[160] *om. S. T. C. (a).*

[161] And nothing else she saw thereby *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[163] niche] nitch *all MSS. and First Edition.*

[166-9] Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,  
And they are creeping up the stairs,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,

*MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

[167] *Added in 1828.*

[171] With stifled breath, as still as death *H. 1816*. [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.]

[173-4] And now they with their feet press down  
The rushes of her chamber floor.

*MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

And now with eager feet press down  
The rushes of her chamber floor.

*First Edition, H. 1816*. [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.]

[191] cordial] spicy *MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

*Between 193-4*

Nay, drink it up, I pray you do,  
Believe me it will comfort you.

*MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[The omission was made in the *First Edition*.]

[205-10, 212] *om. MS. W.*

[219] And faintly said I'm better now *MS. W., S. T. C. (a)*: I am better now *S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[225] far] fair *MS. W.*

*Between 252-3* Are lean and old and foul of hue. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[254] And she is to sleep with Christabel. *MS. W.*: And she is to sleep by Christabel. *S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition*: And must she sleep by Christabel. *H. 1816* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting]: And she is alone with Christabel. *H. 1816* *erased* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting]: And must she sleep with Christabel. *H. 1816* *erased* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting].

[255-61] *om. MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition: included in H. 1816. [Not in S. T. C.'s handwriting.] First published in 1828.*

Between [254](#) and 263

She took two paces and a stride,  
And lay down by the maiden's side,

*MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

She gaz'd upon the maid, she sigh'd  
~~She took two paces and a stride,~~  
Then  
~~And lay down by the Maiden's side.~~

*H. 1816 erased.*

[265] low] sad *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[267] this] my *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[270] The mark of my shame, the seal of my sorrow. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[277] And didst bring her home with thee, with love and with charity. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[278] To shield her, and shelter her, and shelter far from the damp air. *MS. W.*

The [Conclusion](#) to Part I] The Conclusion of Book the First *MS. W.: The Conclusion to Book the First S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[294] *Here in MS. W. the handwriting changes. 'Dreaming' was written by S. T. C., 'yet' by Mary Hutchinson.*

[295] is] *is H. 1816.*

[297] who] that *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., H. 1816.*

[306] Tairn or Tarn (derived by Lye from the Icelandic *Tiorn*, stagnum, palus) is rendered in our dictionaries as synonymous with Mere or Lake; but it is properly a large Pool or Reservoir in the Mountains, commonly the Feeder of some Mere in the valleys. Tarn Watling and Blellum Tarn, though on lower ground than other Tarns, are yet not exceptions, for both are on elevations, and Blellum Tarn feeds the Wynander Mere. *Note to S. T. C. (c).*

[324] A query is attached to this line *H. 1816.*

[Part II](#)] Book the Second *MS. W.: Christabel Book the Second S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[344] Wyndermere] Wyn'dermere *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*

[353] sinful] simple *MS. W.*

[354] A query is attached to this line *H. 1816.*

[356] the] their *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[359] Borodale] Borrowdale *MS. W., S. H., First Edition, 1828, 1829: Borrodale S. T. C. (c).*

[360] The air is still through many a cloud *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[363] the] her *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[364] silken] simple *MS. W.*

[414] thus] so *MS. Letter to Poole, Feb. 1813.*

[418] They] And *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[419] But] And *MS. W.*

[424-5] But neither frost nor heat nor thunder  
Can wholly, &c.,

*MS. Letter to Poole, Feb. 1813.*

[441] tourney] Tournay *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), First Edition.*

[453] The vision foul of fear and pain *MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.: The vision of fear, the touch of pain S. T. C. (b).*

[463] The pang, the sight was passed away *S. T. C. (a): The pang, the sight, had passed away MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[490] *om. MS. W.*

[503] beautiful] beauteous *MS. W.*

[507] take] fetch *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[516] Many a summer's suns have shone *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

[559] seems] seem'd *MS. W., S. T. C. (c).*

[560] vowed] swore *MS. W.*

[563] loiter] wander *MS. W.*

[582] Jesu, Maria] Jesu Maria *MS. W.*

[591] Shuddered aloud with hissing sound *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

- [596] on] o'er *MS. W.*  
 [613] And] But *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.*  
 [615] her Father's Feet *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition, 1828.*  
 [620] the] that *MS. W.*  
 [639] but] not *MS. W.*  
 [645] wronged] insulted *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition, 1828, 1829.*

The [Conclusion](#) to Part II] Not in any of the MSS. or in *S. H.* For the first manuscript version see *Letter to Southey, May 6, 1801. (Letters of S. T. C., 1895, i. 355.)*

- [659] 'finds' and 'seeks' are italicized in the letters.  
 [660-1] Doth make a vision to the sight  
 Which fills a father's eyes with light.

*Letter, 1801.*

- [664] In *H. 1816* there is a direction (not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting) to print line 664 as two lines.

- [665] In words of wrong and bitterness. *Letter, 1801.*

## LINES TO W. L. [\[236:1\]](#)

### 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—[\[236:2\]](#)! 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, breathed by my angel-guide,  
 Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,  
 Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

1797.

5

[10](#)

### FOOTNOTES:

- [236:1] First published in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. A MS. is extant dated Sept. 14, 1797.

### LINENOTES:

[\[Title\]](#) To Mr. William Linley *MS. 1797*: Sonnet XII, To W. L.—[\[236:2\]](#)! Esq., while he sung &c. *An. Anth.*: To W. L. Esq. &c. *S. L. 1828, 1829*: Lines to W. Linley, Esq. *1893*.

- [3] L—[\[236:2\]](#)! Linley! *MS. 1893*.

- [10] at] by *An. Anth.*

- [12] Methinks] O God! *An. Anth.*

[237]

## FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER [\[237:1\]](#)

### A WAR ECLOGUE

*The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.*

*Fam.* Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?

*Slau.* [*to Fire*]. I will whisper it in her ear.

*Fire.* No! no! no!

Spirits hear what spirits tell:  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell. 5

No! no! no!  
Myself, I named him once below,  
And all the souls, that damnéd be.  
Leaped up at once in anarchy,  
Clapped their hands and danced for glee. 10  
They no longer heeded me;  
But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters  
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!

No! no! no!  
Spirits hear what spirits tell:  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell! 15

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

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

*Both.* The same! the same! 20

[238] *Slau.* He came by stealth, and unlocked my den,  
And I have drunk the blood since then  
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

*Both.* Who bade you do 't?

*Slau.* The same! the same!  
Letters four do form his name. 25  
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!  
To him alone the praise is due.

*Fam.* Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have bled,  
Their wives and their children faint for bread. 30  
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? 35  
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.

*Fam.* A baby beat its dying mother: 40  
I had starved the one and was starving the other!

*Both.* Who bade you do 't?

*Fam.* The same! the same!  
Letters four do form his name. 45  
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, 50  
I flung back my head and I held my sides,  
It was so rare a piece of fun  
To see the sweltered cattle run  
With uncouth gallop through the night,  
Scared by the red and noisy light! 55  
By the light of his own blazing cot  
Was many a naked Rebel shot:  
The house-stream met the flame and hissed,  
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,  
On some of those old bed-rid nurses, 60  
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.

[65](#)

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

*Fam.* 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—

[70](#)

*Slau.* 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 catered for you both;  
And in an hour would you repay  
An eight years' work?—Away! away!  
I alone am faithful! I  
Cling to him everlastingly.

[75](#)

[\[240\]](#)

[80](#)

1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [\[237:1\]](#) First published in the *Morning Post*, January 8, 1798: included in *Annual Anthology*, 1800, and (with an Apologetic Preface, vide [Appendices](#)) in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The poem was probably written in 1796. See *Watchman*, *passim*.

### LINENOTES:

[\[Title\]](#) Scene: A depopulated Tract in La Vendée. Famine is discovered stretched on the ground; to her enter Slaughter and Fire *M. P.*, *Jan. 8, 1798*.

[\[2\]](#) SLAUGHTER. I will name him in your ear. *M. P.*

[\[5\]](#) a] an *all editions to 1834*.

[\[11\]](#) me] *me M. P.*

[\[16\]](#) a] an *all editions to 1834*.

[\[17-18\]](#) FAMINE. Then sound it not, yet let me know;  
Darkly hint it—soft and low!

*M. P.*

In a dark hint, soft and low.

*An. Anth.*

[\[19\]](#) Four letters form his name. *M. P.*

[\[20\]](#) *Both*] FAMINE *M. P.*

[\[22-3\]](#) And I have spill'd the blood since then  
Of thrice ten hundred thousand men.

*M. P.*

[\[22\]](#) drunk] drank *An. Anth.*, *S. L. 1828, 1829*.

[\[24\]](#) *Both*] FIRE and FAMINE *M. P.*

[\[25\]](#) Four letters form his name. *M. P.*

[\[29\]](#) Their wives and children *M. P.*

[\[32\]](#) and the carrion crow *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

[\[39\]](#) *Both*] SLAUGHTER and FIRE *M. P.*

[\[42\]](#) *Both*] SLAUGHTER and FIRE *M. P.*

[\[43\]](#) Four letters form his name. *M. P.*

[\[47\]](#) Hedge] Huts *M. P.*

[\[48\]](#) *om. An. Anth.*

[\[49\]](#) Halloo! Halloo! the work was done *An. Anth.*

[\[50\]](#) As on I strode with monstrous strides *M. P.*: And on as I strode with my great strides *An. Anth.*

[\[51\]](#) and held *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

[\[54\]](#) through] all *M. P.*

- [58] flame] fire *M. P.*: flames *An. Anth.*  
 [59] While crash the roof fell in I wish *M. P.*  
 [62] *Both*] SLAUGHTER and FAMINE *M. P.*  
 [63] Four letters form his name. *M. P.*  
 [65] How shall I give him honour due? *M. P.*  
 [67] we] I *M. P.*  
 [71] and] of *M. P.*

[75](#) foll.

For him that did so much for you.

[To *Slaughter*.

For *you* he turn'd the dust to mud  
 With his fellow creatures' blood!

[To *Famine*.

And hunger scorch'd as many more,  
 To make *your* cup of joy run o'er.

[To *Both*.

Full ninety moons, he by my troth!  
 Hath richly cater'd for you both!  
 And in an hour would you repay  
 An eight years' debt? Away! away!  
 I alone am faithful! I  
 Cling to him everlastingly.

LABERIUS. *M. P.*

Below [81](#) 1798] 1796 *S. L.* 1828, 1829, and 1834.

## FROST AT MIDNIGHT<sup>[240:1]</sup>

The Frost performs its secret ministry,  
 Unhelped by any wind. The owlet'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 5  
 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, 10  
 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, <sup>[240:2]</sup> which fluttered on the grate, 15  
 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,  
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20  
 By its own moods interprets, every where  
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
 And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,  
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,  
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars, 25  
 To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft  
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt  
 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, 30  
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me  
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear  
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!  
 So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,  
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams! 35  
 And so I brooded all the following morn,  
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye  
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:  
 Save if the door half opened, and I snatched  
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up, 40

[241]



For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,  
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,  
 My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,  
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm, 45  
 Fill up the intersperséd vacancies  
 And momentary pauses of the thought!  
 My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart  
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,  
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore, 50  
 And in far other scenes! For I was reared  
 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 55  
 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 60  
 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, 65  
 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 night thatch  
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall 70  
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
 Or if the secret ministry of frost  
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

February, 1798. [\[242:1\]](#)

### FOOTNOTES:

- [\[240:1\]](#) First published in a quarto pamphlet 'printed by Johnson in S. Paul's Churchyard, 1798': included in *Poetical Register*, 1808-9 (1812): in *Fears in Solitude, &c.*, printed by Law and Gilbert, (?) 1812: in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [\[240:2\]](#) *Only that film*. In all parts of the kingdom these films are called *strangers* and supposed to portend the arrival of some absent friend. *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*
- [\[242:1\]](#) The date is omitted in *1829* and in *1834*.

### LINENOTES:

Between [19-25](#)

With which I can hold commune. Idle thought!  
 But still the living spirit in our frame,  
 That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,  
 Transfuses into all its own delights,  
 Its own volition, sometimes with deep faith  
 And sometimes with fantastic playfulness.  
 Ah me! amus'd by no such curious toys  
 Of the self-watching subtilizing mind,  
 How often in my early school-boy days  
 With most believing superstitious wish.

*4<sup>o</sup>.*

With which I can hold commune: haply hence,  
 That still the living spirit in our frame,  
 Which loves not to behold a lifeless thing,  
 Transfuses into all things its own Will,  
 And its own pleasures; sometimes with deep faith,  
 And sometimes with a wilful playfulness  
 That stealing pardon from our common sense  
 Smiles, as self-scornful, to disarm the scorn  
 For these wild reliques of our childish Thought,  
 That flit about, oft go, and oft return  
 Not uninvited.

Ah there was a time,

When oft amused by no such subtle toys  
Of the self-watching mind, a child at school,  
With most believing superstitious wish.

P. R.

Between [20-4](#)

To which the living spirit in our frame,  
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,  
Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

S. L. 1828.

- [26] To watch the *stranger* there! and oft belike 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.  
[27] had] have P. R.  
[32] wild] sweet S. L. (for *sweet* read *wild*. *Errata*, S. L., p. [xii]).  
[45] deep] dead 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R., S. L. (for *dead* read *deep*. *Errata*, S. L., p. [xii]).  
[46] Fill] Fill'd S. L. (for *Fill'd* read *Fill*. *Errata*, S. L., p. [xii]).  
[48] thrills] fills 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R., S. L. (for *fills* read *thrills*. *Errata*, S. L., p. [xii]).  
[67] redbreast] redbreasts 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.  
[69] the nigh] all the 4<sup>o</sup>.  
[71] trances] traces S. L. (for *traces* read *trances*. *Errata*, S. L., p. [xii]).

[72-end](#)

Or whether the secret ministry of cold  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet moon,  
Like those, my babe! which ere tomorrow's warmth  
Have capp'd their sharp keen points with pendulous drops,  
Will catch thine eye, and with their novelty  
Suspend thy little soul; then make thee shout,  
And stretch and flutter from thy mother's arms  
As thou wouldst fly for very eagerness.

4<sup>o</sup>.

[243]

## FRANCE: AN ODE [\[243:1\]](#)

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! 5
- [244] Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,  
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,  
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,  
Have made a solemn music of the wind!  
Where, like a man beloved of God,  
Through glooms, which never woodman trod, 10  
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
My moonlight way o'er flowering 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! 15  
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!  
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!  
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored 20  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

[245]

II

- When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,  
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,  
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared! 25  
With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:  
And when to whelm the disenchanting nation,  
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,

The Monarchs marched in evil day, 30  
And Britain joined 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; 35  
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat  
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,  
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!  
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim  
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame; 40  
But blessed the paeans of delivered 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 45  
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 soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,  
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright; 50  
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory  
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;  
When, insupportably advancing,  
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;  
While timid looks of fury glancing, 55  
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,  
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;  
Then I reproached 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! 60  
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.'

[246]

### IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!  
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament, 65  
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—  
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!  
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,  
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows  
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished 70  
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!  
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; 75  
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? 80  
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,  
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;  
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

[247]

### V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain, 85  
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; 90  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever  
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, 95  
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 travelled by the breeze above,  
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!  
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,  
Possessing all things with intensesst love,  
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

100

105

February, 1798.

## FOOTNOTES:

[243:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, April 16, 1798: included in quarto pamphlet published by J. Johnson, 1798: reprinted in *Morning Post*, Oct. 14, 1802: included in *Poetical Register* for 1808-9 (1812); in *Fears in Solitude, &c.*, printed by Law and Gilbert, (?) 1812; in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Lines 85, 98 are quoted from 'France, a *Palinodia*', in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, i. 195. To the first *Morning Post* version (1798) an editorial note was prefixed:—

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following excellent Ode will be in unison with the feelings of every friend to Liberty and foe to Oppression; of all who, admiring the French Revolution, detest and deplore the conduct of France towards Switzerland. It is very satisfactory to find so zealous and steady an advocate for Freedom as Mr. COLERIDGE concur with us in condemning the conduct of France towards the Swiss Cantons. Indeed his concurrence is not singular; we know of no Friend to Liberty who is not of his opinion. What we most admire is the *avowal* of his sentiments, and public censure of the unprincipled and atrocious conduct of France. The Poem itself is written with great energy. The second, third, and fourth stanzas contain some of the most vigorous lines we have ever read. The lines in the fourth stanza:—

'To scatter rage and trait'rous guilt  
Where Peace her jealous home had built,'

to the end of the stanza are particularly expressive and beautiful.

To the second *Morning Post* version (1802) a note and Argument were prefixed:—

The following ODE was first published in this paper (in the beginning of the year 1798) in a less perfect state. The present state of France and Switzerland give it so peculiar an interest at the present time that we wished to re-publish it and accordingly have procured from the Author a corrected copy.

### ARGUMENT.

'*First Stanza.* An invocation to those objects in Nature the contemplation of which had inspired the Poet with a devotional love of Liberty. *Second Stanza.* The exultation of the Poet at the commencement of the French Revolution, and his unqualified abhorrence of the Alliance against the Republic. *Third Stanza.* The blasphemies and horrors during the domination of the Terrorists regarded by the Poet as a transient storm, and as the natural consequence of the former despotism and of the foul superstition of Popery. Reason, indeed, began to suggest many apprehensions; yet still the Poet struggled to retain the hope that France would make conquests by no other means than by presenting to the observation of Europe a people more happy and better instructed than under other forms of Government. *Fourth Stanza.* Switzerland, and the Poet's recantation. *Fifth Stanza.* An address to Liberty, in which the Poet expresses his conviction that those feelings and that grand *ideal* of Freedom which the mind attains by its contemplation of its individual nature, and of the sublime surrounding objects (see Stanza the First) do not belong to men, as a society, nor can possibly be either gratified or realised, under any form of human government; but belong to the individual man, so far as he is pure, and inflamed with the love and adoration of God in Nature.'

## LINENOTES:

[Title] The Recantation: an Ode. By S. T. Coleridge. 1798.

[1] and] or 1802.

[2] Veering your pathless march without controul 1802.

[5] night-birds] night bird's 1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1802: night-birds' S. L., 1828, 1829.

[6] slope] steep 1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1802, P. R.

[12] way] path 1802.

[23] smote air, earth, and sea] smote earth, air, and sea 1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.: shook earth, air, and sea 1802.

[24] foot] feet 1798.

[26] lofty] eager 1802.

[27] sang] sung 1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.

[30] marched] mov'd 1802.

- [34] the] that *1802*.
- [35] flung] spread *1802*.
- [41] But] I *1802*.
- [44] that sweet music] those sweet Pæans *1802*.
- [46] e'er was] ever *1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*
- [51] deep-scarr'd] deep-scar'd *1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R., S. L.*
- [53] insupportably] irresistibly *1802*.
- [54] ramp] tramp *1828, 1829, 1834, 1852*. [Text of *1834* is here corrected.]
- [58] reproached] rebuk'd *1802*.
- [59] said] cried *1802*.
- [62] compel] persuade *1802*.
- [63] call the Earth] lo! the earth's *1802*.
- [64] those] these *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*
- [66] caverns] cavern *1834, 1852*. [Text of *1834* is here corrected.]
- [69] And ye that flying spot the [your *1802*] mountain-snows *1798*: And ye that fleeing spot the mountain-snows *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*
- [75] stormy] native *1802*.
- [77] taint] stain *1802*.
- [79] patriot] patient *1798, 1802*.
- [80] Was this thy boast *1802*.
- [81] Kings in the low lust] monarchs in the lust *1802*.
- [85-9] The fifth stanza, which alluded to the African Slave Trade as conducted by this Country, and to the present Ministry and their supporters, has been omitted, and would have been omitted without remark if the commencing lines of the sixth stanza had not referred to it.

VI

Shall I with *these* my patriot zeal combine?  
 No, Afric, no! they stand before my ken  
 Loath'd as th' Hyaenas, that in murky den  
 Whine o'er their prey and mangle while they whine,  
 Divinest Liberty! with vain endeavour

*1798.*

- [87] burst] break *1802*. and] to *B. L., i. 194*. name] name *B. L.*
- [91] strain] pomp *B. L.*
- [92] in] on *1802*.
- [95] Priestcraft's] priesthood's *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*: superstition's *B. L.*
- [97] subtle] cherub *B. L.*
- [98] To live amid the winds and move upon the waves  
*1798, 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*  
 To live among the winds and brood upon the waves  
*1802.*
- [99] there] there *1798*: then *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.* that] yon *1802*.
- [100] scarce] just *1802*.
- [102] Yes, as I stood and gazed my forehead bare  
*1802.*
- [104] with] by *1802*.

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[248] **THE OLD MAN OF THE ALPS** [248:1]

Stranger! whose eyes a look of pity shew,  
 Say, will you listen to a tale of woe?  
 A tale in no unwonted horrors drest;  
 But sweet is pity to an agéd breast.  
 This voice did falter with old age before;  
 Sad recollections make it falter more.

Beside the torrent and beneath a wood,  
High in these Alps my summer cottage stood;  
One daughter still remain'd to cheer my way,  
The evening-star of life's declining day: 10  
Duly she hied to fill her milking-pail,  
Ere shout of herdsmen rang from cliff or vale;  
When she return'd, before the summer shiel,  
On the fresh grass she spread the dairy meal;  
Just as the snowy peaks began to lose 15  
In glittering silver lights their rosy hues.  
Singing in woods or bounding o'er the lawn,  
No blither creature hail'd the early dawn;  
And if I spoke of hearts by pain oppress'd.  
When every friend is gone to them that rest; 20  
Or of old men that leave, when they expire,  
Daughters, that should have perish'd with their sire—  
Leave them to toil all day through paths unknown,  
And house at night behind some sheltering stone;  
Impatient of the thought, with lively cheer 25  
She broke half-closed the tasteless tale severe.  
*She* play'd with fancies of a gayer hue,  
Enamour'd of the scenes her *wishes* drew;  
And oft she prattled with an eager tongue  
Of promised joys that would not loiter long, 30  
Till with her tearless eyes so bright and fair,  
She seem'd to see them realis'd in air!  
In fancy oft, within some sunny dell,  
Where never wolf should howl or tempest yell,  
She built a little home of joy and rest, 35  
And fill'd it with the friends whom she lov'd best:  
She named the inmates of her fancied cot,  
And gave to each his own peculiar lot;  
Which with our little herd abroad should roam,  
And which should tend the dairy's toil at home, 40  
And now the hour approach'd which should restore  
Her lover from the wars, to part no more.  
Her whole frame fluttered with uneasy joy;  
I long'd myself to clasp the valiant boy;  
And though I strove to calm *her* eager mood, 45  
It was my own sole thought in solitude.  
I told it to the Saints amid my hymns—  
For O! you know not, on an old man's limbs  
How thrillingly the pleasant sun-beams play,  
That shine upon his daughter's wedding-day. 50  
I hoped, that those fierce tempests, soon to rave  
Unheard, unfelt, around *my* mountain grave,  
Not undelightfully would break *her* rest,  
While she lay pillow'd on her lover's breast;  
Or join'd his pious prayer for pilgrims driven 55  
Out to the mercy of the winds of heaven.  
Yes! now the hour approach'd that should restore  
Her lover from the wars to part no more.  
Her thoughts were wild, her soul was in her eye,  
She wept and laugh'd as if she knew not why; 60  
And she had made a song about the wars,  
And sang it to the sun and to the stars!  
But while she look'd and listen'd, stood and ran,  
And saw him plain in every distant man,  
By treachery stabbed, on *NANSY'S* murderous day, 65  
A senseless corse th' expected husband lay.  
A wounded man, who met us in the wood,  
Heavily ask'd her where *my* cottage stood,  
And told us all: she cast her eyes around  
As if his words had been but empty sound. 70  
Then look'd to Heav'n, like one that would deny  
That such a thing *could be* beneath the sky.  
*Again* he ask'd her if she knew my name,  
And instantly an anguish wrench'd her frame,  
And left her mind imperfect. No delight 75  
Thenceforth she found in any cheerful sight,  
Not ev'n in those time-haunted wells and groves,  
Scenes of past joy, and birth-place of her loves.  
If to her spirit any sound was dear,  
'Twas the deep moan that spoke the tempest near; 80  
Or sighs which chasms of icy vales outbreathe,  
Sent from the dark, imprison'd floods beneath.  
She wander'd up the crag and down the slope,

But not, as in her happy days of hope,  
To seek the churning-plant of sovereign power, 85  
That grew in clefts and bore a scarlet flower!  
She roam'd, without a purpose, all alone,  
Thro' high grey vales unknowing and unknown.

Kind-hearted stranger! patiently you hear  
A tedious tale: I thank you for that tear. 90  
May never other tears o'ercloud your eye,  
Than those which gentle Pity can supply!  
Did you not mark a towering convent hang,  
Where the huge rocks with sounds of torrents rang?  
Ev'n yet, methinks, its spiry turrets swim 95  
Amid yon purple gloom ascending dim!  
For thither oft would my poor child repair,  
To ease her soul by penitence and prayer.  
I knew that peace at good men's prayers returns  
Home to the contrite heart of him that mourns, 100  
And check'd her not; and often there she found  
A timely pallet when the evening frown'd.  
And there I trusted that my child would light  
On shelter and on food, one dreadful night,  
When there was uproar in the element, 105  
And she was absent. To my rest I went:  
I thought her safe, yet often did I wake  
And felt my very heart within me ache.  
No daughter near me, at this very door,  
Next morn I listen'd to the dying roar. 110  
Above, below, the prowling vulture wail'd,  
And down the cliffs the heavy vapour sail'd.  
Up by the wide-spread waves in fury torn,  
Homestalls and pines along the vale were borne.  
The Dalesmen in thick crowds appear'd below 115  
Clearing the road, o'erwhelm'd with hills of snow.  
At times to the proud gust's ascending swell,  
A pack of blood-hounds flung their doleful yell:  
For after nights of storm, that dismal train  
The pious convent sends, with hope humane, 120  
To find some out-stretch'd man—perchance to save,  
Or give, at least, that last good gift, a grave!  
But now a gathering crowd did I survey,  
That slowly up the pasture bent their way;  
Nor could I doubt but that their care had found 125  
Some pilgrim in th' unchannel'd torrent drown'd.  
And down the lawn I hasten'd to implore  
That they would bring the body to my door;  
But soon exclaim'd a boy, who ran before,  
'Thrown by the last night's waters from their bed, 130  
Your daughter has been found, and she is dead!'

The old man paused—May he who, sternly just,  
Lays at his will his creatures in the dust;  
Some ere the earliest buds of hope be blown,  
And some, when every bloom of joy is flown; 135  
May he the parent to his child restore  
In that unchanging realm, where Love reigns evermore!

March 8, 1798.

NICIAS ERYTHRAEUS.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [248:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, March 8, 1798: first collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80: not included in *P. W.*, 1893. Coleridge affixed the signature Nicias Erythraeus to these lines and to *Lewti*, which was published in the *Morning Post* five weeks later, April 13, 1798. For a biographical notice of Janus Nicius Erythraeus (Giovanni Vittorio d' Rossi, 1577-1647) by the late Richard Garnett, see *Literature*, October 22, 1898.

[252]

TO A YOUNG LADY<sup>[252:1]</sup>

[MISS LAVINIA POOLE]

## 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. 5

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. 10

Believe me, while in bed you lay,  
Your danger taught us all to pray:  
You made us grow devouter!  
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,  
How can we do without her? 15

Besides, what vexed 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! 20

March 31, 1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[252:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 9, 1799, included in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] To a Young Lady, on Her First Appearance After A Dangerous Illness. Written in the Spring of 1799 [1799 must be a slip for 1798]. *M. P., An. Anth.*

[1] Louisa] Ophelia *M. P., An. Anth.*

[6-7] The breezy air, the sun, the sky,  
The little birds that sing on high

*M. P., An. Anth.*

[12] all] how *M. P., An. Anth.*

[13] grow] all *M. P., An. Anth.*

[16] what] which *M. P., An. Anth.*

[17] have] had *M. P., An. Anth.*

[19] This] The *M. P.*

Below 20 Laberius *M. P., An. Anth.*

[253]

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## LEWTI<sup>[253:1]</sup>

### OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT

At midnight by the stream I roved,  
To forget the form I loved.  
Image of Lewti! from my mind  
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.  
The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam 5  
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.— 10  
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,  
Gleaming through her sable hair.  
Image of Lewti! from my mind  
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.



[254]	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 image! leave my mind, If Lewti never will be kind.	15 20 25
	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, Lewti! on my couch I lie, A dying man for love of thee. Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind— And yet, thou didst not look unkind.	30 35 40
[255]	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 snatched aloft the lawny shroud <sup>[255:1]</sup> Of Lady fair—that died for love. For maids, as well as youths, have perished From fruitless love too fondly cherished. Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind— For Lewti never will be kind.	45 50
	Hush! 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 tune! O beauteous birds! '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.	55 60
[256]	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.	65 70 75
	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.	80

## FOOTNOTES:

- [253:1] First published in the *Morning Post* (under the signature *Nicias Erythraeus*), April 18, 1798: included in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800; *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. For MS. versions vide [Appendices](#). 'Lewti was to have been included in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, but at the last moment the sheets containing it were cancelled and *The Nightingale* substituted.' (Note to reprint of *L. B.* (1898), edited by T. Hutchinson.) A copy which belonged to Southey, with the new *Table of Contents* and *The Nightingale* bound up with the text as at first printed, is in the British Museum. Another copy is extant which contains the first *Table of Contents* only, and *Lewti* without the addition of *The Nightingale*. In the *M. P.* the following note accompanies the poem.—'It is not amongst the least pleasing of our recollections, that we have been the means of gratifying the public taste with some exquisite pieces of Original Poetry. For many of them we have been indebted to the author of the Circassian's Love Chant. Amidst images of war and woe, amidst scenes of carnage and horror of devastation and dismay, it may afford the mind a temporary relief to wander to the magic haunts of the Muses, to bowers and fountains which the despoiling powers of war have never visited, and where the lover pours forth his complaint, or receives the recompense of his constancy. The whole of the subsequent Love Chant is in a warm and impassioned strain. The fifth and last stanzas are, we think, the best.'
- [255:1] This image was borrowed by Miss Bailey (*sic*) in her *Basil* as the dates of the poems prove. *MS. Note by S. T. C.*

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Lewti; or the Circassian's Love Chant *M. P.*

*Between lines [14-15](#)*

I saw the white waves, o'er and o'er,  
Break against the distant shore.  
All at once upon the sight,  
All at once they broke in light;  
I heard no murmur of their roar,  
Nor ever I beheld them flowing,  
Neither coming, neither going;  
But only saw them o'er and o'er,  
Break against the curved shore:  
Now disappearing from the sight,  
Now twinkling regular and white,  
And LEWTI'S smiling mouth can shew  
As white and regular a row.  
Nay, treach'rous image from my mind  
Depart; for LEWTI is not kind.

*M. P.*

[52] For] Tho' *M. P.*

*Between lines [52-3](#)*

This hand should make his life-blood flow,  
That ever scorn'd my LEWTI so.  
  
I cannot chuse but fix my sight  
On that small vapour, thin and white!  
So thin it scarcely, I protest,  
Bedims the star that shines behind it!  
And pity dwells in LEWTI'S breast  
Alas! if I knew how to find it.  
And O! how sweet it were, I wist,  
To see my LEWTI'S eyes to-morrow  
Shine brightly thro' as thin a mist  
Of pity and repentant sorrow!  
Nay treach'rous image! leave my mind—  
Ah, LEWTI! why art thou unkind?

[53] Hush!] Slush! *Sibylline Leaves* (*Errata, S. L.*, p. [xi], for *Slush* r. *Hush*).

[69-71] Had I the enviable power  
To creep unseen with noiseless tread  
Then should I view

*M. P., An. Anth.*

O beating heart had I the power.

*MS. Corr. An. Anth. by S. T. C.*

[73] my] the *M. P., An. Anth.*

*Below [83](#) Signed Nicias Erythraeus. M. P.*

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

[257]	A green and silent spot, amid the hills, A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place No singing sky-lark ever poised 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, Bathed 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 withered 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!	5 10 15 20 25
	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 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 undetermined 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, Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence, Even 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 Engulfed 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 honourable 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 preached, Are muttered 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;	30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70
[258]		
[259]		

All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed, 75  
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, 80  
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, 85  
Cries out, 'Where is it?'

Thankless too for peace,  
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)  
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved  
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!  
Alas! for ages ignorant of all 90  
Its 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, 95  
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, 100  
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names.  
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 105  
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, 110  
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute  
And technical in victories and defeats,  
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;  
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues  
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which 115  
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 gored without a pang; as if the wretch,  
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds, 120  
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;  
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, 125  
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! O! spare us yet awhile! 130  
Oh! let not English women drag their flight  
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,  
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday  
Laughed at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all 135  
Who ever gazed 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, 140  
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, 145  
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;  
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,

[260]

[261]

And let them toss as idly on its waves  
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast  
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return [150](#)  
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. [155](#)

Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistimed;  
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, [160](#)  
Groaning with restless enmity, expect  
All change from change of constituted power;

[262] As if a Government had been a robe,  
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged  
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe [165](#)  
Pulled 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, [170](#)  
Which gave them birth and nursed 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 deemed.— [175](#)

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 [180](#)  
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, [185](#)  
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,

All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
All adoration of the God in nature,  
All lovely and all honourable things.

Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel [190](#)  
The joy and greatness of its future being?  
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul

Unborrowed from my country! O divine  
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole [195](#)  
And most magnificent temple, in the which

[263] 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 roared and died away [200](#)  
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard  
In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad  
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze: [205](#)  
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! recalled [210](#)  
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, [215](#)  
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! 220  
 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 225  
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light  
 And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,  
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!  
 And grateful, that by nature's quietness  
 And solitary musings, all my heart 230  
 Is softened, and made worthy to indulge  
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

NETHER STOWEY, *April 20, 1798.*

### FOOTNOTES:

[256:1] First published in a quarto pamphlet 'printed by J. Johnson in S. Paul's Churchyard, 1798': included in *Poetical Register*, 1808-9 (1812), and, with the same text, in an octavo pamphlet printed by Law and Gilbert in (?) 1812: in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Lines 129-97 were reprinted in the *Morning Post*, Oct. 14, 1802. They follow the reprint of *France: an Ode*, and are thus prefaced:—'The following extracts are made from a Poem by the same author, written in April 1798 during the alarm respecting the threatened invasion. They were included in *The Friend*, No. II (June 8, 1809), as *Fears of Solitude*.' An autograph MS. (in the possession of Professor Dowden), undated but initialled S. T. C., is subscribed as follows:—'N. B. The above is perhaps not Poetry,—but rather a sort of middle thing between Poetry and Oratory—sermoni propria.—Some parts are, I am conscious, too tame even for animated prose.' An autograph MS. dated (as below 232) is in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] *Fears &c.* Written, April 1798, during the Alarms of an Invasion *MS. W., 4<sup>o</sup>*: *Fears &c.* Written April 1798, &c. *P. R.*

[19] that] which *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[33] It is indeed a melancholy thing  
 And weighs upon the heart

*4<sup>o</sup>, P. R., S. L.*

[40] groans] screams *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[43] And have been tyrannous *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[44-60] The groan of accusation pleads against us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Desunt aliqua  
 . . . Meanwhile at home  
 We have been drinking with a riotous thirst  
 Pollutions, &c.

*MS. D.*

[53-9] Meanwhile at home  
 We have been drinking with a riotous thirst.  
 Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth  
 A selfish, lewd, effeminated race.

*MS. W., 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[Lines 54-8 of the text were added in *Sibylline Leaves, 1817.*]

[69] know] *know MS. W., 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[110] from] of *4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[112] defeats] deceit *S. L.* [*Probably a misprint*].

[121] translated] *translated 4<sup>o</sup>, P. R.*

[131] drag] speed *1809.*

[133] that] who *1802, 1809.*

[134] Laugh'd at the bosom! Husbands, fathers, all *1802*: Smil'd at the bosom! Husbands, Brothers, all *The Friend, 1809.*

[136] Which] That *1802.*

- [138] pure] strong 1809.
- [139] foe] race 1809.
- [138-9] Without the Infidel's scorn, stand forth, be men,  
Make yourselves strong, repel an impious foe  
1802.
- [140] yet] and *MS. W.*
- [141] Who] That 4<sup>o</sup>, *P. R.*, 1802, 1809.
- [146] we] ye 1809.
- [148] toss] float 1809.
- [149] sea-weed] sea-weeds *MS. W.*, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1802. some] the 1809.
- [150] Swept] Sweeps 1809.
- [151] fear] awe 1802.
- [151-3] Not in a drunken triumph, but with awe  
Repentant of the wrongs, with which we stung  
So fierce a race to Frenzy.  
1809.
- [154] O men of England! Brothers! I have told 1809.
- [155] truth] truths 1802, 1809.
- [156] factious] factitious 1809.
- [157] courage] freedom 1802.
- [159-61] At their own vices. Fondly some expect [We have been . . . enmity *om.*] 1802.
- [161-4] Restless in enmity have thought all change  
Involv'd in change of constituted power.  
As if a Government were but a robe  
On which our vice and wretchedness were sewn.  
1809.
- [162] constituted] delegated 1802.
- [163] had been] were but 1809.
- [163-75] As if a government were but a robe  
To which our crimes and miseries were affix'd,  
Like fringe, or epaulet, and with the robe  
Pull'd off at pleasure. Others, the meantime,  
Doat with a mad idolatry, and all  
Who will not bow their heads, and close their eyes,  
And worship blindly—these are enemies  
Even of their country. Such have they deemed *me*.  
1802.
- [166-71] Fondly . . . nursed them *om.* 1809.
- [171] nursed] nurse 4<sup>o</sup>, *S. L.* meanwhile] meantime 1809.
- [175] *Such have I been deemed* 1809.
- [177] prove] be 1802, 1809.
- [179] father] parent 1809.
- [180] All natural bonds of 1802.
- [181] limits] circle 1802, 1809.
- [183] couldst thou be 1802: shouldst thou be 1809.
- [184-5] To me who from thy brooks and mountain-hills,  
Thy quiet fields, thy clouds, thy rocks, thy seas  
1802.
- To me who from thy seas and rocky shores  
Thy quiet fields thy streams and wooded hills  
1809.
- [207] Aslant the ivied] On the long-ivied *MS. W.*, 4<sup>o</sup>.
- [214] nook] scene *MS. W.*, 4<sup>o</sup>, *P. R.*

## A CONVERSATION POEM, 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!	5
	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 though 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! <sup>[264:2]</sup> A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought! In Nature there is nothing melancholy.	10 15
	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! filled all things with himself, And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale 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 stretched 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 forgetful! so his fame Should share in Nature's immortality, A venerable thing! and so his song Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so; And youths and maidens most poetical, Who lose the deepening 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.	20 25 30 35
[265]	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!	40 45
	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 song, With skirmish and capricious passagings, And murmurs musical and swift jug jug, And one low piping sound more sweet than all— Stirring the air with such a harmony, That should you close your eyes, you might almost Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes, Whose dewy 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.	50 55 60 65
[266]	A most gentle Maid, Who dwelleth in her hospitable home	70



Hard by the castle, and at latest eve  
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate  
To something more than Nature in the grove)  
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes, 75  
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 awakened earth and sky  
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds 80  
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched  
Many a nightingale perch giddily  
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,  
And to that motion tune his wanton song 85  
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! 90  
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, 95  
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—) 100  
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,  
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,  
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,  
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,  
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!— 105  
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. 110

1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [264:1] First published in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, reprinted in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, 1802, and 1805: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [264:2] '*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. *Footnote* to l. 13 *L. B.* 1798, *L. B.* 1800, *S. L.* 1817, 1828, 1829. In 1834 the footnote ends with the word 'Milton', the last sentence being omitted.

### LINENOTES:

*Note.* In the Table of Contents of *1828* and *1829* 'The Nightingale' is omitted.

[[Title](#)] The Nightingale; a Conversational Poem, written in April, 1798 *L. B.* 1798: The Nightingale, written in April, 1798 *L. B.* 1800: The Nightingale A Conversation Poem, written in April, 1798 *S. L.*, 1828, 1829.

- [21] sorrow] sorrows *L. B.* 1798, 1800.
- [40] My Friend, and my Friend's sister *L. B.* 1798, 1800.
- [58] song] songs *L. B.* 1798, 1800, *S. L.*
- [61] And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all—*S. L.* 1817: (punctuate thus, reading *Sound* for *sounds*:—And one low piping Sound more sweet than all—*Errata*, *S. L.*, p. [xii]).
- [62] a] an *all editions to 1884*.
- [64-9] On moonlight . . . her love-torch *om. L. B.* 1800.
- [79] those] these *S. L.* 1817.
- [81] As if one quick and sudden gale had swept *L. B.* 1798, 1800, *S. L.* 1817.

[82] A] An *all editions to 1834.*

[84] blossomy] blosmy *L. B. 1798, 1800, S. L. 1817.*

[102] beheld] beholds *L. B. 1798, 1800.*

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## THE THREE GRAVES<sup>[267:1]</sup>

### A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE

[268]

'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.<sup>[268:1]</sup> 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 judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows:—

[269]

'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 eye; 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 mistook<sup>[268:2]</sup> 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 the 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 upstairs, 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 choose 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 impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effects 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."<sup>[269:1]</sup>" *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Beneath this thorn when I was young,  
This thorn that blooms so sweet,  
We loved to stretch our lazy limbs  
In summer's noon-tide heat.

[270]

And hither too the old man came,  
The maiden and her feer,  
'Then tell me, Sexton, tell me why  
The toad has harbour here.

5

'The Thorn is neither dry nor dead,  
But still it blossoms sweet;  
Then tell me why all round its roots  
The dock and nettle meet.

10

'Why here the hemlock, &c. [*sic in MS.*]

'Why these three graves all side by side,  
Beneath the flow'ry thorn,  
Stretch out so green and dark a length,  
By any foot unworn.'

15

There, there a ruthless mother lies  
Beneath the flowery thorn;  
And there a barren wife is laid,  
And there a maid forlorn.

20

The barren wife and maid forlorn  
Did love each other dear;  
The ruthless mother wrought the woe,  
And cost them many a tear.

25

Fair Ellen was of serious mind,  
Her temper mild and even,  
And Mary, graceful as the fir  
That points the spire to heaven.

Young Edward he to Mary said,  
'I would you were my bride,'  
And she was scarlet as he spoke,  
And turned her face to hide.

30

'You know my mother she is rich,  
And you have little gear;  
And go and if she say not Nay,  
Then I will be your fere.'

35

Young Edward to the mother went.  
To him the mother said:  
'In truth you are a comely man;  
You shall my daughter wed.'

40

[271]

[271:1][In Mary's joy fair Eleanor  
Did bear a sister's part;  
For why, though not akin in blood,  
They sisters were in heart.]

45

Small need to tell to any man  
That ever shed a tear  
What passed within the lover's heart  
The happy day so near.

The mother, more than mothers use,  
Rejoiced when they were by;  
And all the 'course of wooing' passed [271:2]  
Beneath the mother's eye.

50

And here within the flowering thorn  
How deep they drank of joy:  
The mother fed upon the sight,  
Nor . . . [*sic in MS.*]

55

[PART II—FROM MS.] [271:3]

And now the wedding day was fix'd,  
The wedding-ring was bought;  
The wedding-cake with her own hand  
The ruthless mother brought.

60

	'And when to-morrow's sun shines forth The maid shall be a bride'; Thus Edward to the mother spake While she sate by his side.	65
	Alone they sate within the bower: The mother's colour fled, For Mary's foot was heard above— She decked the bridal bed.	
	And when her foot was on the stairs To meet her at the door, With steady step the mother rose, And silent left the bower.	70
[272]	She stood, her back against the door, And when her child drew near— 'Away! away!' the mother cried, 'Ye shall not enter here.	75
	'Would ye come here, ye maiden vile, And rob me of my mate?' And on her child the mother scowled A deadly leer of hate.	<u>80</u>
	Fast rooted to the spot, you guess, The wretched maiden stood, As pale as any ghost of night That wanteth flesh and blood.	85
	She did not groan, she did not fall, She did not shed a tear, Nor did she cry, 'Oh! mother, why May I not enter here?'	
	But wildly up the stairs she ran, As if her sense was fled, And then her trembling limbs she threw Upon the bridal bed.	90
	The mother she to Edward went Where he sate in the bower, And said, 'That woman is not fit To be your paramour.	95
	'She is my child—it makes my heart With grief and trouble swell; I rue the hour that gave her birth, For never worse befel.	100
	'For she is fierce and she is proud, And of an envious mind; A wily hypocrite she is, And giddy as the wind.	105
	'And if you go to church with her, You'll rue the bitter smart; For she will wrong your marriage-bed, And she will break your heart.	
[273]	'Oh God, to think that I have shared Her deadly sin so long; She is my child, and therefore I As mother held my tongue.	110
	'She is my child, I've risked for her My living soul's estate: I cannot say my daily prayers, The burthen is so great.	115
	'And she would scatter gold about Until her back was bare; And should you swing for lust of hers In truth she'd little care.'	120
	Then in a softer tone she said, And took him by the hand: 'Sweet Edward, for one kiss of your's I'd give my house and land.	125

'And if you'll go to church with me, And take me for your bride, I'll make you heir of all I have— Nothing shall be denied.'	
Then Edward started from his seat, And he laughed loud and long— 'In truth, good mother, you are mad, Or drunk with liquor strong.'	130
To him no word the mother said, But on her knees she fell, And fetched her breath while thrice your hand Might toll the passing-bell.	135
'Thou daughter now above my head, Whom in my womb I bore, May every drop of thy heart's blood Be curst for ever more.	140
'And curséd be the hour when first I heard thee wawl and cry; And in the Church-yard curséd be The grave where thou shalt lie!'	145
[274] And Mary on the bridal-bed Her mother's curse had heard; And while the cruel mother spake The bed beneath her stirred.	
In wrath young Edward left the hall, And turning round he sees The mother looking up to God And still upon her knees.	150
Young Edward he to Mary went When on the bed she lay: 'Sweet love, this is a wicked house— Sweet love, we must away.'	155
He raised her from the bridal-bed, All pale and wan with fear; 'No Dog,' quoth he, 'if he were mine, No Dog would kennel here.'	160
He led her from the bridal-bed, He led her from the stairs. [Had sense been hers she had not dar'd To venture on her prayers. <i>MS. erased.</i> ]	
The mother still was in the bower, And with a greedy heart She <i>drank perdition</i> on her knees, Which never may depart.	165
But when their steps were heard below On God she did not call; She did forget the God of Heaven, For they were in the hall.	170
She started up—the servant maid Did see her when she rose; And she has oft declared to me The blood within her froze.	175
As Edward led his bride away And hurried to the door, The ruthless mother springing forth Stopped midway on the floor.	
What did she mean? What did she mean? For with a smile she cried: 'Unblest ye shall not pass my door, The bride-groom and his bride.	180
[275] 'Be blithe as lambs in April are, As flies when fruits are red; May God forbid that thought of me Should haunt your marriage-bed.	185

'And let the night be given to bliss,  
 The day be given to glee:  
 I am a woman weak and old,  
 Why turn a thought on me? 190

'What can an aged mother do,  
 And what have ye to dread?  
 A curse is wind, it hath no shape  
 To haunt your marriage-bed.' 195

When they were gone and out of sight  
 She rent her hoary hair,  
 And foamed like any Dog of June  
 When sultry sun-beams glare.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now ask you why the barren wife,  
 And why the maid forlorn,  
 And why the ruthless mother lies  
 Beneath the flowery thorn? 200

Three times, three times this spade of mine,  
 In spite of bolt or bar,  
 Did from beneath the belfry come,  
 When spirits wandering are. 205

And when the mother's soul to Hell  
 By howling fiends was borne,  
 This spade was seen to mark her grave  
 Beneath the flowery thorn. 210

And when the death-knock at the door  
 Called home the maid forlorn,  
 This spade was seen to mark her grave  
 Beneath the flowery thorn. 215

And 'tis a fearful, fearful tree;  
 The ghosts that round it meet,  
 'Tis they that cut the rind at night,  
 Yet still it blossoms sweet.

\* \* \* \* \*

[End of MS.]

[276]

PART III [\[276:1\]](#)

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. [220](#)

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane  
 Still swung the spikes of corn: [225](#)  
 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 boughed, [230](#)  
 For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track  
 The bride and bridegroom went;  
 Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,  
 Seemed cheerful and content. 235

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

And when the Vicar join'd their hands, [240](#)  
 Her limbs did creep and freeze:  
 But when they prayed, she thought she saw  
 Her mother on her knees.

[277]

And o'er the church-path they returned—  
 I saw poor Mary's back, 245

Just as she stepped beneath the boughs  
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track  
The married maiden set:  
That moment—I have heard her say— 250  
She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—  
Then came a chill like death:  
And when the merry bells rang out,  
They seemed to stop her breath. 255

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

So five months passed: the mother still 260  
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: 265  
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! 270  
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 stirred not out, lest she might meet 275  
Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways  
And weather dark and dreary,  
Trudged every day to Edward's house,  
And made them all more cheery. 280

[278] 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 missed her. 285

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, 290  
Once, Sir, he said to me,  
He wished that service was clean out  
Of our good Liturgy.

The mother walked into the church—  
To Ellen's seat she went: 295  
Though Ellen always kept her church  
All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her  
With courteous looks and mild:  
Thought she, 'What if her heart should melt,  
And all be reconciled!' 300

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. 305

The wind was wild; against the glass  
The rain did beat and bicker;  
The church-tower swinging 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!	310
	'O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven. Although you take my life— O curse this woman, at whose house Young Edward woo'd his wife.	315
[279]	'By night and day, in bed and bower, O let her curséd be!!!' So having prayed, steady and slow, She rose up from her knee! And left the church, nor e'er again The church-door entered she.	320
	I saw poor Ellen kneeling still, So pale! I guessed not why: When she stood up, there plainly was A trouble in her eye.	325
	And when the prayers were done, we all Came round and asked her why: Giddy she seemed, and sure, there was A trouble in her eye.	330
	But ere she from the church-door stepped She smiled and told us why: 'It was a wicked woman's curse,' Quoth she, 'and what care I?'	335
	She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off Ere 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?'	340
	There was a hurry in her looks, Her struggles she redoubled: 'It was a wicked woman's curse, And why should I be troubled?'	345
	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.	350
	But Mary heard the tale: her arms Round Ellen's neck she threw; 'O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me, And now she hath cursed you!'	355
[280]	I saw young Edward by himself Stalk fast adown the lee, He snatched a stick from every fence, A twig from every tree.	
	He snapped them still with hand or knee, And then away they flew! As if with his uneasy limbs He knew not what to do!	360
	You see, good sir! that single hill? His farm lies underneath: He heard it there, he heard it all, And only gnashed his teeth.	365
	Now Ellen was a darling love In all his joys and cares: And Ellen's name and Mary's name Fast-linked they both together came, Whene'er he said his prayers.	370
	And in the moment of his prayers	



He loved them both alike:  
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy 375  
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. 380

And Mary could not check her tears,  
So on his breast she bowed;  
Then frenzy melted into grief,  
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,  
But closelier did she cling,  
And turned her face and looked as if  
She saw some frightful thing. 385

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! 390

[281] You see that grave? The Lord he gives,  
The Lord, he takes away:  
O Sir! the child of my old age 395  
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! 400

'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, 405  
For three good hours and more;  
Though I had heard it, in the main,  
From Edward's self, before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen  
Did well nigh dote on Mary;  
And she went oftener than before,  
And Mary loved her more and more: 410  
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,  
To church on Sundays came;  
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!  
But all was not the same! 415

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!  
But she was seldom cheerful;  
And Edward looked as if he thought  
That Ellen's mirth was fearful. 420

When by herself, she to herself  
Must sing some merry rhyme;  
She could not now be glad for hours,  
Yet silent all the time. 425

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

[282] And oft she said, I'm not grown thin! 430  
And then her wrist she spanned;  
And once when Mary was down-cast,  
She took her by the hand,  
And gazed upon her, and at first  
She gently pressed her hand; 435

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.	440
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!'	<a href="#">445</a>
So gentle Ellen now no more Could make this sad house cheery; And Mary's melancholy ways Drove Edward wild and weary.	450
Lingering he raised his latch at eve, Though tired in heart and limb: He loved no other place, and yet Home was no home to him.	455
One evening he took up a book, And nothing in it read; Then flung it down, and groaning cried, 'O! Heaven! that I were dead.'	
Mary looked up into his face, And nothing to him said; She tried to smile, and on his arm Mournfully leaned her head.	460
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!'	465
[283] 'Twas such a foggy time as makes Old sextons, Sir! like me, Rest on their spades to cough; the spring Was late uncommonly.	<a href="#">470</a>
And then the hot days, all at once, They came, we knew not how: You looked about for shade, when scarce A leaf was on a bough.	475
It happened then ('twas in the bower, A furlong up the wood: Perhaps you know the place, and yet I scarce know how you should,)	
No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh To any pasture-plot; But clustered near the chattering brook, Lone hollies marked the spot.	<a href="#">480</a>
Those hollies of themselves a shape As of an arbour took, A close, round arbour; and it stands Not three strides from a brook.	<a href="#">485</a>
Within this arbour, which was still With scarlet berries hung, Were these three friends, one Sunday morn, Just as the first bell rung.	<a href="#">490</a>
'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.	495
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.	500

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

- [284] 'The Sun peeps through the close thick leaves, 505  
See, dearest Ellen! see!  
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,  
No bigger than your ee;
- 'A tiny sun, and it has got 510  
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, 515  
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 520  
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 525  
Did Edward mutter plain;  
His face was drawn back on itself,  
With horror and huge pain.
- Both groaned at once, for both knew well  
What thoughts were in his mind;  
When he waked up, and stared like one  
That hath been just struck blind.
- He sat upright; and ere the dream 530  
Had had time to depart,  
'O God, forgive me!' (he exclaimed)  
'I have torn out her heart.'
- Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst 535  
Into ungentle laughter;  
And Mary shivered, where she sat,  
And never she smiled after.

1797-1809.

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

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [267:1] Parts III and IV of the *Three Graves* were first published in *The Friend*, No. VI, September 21, 1809. They were included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Parts I and II, which were probably written in the spring of 1798, at the same time as Parts III and IV, were first published, from an autograph MS. copy, in *Poems*, 1893. [For evidence of date compare ll. 255-8 with Dorothy Wordsworth's *Alfoxden Journal* for March 20, 24, and April 6, 8.] The original MS. of Parts III and IV is not forthcoming. The MS. of the poem as published in *The Friend* is in the handwriting of Miss Sarah Stoddart (afterwards Mrs. Hazlitt), and is preserved with other 'copy' of *The Friend* (of which the greater part is in the handwriting of Miss Sarah Hutchinson) in the Forster Collection which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. The preface and emendations are in the handwriting of S. T. C. The poem was reprinted in the *British Minstrel*, Glasgow, 1821 as 'a modern ballad of the very first rank'. In a marginal note in Mr. Samuel's copy of *Sibylline Leaves* Coleridge writes:—'This very poem was selected, notwithstanding the preface, as a proof of my judgment and poetic diction, and a fair specimen of the style of my poems generally (see the *Mirror*): nay! the very words of the preface were used, omitting the *not*,' &c. See for this and other critical matter, *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, 1898. *Notes*, p. 257.
- [268:1] in the common ballad metre *MS*.
- [268:2] mistaking *The Friend*.
- [269:1] In the first issue of *The Friend*, No. VI, September 21, 1809, the poem was thus introduced:—'As I wish to commence the important Subject of—*The Principles* of political Justice with a separate number of THE FRIEND, and shall at the same time comply with the wishes communicated to me by one of my female Readers, who writes as the representative of many others, I shall conclude this Number with the following Fragment, or the third and fourth [second and third *MS*. S. T. C.] parts of a Tale consisting of six. The two last parts

may be given hereafter, if the present should appear to have afforded pleasure, and to have answered the purpose of a relief and amusement to my Readers. The story as it is contained in the first and second parts is as follows: *Edward a young farmer*, etc.'

- [271:1] It is uncertain whether this stanza is erased, or merely blotted in the MS.
- [271:2] *Othello* iii. 3.
- [271:3] The words 'Part II' are not in the MS.
- [276:1] In the MS. of *The Friend*, Part III is headed:—'The Three Graves. A Sexton's Tale. A Fragment.' A MS. note *erased* in the handwriting of S. T. C. is attached:—'N. B. Written for me by Sarah Stoddart before her brother was an entire Blank. I have not *voluntarily* been guilty of any desecration of holy *Names*.' In *The Friend*, in *Sibyline Leaves*, in 1828, 1829, and 1834, the poem is headed 'The Three Graves, &c.' The heading 'Part III' first appeared in 1893.

### LINENOTES:

- [4] In the silent summer heat *MS. alternative reading*.
- [14] Why these three graves all in a row  
*MS. alternative reading*  
Stretch out their dark and gloomy length  
*MS. erased*.
- [33] turned] strove *MS. erased*.
- [49] happy] wedding *MS. variant*.
- [81] A deadly] The ghastly *MS. erased*.  
[Part III](#)] III *MS. erased*.  
220 foll. In *The Friend* the lines were printed continuously. The division into stanzas (as in the MS.) dates from the republication of the poem in *Sibyline Leaves*, 1817.
- [221] as ripe] as they *MS*.
- [224] High on the hedge-elms in the lane *MS. erased*.
- [225] spikes] strikes *Sibyline Leaves*, 1817. [Note. It is possible that 'strikes'—a Somersetshire word—(compare 'strikes of flax') was deliberately substituted for 'spikes'. It does not appear in the long list of *Errata* prefixed to *Sibyline Leaves*. Wagons passing through narrow lanes leave on the hedge-rows not single 'spikes', but little swathes or fillets of corn.]
- [230] over boughed] over-bough'd *MS*.
- [242] they] he *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [260] So five months passed: this mother foul *MS. erased*.
- [278] dark] dank *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [308] swinging] singing *MS. The Friend*, 1809: swaying *S. L*.
- [309] You could not hear the Vicar. *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [315] you] thou *The Friend*, 1809.  
[Part IV](#)] The Three Graves, a Sexton's Tale, Part the IVth *MS*.
- [395] O Sir!] Oh! 'tis *S. L*.
- [447] you're] how *MS*.
- [473] we] one *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [483] Lone] Some *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [487] a] the *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [490] friends] dears *MS. erased*.
- [507] in] in *MS. The Friend*, 1809.
- [511] *inserted by S. T. C. MS*.
- [530-1] He sat upright; and with quick voice  
While his eyes seem'd to start  
*MS. erased*.

### PREFATORY NOTE

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems *primâ facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et*

[286] *amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another [Wordsworth], whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and which ever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having despatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humourous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

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Years afterward, however, the draft of the plan and proposed incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realising this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the 'Fortunate Isles' of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen:—

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,  
That leafy twine his only dress!  
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,  
By moonlight, in a wilderness.  
(In a moonlight wilderness *Aids to Reflection*, 1825.)  
The moon was bright, the air was free,  
And fruits and flowers together grew  
On many a shrub and many a tree:  
And all put on a gentle hue,  
Hanging in the shadowy air  
Like a picture rich and rare.  
It was a climate where, they say,  
The night is more belov'd than day.  
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,  
That beauteous Boy to linger here?  
Alone, by night, a little child,  
In place so silent and so wild—  
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the 'Wanderings of Cain, a poem',—intreating, however, my Readers, not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself were I to record pro *taedio* publico a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE (1828).

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## THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

### CANTO II

'A little further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight.' Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

'It is dark, O my father!' said Enos, 'but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight.'

'Lead on, my child!' said Cain; 'guide me, little child!' And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his

father. 'The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.' 'Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leaped away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?' Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

[289] And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice: and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up.' Then Enos spake to his father, 'Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher.' And Cain said, 'How knowest thou!' and the child answered:—'Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo.' Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

[290] The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might

stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, 'Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger.'

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered, 'Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it': and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous, like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

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Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, 'Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery.' Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, 'What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?' 'Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation.' Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—'The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?' Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child, 'I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?' But Cain said, 'Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?' The Shape answered, 'The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God.' Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. 'Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life,' exclaimed the Shape, 'who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion.' Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands: and Cain said in his heart, 'The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?' and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped,

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and beholding him not, said, 'he has passed into the dark woods,' and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, 'Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and

by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?' The Shape arose and answered, 'O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!'

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

1798.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[285:1] *The Wanderings of Cain* in its present shape was first published in 1828: included in 1829, and (with the omission of that part of the Prefatory Note which follows the verses) in 1834. The verses ('Encinctured', &c.) were first published in the 'Conclusion' of *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 383, with the following apologetic note:—'Will the Reader forgive me if I attempt at once to illustrate and relieve the subject ["the enthusiastic Mystics"] by annexing the first stanza of the Poem, composed in the same year in which I wrote the Ancient Mariner and the first Book of Christabel.' The *prose* was first published without the verses or 'Prefatory Note' in the *Bijou* for 1828. [See *Poems*, 1893, *Notes*, p. 600.]

A rough draft of a continuation or alternative version of the *Wanderings of Cain* was found among Coleridge's papers. The greater portion of these fragmentary sheets was printed by the Editor, in the *Athenaeum* of January 27, 1894, p. 114. The introduction of 'alligators' and an 'immense meadow' help to fix the date of *The Wanderings of Cain*. The imagery is derived from William Bartram's *Travels in Florida and Carolina*, which Coleridge and Wordsworth studied in 1798. Mr. Hutchinson, who reprints (*Lyrical Ballads of 1798*, *Notes*, pp. 259-60) a selected passage from the MS. fragment, points out 'that Coleridge had for a time thought of shaping the poem as a narrative addressed by Cain to his wife'.

'He falls down in a trance—when he awakes he sees a luminous body coming before him. It stands before him an orb of fire. It goes on, he moves not. It returns to him again, again retires as if wishing him to follow it. It then goes on and he follows: they are led to near the bottom of the wild woods, brooks, forests etc. etc. The Fire gradually shapes itself, retaining its luminous appearance, into the lineaments of a man. A dialogue between the fiery shape and Cain, in which the being presses upon him the enormity of his guilt and that he must make some expiation to the true deity, who is a severe God, and persuades him to burn out his eyes. Cain opposes this idea, and says that God himself who had inflicted this punishment upon him, had done it because he neglected to make a proper use of his senses, etc. The evil spirit answers him that God is indeed a God of mercy, and that an example must be given to mankind, that this end will be answered by his terrible appearance, at the same time he will be gratified with the most delicious sights and feelings. Cain, over-persuaded, consents to do it, but wishes to go to the top of the rocks to take a farewell of the earth. His farewell speech concluding with an abrupt address to the promised redeemer, and he abandons the idea on which the being had accompanied him, and turning round to declare this to the being he sees him dancing from rock to rock in his former shape down those interminable precipices.

'Child appeared by his father's ravings, goes out to pluck the fruits in the moonlight wildness. Cain's soliloquy. Child returns with a pitcher of water and a cake. Cain wonders what kind of beings dwell in that place—whether any created since man or whether this world had any beings rescued from the Chaos, wandering like shipwrecked beings from another world etc.

'Midnight on the Euphrates. Cedars, palms, pines. Cain discovered sitting on the upper part of the ragged rock, where is cavern overlooking the Euphrates, the moon rising on the horizon. His soliloquy. The Beasts are out on the ramp—he hears the screams of a woman and children surrounded by tigers. Cain makes a soliloquy debating whether he shall save the woman. Cain advances, wishing death, and the tigers rush off. It proves to be Cain's wife with her two children, determined to follow her husband. She prevails upon him at last to tell his story. Cain's wife tells him that her son Enoch was placed suddenly by her side. Cain addresses all the elements to cease for a while to persecute him, while he tells his story. He begins with telling her that he had first after his leaving her found out a dwelling in the desert under a juniper tree etc., etc., how he meets in the desert a young man whom upon a nearer approach he perceives to be Abel, on whose countenance appears marks of the greatest misery . . . of another being who had power after this life, greater than Jehovah. He is going to offer sacrifices to this being, and persuades Cain to follow him—he comes to an immense gulph filled with water, whither they descend followed by alligators etc. They go till they come to an immense meadow so surrounded as to be inaccessible, and from its depth so vast that you could not see it from above. Abel offers sacrifice from the blood of his arm. A gleam of light illumines the meadow—the countenance of Abel becomes more beautiful, and his arms glistening—he then persuades Cain to offer sacrifice, for himself and his son Enoch by cutting his child's arm and letting the blood fall from it. Cain is about to do it when Abel himself in his angelic appearance, attended by Michael, is seen in the heavens, whence they sail slowly down. Abel addresses Cain with terror, warning him not to offer up his innocent child. The evil spirit throws off the countenance of Abel, assumes its own shape, flies off pursuing a flying battle with Michael. Abel carries off the child.'



## LINENOTES:

- [12] *moonlight*. Ah, why dost thou groan so deeply? *MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [25] *with me?* Is it because we are not so happy, as they? Is it because I groan sometimes even as thou groanest? *Then Cain stopped, &c. MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [63-8] *by fire*: his hair was black, and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and *told, &c. MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [87] *by the terrible groan the Earth gave when, &c. MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [92-3] *But ere they arrived there they beheld, MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [94] advancing] coming up *MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [98-101] The face of Cain turned pale, but Enos said, '*Ere yet, &c. MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [108-9] *Enos crept softly round the base of the rock and stood before MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [114-16] *of a dream*; and ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation, *the Shape, &c. MS. Bijou, 1828*.
- [160] and walked *Bijou, 1828*. rocks] rock *MS*.
- [170] but] and *MS*.
- [176] the] their *MS*.

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## TO ——— [292:1]

I mix in life, and labour to seem free,  
With common persons pleas'd and common things,  
While every thought and action tends to thee,  
And every impulse from thy influence springs.

? 1798.

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [292:1] First published without title in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 280 (among other short pieces and fragments 'communicated by Mr. Gutch'). First collected, again without title, in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] To ——— 1893. The heading *Ubi Thesaurus Ibi Cor* was prefixed to the illustrated edition of *The Poems of Coleridge*, 1907.

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## [293] THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIÉ [293:1]

### A FRAGMENT

Beneath yon birch with silver bark,  
And boughs so pendulous and fair,  
The brook falls scatter'd down the rock:  
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,  
The Dark Ladié in silent pain;  
The heavy tear is in her eye,  
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page  
Up the castled mountain's breast,  
If he might find the Knight that wears  
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,  
And she had linger'd there all day,  
Counting moments, dreaming fears—  
Oh wherefore can he stay?

- [294] She hears a rustling o'er the brook,  
She sees far off a swinging bough!

5

10

15

'Tis He! 'Tis my betrothed Knight!  
Lord Falkland, it is Thou! 20

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,  
She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,  
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks  
She quenches with her tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

'My friends with rude ungentle words 25  
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!  
O give me shelter in thy breast!  
O shield and shelter me!

'My Henry, I have given thee much,  
I gave what I can ne'er recall, 30  
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,  
O Heaven! I gave thee all.'

The Knight made answer to the Maid,  
While to his heart he held her hand,  
'Nine castles hath my noble sire, 35  
None statelier in the land.

'The fairest one shall be my love's,  
The fairest castle of the nine!  
Wait only till the stars peep out,  
The fairest shall be thine: 40

'Wait only till the hand of eve  
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,  
And through the dark we two will steal  
Beneath the twinkling stars!'—

'The dark? the dark? No! not the dark? 45  
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?'  
O God! 'twas in the eye of noon  
He pledged his sacred vow!

And in the eye of noon my love  
Shall lead me from my mother's door, 50  
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white  
Strewing flowers before:

[295] But first the nodding minstrels go  
With music meet for lordly bowers,  
The children next in snow-white vests, 55  
Strewing buds and flowers!

And then my love and I shall pace.  
My jet black hair in pearly braids,  
Between our comely bachelors  
And blushing bridal maids. 60

\* \* \* \* \*

1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[293:1] First published in 1834. 'In a manuscript list (undated) of the poems drawn up by Coleridge appear these items together: *Love* 96 lines . . . *The Black Ladié* 190 lines.' *Note to P. W.*, 1893, p. 614. A MS. of the three last stanzas is extant. In Chapter XIV of the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, ii. 3 Coleridge synchronizes the *Dark Ladié* (a poem which he was 'preparing' with the *Christabel*). It would seem probable that it belongs to the spring or early summer of 1798, and that it was anterior to *Love*, which was first published in the *Morning Post*, December 21, 1799, under the heading 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié'. If the MS. List of Poems is the record of poems actually written, two-thirds of the *Dark Ladié* must have perished long before 1817, when *Sibylline Leaves* was passing through the press, and it was found necessary to swell the Contents with 'two School-boy Poems' and 'with a song modernized with some additions from one of our elder poets'.

### LINENOTES:

[53-6] And first the nodding Minstrels go  
With music fit for lovely Bowers,  
The children then in snowy robes,

[57] pace] go MS. S. T. C.

**KUBLA KHAN**<sup>[295:1]</sup>:**OR, A VISION IN A DREAM. A FRAGMENT.**

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity [Lord Byron], and, as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merits.

[296] In the summer of the year 1797<sup>[295:2]</sup>, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage': 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.'<sup>[296:1]</sup> The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter!

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape['s] 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.

40

[From *The Picture; or, the Lover's Resolution*, II. 91-100.]

[297] Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Σαμερον αδιον ασω<sup>[297:1]</sup> [Αὔριον ἄδιον ἄσω 1834]: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.<sup>[297:2]</sup>

**KUBLA KHAN**

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery. 10

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!<sup>[297:3]</sup>

<sup>[297:4]</sup>And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river. 25

<sup>[298]</sup>Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves. 35  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!<sup>[298:1]</sup>

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played, 40  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long, 45  
I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!<sup>[298:2]</sup>  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1798.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[295:1] First published together with *Christabel* and *The Pains of Sleep*, 1816: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[295:2] There can be little doubt that Coleridge should have written 'the summer of 1798'. In an unpublished MS. note dated November 3, 1810, he connects the retirement between 'Linton and Porlock' and a recourse to opium with his quarrel with Charles Lloyd, and consequent distress of mind. That quarrel was at its height in May 1798. He alludes to distress of mind arising from 'calumny and ingratitude from men who have been fostered in the bosom of my confidence' in a letter to J. P. Estlin, dated May 14, 1798; and, in a letter to Charles Lamb, dated [Spring] 1798, he enlarges on his quarrel with Lloyd and quotes from Lloyd's novel of *Edmund Oliver* which was published in 1798. See *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1895, i. 245, note 1. I discovered and read for the first time the unpublished note of November 3, 1810, whilst the edition of 1893 was in the press, and in a footnote to p. xlii of his *Introduction* the editor, J. D. Campbell, explains that it is too late to alter the position and date of *Kubla Khan*, but accepts the later date (May, 1798) on the evidence of the MS. note.

[296:1] 'In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteene miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant Springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the midst thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure.'—*Purchas his Pilgrimage*: Lond. fol. 1626, Bk. IV, chap. xiii, p. 418.

- [297:1] The quotation is from Theocritus, i. 145:—ἐς ὕστερον ἄδιον ἄσω.
- [297:2] *The Pains of Sleep.*
- [297:3] And woman wailing for her Demon Lover. Motto to Byron's *Heaven and Earth*, published in *The Liberal*, No. II, January 1, 1823.
- [297:4] With lines 17-24 compare William Bartram's description of the 'Alligator-Hole.' *Travels in North and South Carolina*, 1794, pp. 286-8.
- [298:1] Compare Thomas Maurice's *History of Hindostan*, 1795, i. 107. The reference is supplied by Coleridge in the *Gutch Memorandum Note Book* (B. M. Add. MSS., No. 27, 901), p. 47: 'In a cave in the mountains of Cashmere an Image of Ice,' &c.
- [298:2] In her 'Lines to S. T. Coleridge, Esq.,' Mrs. Robinson (Perdita) writes:—

'I'll mark thy "sunny domes" and view  
Thy "caves of ice", and "fields of dew".'

It is possible that she had seen a MS. copy of *Kubla Khan* containing these variants from the text.

### LINENOTES:

Title of Introduction:—Of the Fragment of Kubla Khan 1816, 1828, 1829.

- [1-5] *om.* 1834.
- [8] there] here *S. L.* 1828, 1829.
- [11] Enfolding] And folding 1816. The word 'Enfolding' is a pencil emendation in David Hinves's copy of Christabel. ? by S. T. C.
- [19] In the early copies of 1893 this line was accidentally omitted.
- [54] drunk] drank 1816, 1828, 1829.

## [299] **RECANTATION** [299:1]

### 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 5  
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, 10  
And frisk'd,—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, 15  
(A *hoaxing*-hunt has always charms)  
'Halloo! the ox is mad.'

[300]

#### IV

The frighted beast scamper'd about—  
Plunge! through the hedge he drove: 20  
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 25  
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 dam'me, who are you?'

[30](#)

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<sup>[300:1]</sup>  
Of a Presbyterian wh—re!'

[35](#)

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.

[40](#)

VIII

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

[301]

[45](#)

IX

The frighted 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 chuse but drop a tear,  
A tear for good old Lewis!)

[50](#)

X

The frighted 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.

[55](#)

[60](#)

XI

Should you a Rat to madness tease  
Why ev'n 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.

[65](#)

XII

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

[70](#)

[302]

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,<sup>[302:1]</sup> right o'er the steer,  
Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

[75](#)

XIV

Achilles was a warrior fleet,

The Trojans he could worry: [80](#)  
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, 85  
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! [90](#)

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 Av'rice and for Pride), [95](#)  
A *sight* of golden guineas!

[303]

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, [100](#)  
No! not a school-boy's farthing top  
For all the parish-fences.'

XVIII

'The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!  
'What means this coward fuss?  
Ho! stretch this rope across the plat— [105](#)  
'Twill trip him up—or if not that,  
Why, dam'me! we must lay him flat—  
See! here's my blunderbuss.'

XIX

'A *lying dog!* just now he said  
*The Ox was only glad—* 110  
*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, [115](#)  
With the morning's wet newspaper,  
In eager haste, without his hat,  
As blind and blund'ring as a bat,  
In came that fierce Aristocrat,  
Our pursy woollen-draper. [120](#)

XXI

And so my Muse per force drew bit;  
And in he rush'd and panted!  
'Well, have you heard?' No, not a whit.  
'What, *ha'nt* you heard?' Come, out with it!  
'That Tierney votes for Mister PITT, [125](#)  
And Sheridan's *recanted!*'

1798.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [299:1] First published in the *Morning Post* for July 30, 1798, with the following title and introduction:—'ORIGINAL POETRY. A TALE. The following amusing Tale gives a very humorous description of the French Revolution, which is represented as an Ox': included in *Annual Anthology*, 1800, and *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817; reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1880,

iii 963-9. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. In a copy of the *Annual Anthology* of 1800 Coleridge writes over against the heading of this poem, 'Written when fears were entertained of an invasion, and Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Tierney were absurdly represented as having *recanted* because to [The French Revolution (?)] in its origin they, [having been favourable, changed their opinion when the Revolutionists became unfaithful to their principles (?)].' See *Note to P. W.*, 1893.

The text is that of *Sibylline Leaves* and *Essays on his Own Times*.

- [300:1] 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 on [in *S. L.*] the — corners. *An. Anth.*, *S. L.*
- [302:1] According to the common superstition there are two ways of fighting with the Devil. You may cut him in half with a straw, or he will vanish if you spit over his horns with a fasting spittle. *Note by S. T. C. in M. P.* 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. *An. Anth.*, *S. L.*

### LINENOTES:

- [3] turn'd out] loosen'd *M. P.*
- [9] ox] beast *M. P.*
- [19] beast] ox *M. P.*
- [22] fastens] fasten'd *M. P.*
- [27] 'You cruel dog!' at once they bawl. *M. P.*
- [31] Oh] Ah! *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*
- [35-6] *om. Essays, &c.*
- [38] run] drive *M. P.*
- [39] fiend] rogue *M. P.*
- [42] Mat, Tom, Bob, Dick *M. P.*
- [49] The baited ox drove on *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*
- [50] No . . . print] The Gospel scarce *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*
- [53] cannot] could *M. P.*
- [55] The ox drove on, right through the town *M. P.*
- [62] may] might *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*
- [68] any] a mad *M. P.*
- [70] heat and fright] flight and fear *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*
- [71] this] the *M. P.*
- [73] beast] ox *M. P.*
- [75] agree] agreed *M. P.*
- [83] scour'd] drove *M. P.*
- [91] Alas] Alack *M. P.*
- [99] cried] bawl'd *M. P.*
- [103] Tom! Walter! Mat! *M. P.*
- [109] *lying*] *bare-faced* *M. P.*
- [115] But lo! to interrupt my chat *M. P.*
- [119] In came] In rush'd *M. P.*
- [122] And he rush'd in *M. P.*
- [125-6] That Tierney's wounded Mister PITT,  
And his fine tongue enchanted!

*M. P.*

[304]

### HEXAMETERS<sup>[304:1]</sup>

William, my teacher, my friend! dear William and dear Dorothea!  
Smooth out the folds of my letter, and place it on desk or on table;  
Place it on table or desk; and your right hands loosely half-closing,<sup>[304:2]</sup>  
Gently sustain them in air, and extending the digit didactic,  
Rest it a moment on each of the forks of the five-forkéd left hand,  
Twice on the breadth of the thumb, and once on the tip of each finger;  
Read with a nod of the head in a humouring recitativo;  
And, as I live, you will see my hexameters hopping before you.



This is a galloping measure; a hop, and a trot, and a gallop!

All my hexameters fly, like stags pursued by the stag-hounds, 10  
Breathless and panting, and ready to drop, yet flying still onwards, [304:3]  
I would full fain pull in my hard-mouthed runaway hunter;  
But our English Spondeans are clumsy yet impotent curb-reins;  
And so to make him go slowly, no way left have I but to lame him.

William, my head and my heart! dear Poet that feelest and thinkest! 15  
Dorothy, eager of soul, my most affectionate sister!  
Many a mile, O! many a wearisome mile are ye distant,  
Long, long comfortless roads, with no one eye that doth know us.

[305]

O! it is all too far to send you mockeries idle: 20  
Yea, and I feel it not right! But O! my friends, my beloved!  
Feverish and wakeful I lie,—I am weary of feeling and thinking.  
Every thought is worn *down*, I am weary yet cannot be vacant.  
Five long hours have I tossed, rheumatic heats, dry and flushing,  
Gnawing behind in my head, and wandering and throbbing about me,  
Busy and tiresome, my friends, as the beat of the boding night-spider. [305:1] 25

*I forget the beginning of the line:*

. . . my eyes are a burthen,  
Now unwillingly closed, now open and aching with darkness.  
O! what a life is the eye! what a strange and inscrutable essence!  
Him that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that warms him;  
Him that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother; 30  
Him that smiled in his gladness as a babe that smiles in its slumber;  
Even for him it exists, it moves and stirs in its prison;  
Lives with a separate life, and 'Is it a Spirit?' he murmurs:  
'Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only a language.'

*There was a great deal more, which I have forgotten. . . . The last line which I wrote, I remember, and write it for the truth of the sentiment, scarcely less true in company than in pain and solitude:—*

William, my head and my heart! dear William and dear Dorothea! 35  
You have all in each other; but I am lonely, and want you!

1798-9.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [304:1] First published in *Memoirs of W. Wordsworth*, 1851, i. 139-41: reprinted in *Life* by Prof. Knight, 1889, i. 185. First collected as a whole in *P. W.* [ed. T. Ashe], 1885. lines 30-6, 'O what a life is the eye', &c., were first published in *Friendship's Offering*, and are included in *P. W.*, 1834. They were reprinted by Cottle in *E. R.*, 1837, i. 226. The 'Hexameters' were sent in a letter, written in the winter of 1798-9 from Ratzeburg to the Wordsworths at Goslar.
- [304:2] False metre. *S. T. C.*
- [304:3] '*Still* flying onwards' were perhaps better. *S. T. C.*
- [305:1] False metre. *S. T. C.*

## LINENOTES:

- [28] strange] fine *Letter*, 1798-9, *Cottle*, 1837.
- [29] Him] He *Cottle*, 1837.
- [30] Him] He *Cottle*, 1837.
- [31] Him that ne'er smiled at the bosom as babe *Letter*, 1798-9: He that smiled at the bosom, the babe *Cottle*, 1837.
- [32] Even to him it exists, it stirs and moves *Letter*, 1798-9: Even to him it exists, it moves and stirs *Cottle*, 1837.
- [33] a Spirit] the Spirit *Letter*, 1798-9.
- [34] a] its *Letter*, 1798-9.

[306]

## TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE GOSPEL

[This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional

passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Otffried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord. Most interesting is it to consider the effect when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural. Then it is that religion and poetry strike deepest. *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, i. 203-4. [\[306:1\]](#)

She gave with joy her virgin breast;  
She hid it not, she bared the breast  
Which suckled that divinest babe!  
Blessed, blessed were the breasts  
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd; 5  
And blessed, blessed was the mother  
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,  
Singing placed him on her lap,  
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,  
And soothed him with a lulling motion. 10  
Blessed! for she shelter'd him  
From the damp and chilling air;  
Blessed, blessed! for she lay  
With such a babe in one blest bed,  
Close as babes and mothers lie! 15  
Blessed, blessed evermore,  
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,  
With her arms, and to her breast,  
She embraced the babe divine,  
Her babe divine the virgin mother! 20  
There lives not on this ring of earth  
A mortal that can sing her praise.  
Mighty mother, virgin pure,  
In the darkness and the night  
For us she *bore* the heavenly Lord! 25

? 1799.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[\[306:1\]](#) First published as a footnote to Chapter X of the *Biographia Literaria* (ed. 1817, i. 203-4). First collected in 1863 (Appendix, pp. 401-2). The translation is from *Otfridi Evang.*, lib. i, cap. xi, ll. 73-108 (included in Schilter's *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Teutonicarum*, pp. 50-1, *Biog. Lit.*, 1847, i. 213). Otfrid, 'a monk at Weissenburg in Elsass', composed his *Evangeliendbuch* about 870 A.D. (Note by J. Shawcross, *Biog. Lit.*, 1907, ii. 259). As Coleridge says that 'he read through Otffried's metrical paraphrase of the Gospel' when he was at Göttingen, it may be assumed that the translation was made in 1799.

#### LINENOTES:

[\[5\]](#) Saviour infant] infant Saviour 1863.

---

#### [\[307\]](#) CATULLIAN HENDECASYLLABLES [\[307:1\]](#)

Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!—  
High, and embosom'd in congregated laurels,  
Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland;  
In the dim distance amid the skiey billows  
Rose a fair island; the god of flocks had blest it. 5  
From the far shores of the bleat-resounding island  
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,  
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland,  
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes  
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd temple. 10  
There in a thicket of dedicated roses,  
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,  
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,  
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,  
And with invisible pilotage to guide it 15  
Over the dusk wave, until the nightly sailor  
Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

? 1799.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[307:1] First published in 1834. These lines, which are not 'Hendecasyllables', are a translation of part of Friedrich von Matthisson's *Milesisches Märchen*. For the original see Note to *Poems*, 1852, and [Appendices](#) of this edition. There is no evidence as to the date of composition. The emendations in lines 5 and 6 were first printed in *P. W.*, 1893.

## LINENOTES:

[5] blest] plac'd 1834, 1844, 1852.

[6] bleat-resounding] bleak-resounding 1834, 1852.

[16] nightly] mighty 1834, 1844.

---

## THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER [\[307:2\]](#)

### DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,  
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

? 1799.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[307:2] First published (together with the 'Ovidian Elegiac Metre', &c.) in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834: included in *P. W.*, 1834. An acknowledgement that these 'experiments in metre' are translations from Schiller was first made in a Note to *Poems*, 1844, p. 371. The originals were given on p. 372. See [Appendices](#) of this edition. There is no evidence as to the date of composition.

[308]

## THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE

### DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;  
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

? 1799.

---

## ON A CATARACT [\[308:1\]](#)

### FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN PRECIPICE

#### STROPHE

Unperishing youth!  
Thou leapest from forth  
The cell of thy hidden nativity;  
Never mortal saw  
The cradle of the strong one; 5  
Never mortal heard  
The gathering of his voices;  
The deep-murmured charm of the son of the rock,  
That is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.  
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil 10  
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;  
It embosoms the roses of dawn,  
It entangles the shafts of the noon,  
And into the bed of its stillness  
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber, 15  
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven  
May be born in a holy twilight!

[309]

#### ANTISTROPHE

The wild goat in awe  
Looks up and beholds  
Above thee the cliff inaccessible;—  
Thou at once full-born  
Madd'nest in thy joyance,  
Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st,  
Life invulnerable.

? 1799.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [308:1] First published in 1834. For the original (*Unsterblicher Jüngling*) by Count F. L. Stolberg see Note to *Poems*, 1844, pp. 371-2, and [Appendices](#) of this edition.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title](#)] Improved from Stolberg. On a Cataract, &c. 1844, 1852.

- [2-3] Thou streamest from forth  
The cleft of thy ceaseless Nativity

*MS. S. T. C.*

Between 7 and 13.

The murmuring songs of the Son of the Rock,  
When he feeds evermore at the slumberless Fountain.  
There abideth a Cloud,  
At the Portal a Veil,  
At the shrine of thy self-renewing;  
It embodies the Visions of Dawn,  
It entangles, &c.

*MS. S. T. C.*

- [20] Below thee the cliff inaccessible *MS. S. T. C.*

- [22-3] Flockest in thy Joyance,  
Wheelest, shatter'st, start'st.

*MS. S. T. C.*

---

**TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE**<sup>[309:1]</sup>**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 kissed the babe, and blessed the day,  
And prayed as mothers use to pray.

5

## 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 arméd power.

10

## 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!

15

To Nature and to Holy Writ  
Alone did God the boy commit:  
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft  
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

20

VI

The straining oar and chamois chase  
Had formed 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!

[25](#)

? 1799.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[309:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. For the original (*Bei Wilhelm Tells Geburtsstätte im Kanton Uri*) by Count F. L. Stolberg see [Appendices](#) of this edition. There is no evidence as to the date of composition.

**LINENOTES:**

[28] Slavery] *Slavery, all editions to 1834.*

---

**THE VISIT OF THE GODS**<sup>[310:1]</sup>

**IMITATED FROM SCHILLER**

Never, believe me,  
Appear the Immortals,  
Never alone:  
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,  
Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler;  
Lo! Phoebus the Glorious descends from his throne!  
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!  
With Divinities fills my  
Terrestrial hall!

5

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!

10

[311]

15

Give him the nectar!  
Pour out for the poet,  
Hebe! 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, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Paeon, I cry!  
The wine of the Immortals  
Forbids me to die!

20

25

? 1799.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[310:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829 ('Vision of the Gods',

## FROM THE GERMAN<sup>[311:1]</sup>

Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow,  
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?  
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!  
Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high!  
Know'st thou it well, that land, beloved Friend?  
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend!

5

? 1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[311:1] First published in 1834. For the original ('Mignon's Song') in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* see [Appendices](#) of this edition.

---

## WATER BALLAD<sup>[311:2]</sup>

### [FROM THE FRENCH]

'Come hither, gently rowing,  
Come, bear me quickly o'er  
This stream so brightly flowing  
To yonder woodland shore.  
But vain were my endeavour  
To pay thee, courteous guide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side.

5

[312]

'Good boatman, prithee haste thee,  
I seek my father-land.'—  
'Say, when I there have placed thee,  
Dare I demand thy hand?'  
'A maiden's head can never  
So hard a point decide;  
Row on, row on, for ever  
I'd have thee by my side.'

10

The happy bridal over  
The wanderer ceased to roam,  
For, seated by her lover,  
The boat became her home.  
And still they sang together  
As steering o'er the tide:  
'Row on through wind and weather  
For ever by my side.'

15

? 1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[311:2] First published in *The Athenaeum*, October 29, 1831. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. For the original ('Barcarolle de Marie') of François Antoine Eugène de Planard see [Appendices](#) of this edition.

---

## ON AN INFANT<sup>[312:1]</sup>

### WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM

'Be, rather than be called, a child of God,'

Death whispered! With assenting nod,  
Its head upon its mother's breast,  
The Baby bowed, without demur—  
Of the kingdom of the Blest  
Possessor, not Inheritor.

April 8, 1799.

---

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [312:1] First published in *P. W.*, 1834. These lines were sent in a letter from Coleridge to his wife, dated Göttingen, April 6, 1799:—'Ah, my poor Berkeley!' [b. May 15, 1798, d. Feb. 10, 1799] he writes, 'A few weeks ago an Englishman desired me to write an epitaph on an infant who had died before its Christening. While I wrote it, my heart with a deep misgiving turned my thoughts homeward. "On an Infant", &c. It refers to the second question in the Church Catechism.' *Letters of S. T. C.* 1895, i. 287.

#### LINENOTES:

- [1] called] *call'd MS. Letter, 1799.*  
[3] its] the *MS. letter, 1799.*  
[4] bow'd and went without demur *MS. Letter, 1799.*
- 

### [313] SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL [313:1]

#### 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. 5

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. 10

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. 15

April 23, 1799.

---

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [313:1] First published in the *Annual Anthology* (1800), with the signature 'Cordomi': included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The lines, without title or heading, were sent in a letter from Coleridge to his wife, dated Göttingen, April 23, 1799 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 294-5). They are an imitation (see F. Freiligrath's *Biographical Memoir* to the Tauchnitz edition of 1852) of the German Folk-song *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär*. For the original see [Appendices](#) of this edition. The title 'Something Childish', &c., was prefixed in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800.

#### LINENOTES:

- [3] you] *you MS. Letter, 1799.*  
[6] you] *you MS. Letter, 1799.*
- 

### [314] HOME-SICK [314:1]

#### 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 doomed 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!

May 6, 1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [314:1] First published in the *Annual Anthology* (1800), with the signature 'Cordomi': included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834. The lines, without title or heading, were sent in a letter from Coleridge to Poole, dated May 6, 1799 (*Letters of S. T.C.*, 1895, i. 298). Dr. Carlyon in his *Early Years*, &c. (1856, i. 66), prints stanzas 1, 3, and 4. He says that they were written from Coleridge's dictation, in the BrockenstammBuch at the little inn on the Brocken. The title 'Home-Sick', &c., was prefixed in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800.

### LINENOTES:

- [13] a wasting pang] no baby-pang *MS. Letter, 1799, An. Anth.*  
[15] There's only music in thy wings *MS. Letter, 1799.*

[315]

---

### LINES<sup>[315:1]</sup>

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

I stood on Brocken's<sup>[315:2]</sup> 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 dragged 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 a 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  
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat  
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on  
In low and languid mood;<sup>[315:3]</sup> for I had found  
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive  
Their finer influence from the Life within;—  
Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague  
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds  
History or prophecy of friend, or child,  
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,  
Or father, or the venerable name  
Of our adoréd 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

[316]

5

10

15

5

10

15

20

25

30



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 everywhere! the God who framed  
 Mankind to be one mighty family,  
 Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

May 17, 1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [315:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 17, 1799: included in the *Annual Anthology* (1800) [signed C.], in *Sibyline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The lines were sent in a letter from Coleridge to his wife, dated May 17, 1799. Part of the letter was printed in the *Amulet*, 1829, and the whole in the *Monthly Magazine* for October, 1835. A long extract is given in Gillman's *Life of S. T. C.*, 1838, pp. 125-38.
- [315:2] The highest Mountain in the Harz, and indeed in North Germany.
- [315:3]                   —When I have gaz'd  
 From some high eminence on goodly vales,  
 And cots and villages embower'd 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*.

### LINENOTES:

- [3] *surging*] *surging M. P.*
- [4] Heavily] Wearily *MS. Letter*.
- [6] heaves] mov'd *MS. Letter*.
- [8] a] an *all editions to 1834*.
- [9] breeze] gale *MS. Letter*.
- [11] waterfall] waterbreak *MS. Letter*.
- [12] 'mid] on *MS. Letter*.
- [16] With low and languid thought, for I had found *MS. Letter*.
- [17] That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms *MS. Letter, M. P., An. Anth.*
- [18]     Where the eye vainly wanders nor beholds  
*MS. Letter.*  
 Where the sight, &c.  
*M. P., An. Anth.*
- [19] One spot with which the heart associates *MS. Letter, M. P., An. Anth.*
- [19-21]     Fair cyphers of vague import, where the Eye  
           Traces no spot, in which the Heart may read  
           History or Prophecy  
*S. L. 1817, 1828.*
- [20]     Holy Remembrances of Child or Friend  
*MS. Letter.*  
 Holy Remembrances of Friend or Child  
*M. P., An. Anth.*
- [26] eye] eyes *MS. Letter*.
- [28-30]                   Sweet native Isle  
           This heart was proud, yea mine eyes swam with tears  
           To think of thee: and all the goodly view  
*MS. Letter.*
- [28] O native land *M. P., An. Anth.*
- [34] I] *I MS. Letter.*
- [38] family] brother-hood *MS. Letter.*

**IMITATED FROM STOLBERG**

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high,  
 Since you told of the deeds which our countrymen wrought;  
 O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
 And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.

Despise not my youth, for my spirit is steel'd, 5  
 And I know there is strength in the grasp of my hand;  
 Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the field,  
 And as proudly would die for my dear native land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the fight, 10  
 The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath;  
 And my fancy still wander'd by day and by night,  
 Amid battle and tumult, 'mid conquest and death.

My own shout of onset, when the Armies advance, 15  
 How oft it awakes me from visions of glory;  
 When I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France,  
 And have dash'd him to earth, pale and breathless and gory.

[318] As late thro' the city with banners all streaming 20  
 To the music of trumpets the Warriors flew by,  
 With helmet and scimitars naked and gleaming,  
 On their proud-trampling, thunder-hoof'd steeds did they fly;

I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,  
 For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm;  
 And I hurl'd the mock-lance thro' the objectless air,  
 And in open-eyed dream proved the strength of my arm.

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high, 25  
 Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen wrought;  
 O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
 And I too will fight as my forefathers fought!

? 1799.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[317:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, August 24, 1799: included in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800: reprinted in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 276, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1848. ('Communicated to the *Bath Herald* during the Volunteer Frenzy of 1803') (N. S. xxix, p. 60), and in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 988-9. First collected in *P. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 200-1. The MS. is preserved in the British Museum. The text follows that of the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, pp. 173-4. For the original by Count F. L. Stolberg (*Lied eines deutschen Knaben*) see [Appendices](#) of this edition.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] The Stripling's War-Song. Imitated from the German of Stolberg MS. The Stripling's, &c. Imitated from Stolberg *L. R.* The British Stripling's War Song *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*, *Essays*, &c. The Volunteer Stripling. A Song *G. M.*

[1] Yes] My *MS.*, *L. R.*

[2] Since] When *G. M.* which] that *MS.*, *L. R.* our] your *M. P.*, *Essays*, &c.

[3] Ah! give me the sabre [~~Falchion~~] that [which *L. R.*] *MS.*, *Essays*, &c.

[5] O despise *MS.*, *L. R.*, *Essays*, &c.

[7] march] move *MS.*, *L. R.*

[8] would] could *Essays*, &c. native land] fatherland *L. R.*

[9] fight] sight *G. M.*

[10] sound] shrill [~~sound~~] *MS.*, *L. R.* a] the *M. P.*, *Essays*, &c.

[12] Amid tumults [tumult *L. R.*] and perils *MS.* 'mid] and *Essays*, &c. Mid battle and bloodshed *G. M.*

[13] My own eager shout in the heat of my trance

My own shout of onset, [ in the heat of my trance *G. M., 1893.*  
when the armies advance

[14] visions] dreams full *MS., L. R.* How oft it has wak'd *G. M.*

[15] When I dreamt that I rush'd *G. M.*

[16] breathless] deathless *L. R.* pale, breathless *G. M.*

[17] city] town *G. M.*

[17-18]

[ with bannerets streaming  
with a terrible beauty

To [And *L. R.*] the music

*MS.*

[19] scimitars] scymetar *MS., L.R., Essays, &c., G. M.:* scymeter *M. P.*

*Between 20-1*

And the Host pacing after in gorgeous parade  
All mov'd to one measure in front and in rear;  
And the Pipe, Drum and Trumpet, such harmony made  
As the souls of the Slaughter'd would loiter to hear.

*MS. erased.*

[21] that] which *L. R.*

[22] For my soul *MS. erased.*

[23] I hurl'd my *MS., L. R., Essays, &c.* objectless] mind-peopled *G. M.*

[26] Since] When *G. M.*

[27] Ah! give me the falchion *MS., L. R.*

---

## NAMES<sup>[318:1]</sup>

### [FROM LESSING]

[319]

I ask'd my fair one happy day,  
What I should call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;  
Lalage, Neaera, Chloris,  
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,  
Arethusa or Lucrece.

[5](#)

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,  
'Belovéd, what are names but air?  
Choose thou whatever suits the line;  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
Call me Lalage or Doris,  
Only, only call me Thine.'

[10](#)

1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[318:1] First published in the *Morning Post*: reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1803 (1805) with the signature HARLEY. PHILADELPHIA, in the *Keepsake* for 1829, in Cottle's *Early Recollections* (two versions) 1837, ii. 67, and in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 990, 'As it first appeared' in the *Morning Post*. First collected in 1834. For the original (*Die Namen*) see [Appendices](#) of this edition.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Song from Lessing *M. P., Essays, &c.:* From the German of Lessing *P. R.:* Epigram *Keepsake, 1829, Cottle's Early Recollections.*

[1] fair] love *Cottle, E. R.*

[4] Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,

*M. P., Cottle, E. R., P. R.*

Neaera, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,

*Keepsake.*

[5] Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,

*MS. 1799, M. P., Cottle, E. R.*

Carina, Lalage, or Doris,

*Keepsake.*

[6] Dorimene, or Lucrece, *MS. 1799, M. P., Cottle, E. R., P. R., Keepsake.*

[8] Belovéd.] Dear one *Keepsake.*

[9] Choose thou] Take thou *M. P., P. R.: Take Cottle, E. R.*

[10] Call me Laura, call me Chloris *MS. 1799, Keepsake.*

[10-11] Call me Clelia, call me Chloris,  
Laura, Lesbia or Doris

*M. P., Cottle, E. R.*

[10-12] Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,  
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,  
But don't forget to call me *thine.*

*P. R.*

---

## THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS<sup>[319:1]</sup>

I

From his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm the earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

[320]

II

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And he went over the plain,  
And backward and forward he switched his long tail  
As a gentleman switches his cane.

[5](#)

III

And how then was the Devil drest?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

[10](#)

IV

He saw a Lawyer killing a Viper  
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;  
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain and his brother, Abel.

[15](#)

V

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse  
Ride by on his vocations,  
And the Devil thought of his old Friend  
Death in the Revelations.<sup>[320:1]</sup>

[20](#)

[321]

VI

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.

VII

He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,  
Quoth he! we are both of one college!  
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once  
Hard by the tree of knowledge.<sup>[321:1]</sup>

[25](#)

[322]

VIII

Down the river did glide, with wind and tide,  
A pig with vast celerity; 30  
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,  
It cut its own throat. 'There!' quoth he with a smile,  
'Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

IX

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw  
A solitary cell; 35  
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in Hell.

X

He saw a Turnkey in a trice  
Fetter a troublesome blade;  
'Nimbly,' quoth he, 'do the fingers move 40  
If a man be but used to his trade.'

XI

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man,  
With but little expedition,  
Which put him in mind of the long debate 45  
On the Slave-trade abolition.

XII

[323] He saw an old acquaintance  
As he passed by a Methodist meeting;—  
She holds a consecrated key,  
And the devil nods her a greeting.

XIII

She turned up her nose, and said, 50  
'Avaunt! my name's Religion,'  
And she looked to Mr. ——  
And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV

He saw a certain minister  
(A minister to his mind) 55  
Go up into a certain House,  
With a majority behind.

XV

The Devil quoted Genesis  
Like a very learned clerk,  
How 'Noah and his creeping things 60  
Went up into the Ark.'

XVI

He took from the poor,  
And he gave to the rich,  
And he shook hands with a Scotchman, 65  
For he was not afraid of the ——

XVII

General —— [323:1] burning face  
He saw with consternation,  
And back to hell his way did he take,  
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake 70  
It was general conflagration.

1799.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[319:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1799: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. It is printed separately as the *Devil's Walk*, a Poem, By Professor Porson, London, Marsh and Miller, &c., 1830. In 1827, by way of repudiating Porson's alleged authorship of *The Devil's Thoughts*, Southey expanded the *Devil's Thoughts* of 1799 into a poem of fifty-seven

stanzas entitled *The Devil's Walk*. See *P. W.*, 1838, iii. pp. 87-100. In the *Morning Post* the poem numbered fourteen stanzas; in 1828, 1829 it is reduced to ten, and in 1834 enlarged to seventeen stanzas. Stanzas iii and xiv-xvi of the text are not in the *M. P.* Stanzas iv and v appeared as iii, iv; stanza vi as ix; stanza vii as v; stanza viii as x; stanza ix as viii; stanza x as vi; stanza xi as vii; stanza xvii as xiv. In 1828, 1829, the poem consists of stanzas i-ix of the text, and of the concluding stanzas stanza xi ('Old Nicholas', &c.) of the *M. P.* version was not reprinted. Stanzas xiv-xvi of the text were first acknowledged by Coleridge in 1834.

[320:1] And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, Rev. vi. 8. *M. P.*

[321:1] This anecdote is related by that most interesting of the Devil's Biographers, Mr. John Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, and we have here the Devil's own testimony to the truth and accuracy of it. *M. P.*

'And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE  
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold (query *paper-money*), and next to Life  
*Our* Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by.—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
So clomb this first grand thief—  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life  
Sat like a cormorant.'—*Par. Lost*, iv.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for 'LIFE' *Cod. quid. habent*, 'TRADE.' Though indeed THE TRADE, *i. e.* the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, may be regarded as LIFE *sensu eminentiori*; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, etc., of the trade, exclaimed, 'Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!'—This 'Life, *our* Death,' is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—*Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.*

Of this poem, which with the 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter' first appeared in the *Morning Post* [6th Sept. 1799], the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 9th, and 16th stanzas [321:A] were dictated by Mr. Southey. See Apologetic Preface [to *Fire, Famine and Slaughter*]. [Between the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted, as grounded on subjects which have lost their interest—and for better reasons. 1828, 1829.]

If any one should ask who General — meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

[321:A] The three first stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth 1828, 1829.

[323:1] In a MS. copy in the B. M. and in some pirated versions the blank is filled up by the word 'Gascoigne's'; but in a MS. copy taken at Highgate, in June, 1820, by Derwent Coleridge the line runs 'General Tarleton's', &c.

## LINENOTES:

[3-4]

[ To look at his little snug farm of the Earth  
To visit, &c.

1828, 1829.

And see how his stock went on.

*M. P.*, 1828, 1829.

[7] switched] swish'd *M. P.*, 1828, 1829.

[8] switches] swishes *M. P.*, 1828, 1829.

[9-12] *Not in M. P.*

[14] On the dunghill beside his stable *M. P.*: On a dung-heap beside his stable 1828, 1829.

[15-16] Oh! oh; quoth he, for it put him in mind  
Of the story of Cain and Abel

*M. P.*

[16] his] *his* 1828, 1829.

[17] He . . . on] An Apothecary on *M. P.*: A Pothecary on 1828, 1829.

[18] Ride] Rode *M.P.*, 1828, 1829. vocations] vocation *M. P.*

[20] Revelations] Revelation *M. P.*

[21] saw] past *M. P.*

[23] And he grinn'd at the sight, for his favourite vice *M. P.*

[25] peep'd] went *M. P.*, 1828, 1829.

[27] sate myself] myself sate 1828, 1829.

- [28] Hard by] Upon *M. P.*: Fast by 1828, 1829.
- [29-33] He saw a pig right rapidly  
 Adown the river float,  
 The pig swam well, but every stroke  
 Was cutting his own throat.
- M. P.*
- [29] did glide] there plied 1828, 1829.  
*Between* 33-4
- Old Nicholas grinn'd and swish'd his tail  
 For joy and admiration;  
 And he thought of his daughter, Victory,  
 And his darling babe, Taxation.
- M. P.*
- [34-5] As he went through — — — fields he look'd  
 At a
- M. P.*
- [37] his] the *M. P.* in] of *M. P.*
- [39] Fetter] Hand-cuff *M. P.*: Unfetter 1834.
- [40-1] 'Nimbly', quoth he, 'the fingers move  
 If a man is but us'd to his trade.'

*M. P.*

- [42] unfetter] unfettering *M. P.*
- [44] And he laugh'd for he thought of the long debates *M. P.*
- [46] saw] met *M. P.*
- [47] Just by the Methodist meeting. *M. P.*
- [48] holds] held *M. P.* key] flag[323:A] *M. P.*

[323:A] The allusion is to Archbishop Randolph consecrating the Duke of York's banners. See S. T. Coleridge's *Notizbuch aus den Jahren 1795-8* . . . von A. Brandl, 1896, p. 354 (p. 25 *a*, l. 18 of *Gutch Memorandum Book*, B. M. Add. MSS. 27,901).

- [49] And the Devil nods a greeting. *M. P.*
- [50-2] She tip'd him the wink, then frown'd and cri'd  
 'Avaunt! my name's — —  
 And turn'd to Mr. W— —
- M. P.*
- [66] General — —] General — —'s *M. P.*
- [68] way did take *M. P.*
- [70] general] General *M. P.*

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[324] **LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM** [324:1]

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-breathed singer's uptrilled strain  
 Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hate!  
 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 released,  
 To hear our old Musician, blind and grey,  
 (Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)  
 His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,  
 By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,  
 The while I dance amid the tedded hay

5

10

15

With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

20

[325]

Or lies the purple evening on the bay  
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide  
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,  
For round their 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 cheek is wet with quiet tears.

25

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,  
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed  
Makes the cock shrilly in the rainstorm 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.

30

35

40

1799.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [324:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 24, 1799: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. There is no evidence as to the date of composition. In a letter to Coleridge, dated July 5, 1796, Lamb writes 'Have a care, good Master Poet, of the Statute *de Contumeliâ*. What do you mean by calling Madame Mara harlots and naughty things? The goodness of the verse would not save you in a Court of Justice'—but it is by no means certain that Lamb is referring to the *Lines Composed in a Concert-Room*, or that there is any allusion in line 3 to Madame Mara. If, as J. D. Campbell suggested, the poem as it appeared in the *Morning Post* is a recast of some earlier verses, it is possible that the scene is Ottery, and that 'Edmund' is the 'Friend who died dead of' a 'Frenzy Fever' (vide *ante*, p. 76). In this case a probable date would be the summer of 1793. But the poem as a whole suggests a later date. Coleridge and Southey spent some weeks at Exeter in September 1799. They visited Ottery St. Mary, and walked through Newton Abbot to Ashburton and Dartmouth. It is possible that the 'Concert-Room,' the 'pert Captain,' and 'primmer Priest' are reminiscences of Exeter, the 'heath-plant,' and the 'ocean caves' of Dartmoor and Torbay. If so, the 'shame and absolute rout' (l. 49 of variant, p. 325) would refer to the victory of Suwaroff over Joubert at Novi, which took place August 15, 1799. See *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 307.

### LINENOTES:

- [14] heartless] loathsome *M. P.*  
[24] Around whose roots *M. P.*, *S. L.*  
[40] thin] then *M. P.*

After line 40

Dear Maid! whose form in solitude I seek,  
Such songs in such a mood to hear thee sing,  
It were a deep delight!—But thou shalt fling  
Thy white arm round my neck, and kiss my cheek,  
And love the brightness of my gladder eye  
The while I tell thee what a holier joy

It were in proud and stately step to go,  
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout,  
To celebrate the shame and absolute rout  
Unhealable of Freedom's latest foe,  
Whose tower'd might shall to its centre nod.

When human feelings, sudden, deep and vast,  
As all good spirits of all ages past  
Were armed in the hearts of living men,  
Shall purge the earth, and violently sweep  
These vile and painted locusts to the deep,  
Leaving un— undebas'd  
A — world made worthy of its God.

*M. P.*

[The words in lines 57, 58 were left as blanks in the *Morning Post*, from what cause or with what object must remain a matter of doubt.]



**WESTPHALIAN SONG**<sup>[326:1]</sup>

[The following is an almost literal translation of a very old and very favourite song among the Westphalian Boors. The turn at the end is the same with one of Mr. Dibdin's excellent songs, and the air to which it is sung by the Boors is remarkably sweet and lively.]

When thou to my true-love com'st  
Greet her from me kindly;  
When she asks thee how I fare?  
Say, folks in Heaven fare finely.

When she asks, 'What! Is he sick?'  
Say, dead!—and when for sorrow  
She begins to sob and cry,  
Say, I come to-morrow.

5

? 1799.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[326:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 27, 1802: reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii. 992. First collected in *P. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 170.

**HEXAMETERS**<sup>[326:2]</sup>**PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLVI**

Gōd is ous Strēngth ānd ous Rēfūge: thērefōre will wē nōt trēmblē,  
Thō' thē Earth bē rēmōvėd ānd thō' thē pėrpėtual Mountains  
Sink in the Swell of the Ocean! God is our Strength and our Refuge.  
There is a River the Flowing whereof shall gladden the City,  
Hallelujah! the City of God! Jehova shall help her.  
Thē Idōlātėrs rāgėd, the kingdoms were moving in fury;  
But he uttered his Voice: Earth melted away from beneath them.  
Halleluja! th' Eternal is with us, Almighty Jehova!  
Fearful the works of the Lord, yea fearful his Desolations;  
But He maketh the Battle to cease, he burneth the Spear and the Chariot.  
Halleluja! th' Eternal is with us, the God of our Fathers!

5

10

1799.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[326:2] Now published for the first time. The lines were sent in a letter to George Coleridge dated September 29, 1799. They were prefaced as follows:—'We were talking of Hexameters with you. I will, for want of something better, fill up the paper with a translation of one of my favourite Psalms into that metre which allowing trochees for spondees, as the nature of our Language demands, you will find pretty accurate a scansion.' *Mahomet* and, no doubt, the *Hymn to the Earth* may be assigned to the end of September or the beginning of October, 1799.

**HYMN TO THE EARTH**<sup>[327:1]</sup>**[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG'S *HYMNE AN DIE ERDE*]****HEXAMETERS**

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,  
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and, blessing, I hymn thee!  
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges—  
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and lake with green island,  
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,

5

Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,  
 Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!  
 Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,  
 Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger, 10  
 Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.  
 Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness  
 Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness  
 Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother, 15  
 Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the Sun, the rejoicer!  
 Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth, whom the comets forget not,  
 Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold thee!  
 Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of creation?)  
 Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamoured! 20  
 Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother and goddess,  
 Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,  
 Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!  
 Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!  
 Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention: 25  
 Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!  
 Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith  
 Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.  
 Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,  
 Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on their channels; 30  
 Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;  
 Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,  
 Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.

1799.

## FOOTNOTES:

[327:1] First published in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834, pp. 165-7, with other pieces, under the general heading:—*Fragments from the Wreck of Memory: or Portions of Poems composed in Early Manhood: by S. T. Coleridge*. A Note was prefixed:—'It may not be without use or interest to youthful, and especially to intelligent female readers of poetry, to observe that in the attempt to adapt the Greek metres to the English language, we must begin by substituting *quality* of sound for *quantity*—that is, accentuated or comparatively emphasized syllables, for what in the Greek and Latin Verse, are named long, and of which the prosodial mark is ¯; and *vice versâ*, unaccented syllables for short marked ˘. Now the Hexameter verse consists of two sorts of *feet*, the spondee composed of two long syllables, and the dactyl, composed of one long syllable followed by two short. The following verse from the Psalms is a rare instance of a *perfect* hexameter (i. e. line of six feet) in the English language:—

Gōd cāme | ūp with ā | shōut: oūr | Lōrd with thē | sōund ōf ā | trūmpēt.

But so few are the truly *spondaic* words in our language, such as *Ēgypt*, *ūprōar*, *tūrmoil*, &c., that we are compelled to substitute, in most instances, the trochee; or ˘ ¯; i. e. in such words as *mērry*, *lightlŷ*, &c., for the proper spondee. It need only be added, that in the hexameter the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee, or trochee. I will end this note with two hexameter lines, likewise from the Psalms:—

Thēre is ā | rīvēr thē | flōwīng whēre | ōf shāl | glāddēn thē | cītŷ.  
 Hāllē | lūjāh thē | cītŷ | Gōd jē | hōvāh hāth | blēst hēr.

S. T. C.'

On some proof-sheets, or loose pages of a copy of *The Hymn* as published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, which Coleridge annotated, no doubt with a view to his corrections being adopted in the forthcoming edition of his poems (1834), he adds in MS. the following supplementary note:—'To make any considerable number of Hexameters feasible in our monosyllabic trocheo-iambic language, there must, I fear, be other licenses granted—in the *first* foot, at least—*ex. gr.* a superfluous ˘ prefixed in cases of particles such as 'of, 'and', and the like: likewise ˘ ¯ ¯ where the stronger accent is on the first syllable.—S. T. C.'

The *Hymn to the Earth* is a free translation of F. L. Stolberg's *Hymne an die Erde*. (See F. Freiligrath's *Biographical Memoirs* prefixed to the Tauchnitz edition of the *Poems* published in 1852.) The translation exceeds the German original by two lines. The Hexameters 'from the Psalms' are taken from a metrical experiment which Coleridge sent to his brother George, in a letter dated September 29, 1799 (vide *ante*). First collected in 1834. The acknowledgement that the *Hymn to the Earth* is imitated from Stolberg's *Hymne an die Erde* was first prefixed by J. D. Campbell in 1893.

## LINENOTES:

[8] his] its *F. O.* 1834.

[9] that creep or rush through thy tresses *F. O. 1834.*

[33] on] in *F. O. 1834.*

After 33

\* \* \* \* \*

*F. O. 1834.*

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## MAHOMET<sup>[329:1]</sup>

Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,  
Prophet and priest, who scatter'd abroad both evil and blessing,  
Huge wasteful empires founded and hallow'd slow persecution,  
Soul-withering, but crush'd the blasphemous rites of the Pagan  
And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the Gospel of Jesus, 5  
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.  
Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,  
Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.

[330] Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;— 10  
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts  
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation  
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river  
Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar bewilder'd,  
Rushes dividuous all—all rushing impetuous onward.

? 1799.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[329:1] First published in 1834. In an unpublished letter to Southey, dated Sept. 25, 1799, Coleridge writes, 'I shall go on with the Mohammed'. There can be no doubt that these fourteen lines, which represent Coleridge's contribution to a poem on 'Mahomet' which he had planned in conjunction with Southey, were at that time already in existence. For Southey's portion, which numbered 109 lines, see *Oliver Newman*. By Robert Southey, 1845, pp. 113-15.

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## LOVE<sup>[330:1]</sup>

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

[331] Oft in my waking dreams do I 5  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

[332] The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene 10  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the arméd man,  
The statue of the arméd knight;  
She stood and listened to my lay, 15  
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 20  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush, 25  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;

For well she knew, I could not choose  
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 wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

[30](#)

[333]

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.

[35](#)

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

[40](#)

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed 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,—

[45](#)

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

[50](#)

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land!

[55](#)

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

[60](#)

[334]

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 reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity!

[65](#)

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

[70](#)

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

[75](#)

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

[80](#)

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepped—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

[85](#)

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,

[90](#)

That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

[335]

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

95

1799.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[330:1] First published (with four preliminary and three concluding stanzas) as the *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie*, in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799 (for complete text with introductory letter vide [Appendices](#)): included (as *Love*) in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, 1802, 1805: reprinted with the text of the *Morning Post* in *English Minstrelsy*, 1810 (ii. 131-9) with the following prefatory note:—'These exquisite stanzas appeared some years ago in a London Newspaper, and have since that time been republished in Mr. Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, but with some alterations; the Poet having apparently relinquished his intention of writing the *Fate of the Dark Ladye*': included (as *Love*) in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The four opening and three concluding stanzas with prefatory note were republished in *Literary Remains*, 1836, pp. 50-2, and were first collected in 1844. For a facsimile of the MS. of *Love* as printed in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800 (i. 138-44), see *Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS.*, edited by W. Hale White, 1897 (between pp. 34-5). For a collation of the *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie* with two MSS. in the British Museum [Add. MSS., No. 27,902] see *Coleridge's Poems. A Facsimile Reproduction*, &c. Ed. by James Dykes Campbell, 1899, and [Appendices](#) of this edition.

It is probable that the greater part of the *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie* was written either during or shortly after a visit which Coleridge paid to the Wordsworths's friends, George and Mary, and Sarah Hutchinson, at Sockburn, a farm-house on the banks of the Tees, in November, 1799. In the first draft, ll. 13-16, 'She leaned, &c.' runs thus:—

She lean'd against a grey stone rudely carv'd,  
The statue of an arméd Knight:  
She lean'd in melancholy mood  
Amid the lingering light.

In the church at Sockburn there is a recumbent statue of an 'armed knight' (of the Conyers family), and in a field near the farm-house there is a 'Grey-Stone' which is said to commemorate the slaying of a monstrous wyverne or 'worme' by the knight who is buried in the church. It is difficult to believe that the 'arméd knight' and the 'grey stone' of the first draft were not suggested by the statue in Sockburn Church, and the 'Grey-Stone' in the adjoining field. It has been argued that the *Ballad of the Dark Ladié*, of which only a fragment remains, was written after Coleridge returned from Germany, and that the *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie*, which embodies *Love*, was written at Stowey in 1797 or 1798. But in referring to 'the plan' of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 (*Biog. Lit.*, 1817, Cap. XIV, ii. 3) Coleridge says that he had written the *Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing the *Dark Ladie* and the *Christabel* (both unpublished poems when this Chapter was written), but says nothing of so typical a poem as *Love*. By the *Dark Ladié* he must have meant the unfinished *Ballad of the Dark Ladié*, which, at one time, numbered 190 lines, not the *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie*, which later on he refers to as the 'poem entitled *Love*' (*Biog. Lit.*, 1817, Cap. XXIV, ii. 298), and which had appeared under that title in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, 1802, and 1805.

In *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834, *Love*, which was the first in order of a group of poems with the sub-title 'Love Poems', was prefaced by the following motto:—

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in aevo,  
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta  
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.  
Omnia paulatim consumit longior aetas,  
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.

## LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] *Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie M. P.*: Fragment, S. T. Coleridge *English Minstrelsy*, 1810.

[Opening](#) stanzas

O leave the Lilly on its stem;  
O leave the Rose upon the spray;  
O leave the Elder-bloom, fair Maids!  
And listen to my lay.

A Cypress and a Myrtle bough,  
This morn around my harp you twin'd,  
Because it fashion'd mournfully  
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a Tale of Love and Woe,  
A woeful Tale of Love I sing:  
Hark, gentle Maidens, hark! it sighs  
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve!  
It sighs and trembles most for thee!  
O come and hear what cruel wrongs  
Befel the dark Ladie.

The fifth stanza of the *Introduction* finds its place as the fifth stanza of the text, and the sixth stanza as the first.

[3] All are] Are all *S. L.* (For *Are all* r. *All are. Errata*, p. [xi]).

[5-6] O ever in my waking dreams  
I dwell upon

*M. P., MS. erased.*

[7] lay] sate *M. P.*

[15] lay] harp *M. P., MS., L. B.*

[[21] soft] sad *M. P., MS. erased.*

[22] sang] sung *E. M.*

[23] suited] fitted *M. P., MS., L. B.*

[24] That ruin] The Ruin *M. P., MS., L. B.*: The ruins *E. M.*

[29] that] who *M. P.*

[31] that] how *M. P.*

[34] The low, the deep *MS., L. B.*

[35] In which I told *E. M.*

[42] That] Which *MS., L. B.* that] this *M. P., MS., L. B.*

[43] And how he roam'd *M. P.* that] how *MS. erased.*

Between [44-5](#)

And how he cross'd the Woodman's paths [path *E. M.*]  
Tho' briars and swampy mosses beat,  
How boughs rebounding scourg'd his limbs,  
And low stubs gor'd his feet.

*M. P.*

[45] That] How *M. P., MS. erased.*

[51] that] how *M. P., MS. erased.*

[53] that] how *M. P., MS. erased.*

[54] murderous] lawless *M. P.*

[59] ever] meekly *M. P.* For still she *MS. erased.*

[61] that] how *M. P., MS. erased.*

[78] virgin-] maiden-*M. P., MS., L. B.*

[79] murmur] murmurs *M. P.*

Between [80-1](#)

I saw her bosom 

heave
rise and swell,

  
Heave and swell with inward sighs—  
I could not choose but love to see  
Her gentle bosom rise.

*M. P., MS. erased.*

[81] Her wet cheek glowed *M. P., MS. erased.*

[84] fled] flew *M. P.*

[94] virgin] maiden *MS. erased.*

[95] so] thus *M. P.*

After [96](#)

And now once more a tale of woe,  
A woeful tale of love I sing;  
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,

And trembles on the string.

When last I sang [sung *E. M.*] the cruel scorn  
That craz'd this bold and lonely [lovely *E. M.*] knight,  
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,  
Nor rested day or night;

I promis'd thee a sister tale  
Of Man's perfidious Cruelty;  
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong  
Befel the Dark Ladie.

*End of the Introduction M. P.*

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## ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE<sup>[335:1]</sup>

### ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER 'PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD'

And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!  
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,  
With well-strung arm, that first preservst his child,  
Then aim'd the arrow at the tyrant's heart.

Splendour's fondly-fostered child!  
And did you hail the platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

5

[336]

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 lulled your infant ear,  
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:  
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,  
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,  
Detained your eye from Nature: stately vests,  
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,  
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,  
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see  
The unenjoying toiler's misery.  
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

10

15

20

There crowd your finely-fibred frame  
All living faculties of bliss;  
And Genius to your cradle came,  
His forehead wreathed 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,  
Corrivals in the nobler gift of thought.

25

30

35

Yet these delight to celebrate  
Laurelled 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!

40

45

But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell

[337]

Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

[50](#)

You were a Mother! That most holy name,  
Which Heaven and Nature bless,  
I may not vilely prostitute to those  
Whose infants owe them less  
Than the poor caterpillar owes  
Its gaudy parent fly.

[55](#)

You were a mother! at your bosom fed  
The babes that loved 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!

[60](#)

65

The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides [\[337:1\]](#)

His chariot-planet round the goal of day,  
All trembling gazes on the eye of God  
A moment turned his awful face away;  
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet  
New influences in your being rose,  
Blest intuitions and communions fleet

[70](#)

With living Nature, in her joys and woes!

[75](#)

Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see  
The shrine of social Liberty!  
O beautiful! O Nature's child!  
'Twas thence you hailed the Platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

80

[\[338\]](#)

1799.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [\[335:1\]](#) First published in the *Morning Post*, December 24, 1799 (in four numbered stanzas): included in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The Duchess's poem entitled 'Passage over Mount Gothard' was published in the *Morning Chronicle* on Dec. 20 and in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799.
- [\[337:1\]](#) In a copy of the *Annual Anthology* Coleridge drew his pen through ll. 68-77, but the lines appeared in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, and in all later editions (see *P. W.*, 1898, p. 624).

### LINENOTES:

#### [Motto](#) 4

Then wing'd the arrow to

*M. P., An. Anth.*

[\[Sub-title\]](#) On the 24<sup>th</sup> stanza in her Poem, entitled 'The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard.' *M. P.*

- [\[1-2\]](#) Lady, Splendor's foster'd child  
And did *you*

*M. P.*

[\[2\]](#) *you*] *you* *An. Anth.*

[\[7\]](#) your years their courses *M. P.*

[\[9\]](#) Ah! far remov'd from want and hope and fear *M. P.*

[\[11\]](#) Obeisant praises *M. P.*

[\[14\]](#) stately] gorgeous *M. P.*

[\[15\]](#) *om. An. Anth.*

[31](#) foll.

But many of your many fair compeers  
[But many of thy many fair compeers *M. P.*]  
Have frames as sensible of joys and fears;



And some might wage an equal strife

*An. Anth.*

[34-5] (Some few perchance to nobler being wrought),  
Corrivals in the plastic powers of thought.

*M. P.*

[35] Corrivals] co-rivals *An. Anth., S. L. 1828.*

[36] these] *these S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[40] insidious] insulting *M. P.*

[45] penury] poverty *M. P., An. Anth.*

[47] Hail'd the low Chapel *M. P., An. Anth.*

[51] Whence] Where *An. Anth., S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[56] caterpillar] Reptile *M. P., An. Anth.*

[60] each] and *M. P.*

[72] you] thee *M. P.*

[73] your] thy *M. P.*

[76] O Lady thence ye joy'd to see *M. P.*

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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL [\[338:1\]](#)

### I

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

5

### 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.

10

### III

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

15

[339]

### 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,—  
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

20

### V

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

25

30

### 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 defiled,  
That from the agéd father tears his child!

35

VII

'A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
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.

40

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.'

45

[340]

1799.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[338:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, December 25, 1799: included in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[8] a] an *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

[10] While] And *M. P.*

[35] War is a ruffian Thief, with gore defil'd *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

[37] fiend] Thief *M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

[41] rends] tears *M. P.*

After 49

Strange prophecy! Could half the screams  
Of half the men that since have died  
To realise War's kingly dreams,  
Have risen at once in one vast tide,  
The choral music of Heav'n's multitude  
Had been o'erpower'd, and lost amid the uproar rude!

ESTEESI.  
*M. P.*, *An. Anth.*

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**TALLEYRAND TO LORD GRENVILLE**<sup>[340:1]</sup>

**A METRICAL EPISTLE**

[As printed in *Morning Post* for January 10, 1800.]

To the Editor of *The Morning Post*.

MR. EDITOR,—An unmetrical letter from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville has already appeared, and from an authority too high to be questioned: otherwise I could adduce some arguments for the exclusive authenticity of the following metrical epistle. The very epithet which the wise ancients used, '*aurea carmina*,' might have been supposed likely to have determined the choice of the French minister in favour of verse; and the rather when we recollect that this phrase of '*golden verses*' is applied emphatically to the works of that philosopher who imposed *silence* on all with whom he had to deal. Besides is it not somewhat improbable that Talleyrand should have preferred prose to rhyme, when the latter alone *has got the chink*? Is it not likewise curious that in our official answer no notice whatever is taken of the Chief Consul, Bonaparte, as if there had been no such person [man *Essays*, &c., 1850] existing; notwithstanding that his existence is pretty generally admitted, nay that some have been so rash as to believe that he has created as great a sensation in the world as Lord Grenville, or even the Duke of Portland? But the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, is acknowledged, which, in our opinion, could not have happened had he written only that insignificant prose-letter, which seems to precede Bonaparte's, as in

[341]

old romances a dwarf always ran before to proclaim the advent or arrival of knight or giant. That Talleyrand's character and practices more resemble those of some *regular* Governments than Bonaparte's I admit; but this of itself does not appear a satisfactory explanation. However, let the letter speak for itself. The second line is supererogative in syllables, whether from the oscitancy of the transcriber, or from the trepidation which might have overpowered the modest Frenchman, on finding himself in the act of writing to so *great* a man, I shall not dare to determine. A few Notes are added by

Your servant,

Gnome.

*P.S.*—As mottoes are now fashionable, especially if taken from out of the way books, you may prefix, if you please, the following lines from Sidonius Apollinaris:

'Saxa, et robora, corneasque fibras  
Mollit dulciloquâ canorus arte!'

**TALLEYRAND, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT PARIS, TO LORD GRENVILLE, SECRETARY OF STATE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AUDITOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, A LORD OF TRADE, AN ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE, ETC.**

My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation  
From forms long establish'd, yet with high consideration,  
I plead for the honour to hope that no blame  
Will attach, should this letter *begin* with my name.  
I dar'd not presume on your Lordship to bounce,  
But thought it more *exquisite* first to *announce*!

5

My Lord! I've the honour to be Talleyrand,  
And the letter's from *me*! you'll not draw back your hand  
Nor yet take it up by the rim in dismay,  
As boys pick up ha'pence on April fool-day.  
I'm no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier  
That your Lordship's *ungauntleted* fingers need fear  
An infection or burn! Believe me, 'tis true,  
With a scorn like another I look down on the crew  
That bawl and hold up to the mob's detestation  
The most delicate wish for a *silent persuasion*.  
*A form long-establish'd* these Terrorists call  
Bribes, perjury, theft, and the devil and all!  
And yet spite of all that the Moralist<sup>[341:1]</sup> prates,  
'Tis the keystone and cement of *civilized States*.

10

15

[342]

Those American *Reps*!<sup>[342:1]</sup> And i' faith, they were serious!  
It shock'd us at Paris, like something mysterious,  
That men who've a Congress—But no more of 't! I'm proud  
To have stood so distinct from the Jacobin crowd.

20

My Lord! though the vulgar in wonder be lost at  
My transfigurations, and name me *Apostate*,  
Such a meaningless nickname, which never incens'd me,  
*Cannot* prejudice you or your Cousin against me:  
I'm Ex-bishop. What then? Burke himself would agree  
That I left not the Church—'twas the Church that left me.  
My titles prelati I lov'd and retain'd,  
As long as what *I* meant by Prelate remain'd:  
And tho' Mitres no longer will *pass* in our mart,  
I'm *episcopal* still to the core of my heart.  
No time from my name this my motto shall sever:  
'Twill be *Non sine pulvere palma*<sup>[342:2]</sup> for ever!

25

30

35

Your goodness, my Lord, I conceive as excessive,  
Or I dar'd not present you a scroll so digressive;  
And in truth with my pen thro' and thro' I should strike it;  
But I hear that your Lordship's own style is just like it.  
Dear my Lord, we are right: for what charms can be shew'd  
In a thing that goes straight like an old Roman road?  
The tortoise crawls straight, the hare doubles about;  
And the true line of beauty still winds in and out.  
It argues, my Lord! of fine thoughts such a brood in us  
To split and divide into heads multitudinous,  
While charms that surprise (it can ne'er be denied us)  
Sprout forth from each head, like the ears from King Midas.  
Were a genius of rank, like a commonplace dunce,  
Compell'd to drive on to the main point at once,  
What a plentiful vintage of initiations<sup>[342:3]</sup>  
Would Noble Lords lose in your Lordship's orations.

40

45

50

[343]

My fancy transports me! As mute as a mouse,  
 And as fleet as a pigeon, I'm borne to the house  
 Where all those who *are* Lords, from father to son, 55  
 Discuss the affairs of all those who are none.  
 I behold you, my Lord! of your feelings quite full,  
 'Fore the woosack arise, like a sack full of wool!  
 You rise on each Anti-Grenvillian Member,  
 Short, thick and blustrous, like a day in November!<sup>[343:1]</sup> 60  
 Short in person, I mean: for the length of your speeches  
 Fame herself, that most famous reporter, ne'er reaches.  
 Lo! Patience beholds you contemn her brief reign,  
 And Time, that all-panting toil'd after in vain,  
 (Like the Beldam who raced for a smock with her grand-child) 65  
 Drops and cries: 'Were such lungs e'er assign'd to a man-child?'  
 Your strokes at her vitals pale Truth has confess'd,  
 And Zeal unresisted entempests your breast!<sup>[343:2]</sup>  
 Though some noble Lords may be wishing to sup,  
 Your merit self-conscious, my Lord, *keeps you up*, 70  
 Unextinguish'd and swoln, as a balloon of paper  
 Keeps aloft by the smoke of its own farthing taper.  
 Ye SIXTEENS<sup>[343:3]</sup> of Scotland, your snuffs ye must trim;  
 Your Gemines, fix'd stars of England! grow dim,  
 And but for *a form long-establish'd*, no doubt 75  
 Twinkling faster and faster, ye all would *go out*.

*Apropos*, my dear Lord! a ridiculous blunder  
 Of some of our Journalists caused us some wonder:  
 It was said that in aspect malignant and sinister  
 In the Isle of Great Britain a great Foreign Minister 80  
 Turn'd as pale as a journeyman miller's frock coat is  
 On observing a star that appear'd in *BOOTES*!  
 When the whole truth was this (O those ignorant brutes!)  
 Your Lordship had made his appearance in boots.  
 You, my Lord, with your star, sat in boots, and the Spanish 85  
 Ambassador thereupon thought fit to vanish.

But perhaps, dear my Lord, among other worse crimes,  
 The whole was no more than a lie of *The Times*.  
 It is monstrous, my Lord! in a civilis'd state  
 That such Newspaper rogues should have license to prate. 90  
 Indeed printing in general—but for the taxes,  
 Is in theory false and pernicious in praxis!  
 You and I, and your Cousin, and Abbé Sieyes,  
 And all the great Statesmen that live in these days,  
 Are agreed that no nation secure is from vi'lence 95  
 Unless all who must think are maintain'd all in silence.  
 This printing, my Lord—but 'tis useless to mention  
 What we both of us think—'twas a curséd invention,  
 And Germany might have been honestly prouder  
 Had she left it alone, and found out only powder. 100  
 My Lord! when I think of our labours and cares  
 Who rule the Department of foreign affairs,  
 And how with their libels these journalists bore us,  
 Though Rage I acknowledge than Scorn less decorous;  
 Yet their presses and types I could shiver in splinters, 105  
 Those Printers' black Devils! those Devils of Printers!  
 In case of a peace—but perhaps it were better  
 To proceed to the absolute point of my letter:  
 For the deep wounds of France, Bonaparte, my master,  
 Has found out a new sort of *basilicon* plaister. 110  
 But your time, my dear Lord! is your nation's best treasure,  
 I've intruded already too long on your leisure;  
 If so, I entreat you with penitent sorrow  
 To pause, and resume the remainder to-morrow.

1800.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[340:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, January 10, 1800: reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, i. 233-7. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, 1880.

[341:1] This sarcasm on the writings of moralists is, in general, extremely just; but had Talleyrand continued long enough in England, he might have found an honourable exception in the second volume of Dr. Paley's *Moral Philosophy*; in which both *Secret Influence*, and all the

other *Established Forms*, are justified and placed in their true light.

[342:1] A fashionable abbreviation in the higher circles for Republicans. Thus *Mob* was originally the Mobility.

[342:2] *Palma non sine pulvere* In plain English, an itching palm, not without the yellow dust.

[342:3] The word *Initiations* is borrowed from the new Constitution, and can only mean, in plain English, introductory matter. If the manuscript would bear us out, we should propose to read the line thus: 'What a plentiful *Verbage*, what Initiations!' inasmuch as Vintage must necessarily refer to wine, really or figuratively; and we cannot guess what species Lord Grenville's eloquence may be supposed to resemble, unless, indeed, it be *Cowslip* wine. A slashing critic to whom we read the manuscript, proposed to read, 'What a plenty of Flowers—what initiations!' and supposes it may allude indiscriminately to Poppy Flowers, or Flour of Brimstone. The most modest emendation, perhaps, would be this—for Vintage read Ventage.

[343:1] We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy of this simile. For as Lord Grenville, though short, is certainly not the shortest man in the House, even so is it with the days in November.

[343:2] An evident plagiarism of the Ex-Bishop's from Dr. Johnson:—

'Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,  
And unresisting Passion storm'd the breast.'

[343:3] This line and the following are involved in an almost Lycophrontic tenebricosity. On repeating them, however, to an *Illuminant*, whose confidence I possess, he informed me (and he ought to know, for he is a Tallow-chandler by trade) that certain candles go by the name of *sixteens*. This explains the whole, the Scotch Peers are destined to burn out—and so are candles! The English are perpetual, and are therefore styled Fixed Stars! The word *Geminies* is, we confess, still obscure to us; though we venture to suggest that it may perhaps be a metaphor (daringly sublime) for the two eyes which noble Lords do in general possess. It is certainly used by the poet Fletcher in this sense, in the 31st stanza of his *Purple Island*:—

'What! shall I then need seek a patron out,  
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,  
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,  
And shine upon me with her *geminies*?'

#### LINENOTES:

[14] With a scorn, like your own *Essay, &c., 1850*.

### [345] APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA [345:1]

The poet in his lone yet genial hour  
Gives to his eyes a magnifying power:  
Or rather he emancipates his eyes  
From the black shapeless accidents of size—  
In unctuous cones of kindling coal,  
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim hole,  
His gifted ken can see  
Phantoms of sublimity.

1800.

5

#### FOOTNOTES:

[345:1] Included in the text of *The Historie and Gestes of Maxilian*: first published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1822, vol. xi, p. 12. The lines were taken from a MS. note-book, dated August 28, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title] The Poet's ken *P. W.*, 1885: Apologia, &c. 1907.

[1-4] The poet's eye in his tipsy hour  
Hath a magnifying power  
Or rather emancipates his eyes  
Of the accidents of size

*MS.*

[5] cones] cone *MS.*

[6] Or smoke from his pipe's bole *MS.*

## THE KEEPSAKE<sup>[345:2]</sup>

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,  
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,  
 Show 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, 5  
 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 10  
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet roadside,  
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,  
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!<sup>[346:1]</sup>  
 So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline  
 With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk 15  
 Has worked (the flowers which most she knew I loved),  
 And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

[346]

In the cool morning twilight, early waked  
 By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,  
 Softly she rose, and lightly stole along, 20  
 Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,  
 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. 25  
 There, in that bower where first she owned her love,  
 And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy  
 From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched  
 The silk upon the frame, and worked her name  
 Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not— 30  
 Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!  
 That forced 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,) 35  
 Nor yet the enhancement of that maiden kiss  
 With which she promised, that when spring returned,  
 She would resign one half of that dear name,  
 And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

? 1800.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [345:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 17, 1802 (signed, ΕΣΤΗΣΕ): included in *Sibyline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834. 'It had been composed two years before' (1802), *Note*, 1893, p. 624. Mr. Campbell may have seen a dated MS. Internal evidence would point to the autumn of 1802, when it was published in the *Morning Post*.
- [346:1] 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 (*Vergissmeinnicht*) and, we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

### LINENOTES:

- [1] *om. M. P.*
- [2] *one] one M. P.*
- [12] *Line 13 precedes line 12 M. P.*
- [17] *they] all M. P.*
- [19] *joyous] joyless S. L. 1828.*
- [19-21]                   joyous restlessness,  
 Leaving the soft bed to her sister,  
 Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,  
 Her fair face flushing in the purple dawn,  
 Adown the meadow to the woodbine bower

Between [19-20](#) Leaving the soft bed to her sleeping sister *S. L. 1817*.

[\[25\]](#) scarcely moving] scarcely-flowing *M. P.*

[\[39\]](#) thenceforth] henceforth *M. P.*

[\[347\]](#) **A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A VIEW**[\[347:1\]](#)

**OF SADDLEBACK IN CUMBERLAND**

On stern Blencartha's perilous height  
 The winds are tyrannous and strong;  
 And flashing forth unsteady light  
 From stern Blencartha's skiey height,  
 As loud the torrents throng!  
 Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,  
 They bind the earth and sky together.  
 But oh! the sky and all its forms, how quiet!  
 The things that seek the earth, how full of noise and riot!

5

1800.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[\[347:1\]](#) First published in the *Amulet*, 1833, reprinted in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834: included in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii. 997. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. These lines are inserted in one of the Malta Notebooks, and appear from the context to have been written at Olevano in 1806; but it is almost certain that they belong to the autumn of 1800 when Coleridge made a first acquaintance of 'Blencathara's rugged coves'. The first line is an adaptation of a line in a poem of Isaac Ritson, quoted in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, a work which supplied him with some of the place-names in the Second Part of *Christabel*. Compare, too, a sentence in a letter to Sir H. Davy of Oct. 18, 1800:—'At the bottom of the Carrock Man . . . the wind became so fearful and *tyrannous*, etc.'

**LINENOTES:**

[\[Title\]](#) A Versified Reflection *F. O. 1834*. In *F. O. 1834*, the lines were prefaced by a note:—[A Force is the provincial term in Cumberland for any narrow fall of water from the summit of a mountain precipice. The following stanza (it may not arrogate the name of poem) or versified reflection was composed while the author was gazing on three parallel *Forces* on a moonlight night, at the foot of the Saddleback Fell. *S. T. C.*] A — by the view of Saddleback, near Threlkeld in Cumberland, *Essays, &c.*

[\[1\]](#) Blencartha's] Blenkarthur's *MS.*: Blencarthur's *F. O.*: Blenharthur's *Essays, &c., 1850*.

[\[2\]](#) The wind is *F. O.*

[\[4\]](#) Blencartha's] Blenkarthur's *MS.*: Blencarthur's *F. O.*: Blenharthur's *Essays, &c., 1850*.

[\[8\]](#) oh!] ah! *Essays, &c.*

**THE MAD MONK**[\[347:2\]](#)

I heard a voice from Etna's side;  
 Where o'er a cavern's mouth  
 That fronted to the south  
 A chesnut spread its umbrage wide:  
 A hermit or a monk the man might be;  
 But him I could not see:  
 And thus the music flow'd along,  
 In melody most like to old Sicilian song:

[\[348\]](#)

'There was a time when earth, and sea, and skies,  
 The bright green vale, and forest's dark recess,  
 With all things, lay before mine eyes  
 In steady loveliness:  
 But now I feel, on earth's uneasy scene,  
 Such sorrows as will never cease;—  
 I only ask for peace;  
 If I must live to know that such a time has been!  
 A silence then ensued:  
 Till from the cavern came

5

10

15

A voice;—it was the same!  
And thus, in mournful tone, its dreary plaint renew'd:

[20](#)

'Last night, as o'er the sloping turf I trod,  
The smooth green turf, to me a vision gave  
Beneath mine eyes, the sod—  
The roof of Rosa's grave!

My heart has need with dreams like these to strive,  
For, when I woke, beneath mine eyes I found  
The plot of mossy ground,

[25](#)

On which we oft have sat when Rosa was alive.—  
Why must the rock, and margin of the flood,  
Why must the hills so many flow'rets bear,  
Whose colours to a *murder'd* maiden's blood,  
Such sad resemblance wear?—

[30](#)

'*I struck the wound*,—this hand of mine!  
For Oh, thou maid divine,  
I lov'd to agony!  
The youth whom thou call'd'st thine  
Did never love like me!

[35](#)

'Is it the stormy clouds above  
That flash'd so red a gleam?  
On yonder downward trickling stream?—  
'Tis not the blood of her I love.—  
The sun torments me from his western bed,  
Oh, let him cease for ever to diffuse  
Those crimson spectre hues!  
Oh, let me lie in peace, and be for ever dead!'

[40](#)

[45](#)

Here ceas'd the voice. In deep dismay,  
Down thro' the forest I pursu'd my way.

1800.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [347:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, October 13, 1800 (signed *Cassiani junior*): reprinted in *Wild Wreath* (By M. E. Robinson), 1804, pp. 141-4. First collected in *P. W.*, 1880 (ii, Supplement, p. 362).

### LINENOTES:

[Title] The Voice from the Side of Etna; or the Mad Monk: An Ode in Mrs. Ratcliff's Manner  
*M. P.*

[8] to] an *M. P.*

[14] sorrows] motions *M. P.*

[16] Then wherefore must I know *M. P.*

[23] I saw the sod *M. P.*

[26] woke] wak'd *M. P.*

[27] The] That *M. P.*

[28] On which so oft we sat *M. P.*

[31] a wounded woman's blood *M. P.*

[38-9] It is the stormy clouds above  
That flash

*M. P.*

After [47](#)

The twilight fays came forth in dewy shoon  
Ere I within the Cabin had withdrawn  
The goatherd's tent upon the open lawn—  
That night there was no moon.

*M. P.*



## HALF-WAY UP A STEEP HILL FACING SOUTH<sup>[349:1]</sup>

[350] Thou who in youthful vigour rich, and light  
With youthful thoughts dost need no rest! O thou,  
To whom alike the valley and the hill  
Present a path of ease! Should e'er thine eye  
Glance on this sod, and this rude tablet, stop! 5  
'Tis a rude spot, yet here, with thankful hearts,  
The foot-worn soldier and his family  
Have rested, wife and babe, and boy, perchance  
Some eight years old or less, and scantily fed,  
Garbed like his father, and already bound 10  
To his poor father's trade. Or think of him  
Who, laden with his implements of toil,  
Returns at night to some far distant home,  
And having plodded on through rain and mire  
With limbs o'erlaboured, weak from feverish heat, 15  
And chafed and fretted by December blasts,  
Here pauses, thankful he hath reached so far,  
And 'mid the sheltering warmth of these bleak trees  
Finds restoration—or reflect on those  
Who in the spring to meet the warmer sun 20  
Crawl up this steep hill-side, that needlessly  
Bends double their weak frames, already bowed  
By age or malady, and when, at last,  
They gain this wished-for turf, this seat of sods,  
Repose—and, well-admonished, ponder here 25  
On final rest. And if a serious thought  
Should come uncalled—how soon *thy* motions high,  
Thy balmy spirits and thy fervid blood  
Must change to feeble, withered, cold and dry,  
Cherish the wholesome sadness! And where'er 30  
The tide of Life impel thee, O be prompt  
To make thy present strength the staff of all,  
Their staff and resting-place—so shalt thou give  
To Youth the sweetest joy that Youth can know;  
And for thy future self thou shalt provide 35  
Through every change of various life, a seat,  
Not built by hands, on which thy inner part,  
Imperishable, many a grievous hour,  
Or bleak or sultry may repose—yea, sleep  
The sleep of Death, and dream of blissful worlds, 40  
Then wake in Heaven, and find the dream all true.

1800.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[349:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, October 21, 1800 (Coleridge's birthday) under the signature VENTIFRONS: reprinted in the *Lake Herald*, November 2, 1906. Now first included in Coleridge's *Poetical Works*. Venti Frons is dog-Latin for Windy Brow, a point of view immediately above the River Greta, on the lower slope of Latrigg. Here it was that on Wednesday, August 13, 1800, Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy, and Coleridge 'made the Windy Brow seat'—a 'seat of sods'. In a letter to his printers, Biggs and Cottle, of October 10, 1800, Wordsworth says that 'a friend [the author of the *Ancient Mariner*, &c.] has also furnished me with a few of these Poems in the second volume [of the *Lyrical Ballads*] which are classed under the title of "Poems on the Naming of Places" (*Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS.*, Ed. W. Hale White, 1897, pp. 27, 28). No such poems or poem appeared, and it has been taken for granted that none were ever written. At any rate *one* 'Inscription', now at last forthcoming, was something more than a 'story from the land of dreams'!

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## A STRANGER MINSTREL<sup>[350:1]</sup>

WRITTEN [TO MRS. ROBINSON,] A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HER DEATH

[351] As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine,  
Midway th' ascent, in that repose divine  
When the soul centred in the heart's recess  
Hath quaff'd its fill of Nature's loveliness,  
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay 5  
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;  
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,

Fills up the wrinkles of a silent laugh—  
 In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought  
 A form within me rose, within me wrought 10  
 With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,  
 'Thou ancient Skiddaw by thy helm of cloud,  
 And by thy many-colour'd chasms deep,  
 And by their shadows that for ever sleep,  
 By yon small flaky mists that love to creep 15  
 Along the edges of those spots of light,  
 Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height,  
 And by yon shepherds with their sheep,  
 And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd,  
 That rush e'en now with clamour loud 20  
 Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud,  
 And by this laugh, and by this tear,  
 I would, old Skiddaw, she were here!  
 A lady of sweet song is she,  
 Her soft blue eye was made for thee! 25  
 O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,  
 I would, I would that she were here!'

Then ancient Skiddaw, stern and proud,  
 In sullen majesty replying,  
 Thus spake from out his helm of cloud 30  
 (His voice was like an echo dying!):—  
 'She dwells belike in scenes more fair,  
 And scorns a mount so bleak and bare.'

I only sigh'd when this I heard,  
 Such mournful thoughts within me stirr'd 35  
 That all my heart was faint and weak,  
 So sorely was I troubled!  
 No laughter wrinkled on my cheek,  
 But O the tears were doubled!  
 But ancient Skiddaw green and high 40  
 Heard and understood my sigh;  
 And now, in tones less stern and rude,  
 As if he wish'd to end the feud,  
 Spake he, the proud response renewing 45  
 (His voice was like a monarch wooing):—  
 'Nay, but thou dost not know her might,  
 The pinions of her soul how strong!  
 But many a stranger in my height  
 Hath sung to me her magic song, 50  
 Sending forth his ecstasy  
 In her divinest melody,  
 And hence I know her soul is free,  
 She is where'er she wills to be,  
 Unfetter'd by mortality! 55

Now to the "haunted beach" can fly,<sup>[352:1]</sup> 55  
 Beside the threshold scourged with waves,  
 Now where the maniac wildly raves,  
 "Pale moon, thou spectre of the sky!"<sup>[352:2]</sup>  
 No wind that hurries o'er my height  
 Can travel with so swift a flight. 60  
 I too, methinks, might merit  
 The presence of her spirit!  
 To me too might belong  
 The honour of her song and witching melody,  
 Which most resembles me, 65  
 Soft, various, and sublime,  
 Exempt from wrongs of Time!'

Thus spake the mighty Mount, and I  
 Made answer, with a deep-drawn sigh:—  
 Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear, 70  
 I would, I would that she were here!'

November, 1800.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

- [350:1] First published in *Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson*, Written by herself. With some Posthumous Pieces, 1801, iv. 141: reprinted in *Poetical Works of the late Mrs. Mary Robinson*, 1806, i. xlviii, li. First collected in *P. W.*, 1877-80.

[352:1] 'The Haunted Beach,' by Mrs. Robinson, was included in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800.

[352:2] From 'Jasper', a ballad by Mrs. Robinson, included in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800.

### LINENOTES:

[1] Skiddaw's] Skiddaw 1801.

[8] wrinkles] wrinkle 1801.

[13] chasms so deep 1801.

[17] sunny] sunshine 1801.

[32] in] by 1801.

[38] on] now 1801.

[57] Now to the maniac while he raves 1801.

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[353] **ALCAEUS TO SAPPHO**<sup>[353:1]</sup>

How sweet, when crimson colours dart  
Across a breast of snow,  
To see that you are in the heart  
That beats and throbs below.

All Heaven is in a maiden's blush,  
In which the soul doth speak,  
That it was you who sent the flush  
Into the maiden's cheek.

Large steadfast eyes! eyes gently rolled  
In shades of changing blue,  
How sweet are they, if they behold  
No dearer sight than you.

And, can a lip more richly glow,  
Or be more fair than this?  
The world will surely answer, No!  
I, SAPPHO, answer, Yes!

Then grant one smile, tho' it should mean  
A thing of doubtful birth;  
That I may say these eyes have seen  
The fairest face on earth!

1800.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[353:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, November 24, 1800: reprinted in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, p. 16. It is probable that these lines, sent in a letter to Daniel Stuart (Editor of the *Morning Post*), dated October 7, 1800, were addressed to Mrs. Robinson, who was a frequent contributor of verses signed 'Sappho'. A sequence of Sonnets entitled 'Sappho to Phaon' is included in the collected edition of her *Poems*, 1806, iii. 63-107.

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### THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE

<sup>[353:2]</sup>

[354]

The Devil believes that the Lord will come,  
Stealing a march without beat of drum,  
About the same time that he came last,  
On an Old Christmas-day in a snowy blast:  
Till he bids the trump sound neither body nor soul stirs,  
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their bolsters.

Oh! ho! brother Bard, in our churchyard,  
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green;  
Save one alone, and that's of stone,  
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.  
'Twould be a square tomb, if it were not too long;  
And 'tis fenced round with irons sharp, spear-like, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip

With a waxy face and a blubber lip,  
 And a black tooth in front, to show in part 15  
 What was the colour of his whole heart.  
     This Counsellor sweet,  
     This Scotchman complete,  
 (The Devil scotch him for a snake!)  
 I trust he lies in his grave awake. 20  
     On the sixth of January,  
 When all around is white with snow,  
 As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,  
     Brother Bard, ho! ho! believe it, or no,  
 On that stone tomb to you I'll show 25  
 Two round spaces void of snow.  
 I swear by our Knight, and his forefathers' souls,  
 That in size and shape they are just like the holes  
     In the house of privity  
     Of that ancient family. 30  
 On those two places void of snow,  
 There have sat in the night for an hour or so,  
 Before sunrise, and after cock-crow,  
 He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,  
 All to the tune of the wind in their horns, 35  
     The Devil and his Grannam,  
     With a snow-blast to fan 'em;  
 Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow,  
 For they are cock-sure of the fellow below!

1800.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [353:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, December 4, 1800: reprinted in *Fraser's Magazine* both in February and in May, 1833, and in Payne Collier's *Old Man's Diary*, i. 35. First collected in *P. W.*, 1834, with the following Prefatory Note:—'See the apology for the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter", in first volume. This is the first time the author ever published these lines. He would have been glad, had they perished; but they have now been printed repeatedly in magazines, and he is told that the verses will not perish. Here, therefore, they are owned, with a hope that they will be taken—as assuredly they were composed—in mere sport.' These lines, which were directed against Sir James Mackintosh, were included in a letter to [Sir] Humphry Davy, dated October 9, 1800. There is a MS. version in the British Museum in the handwriting of R. Heber, presented by him to J. Mitford. Mr. Campbell questions the accuracy of Coleridge's statement with regard to his never having published the poem on his own account. But it is possible that Davy may have sent the lines to the Press without Coleridge's authority. Daniel Stuart, the Editor of the *Morning Post*, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1838, says that 'Coleridge sent one [poem] attacking Mackintosh, too obviously for me not to understand it, and of course it was not published. Mackintosh had had one of his front teeth broken and the stump was black'. Stuart remembered that the lines attacking his brother-in-law had been suppressed, but forgot that he had inserted the rest of the poem. The poem as printed in 1893, despite the heading, does not follow the text of the *Morning Post*.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] Skeltoniad (To be read in the Recitative Lilt) *MS. Letter*: The Two Round Spaces; A Skeltoniad *M. P.*
- [1] The Devil believes the *Fraser (1)*.
- [3] time] hour *MS. Letter, M. P., Fraser (1), Collier*. At the same hour *MS. H.*
- [4] an Old] a cold *Fraser (1)*: On Old *MS. H.*
- [5] neither] nor *MS. Letter, M. P.*: Till he bids the trump blow nor *Fraser (2)*: Till the trump then shall sound no *Collier*: Until that time not a body or *MS. H.*
- [6] their] the *Collier*.
- [7] Oh! ho!] Ho! Ho! Ho! *M. P., MS. H.*: Oho *Fraser (1)*. Brother *Collier*. our] our *MS. Letter*.
- [8] Both bed and bolster *Fraser (2)*. The graves and bolsters *MS. H.*
- [9] Except one alone *MS. H.*
- [10] under] in *Fraser (2)*.
- [11] This tomb would be square *M. P.*: 'Twould be a square stone if it were not so long *Fraser (1)*. It would be square *MS. H.* tomb] grave *Collier*.
- [12] And 'tis railed round with iron tall *M. P.*: And 'tis edg'd round with iron *Fraser (1)*: 'Tis fenc'd round with irons tall *Fraser (2)*: And 'tis fenc'd round with iron tall *Collier*. 'tis] its *MS. H.*
- [13-20] *om. M. P.*

- [13] From Aberdeen hither this fellow *MS. Letter*: hither] here *Fraser (2)*.
- [14] blubber] blabber *MS. Letter, Fraser (1), (2), MS. H.*
- [15] in front] before *MS. H.*
- [17] Counsellor] lawyer so *MS. H.*
- [19] The Devil] Apollyon *MS. Letter*: scotch] *scotch Collier*.
- [20] trust] hope *Collier*:] (A humane wish) *Note in MS. Letter*.
- [21] sixth] seventh *M. P., Collier*: fifth *MS. H.*
- [22] When all is white both high and low *MS. Letter, M. P., Fraser (2), Collier, MS. H.*: When the ground All around Is as white as snow *Fraser (1)*.
- [23] As] Or *Fraser (1)*: Like *MS. H.*
- [24] ho! ho!] oho! *Fraser (1)*: it] me *M. P.*
- [25] stone] tall *MS. Letter, M. P., Fraser (2), Collier*: On the stone to you *MS. H.*
- [25-6] *om. Fraser (1)*.  
*Between 25-6* After sunset and before cockcrow *M. P.* Before sunrise and after cockcrow *Fraser (2)*.
- [26] void] clear *M. P.*
- [27] I swear by the might Of the darkness of night, I swear by the sleep of our forefathers' souls *Fraser (1)*: souls] soul *MS. H.*
- [26-8] *om. Fraser (2)*.
- [28] Both in shape and size *MS. Letter*: Both in shape and in size *M. P.*: That in shape and size they resembled *Fraser (1), Collier*: That in shape and size they are just like the Hole *MS. H.*
- [29] In the large house *M. P.*
- [29-30] In mansions not seen by the general eye  
 Of that right ancient family.  
*Fraser (1)*.
- [31] two] round *MS. Letter*: places] spaces *Collier, MS. H.* void] clear *M. P.*
- [32] Have sat *Fraser (1), (2)*: There have sat for an hour *MS. H.*
- [33] *om. MS. Letter, M. P.*
- [36] Devil] De'il *M. P.*
- [37] With the snow-drift *M. P.*: With a snow-blast to fan *MS. Letter*.
- [38] Expecting and wishing the trumpet would blow *Collier*.

[356] **THE SNOW-DROP** [356:1]

1

Fear no more, thou timid Flower!  
 Fear thou no more the winter's might,  
 The whelming thaw, the ponderous shower,  
 The silence of the freezing night!  
 Since Laura murmur'd o'er thy leaves 5  
 The potent sorceries of song,  
 To thee, meek Flowret! gentler gales  
 And cloudless skies belong.

2

[357]

Her eye with tearful meanings fraught,  
 She gaz'd till all the body mov'd 10  
 Interpreting the Spirit's thought—  
 The Spirit's eager sympathy  
 Now trembled with thy trembling stem,  
 And while thou droopedst o'er thy bed,  
 With sweet unconscious sympathy 15  
 Inclined the drooping head. [357:1]

3

She droop'd her head, she stretch'd her arm,  
 She whisper'd low her witching rhymes,  
 Fame unreluctant heard the charm,  
 And bore thee to Pierian climes! 20  
 Fear thou no more the Matin Frost

That sparkled on thy bed of snow;  
For there, mid laurels ever green,  
Immortal thou shalt blow.

4

Thy petals boast a white more soft,  
The spell hath so perfuméd thee,  
That careless Love shall deem thee oft  
A blossom from his Myrtle tree.  
Then, laughing at the fair deceit,  
Shall race with some Etesian wind  
To seek the woven arboret  
Where Laura lies reclin'd.

25

[358]

30

5

All them whom Love and Fancy grace,  
When grosser eyes are clos'd in sleep,  
The gentle spirits of the place  
Waft up the insuperable steep,  
On whose vast summit broad and smooth  
Her nest the Phœnix Bird conceals,  
And where by cypresses o'erhung  
The heavenly Lethe steals.

35

40

6

A sea-like sound the branches breathe,  
Stirr'd by the Breeze that loiters there;  
And all that stretch their limbs beneath,  
Forget the coil of mortal care.  
Strange mists along the margins rise,  
To heal the guests who thither come,  
And fit the soul to re-endure  
Its earthly martyrdom.

45

7\*

The margin dear to moonlight elves  
Where Zephyr-trembling Lilies grow,  
And bend to kiss their softer selves  
That tremble in the stream below:—  
There nightly borne does Laura lie  
A magic Slumber heaves her breast:  
Her arm, white wanderer of the Harp,  
Beneath her cheek is prest.

50

55

8\*

The Harp uphung by golden chains  
Of that low wind which whispers round,  
With coy reproachfulness complains,  
In snatches of reluctant sound:  
The music hovers half-perceiv'd,  
And only moulds the slumberer's dreams;  
Remember'd Loves relume her cheek  
With Youth's returning gleams.

60

1800.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[356:1] First published in *P. W.*, 1893. The two last stanzas[\*] were omitted as 'too imperfect to print'. The MS. bears the following heading: LINES WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PERUSAL OF MRS. ROBINSON'S SNOW DROP.

*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

Sir,

I am one of your many readers who have been highly gratified by some extracts from Mrs. Robinson's 'Walsingham': you will oblige me by inserting the following lines [*sic*] immediately on the perusal of her beautiful poem 'The Snow Drop'.—ZAGRI.

The 'Lines' were never sent or never appeared in the *Morning Post*.

To the Snow Drop.

Fear thou no more the wintry storm,  
 Sweet Flowret, blest by LAURA'S song:  
 She gaz'd upon thy slender form,  
 The mild Enchantress gaz'd so long;  
 That trembling as she saw thee droop,  
 Poor Trembler! o'er thy snowy bed,  
 With imitation's sympathy  
 She too inclin'd her head.

She droop'd her head, she stretch'd her arm,  
 She whisper'd low her witching rhymes:  
 A gentle Sylphid heard the charm,  
 And bore thee to Pierian climes!  
 Fear thou no more the sparkling Frost,  
 The Tempest's Howl, the Fog-damp's gloom:  
 For thus mid laurels evergreen  
 Immortal thou shalt bloom!

## 3 [Stanza 2]

With eager ~~feelings~~ unprov'd  
 With ~~steady eye and brooding thought~~  
 Her eye with tearful meanings fraught,  
 My ~~Fancy saw her gaze at thee~~  
 She gaz'd till all the body mov'd  
 Till all the ~~moving body caught~~,  
 Interpreting, the Spirit's sympathy—  
 The Spirit's eager sympathy  
 Now trembled with thy trembling stem,  
 And while thou drooped'st o'er thy bed,  
 With sweet unconscious sympathy

Inclin'd [ her ~~portraiture~~  
 the drooping head.

First draft of Stanzas 1-3. *MS. S. T. C.*

[357:1] The second stanza of Mrs. Robinson's ('Perdita') 'Ode to the Snow-drop' runs thus:

All weak and wan, with head inclin'd,  
 Its parent-breast the drifted snow,  
 It trembles, while the ruthless wind  
 Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,  
 Its em'rald eye drops crystal show'rs  
 On its cold bed below.

*The Poetical Works of the late Mrs. Mary Robinson,*  
 1806, i. 123.

**LINENOTES:**

[36] insuperable] unvoyageable *MS. erased.*

[53-4] Along that marge does Laura lie  
 Full oft where Slumber heaves her breast

*MS. erased.*

[64] With Beauty's morning gleams

*MS. erased.*

---

[359] **ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE** [359:1]

**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 fulfilled 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:

15

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

20

[360]

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.

August, 1801.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[359:1] First published in the *Morning Post* (signed Εστιασε), September 15, 1801: included in the *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The lines were sent in an unpublished letter to Southey dated August 15, 1801. An autograph MS. is in the possession of Miss Arnold of Foxhow.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] A flowering weed on the sweet Hill of Poesy *MS. Letter, 1801*: Ode After Bathing in the Sea, Contrary to Medical Advice *M. P.* After bathing in the Sea at Scarborough in company with T. Hutchinson. Aug. 1801 *MS. A.*

[3] ceaseless] endless *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

[4] men] life *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

[5] Gravely said the 

[	mild <i>MS. A.</i> sage Physician <i>MS. Letter</i> :
---	--

Mildly said the mild Physician *M. P.*

[6] To bathe me on thy shores were death *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

[10] That love the city's gilded sty *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

[13] hopes] loves *MS. Letter, MS. A.*

[16] echoing] sounding *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

[18] Grief-like transports *MS. Letter, M. P., MS. A.*

---

## ODE TO TRANQUILLITY<sup>[360:1]</sup>

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 steadfast shore,  
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

5

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.

10

[361]

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
At morning through the accustomed mead;  
And in the sultry summer's heat  
Will build me up a mossy seat;

15

20



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.

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!

25

30

1801.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [360:1] First published in the *Morning Post* (with two additional stanzas at the commencement of the poem), December 4, 1801: reprinted in *The Friend* (without heading or title), No. 1, Thursday, June 1, 1809: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The stanzas were not indented in the *Morning Post* or *The Friend*.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] *Vix ea nostra voco M. P.*

Before 1

What Statesmen scheme and Soldiers work,  
Whether the Pontiff or the Turk,  
Will e'er renew th' expiring lease  
Of Empire; whether War or Peace  
Will best play off the CONSUL's game;  
What fancy-figures, and what name  
Half-thinking, sensual France, a natural Slave,  
On those ne'er-broken Chains, her self-forg'd Chains, will grave;

Disturb not me! Some tears I shed  
When bow'd the Swiss his noble head;  
Since then, with quiet heart have view'd  
Both distant Fights and Treaties crude,  
Whose heap'd up terms, which Fear compels,  
(Live Discord's green Combustibles,  
And future Fuel of the funeral Pyre)  
Now hide, and soon, alas! will feed the low-burnt Fire.

*M. P.*

- [8] tempest] storm-wind *M. P.*  
[15] To] And *The Friend*, 1809. slumbers] slumber *M. P.*, *The Friend*.  
[17] thy gentle hand] the power Divine *M. P.*  
[21] Autumn] Summer *M. P.*  
[23] The best the thoughts will lift *M. P.*  
[26] thee] her *M. P.*  
[28] some] a *M. P.*  
[29] hermit] hermit's *M. P.*

---

### TO ASRA [\[361:1\]](#)

Are there two things, of all which men possess,  
That are so like each other and so near,  
As mutual Love seems like to Happiness?  
Dear Asra, woman beyond utterance dear!  
This Love which ever welling at my heart,  
Now in its living fount doth heave and fall,  
Now overflowing pours thro' every part  
Of all my frame, and fills and changes all,  
Like vernal waters springing up through snow,  
This Love that seeming great beyond the power  
Of growth, yet seemeth ever more to grow,  
Could I transmute the whole to one rich Dower

5

[362]

10

Of Happy Life, and give it all to Thee,  
Thy lot, methinks, were Heaven, thy age, Eternity!

1801.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[361:1] First published in 1893. The Sonnet to 'Asra' was prefixed to the MS. of *Christabel* which Coleridge presented to Miss Sarah Hutchinson in 1804.

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## THE SECOND BIRTH [\[362:1\]](#)

There are two births, the one when Light  
First strikes the new-awaken'd sense—  
The other when two souls unite,  
And we must count our life from then.

When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,  
Then both of us were born anew.

5

? 1801.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[362:1] First published from a MS. in 1893.

---

## LOVE'S SANCTUARY [\[362:2\]](#)

This yearning heart (Love! witness what I say)  
Enshrines thy form as purely as it may,  
Round which, as to some spirit uttering bliss,  
My thoughts all stand ministrant night and day  
Like saintly Priests, that dare not think amiss.

? 1801.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[362:2] First published from a MS. in 1893.

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## DEJECTION: AN ODE [\[362:3\]](#)

[WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802]

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  
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,  
Which better far were mute.

[363]

5

For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!  
And overspread with phantom light, 10  
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread  
But rimmed 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, 15  
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! 20

[364]

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear—  
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood, 25  
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 its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye! 30  
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 bedimmed, but always seen:  
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew 35  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

[365]

III

My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail 40  
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
It were a vain endeavour,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west:  
I may not hope from outward forms to win 45  
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, 50  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud 55  
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! 60  
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, 65  
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower  
A new Earth and new Heaven, 70  
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 our ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,

[366]

## 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:  
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed 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.

80

85

[367]

90

## 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 raved unnoticed. What a scream  
 Of agony by torture lengthened out  
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,  
 Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, [367:1] 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 showers,  
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.  
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
 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 tempered with delight,  
 As Otway's self had framed 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.

95

100

105

110

[368]

115

120

125

## 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 watched 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 mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

130

135

## FOOTNOTES:

- [362:3] First published in the *Morning Post*, October 4, 1802. Included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The Ode was sent in a letter to W. Sotheby, dated Keswick, July 19, 1802 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 379-84). Two other MS. versions are preserved at Coleorton (*P. W. of W. Wordsworth*, ed. by William Knight, 1896, iii. App., pp. 400, 401). Lines 37, 38 were quoted by Coleridge in the *Historie and Gestes of Maxilian* (first published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1822, and reprinted in *Miscellanies, &c.*, ed. by T. Ashe, 1885, p. 282): l. 38 by Wordsworth in his pamphlet on *The Convention of Cintra*, 1809, p. 135: lines 47-75, followed by lines 29-38, were quoted by Coleridge in *Essays on the Fine Arts*, No. III (which were first published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, Sept. 10, 1814, and reprinted by Cottle, *E. R.*, 1837, ii. 201-40); and lines 21-28, *ibid.*, in illustration of the following *Scholium*:—'We have sufficiently distinguished the beautiful from the agreeable, by the sure criterion, that when we find an object agreeable, the *sensation* of pleasure always precedes the judgment, and is its determining cause. We *find* it agreeable. But when we declare an object beautiful, the contemplation or intuition of its beauty precedes the *feeling* of complacency, in order of nature at least: nay in great depression of spirits may even exist without sensibly producing it.' Lines 76-93 are quoted in a letter to Southey of July 29, 1802; lines 76-83 are quoted in a letter to Allsop, September 30, 1819, *Letters, &c.*, 1836, i. 17. Lines 80, 81 are quoted in the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, ii. 182, and lines 87-93 in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood, dated October 20, 1802: see Cottle's *Rem.*, 1848, p. 44, and *Tom Wedgwood* by R. B. Litchfield, 1903, pp. 114, 115.
- [367:1] 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 valleys. This address to the Storm-wind [wind *S. L.*], will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night and in a mountainous country.

## LINENOTES:

- [[Title](#)] Dejection, &c., written April 4, 1802 *M. P.*
- [[2](#)] grand] dear *Letter to Sotheby, July 19, 1802.*
- [[5](#)] Than that which moulds yon clouds *Letter, July 19, 1802.*  
cloud] clouds *M. P., S. L.*
- [[6](#)] moans] drones *Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [[12](#)] by] with *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [[17-20](#)] *om. Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [[21-8](#)] Quoted as illustrative of a 'Scholium' in *Felix Farley's Journal*, 1814.
- [[22](#)] stifled] stifling *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [[23](#)] Which] That *Letter, July 19, 1802, F. F.*  
*Between [24-7](#)*
- This, William, well thou knowst  
Is the sore evil which I dread the most  
And oft'nest suffer. In this heartless mood  
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd  
That pipes within the larch-tree, not unseen,  
The larch, that pushes out in tassels green  
Its bundled leafits, woo'd to mild delights  
By all the tender sounds and gentle sights  
Of this sweet primrose-month and vainly woo'd!  
O dearest Poet in this heartless mood.
- Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [[25](#)] O Edmund *M. P.*: O William *Coleorton MS.*: O dearest Lady in this heartless mood *F. F.*
- [[26](#)] by yon sweet throstle woo'd *F. F.*
- [[28](#)] on] at *F. F.*
- [[29](#)] peculiar] celestial *F. F.*  
yellow green] yellow-green *Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [[30](#)] blank] black *Cottle, 1837.*
- [[35-6](#)] Yon crescent moon that seems as if it grew  
In its own starless, cloudless
- F. F.*
- Between [36-7](#)* A boat becalm'd! thy own sweet sky-canoe *Letter, July 19, 1802*: A boat becalm'd! a lovely sky-canoe *M. P.*
- [[38](#)] I see not *feel M. P., Letter, July 19, 1802: I see . . . they are F. F.*
- [[45-6](#)] Quoted in the *Gestes of Maxilian*, Jan. 1822, and *Convention of Cintra*, 1809, p. 135.
- [[47](#)] Lady] Wordsworth *Letter, July 19, 1802*: William *Coleorton MS.*: Edmund *M. P., F. F.* we receive but what we give *Coleorton MS., F. F.*
- [[48](#)] our] *our M. P., F. F.*

- [51] allowed] *allow'd Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [57] potent] powerful *Letter, July 19, 1802, F. F.*  
 V] Stanza v is included in stanza iv in *M. P.*
- [60] What] *What Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [61] exist] subsist *F. F.*
- [64] virtuous Lady] blameless Poet *Letter, July 19, 1802: virtuous Edmund M. P. Joy, O beloved, Joy that F. F.*
- [66] *om. Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.: Life of our life the parent and the birth F. F. effluence] effulgence S. L. Corr. in Errata p. [xii], and in text by S. T. C. (MS).*
- [67] Lady] William *Letter, July 19, 1802: Edmund M. P.: om. F. F.*
- [68] Which] That *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [69] A new heaven and new earth *F. F.*
- [71] *om. Letter, July 19, 1802: This is the strong voice, this the luminous cloud F. F.*
- [72] We, we ourselves *Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.: Our inmost selves F. F.*
- [73] flows] comes *Letter, July 19, 1802. charms] glads F. F.*
- [74] the echoes] an echo *Letter, July 19, 1802.*

After 75

Calm steadfast Spirit, guided from above,  
 O Wordsworth! friend of my devoutest choice,  
 Great son of genius! full of light and love  
 Thus, thus dost thou rejoice.  
 To thee do all things live from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of thy living soul  
 Brother and friend of my devoutest choice  
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

*Letter, July 19, 1802.*

Before 76 Yes, dearest poet, yes *Letter, July 19, 1802: Yes, dearest William! Yes! Coleorton MS. [Stanza v] Yes, dearest Edmund, yes M. P.*

- [76] The time when *Letter, Sept. 30, 1819.*
- [77] This] The *Letters, July 19, 1802, Sept. 30, 1819. I had a heart that dallied Letter to Southey, July 29, 1802.*
- [80] For] When *Biog. Lit., Letter, Sept. 30, 1819. twining] climbing Letters, July 19, 29, 1802, Biog. Lit.*
- [80-1] Quoted in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 180.
- [81] fruits] fruit *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [82] But seared thoughts now *Letter, Sept. 30, 1819.*
- [83] care] car'd *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [86] In *M. P.* the words 'The sixth and seventh stanzas omitted' preceded three rows of four asterisks, lines 87-93 (quoted in *Letter to Josiah Wedgwood, Oct. 20, 1802*) being omitted. The Coleorton MS. ends with line 86.
- [87] think] *think Letters, July 19, 29, 1802.*
- [91] was] is *Letter, Sept. 30, 1819. only] wisest Letters, July 19, 29, 1802.*
- [92] Till] And *Letters, July 19, 29, 1802.*
- [93] habit] temper *Letters, July 19, 29, Oct. 20, 1802.*
- [94-5] Nay [O *M. P.*] wherefore did I let it haunt my mind  
 This dark distressful dream.

*Letter, July 19, 1802.*

- [96] you] it *Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [99] That lute sent out! O thou wild storm without *Letter, July 19, 1802. O Wind M. P.*
- [104] who] that *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [112] With many groans from men *Letter, July 19, 1802: With many groans of men M. P.*
- [115] Again! but all that noise *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [117] And it has other sounds less fearful and less loud *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [120] Otway's self] thou thyself *Letter, July 19, 1802: Edmund's self M. P.*
- [122] lonesome] heath *Letter, July 19, 1802.*
- [124] bitter] utter *Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- [125] hear] *hear Letter, July 19, 1802, M. P.*
- VIII] *om. Letter, July 19, 1802.*

- [126] but] and *M. P.*  
 [128] her] him *M. P.*  
 [130] her] his *M. P.*  
 [131] watched] *watch'd M. P.*  
 [132] she] he *M. P.*

After [133](#)

And sing his lofty song and teach me to rejoice!  
 O Edmund, friend of my devoutest choice,  
 O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,  
 By the immenseness of the good and fair  
 Which thou see'st everywhere,  
 Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,  
 To thee do all things live from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of thy living soul!  
 O simple Spirit, guided from above,  
 O lofty Poet, full of life and love,  
 Brother and Friend of my devoutest choice,  
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ. *M. P.*

[*Note.*—For lines 7, 8, 11, 12 of this variant, vide *ante*, variant of lines [75 foll.](#)]

[369]

## THE PICTURE<sup>[369:1]</sup>

### 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;<sup>[369:2]</sup> while oft unseen,  
 Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves, 5  
 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, 10  
 Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,  
 I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark  
 The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,  
 Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake  
 Soar up, and form a melancholy vault 15  
 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 aweary,  
 Worships the spirit of unconscious life 20  
 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! 25

[370]

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 30  
 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! 35  
 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, 40  
 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

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  
 Clothes as with net-work: here will I 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 brook  
 That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound;  
 Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk  
 Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me,  
 Was never Love's accomplice, never raised  
 The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,  
 And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;  
 Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed  
 The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence  
 Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,  
 Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove  
 Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart  
 Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

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65

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,  
 Lifest the feathers of the robin's breast,  
 That swells its 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,  
 The face, the form divine, the downcast look  
 Contemplative! Behold! her open palm  
 Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests  
 On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,  
 That leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile  
 Had from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth,  
 (For Fear is true-love's cruel nurse), he now  
 With steadfast 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,  
 But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,  
 The 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 leaned  
 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!

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Not to thee,  
 O wild and desert stream! belongs this tale:  
 Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs  
 Spire 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!

115

[371]

[372]



	This be my 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 disparted waves Dart off asunder with an angry sound, 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 lustre! Such the hour Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds; And hark, the noise of a near waterfall! I pass forth 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 A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem, With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages, Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At 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-chimneys, tinged with light, Rises in columns; from this house alone, Close by the water-fall, 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 Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin, Peeled 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 blesséd couch! For this may'st thou flower early, and the sun, Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel! Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids! More beautiful than whom Alcaeus wooed, 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 haste! The picture in my hand which she has left; She cannot blame me that I followed her: And I may be her guide the long wood through.	120 125 130 135 140 145 150 155 160 165 170 175 180 185
[373]		
[374]		

1802.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[369:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1802: included in the *Poetical Register*

for 1802 (1804), in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

It has been pointed out to me (by Mr. Arthur Turnbull) that the conception of the 'Resolution' that failed was suggested by Gessner's Idyll *Der feste Vorsatz* ('The Fixed Resolution'):—*S. Gessner's Schriften*, i. 104-7; *Works*, 1802, ii. 219-21.

[369:2] *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, known by the different names of Whorts, Whortle-berries, Bilberries; and in the North of England, Blea-berries and Bloom-berries. [Note by S. T. C. 1802.]

### LINENOTES:

[3] wild] blind *M. P., P. R.*

[17-26] *om. M. P., P. R.*

[17-25] Quoted in *Letter to Cottle*, May 27, 1814.

[18] love-lorn] woe-worn (heart-sick *erased*) *Letter*, 1814.

[20] *unconscious life* *Letter*, 1814.

[22] *wholly cease to BE* *Letter*, 1814.

[27] these] here *M. P.*

[28] For Love to dwell in; the low stumps would gore *M. P., P. R.*

[31-3]                   till, like wounded bird  
Easily caught, the dusky Dryades  
With prickles sharper than his darts would mock.  
*His little Godship*

*M. P., P. R.*

[34-42, 44] *om. M.P., P.R.*

[51] here will couch *M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[55] brook] stream *M. P., P. R., S. L.* (for *stream* read *brook* *Errata*, *S. L.*, p. [xi]).

[56-7]                   yet bell-like sound  
Tinkling, or bees

*M. P., P. R., S. L. 1828.*

[58] The] This *M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[70] That swells its] Who swells his *M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[75] the] her downcast *M. P., P. R.* Her face, her form divine, her downcast look *S. L.*

[76-7]                   Contemplative, her cheek upon her palm  
Supported; the white arm and elbow rest

*M. P., P. R.*

Contemplative! Ah see! her open palm  
Presses

*S. L.*

[79-80]                   He, meanwhile,  
Who from

*M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[86] *om. M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[87] The] She *M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[91-100] These lines are quoted in the prefatory note to *Kubla Khan*.

[94] mis-shape] mis-shapes *M. P.*

[108] love-yearning by] love-gazing on *M. P., P. R.*

[114] Spire] Tow'r *M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[118] my] thy *S. L.* (for *thy* read *my* *Errata*, *S. L.*, p. [xi]).

[121] and] to *M. P., P. R.*

[124] waves] waters *P. R., S. L.*

[126-32]                   *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

*M. P., P. R., S. L.*

[133] Of deep enjoyment, foll'wing Love's brief quarrels *M. P., P. R.* Lines 126-33 are supplied in the *Errata*, *S. L. 1817* (p. xi).

[134] And] But *Errata*, *S. L.* (p. xi).

[135] I come out into light *M. P., P. R.*: I came out into light *S. L.* For *came* read *come* *Errata*, *S. L.* (p. xi).

- [144] At] Beneath *M. P., P. R., S. L.* (for *Beneath* read *At Errata, S. L., p. [xi]*).
- [152] this] *this M. P., P. R.: THIS S. L. 1828, 1829.*
- [162] those] these *P. R.*
- [174] me] one *M. P., P. R.*
- [177] straightway] away *M. P., P. R.*
- [184] The] This *M. P., P. R.*

## TO MATILDA BETHAM FROM A STRANGER [\[374:1\]](#)

['One of our most celebrated poets, who had, I was told, picked out and praised the little piece 'On a Cloud,' another had quoted (saying it would have been faultless if I had not used the word *Phoebus* in it, which he thought inadmissible in modern poetry), sent me some verses inscribed "To Matilda Betham, from a Stranger"; and dated "Keswick, Sept. 9, 1802, S. T. C." I should have guessed whence they came, but dared not flatter myself so highly as satisfactorily to believe it, before I obtained the avowal of the lady who had transmitted them. *Excerpt from 'Autobiographical Sketch'.*]

- [375] Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune played  
 On a sweet instrument—thy Poesie—  
 Sent to my soul by Boughton's pleading voice,  
 Where friendship's zealous wish inspirited,  
 Deepened and filled the subtle tones of *taste*: 5  
 (So have I heard a Nightingale's fine notes  
 Blend with the murmur of a hidden stream!)  
 And now the fair, wild offspring of thy genius,  
 Those wanderers whom thy fancy had sent forth 10  
 To seek their fortune in this motley world,  
 Have found a little home within *my* heart,  
 And brought me, as the quit-rent of their lodging,  
 Rose-buds, and fruit-blossoms, and pretty weeds,  
 And timorous laurel leaflets half-disclosed,  
 Engarlanded with gadding woodbine tendrils! 15  
 A coronal, which, with undoubting hand,  
 I twine around the brows of patriot HOPE!
- The Almighty, having first composed a Man,  
 Set him to music, framing Woman for him, 20  
 And fitted each to each, and made them one!  
 And 'tis my faith, that there's a natural bond  
 Between the female mind and measured sounds,  
 Nor do I know a sweeter Hope than this,  
 That this sweet Hope, by judgment unproved, 25  
 That our own Britain, our dear mother Isle,  
 May boast one Maid, a poetess *indeed*,  
 Great as th' impassioned Lesbian, in sweet song,  
 And O! of holier mind, and happier fate.
- Matilda! I dare twine *thy* vernal wreath 30  
 Around the brows of patriot Hope! But thou  
 Be wise! be bold! fulfil my auspices!  
 Tho' sweet thy measures, stern must be thy thought,  
 Patient thy study, watchful thy mild eye!  
 Poetic feelings, like the stretching boughs 35  
 Of mighty oaks, pay homage to the gales,  
 Toss in the strong winds, drive before the gust,  
 Themselves one giddy storm of fluttering leaves;  
 Yet, all the while self-limited, remain  
 Equally near the fixed and solid trunk 40  
 Of Truth and Nature in the howling storm,  
 As in the calm that stills the aspen grove.  
 Be bold, meek Woman! but be wisely bold!  
 Fly, ostrich-like, firm land beneath thy feet,  
 Yet hurried onward by thy wings of fancy  
 Swift as the whirlwind, singing in their quills. 45  
 Look round thee! look within thee! think and feel!  
 What nobler meed, Matilda! canst thou win,  
 Than tears of gladness in a BOUGHTON'S [\[376:1\]](#) eyes,  
 And exultation even in strangers' hearts?

## FOOTNOTES:

- [374:1] First printed in a 'privately printed autobiographical sketch of Miss Matilda Betham', preserved in a volume of tracts arranged and bound up by Southey, now in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum: reprinted (by J. Dykes Campbell) in the *Athenaeum* (March 15, 1890): and, again, in *A House of Letters*, by Ernest Betham [1905], pp. 76-7. First collected in 1893 (see Editor's *Note*, p. 630). Lines 33-41 are quoted in a Letter to Sotheby, September 10, 1802. See *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 404.
- [376:1] Catherine Rose, wife of Sir Charles William Rouse-Boughton, Bart. Sir Charles and Lady Boughton visited Greta Hall in September, 1802.

## LINENOTES:

- [7] murmur] murmurs *1893*.
- [16] coronal] coronel *P. Sketch*.
- [34] stretching] flexuous *MS. Letter, Sept. 10, 1802*.
- [35] pay] yield *MS. Letter, 1802*.
- [39] solid] parent *MS. Letter, 1802*.
- [40] Of truth in Nature—in the howling blast *MS. Letter, 1802*.

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## HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI<sup>[376:2]</sup>

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont 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 [liveliest *Friend, 1809*] blue.'

- [377] 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! 5  
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, 10  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer 15  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
- [378] Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,  
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy: 20  
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!
- Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, 25  
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.
- Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!  
O struggling with the darkness all the night,<sup>[378:1]</sup> 30  
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! 35  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
- [379] And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death, 40  
From dark and icy caverns called 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, 45  
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— 50  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped 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 55  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers [\[379:1\]](#)  
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! 60  
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!

[380] Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! 65  
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!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks, 70  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, [\[380:1\]](#) unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou 75  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused 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! 80  
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. 85

1802.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[\[376:2\]](#) First published in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 11, 1802: reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1802 (1803), ii. 308, 311, and in *The Friend*, No. XI, Oct. 26, 1809: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. Three MSS. are extant: (1) *MS. A*, sent to Sir George Beaumont, Oct. 1803 (see *Coleorton Letters*, 1886, i. 26); (2) *MS. B*, the MS. of the version as printed in *The Friend*, Oct. 26, 1809 (now in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum); (3) *MS. C*, presented to Mrs. Brabant in 1815 (now in the British Museum). The *Hymn before Sunrise, &c.*, 'Hymn in the manner of the Psalms,' is an expansion, in part, of a translation of Friederika Brun's 'Ode to Chamouny', addressed to Klopstock, which numbers some twenty lines. The German original (see the [Appendices](#) of this edition) was first appended to Coleridge's *Poetical Works* in 1844 (p. 372). A translation was given in a footnote, *P. W.* (ed. by T. Ashe), 1885, ii. 86, 87. In the *Morning Post* and *Poetical Register* the following explanatory note preceded the poem:—

'CHAMOUNI, THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE.

'[Chamouni is one of the highest mountain valleys of the Barony of Faucigny in the Savoy Alps; and exhibits a kind of fairy world, in which the wildest appearances (I had almost said horrors) of Nature alternate with the softest and most beautiful. The chain of Mont Blanc is its boundary; and besides the Arve it is filled with sounds from the Arveiron, which rushes from the melted glaciers, like a giant, mad with joy, from a dungeon, and forms other torrents of snow-water, having their rise in the glaciers which slope down into the valley. The beautiful *Gentiana major*, or greater gentian, with blossoms of the brightest blue, grows in large companies a few steps from the never-melted ice of the glaciers. I thought it an affecting emblem of the boldness of human hope, venturing near, and, as it were, leaning over the brink of the grave. Indeed, the whole vale, its every light, its every sound, must needs impress

every mind not utterly callous with the thought—Who *would* be, who *could* be an Atheist in this valley of wonders! If any of the readers of the MORNING POST [Those who have *P. R.*] have visited this vale in their journeys among the Alps, I am confident that they [that they *om. P. R.*] will not find the sentiments and feelings expressed, or attempted to be expressed, in the following poem, extravagant.']

[378:1] I had written a much finer line when Sca' Fell was in my thoughts, viz.:—

O blacker than the darkness all the night  
And visited

*Note to MS. A.*

[379:1] The *Gentiana major* grows in large companies a stride's distance from the foot of several of the glaciers. Its *blue* flower, the colour of Hope: is it not a pretty emblem of Hope creeping onward even to the edge of the grave, to the very verge of utter desolation? *Note to MS. A.*

[380:1] The fall of vast masses of snow, so called. *Note MS. (C).*

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Chamouny The Hour before Sunrise A Hymn *M. P., P. R.*: Mount Blanc, The Summit of the Vale of Chamouny, An Hour before Sunrise: A Hymn *MS. A.*

[3] On thy bald awful head O Chamouny *M. P., P. R.*: On thy bald awful top O Chamouny *MS. A.*: On thy bald awful top O Sovran Blanc *Friend, 1809.*

[4] Arve] Arvè *M. P., P. R., MS. (C).*

[5] dread mountain form *M. P., P. R., MS. A.* most] dread *Friend, 1809.*

[6] forth] out *MS. A.*

[8] Deep is the sky, and black: transpicuous, deep *M. P., P. R.*: Deep is the sky, and black! transpicuous, black. *MS. A.*

[11] is thine] seems thy *M. P., P. R.*

[13] Mount] form *M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

[14] the bodily sense] my bodily eye *M. P., P. R.*: my bodily sense *MS. A.*

[16] Invisible] INVISIBLE *M. P., P. R., Friend, 1809, MS. A.*

[17] Yet thou meantime, wast working on my soul,  
E'en like some deep enchanting melody

*M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

[19 foll.](#)

But [Now *MS. A.*] I awake, and with a busier mind,  
And active will self-conscious, offer now  
Not as before, involuntary pray'r  
And passive adoration!  
Hand and voice,  
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!  
Awake ye rocks! Ye forest pines awake! (*Not in MS. A.*)  
Green fields

*M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

[29-30] And thou, O silent Mountain, sole and bare  
O blacker than the darkness all the night

*M. P., P. R.*

[29] And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare *MS. A.* The first and chief, stern Monarch of the Vale *Errata to 'Hymn', &c., The Friend, No. XIII, Nov. 16, 1809.*

[38] parent] father *M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

[41] From darkness let you loose and icy dens *M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

[46] Eternal thunder and unceasing foam *MS. A.*

[48] 'Here shall the billows . . .' *M. P., P. R.*: Here shall your billows *MS. A.*

[49] the mountain's brow] yon dizzy heights *M. P., P. R.*

[50] Adown enormous ravines steeply slope *M. P., P. R., MS. A.* [A *bad* line; but I hope to be able to alter it *Note to MS. A.*]

[56] with lovely flowers  
Of living blue

*M. P., P. R., MS. A.*

*Between 58-64*

GOD! GOD! the torrents like a shout of nations  
Utter! the ice-plain bursts and answers GOD!  
GOD, sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,  
And pine-groves with their soft and soul-like sound,

The silent snow-mass, loos'ning thunders God!

M. P., P. R.

*These lines were omitted in MS. A.*

- [64] Ye dreadless flow'rs that fringe M. P., P. R. living] azure MS. A. livery S. L. (corrected in *Errata*, p. [xi]).
- [65] sporting round] bounding by M. P., P. R., MS. A.
- [66] mountain-storm] mountain blast M. P., P. R.
- [69] God] GOD. M. P., P. R.

Between [70-80](#)

And thou, O silent Form, alone and bare  
 Whom, as I lift again my head bow'd low  
 In adoration, I again behold,  
 And to thy summit upward from thy base  
 Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffus'd by tears,  
 Awake thou mountain form! rise, like a cloud

M. P., P. R.

And thou thou silent mountain, lone and bare  
 Whom as I lift again my head bow'd low  
 In adoration, I again behold!  
 And from thy summit upward to the base  
 Sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffus'd with tears  
 Rise, mighty form! even as thou seem'st to rise.

MS. A.

- [70] Thou too] And thou, *Errata, Friend, No. XIII*. Once more, hoar Mount MS. (C), S. L. (For once more, read *Thou too Errata, S. L.*, p. [xi]).
- [72] through] in *Friend, 1809*. In the blue serene MS. (C).
- [74] again] once more MS. (C).
- [75] That as once more I raise my Head bow'd low *Friend, No. XI, 1809* (see the *Errata*, No. XIII).

- [83-4] tell thou the silent stars,  
Tell the blue sky

MS. A.

- [84] yon] the M. P., P. R., MS. A.
- [85] praises] calls on M. P., P. R., MS. A.

---

[381] **THE GOOD, GREAT MAN**<sup>[381:1]</sup>

'How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits  
 Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!  
 It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
 If any man obtain that which he merits  
 Or any merit that which he obtains.'

5

**REPLY TO THE ABOVE**

For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain!  
 What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?  
 Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?  
 Or throne of corses which his sword had slain?  
 Greatness and goodness are not *means*, but *ends*!  
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
 The good great man? *three* treasures, LOVE, and LIGHT,  
 And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's breath:  
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
 HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL DEATH!

10

15

1802.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[381:1] First published in the *Morning Post* (as an 'Epigram', signed ΕΣΤΗΣΕ), September 23, 1802; reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1802 (1803, p. 246); included in *The Friend*, No. XIX, December 28, 1809, and in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 53. First collected in 1844.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Epigram *M. P.*: Epigrams *P. R.*: Complaint *Lit. Rem.*, 1844, 1852: The Good, &c. 1893.

[6] Reply to the above *M. P.*: Reply *The Friend*, 1809: Reproof *Lit. Rem.*, 1844.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH<sup>[381:2]</sup>

[382] This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed  
May all its agéd boughs o'er-canopy  
The small round basin, which this jutting stone  
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring, 5  
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,<sup>[382:1]</sup>  
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page, 10  
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. 15  
Drink, Pilgrim, here; Here rest! and if thy heart  
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh  
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,  
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

1802.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[381:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 24, 1802: reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1802 (1803, p. 338): included in *Sibyline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[382:1] Compare *Anima Poetae*, 1895, p. 17: 'The spring with the little tiny cone of loose sand ever rising and sinking to the bottom, but its surface without a wrinkle.'

## LINENOTES:

[Title] Inscription on a Jutting Stone, over a Spring *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[3] agéd] darksome *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[5] Still may this spring *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[7] waters] water *P. R.* to] for *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[9] soundless] noiseless *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[10] Which] That *M. P.*, *P. R.*

[13] Here coolness dwell, and twilight *M. P.*, *P. R.*

16 *fol.*

Here, stranger, drink! Here rest! And if thy heart  
Be innocent, here too may'st thou renew  
Thy spirits, listening to these gentle sounds,  
The passing gale, or ever-murm'ring bees.

*M. P.*, *P. R.*

---

## AN ODE TO THE RAIN<sup>[382:2]</sup>

COMPOSED BEFORE DAYLIGHT, 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

[383] I know it is dark; and though I have lain,  
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,  
I have not once opened the lids of my eyes,



But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.  
O Rain! that I lie listening to, 5  
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, 10  
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,  
Though 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, 15  
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 limped on through this vale of tears, 20  
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,  
Have lived 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, 25  
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;  
Though 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! 30

## III

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say  
You're a good creature in your way;  
Nay, I could write a book myself,  
Would fit a parson's lower shelf, 35  
Showing 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!

[384]

## IV

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,  
Take no offence! I'll tell you why. 40  
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 45  
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; 50  
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! 55  
Whenever you shall come again,  
Be you as dull as e'er you could  
(And by the bye 'tis understood,  
You're not so pleasant as you're good),  
Yet, knowing well your worth and place, 60  
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;  
And though you stayed 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; 65  
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!  
Uninvited to remain.  
But only now, for this one day,  
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [382:2] First published in the *Morning Post* (?), Oct. 7, 1802: included in *Sibyline Leaves*, 1817: in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 54-6. First collected in 1844. In *Literary Remains* the poem is dated 1809, but in a letter to J. Wedgwood, Oct. 20, 1802, Coleridge seems to imply that the *Ode to the Rain* had appeared recently in the *Morning Post*. A MS. note of Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, included in other memoranda intended for publication in *Essays on His Own Times*, gives the date, 'Ode to Rain, October 7'. The issue for October 7 is missing in the volume for 1802 preserved in the British Museum, and it may be presumed that it was in that number the *Ode to the Rain* first appeared. It is possible that the 'Ode' was written on the morning after the unexpected arrival of Charles and Mary Lamb at Greta Hall in August, 1802.

**LINENOTES:**

- [45] We] With *L. R.* 1844, 1852. [The text was amended in *P. W.*, 1877-80.]
- 

[385]

**A DAY-DREAM**<sup>[385:1]</sup>

- My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:  
 I see a fountain, large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me and Mary there. 5  
 O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!  
 Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!
- A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,  
 And that and summer well agree:  
 And lo! where Mary leans her head,  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree! 10  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:  
 Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.
- 'Twas day! but now few, large, and bright,  
 The stars are round the crescent moon!  
 And now it is a dark warm night, 15  
 The balmiest of the month of June!  
 A glow-worm fall'n, and on the marge remounting  
 Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.
- O ever—ever be thou blest!  
 For dearly, Asra! love I thee! 20  
 This brooding warmth across my breast,  
 This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!  
 Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,  
 But in one quiet room we three are still together.
- The shadows dance upon the wall, 25  
 By the still dancing fire-flames made;  
 And now they slumber, moveless all!  
 And now they melt to one deep shade!  
 But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:  
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee! 30
- [386] Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—  
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!  
 But let me check this tender lay  
 Which none may hear but she and thou!  
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming. 35  
 Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

1802.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [385:1] First published in the *Bijou* for 1828: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. Asra is Miss Sarah Hutchinson; 'Our Sister and our Friend,' William and Dorothy Wordsworth. There can be little doubt that these lines were written in 1801 or 1802.

## LINENOTES:

- [8] well] will *Bijou*, 1828.  
[17] on] in *Bijou*, 1828.  
[20] For Asra, dearly *Bijou*, 1828.  
[28] one] me *Bijou*, 1828.

---

## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION<sup>[386:1]</sup>

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!'

5

10

1802.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [386:1] First published in the *Morning Post*, October 16, 1802: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] The Language of Birds: Lines spoken extempore, to a little child, in early spring *M. P.*  
Between 6-7

'I love, and I love,' almost all the birds say  
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they.

*M. P.*

After 10

'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim,  
When He loves his Love, and his Love loves him.

*M. P.*

Line 10 is adapted from the refrain of Prior's *Song* ('One morning very early, one morning in the spring'):—'I love my love, because I know my love loves me.'

---

## THE DAY-DREAM<sup>[386:2]</sup>

### FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!  
But from as sweet a vision did I start  
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!  
And though I weep, yet still around my heart  
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,  
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

5

My mouth half open, like a witless man,  
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,  
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;  
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,  
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—  
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

10

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess  
It would have made the loving mother dream  
That she was softly bending down to kiss  
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,

15

[387]

A floating presence of its darling father,  
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!  
As if some bird had taken shelter there; 20  
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form—  
Thine, Sara, thine? O joy, if thine it were!  
I gazed with stifled breath, and feared to stir it,  
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see, 25  
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;  
There came an elfish laugh, and wakened me:  
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,  
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping.  
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping! 30

1801-2.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[386:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, October 19, 1802. First collected in *Poems*, 1852. A note (p. 384), was affixed:—"This little poem first appeared in the *Morning Post* in 1802, but was doubtless composed in Germany. It seems to have been forgotten by its author, for this was the only occasion on which it saw the light through him. The Editors think that it will plead against parental neglect in the mind of most readers." Internal evidence seems to point to 1801 or 1802 as the most probable date of composition.

### LINENOTES:

Below line 30 ΕΣΤΗΕΕ.

---

## [388] THE HAPPY HUSBAND [388:1]

### A FRAGMENT

Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee,  
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
And dedicated name, I hear  
A promise and a mystery, 5  
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, 10  
That gladness half requests to weep!  
Nor bless I not the keener sense  
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting  
From jealous fears, or coy denying;  
But born beneath Love's brooding wing, 15  
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 20  
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!

? 1802.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[388:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, 1834. There is no evidence as to the date of composition.

## LINENOTES:

[13] ask] fear *S. L.* (for *fear* no sting read *ask* no sting *Errata*, p. [xi]).

---

### [389] THE PAINS OF SLEEP [389:1]

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to Love compose, 5  
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
Only a sense of supplication; 10  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, every where  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud 15  
In anguish and in agony,  
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:  
A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong, 20  
And whom I scorned, those only strong!  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
Still baffled, and yet burning still!  
Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
On wild or hateful objects fixed. 25  
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!  
And shame and terror over all!  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know  
Whether I suffered, or I did: 30  
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,  
My own or others still the same  
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay  
Saddened and stunned the coming day. 35  
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
Distemper's worst calamity.  
The third night, when my own loud scream  
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,  
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
I wept as I had been a child; 40  
And having thus by tears subdued  
My anguish to a milder mood,  
Such punishments, I said, were due  
To natures deepliest stained with sin,—  
For aye entempesting anew 45  
The unfathomable hell within,  
The horror of their deeds to view,  
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!  
Such griefs with such men well agree,  
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me? 50  
To be beloved is all I need,  
And whom I love, I love indeed.

1803.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[389:1] First published, together with *Christabel*, in 1816: included in 1828, 1829, i. 334-6 (but not in *Contents*), and 1834. A first draft of these lines was sent in a Letter to Southey, Sept. 11, 1803 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 435-7). An amended version of lines 18-32 was included in an unpublished Letter to Poole, dated Oct. 3, 1803.

## LINENOTES:

- [1] Ere] When *MS. Letter to Southey, Sept. 11, 1803.*  
 [9] sense] *sense MS. Letter to Southey, 1816, 1828, 1829.*  
 [10] sense] *sense MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [12] Since round me, in me, everywhere *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [13] Wisdom] Goodness *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [16] Up-starting] Awaking *MS. Letter to Southey.*

Between [18-26](#)

Desire with loathing strangely mixt,  
 On wild or hateful objects fixt.  
 Sense of revenge, the powerless will,  
 Still baffled and consuming still;  
 Sense of intolerable wrong,  
 And men whom I despis'd made strong!  
 Vain-glorious threats, unmanly vaunting,  
 Bad men my boasts and fury taunting:  
 Rage, sensual passion, mad'ning Brawl,

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

- [18] trampling] ghastly *MS. Letter to Poole, Oct. 3, 1803.*  
 [19] intolerable] insufferable *MS. Letter to Poole.*  
 [20] those] they *MS. Letter to Poole.*

Between [22-4](#)

Tempestuous pride, vain-glorious vaunting  
 Base men my vices justly taunting

*MS. Letter to Poole.*

- [27] which] that *MS. Letters to Southey and Poole.*  
 [28] could] might *MS. Letters to Southey and Poole.*  
 [30] For all was Horror, Guilt, and Woe *MS. Letter to Southey: For all was Guilt, and Shame, and Woe MS. Letter to Poole.*  
 [33] So] Thus *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [34] coming] boding *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [35-6] I fear'd to sleep: sleep seem'd to be  
 Disease's worst malignity

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

- [38] waked] freed *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [39] O'ercome by sufferings dark and wild *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [42] anguish] Trouble *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [43] said] thought *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [45-6] Still to be stirring up anew  
 The self-created Hell within

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

- [47] their deeds] the crimes *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 [48] and] to *MS. Letter to Southey.*

Between [48-51](#)

With such let fiends make mockery—  
 But I—Oh, wherefore this *on me?*  
 Frail is my soul, yea, strengthless wholly,  
 Unequal, restless, melancholy.  
 But free from Hate and sensual Folly.

*MS. Letter to Southey.*

- [51] be] live *MS. Letter to Southey.*  
 After [52](#) And etc., etc., etc., etc. *MS. Letter to Southey.*

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## THE EXCHANGE <sup>[391:1]</sup>

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—  
 I in my arms the maiden clasping;  
 I could not guess the reason why,  
 But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;  
 I went, but shook like any reed!  
 I strove to act the man—in vain!  
 We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

1804.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [391:1] First published in the *Courier*, April 16, 1804: included in the *Poetical Register* for 1804 (1805); reprinted in *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, p. 408, and in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 59. First collected in 1844.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] The Exchange of Hearts *Courier*, 1804.  
 [2] Me in her arms *Courier*, 1804.  
 [3] guess] tell *Lit. Souvenir*, *Lit. Rem.*, 1844.  
 [5] Her father's leave *Courier*, 1804, *P. R. 1804*, 1893.  
 [6] but] and *Lit. Souvenir*, *Lit. Rem.*, 1844.

## AD VILMUM AXIOLOGUM<sup>[391:2]</sup>

### [TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH]

[392]

This be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo!  
 Sweet as the warble of woods, that awakes at the gale of the morning!  
 List! the Hearts of the Pure, like caves in the ancient mountains  
 Deep, deep *in* the Bosom, and *from* the Bosom resound it,  
 Each with a different tone, complete or in musical fragments—  
 All have welcomed thy Voice, and receive and retain and prolong it!

5

This is the word of the Lord! it is spoken, and Beings Eternal  
 Live and are borne as an Infant; the Eternal begets the Immortal:  
 Love is the Spirit of Life, and Music the Life of the Spirit!

? 1805.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [391:2] First published in *P. W.*, 1893. These lines were found in one of Coleridge's Notebooks (No. 24). The first draft immediately follows the transcription of a series of Dante's *Canzoni* begun at Malta in 1805. If the Hexameters were composed at the same time, it is possible that they were inspired by a perusal or re-perusal of a MS. copy of Wordsworth's unpublished poems which had been made for his use whilst he was abroad. As Mr. Campbell points out (*P. W.*, p. 614), Wordsworth himself was responsible for the Latinization of his name. A *Sonnet on seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams weeping at a tale of distress*, which was published in the *European Magazine* for March, 1787, is signed 'Axiologus'.

### LINENOTES:

1 foll.

What is the meed of thy song? 'Tis the ceaseless the thousandfold echo,  
 Which from the welcoming Hearts of the Pure repeats and prolongs it—  
 Each with a different Tone, compleat or in musical fragments.

Or

This be the meed, that thy Song awakes to a thousandfold echo  
 Welcoming Hearts; is it their voice or is it thy own?  
 Lost! the Hearts of the Pure, like caves in the ancient mountains  
 Deep, deep in the bosom, and *from* the bosom resound it,  
 Each with a different tone, compleat or in musical fragments.  
 Meet the song they receive, and retain and resound and prolong it!  
 Welcoming Souls! is it their voice, sweet Poet, or is it thy own voice?

*Drafts in Notebook.*

## AN EXILE<sup>[392:1]</sup>

Friend, Lover, Husband, Sister, Brother!  
Dear names close in upon each other!  
Alas! poor Fancy's bitter-sweet—  
Our names, and but our names can meet.

1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[392:1] First published, with title 'An Exile', in 1893. These lines, without title or heading, are inserted in one of Coleridge's Malta Notebooks.

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## SONNET<sup>[392:2]</sup>

### [TRANSLATED FROM MARINI]

Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same!  
Thou, that in me thou kindled'st such fierce heat;  
I, that my heart did of a Sun so sweet  
The rays concentre to so hot a flame.  
I, fascinated by an Adder's eye—  
Deaf as an Adder thou to all my pain;  
Thou obstinate in Scorn, in Passion I—  
I lov'd too much, too much didst thou disdain.  
Hear then our doom in Hell as just as stern,  
Our sentence equal as our crimes conspire—  
Who living bask'd at Beauty's earthly fire,  
In living flames eternal these must burn—  
Hell for us both fit places too supplies—  
In my heart *thou* wilt burn, I *roast* before thine eyes.

[393]

5

10

? 1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[392:2] First published in 1893. For the Italian original, 'Alia Sua Amico,' *Sonetto*, vide [Appendices](#) of this Edition.

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## PHANTOM<sup>[393:1]</sup>

All look and likeness caught from earth,  
All accident of kin and birth,  
Had pass'd away. There was no trace  
Of aught on that illumined face,  
Uprais'd beneath the rifted stone  
But of one spirit all her own;—  
She, she herself, and only she,  
Shone through her body visibly.

5

1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[393:1] These lines, without title or heading, are quoted ('vide . . . my lines') in an entry in one of Coleridge's Malta Notebooks, dated Feb. 8, 1805, to illustrate the idea that the love-sense can be abstracted from the accidents of form or person (see *Anima Poetae*, 1895, p. 120). It follows that they were written before that date. *Phantom* was first published in 1834, immediately following (ii. 71) *Phantom or Fact. A dialogue in Verse*, which was first published in 1828, and was probably written about that time. Both poems are 'fragments from the life of dreams'; but it was the reality which lay behind both 'phantom' and 'fact' of which the poet dreamt, having his eyes open. With lines 4, 5 compare the following stanza of one of the *MS.* versions of the *Dark Ladié*:—



Against a grey stone rudely carv'd  
The statue of an armed knight,  
She lean'd in melancholy mood  
To watch ['d] the lingering Light.

---

## A SUNSET<sup>[393:2]</sup>

[394] Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting,  
There a brief while the globe of splendour sits  
And seems a creature of the earth; but soon  
More changeful than the Moon,  
To wane fantastic his great orb submits, 5  
Or cone or mow of fire: till sinking slowly  
Even to a star at length he lessens wholly.

Abrupt, as Spirits vanish, he is sunk!  
A soul-like breeze possesses all the wood. 10  
The boughs, the sprays have stood  
As motionless as stands the ancient trunk!  
But every leaf through all the forest flutters,  
And deep the cavern of the fountain mutters.

1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[393:2] First published in 1893. The title 'A Sunset' was prefixed by the Editor. These lines are inscribed in one of Coleridge's Malta Notebooks. The following note or comment is attached:—"These lines I wrote as nonsense verses merely to try a metre; but they are by no means contemptible; at least in reading them I am surprised at finding them so good. 16 Aug., 1805, Malta.

'Now will it be a more English music if the first and fourth are double rhymes and the 5th and 6th single? or all single, or the 2nd and 3rd double? Try.' They were afterwards sent to William Worship, Esq., Yarmouth, in a letter dated April 22, 1819, as an unpublished autograph.

### LINENOTES:

[1] with light touch] all lightly *MS*.

[4] the] this *MS*.

[6] A distant Hiss of fire *MS. alternative reading*.

[7] lessens] lessened *MS*.

[12] flutters] fluttered *MS*.

[13] mutters] muttered *MS*.

---

## WHAT IS LIFE?<sup>[394:1]</sup>

Resembles life what once was deem'd of light,  
Too ample in itself for human sight?  
An absolute self—an element ungrounded—  
All that we see, all colours of all shade  
By encroach of darkness made?— 5  
Is very life by consciousness unbounded?  
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,  
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[394:1] First published in *Literary Souvenir*, 1829: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 60. First collected in 1844. These lines, 'written in the same manner, and for the same purpose, but of course with more conscious effort than the two stanzas on the preceding leaf,' are dated '16 August, 1805, the day of the Valetta Horse-racing—bells jangling, and stupefying music playing all day'. Afterwards, in 1819, Coleridge maintained that they were written 'between

**LINENOTES:**

[1] deem'd] held *Lit. Souvenir, 1829.*

[2] ample] simple *MS.*

[6] 

[	per-se (in its own Nature)
	Is Life itself <i>MS.</i>

[395] **THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE** [395:1]

**A LAMENT**

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew writers, an apologue or Rabbinical tradition to the following purpose:

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: 'Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so! for the man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise.' And the word of the Most High answered Satan: '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself.'

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnaeus, of a date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the Author at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre. S. T. C.

[396] 1

Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. 'What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own.'  
The presence of a ONE,

The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

2

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

3

Imagination; honourable aims;  
Free commune with the choir that cannot die; 50  
Science and song; delight in little things,  
The buoyant child surviving in the man;  
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,  
With all their voices—O dare I accuse  
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen, 55  
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!  
It is her largeness, and her overflow,  
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4

[397]

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,  
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice 60  
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start  
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.  
Belovéd! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!  
Then melts the bubble into idle air,  
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5

The mother with anticipated glee 65  
Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair  
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,  
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare  
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight 70  
She hears her own voice with a new delight;  
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

6

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!  
But should disease or chance the darling take,  
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore 75  
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?  
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee  
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:  
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?

1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[395:1] First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[5] stood] were yet standing *1828*.

[8] mediator] moderator *1828*.

[9] The words 'not so' are omitted in *1828*.

[11] *remain* here all the days of his now mortal life, and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this thy Paradise which thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every tree pleasant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage. *1828*.

13 foll. *Treacherous Fiend!* guilt deep as thine could not be, yet the love of kind not extinguished. But if having done what thou hast done, thou hadst yet the heart of man within thee, and the yearning of the soul for its answering image and completing counterpart, O spirit, desperately wicked! the sentence thou counselest had been thy own! *1828*.

[20] from a Date tree *1828, 1839*.

[48] Hope, Imagination, &c. *1828*.

[53] With all their voices mute—O dare I accuse *1838*.

[55] Or call my niggard destiny! No! No! *1838*.

[61] thy] *thy 1828, 1829*.

[77] thee] *thee 1828, 1829*.

A sworded man whose trade is blood,  
In grief, in anger, and in fear,  
Thro' jungle, swamp, and torrent flood,  
I seek the wealth you hold so dear!

[398] The dazzling charm of outward form, 5  
The power of gold, the pride of birth,  
Have taken Woman's heart by storm—  
Usurp'd the place of inward worth.

Is not true Love of higher price 10  
Than outward Form, though fair to see,  
Wealth's glittering fairy-dome of ice,  
Or echo of proud ancestry?—

O! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see 15  
Into the bottom of my heart,  
There's such a mine of Love for thee,  
As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!  
Too great a punishment to bear;  
O! take my life, or let me pass  
That life, that happy life, with her!) 20

[399] The perils, erst with steadfast eye  
Encounter'd, now I shrink to see—  
Oh! I have heart enough to die—  
Not half enough to part from Thee!

? 1805.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[397:1] First published in 1834. In Pickering's one-volume edition of the issue of 1848 the following note is printed on p. 372:—

'The fourth and last stanzas are adapted from the twelfth and last of Cotton's *Chlorinda* [Ode]:—

'O my Chlorinda! could'st thou see  
Into the bottom of my heart,  
There's such a Mine of Love for thee,  
The Treasure would supply desert.

Meanwhile my Exit now draws nigh,  
When, sweet Chlorinda, thou shalt see  
That I have heart enough to die,  
Not half enough to part with thee.

'The fifth stanza is the eleventh of Cotton's poem.'

In 1852 (p. 385) the note reads: 'The fourth and last stanzas are from Cotton's *Chlorinda*, with very slight alteration.'

A first draft of this adaptation is contained in one of Coleridge's Malta Notebooks:—

[I]

Made worthy by excess of Love  
A wretch thro' power of Happiness,  
And poor from wealth I dare not use.

[II]

This separation etc.

[III]

~~The Pomp of Wealth~~  
~~Stores of Gold, the pomp of Wealth~~  
~~Nor less the Pride of Noble Birth~~  
The dazzling charm etc.  
(l. 4) Supplied the place etc.

[IV]

Is not true Love etc.

[V]

O ΑΣΠΑ! ΑΣΠΑ could'st thou see  
Into the bottom of my Heart!

There's such a Mine of Love for Thee—  
The Treasure would supply desert.

[VI]

Death erst contemn'd—O ΑΣΠΑ! why  
Now terror-stricken do I see—  
Oh! I have etc.

---

## THE RASH CONJURER [\[399:1\]](#)

Strong spirit-bidding sounds!  
With deep and hollow voice,  
'Twixt Hope and Dread,  
Seven Times I said  
Iohva Mitzoveh 5  
Vohoen![\[399:2\]](#)  
And up came an imp in the shape of a  
Pea-hen!  
I saw, I doubted,  
And seven times spouted 10  
Johva Mitzoveh  
Yahóevohāen!  
When Anti-Christ starting up, butting  
and bāing,  
In the shape of a mischievous curly 15  
black Lamb—  
With a vast flock of Devils behind  
and beside,  
And before 'em their Shepherdess  
Lucifer's Dam, 20  
Riding astride  
On an old black Ram,  
[\[400\]](#) With Tartary stirrups, knees up to her chin.  
And a sleek chrysom imp to her Dugs muzzled in,—  
'Gee-up, my old Belzy! (she cried, 25  
As she sung to her suckling cub)  
Trit-a-trot, trot! we'll go far and wide  
Trot, Ram-Devil! Trot! Belzebub!  
Her petticoat fine was of scarlet Brocade,  
And soft in her lap her Baby she lay'd 30  
With his pretty Nubs of Horns a-  
sprouting,  
And his pretty little Tail all curly-twirly—  
St. Dunstan! and this comes of spouting—  
Of Devils what a Hurly-Burly! 35  
'Behold we are up! what want'st thou then?'  
'Sirs! only that'—'Say when and what'—  
You'd be so good'—'Say what and when'  
'This moment to get down again!'  
'We do it! we do it! we all get down! 40  
But we take you with us to swim  
or drown!  
Down a down to the grim Engulpher!  
'O me! I am floundering in Fire and Sulphur!  
That the Dragon had scrouched you, squeal 45  
and squall—  
Cabbalists! Conjurers! great and small,  
Johva Mitzoveh Evohāen and all!  
Had I never uttered your jaw-breaking words,  
I might now have been sloshing down Junket and Curds, 50  
Like a Devonshire Christian:  
But now a Philistine!

Ye Earthmen! be warned by a judgement so tragic,  
And wipe yourselves cleanly with all books of magic—  
Hark! hark! it is Dives! 'Hold your Bother, you Booby!  
I am burnt ashy white, and you yet are but ruby.' 55

### *Epilogue.*

We ask and urge (here ends the story)  
All Christian Papishes to pray  
That this unhappy Conjuror may  
Instead of Hell, be but in Purgatory— 60

For then there's Hope,—  
Long live the Pope!

Catholicus.

? 1805, ? 1814.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[399:1] Now first printed from one of Coleridge's Notebooks. The last stanza—the Epilogue—was first published by H. N. Coleridge as part of an 'Uncomposed Poem', in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 52: first collected in Appendix to *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 366. There is no conclusive evidence as to the date of composition. The handwriting, and the contents of the Notebook might suggest a date between 1813 and 1816. The verses are almost immediately preceded by a detached note printed at the close of an essay entitled 'Self-love in Religion' which is included among the 'Omnia of 1809', *Literary Remains*, 1834, i. 354-6: 'O magical, sympathetic, *anima!* [Archeus, *MS.*] *principium hylarchichum! rationes spermaticæ! λόγοι ποιητικοί!* O formidable words! And O Man! thou marvellous beast-angel! thou ambitious beggar! How pompously dost thou trick out thy very ignorance with such glorious disguises, that thou mayest seem to hide in order to worship it.'

With this piece as a whole compare Southey's 'Ballad of a Young Man that would read unlawful Books, and how he was punished'.

[399:2] A cabbalistic invocation of Jehovah, obscure in the original Hebrew. I am informed that the second word Mitzoveh may stand for 'from Sabaoth'.

---

[401]

## A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER [401:1]

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
God grant me grace my prayers to say:  
O God! preserve my mother dear  
In strength and health for many a year;  
And, O! preserve my father too, 5  
And may I pay him reverence due;  
And may I my best thoughts employ  
To be my parents' hope and joy;  
And O! preserve my brothers both 10  
From evil doings and from sloth,  
And may we always love each other  
Our friends, our father, and our mother:  
And still, O Lord, to me impart  
An innocent and grateful heart,  
That after my great sleep I may 15  
Awake to thy eternal day! *Amen.*

1806.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[401:1] First published in 1852. A transcript in the handwriting of Mrs. S. T. Coleridge is in the possession of the Editor.

### LINENOTES:

[3] mother] father *MS.*

[5] father] mother *MS.*

[6] him] her *MS.*

[7-8] And may I still my thoughts employ  
To be her comfort and her joy

*MS.*

[9] O likewise keep *MS.*

[13] But chiefly, Lord *MS.*

[15] great] last *P. W. 1877-80, 1893.*

After 16 Our father, &c. *MS.*

---

# METRICAL FEET<sup>[401:2]</sup>

## LESSON FOR A BOY

Trôchêe trips frôm lóng tō shôrt;  
From long to long in solemn sort  
Slôw Spôndêe stâlks; strông foot! yet ill able  
Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllablê.  
Iambics march frôm shôrt tō lóng;— 5  
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts thrông;  
One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
Amphibrachÿs hâstes with a stâtelÿ stride;—  
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimâcer 10  
Strikes his thundëring hoofs like a proud high-brêd Râcer.  
If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,  
And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;  
Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to show it,  
With sound sense in his brains, may make Derwent a poet,— 15  
May crown him with fame, and must win him the love  
Of his father on earth and his Father above.  
My dear, dear child!  
Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge  
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. COLERIDGE.

1806.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [401:2] First published in 1834. The metrical lesson was begun for Hartley Coleridge in 1806 and, afterwards, finished or adapted for the use of his brother Derwent. The Editor possesses the autograph of a metrical rendering of the Greek alphabet, entitled 'A Greek Song set to Music, and sung by Hartley Coleridge, Esq., Graecologian, philometrist and philomelist'.

### LINENOTES:

[Title]: The chief and most usual Metrical Feet expressed in metre and addressed to Hartley Coleridge *MS. of Lines 1-7*.

---

## FAREWELL TO LOVE<sup>[402:1]</sup>

Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth;  
More fondly ne'er did mother eye her child  
Than I your form: *yours* were my hopes of youth,  
And as *you* shaped my thoughts I sighed or smiled. 5

While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving  
To pleasure's secret haunts, and some apart  
Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of deserving,  
To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart.

And when I met the maid that realised  
Your fair creations, and had won her kindness, 10  
Say, but for her if aught on earth I prized!  
*Your* dreams alone I dreamt, and caught your blindness.

O grief!—but farewell, Love! I will go play me  
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray me.

1806.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [402:1] First published in the *Courier*, September 27, 1806, and reprinted in the *Morning Herald*, October 11, 1806, and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1815, vol. lxxxv, p. 448; included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 280, and in *Letters, Conversations, &c.*, [by T. Allsop], 1836, i. 143. First collected, appendix, 1863. This sonnet is modelled upon and in part borrowed from Lord Brooke's (Fulke Greville) Sonnet LXXIV of *Coelica*: and was inscribed on the margin of Charles Lamb's copy of *Certain Learned and Elegant Works of the Right Honourable Fulke Lord Brooke . . .* 1633, p. 284.

Farewell sweet Boy, complaine not of my truth;  
Thy Mother lov'd thee not with more devotion;  
For to thy Boyes play I gave all my youth  
Yong Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought Honours, Princes thoughts observing,  
Many woo'd *Fame, the child of paine and anguish*,  
Others judg'd inward good a chiefe deserving,  
I in thy wanton Visions joy'd to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,  
Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindnesse,  
The playes of hope and feare were my confession  
The spectacles to my life was thy blindnesse:

But *Cupid* now farewell, I will goe play me,  
With thoughts that please me lesse, and lesse betray me.

For an adaptation of Sonnet XCIV, entitled 'Lines on a King-and-Emperor-Making King—  
altered from the 93rd Sonnet of Fulke Greville', vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

### LINENOTES:

[1-2] Farewell my Love! yet blame ye not my Truth;  
More fondly never mother ey'd her child

*MS. 1806.*

Sweet power of Love, farewell! nor blame my truth,  
More fondly never Mother ey'd her Child

*Courier, M. H.*

[4] And as you wove the dream I sigh'd or smil'd *MS. 1806:* And as you wove my thoughts, I  
sigh'd or smil'd *Courier, M. H.*

[5-7] While some sought Wealth; others to Pleasure swerving,  
Many woo'd Fame: and some stood firm apart  
In joy of pride, self-conscious of deserving

*MS. 1806, Courier, M. H.*

[6] haunts] haunt *L. R., Letters, &c., 1836, 1863.*

[8] weak wishing] weak-wishing *Courier, M. H.*

[9] that] who *Courier, M. H.*

[13] will] must *Courier, M. H.*

---

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH [\[403:1\]](#)

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

[404]

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 a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
What may be told, to the understanding mind  
Revealable; and what within the mind  
By vital breathings secret as the soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

5

10

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 streamed from thee, and thy soul received  
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—  
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!

20

[405]



Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams, 25  
The guides and the companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense  
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,  
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating  
Like some becalméd bark beneath the burst 30  
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, 35  
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 summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure 40  
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,

[406]

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, 45  
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 viewed thee in the choir 50  
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, 55  
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame  
Among the archives of mankind, thy work

Makes audible a linkéd lay of Truth,  
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes! 60

Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,  
The pulses of my being beat anew:

[407]

And even as Life returns upon the drowned,  
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains— 65  
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe  
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;

And fears self-willed, that shunned 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; 70  
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,  
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,

Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers  
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,  
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave! 75

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 80  
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! 85  
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.

The tumult rose and ceased: 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 90  
Already on the wing.

[408]

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

Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed

And more desired, more precious, for thy song,  
In silence listening, like a devout child, 95  
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, [\[408:1\]](#) still darting off  
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea, 100  
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!  
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—  
Thy long sustained Song finally closed,  
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself 105  
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?) 110  
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—  
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

January, 1807.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [\[403:1\]](#) First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, 1834. The poem was sent in a Letter to Sir G. Beaumont dated January, 1807, and in this shape was first printed by Professor Knight in *Coleorton Letters*, 1887, i. 213-18; and as Appendix H, pp. 525-6, of *P. W.*, 1893 (*MS. B.*). An earlier version of about the same date was given to Wordsworth, and is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Gordon Wordsworth (*MS. W.*). The text of *Sibylline Leaves* differs widely from that of the original MSS. Lines 11-47 are quoted in a Letter to Wordsworth, dated May 30, 1815 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 646-7), and lines 65-75 at the end of Chapter X of the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, i. 220.
- [\[408:1\]](#) '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 dashed 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. [From Satyrane's First Letter, published in *The Friend*, No. 14, Nov. 23, 1809.]

### LINENOTES:

[\[Title\]](#) To W. Wordsworth. Lines Composed, for the greater part on the Night, on which he finished the recitation of his Poem (in thirteen Books) concerning the growth and history of his own Mind, Jan. 7, 1807, Cole-orton, near Ashby de la Zouch *MS. W.*: To William Wordsworth. Composed for the greater part on the same night after the finishing of his recitation of the Poem in thirteen Books, on the Growth of his own Mind *MS. B.*: To a Gentleman, &c. *S. L. 1828, 1829.*

- [\[1\]](#) O Friend! O Teacher! God's great gift to me! *MSS. W., B.*  
*Between 5-13*

Of thy own Spirit, thou hast lov'd to tell  
What may be told, to th' understanding mind  
Revealable; and what within the mind  
May rise enkindled. Theme as hard as high!  
Of Smiles spontaneous and mysterious Fear.

*MS. W.*

Of thy own spirit thou hast loved to tell  
What *may* be told, by words revealable;  
With heavenly breathings, like the secret soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickening in the heart,  
Thoughts that obey no mastery of words,  
Pure self-beholdings! theme as hard as high,  
Of *smiles* spontaneous and mysterious *fear*.

*MS. B.*

- [\[9\]](#) By vital breathings like the secret soul *S. L. 1828.*  
[\[16\]](#) Or by interior power *MS. W.* Or by some central breath *MS. Letter, 1815.*  
[\[17\]](#) inner] hidden *MSS. W., B.*  
*Between 17-41*

Mid festive crowds, *thy* Brows too garlanded,  
A Brother of the Feast: of Fancies fair,  
*Hyblae*an murmurs of poetic Thought,

*Industrious in its Joy, by lilled Streams  
 Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!  
 Of more than Fancy, of the Hope of Man  
 Amid the tremor of a Realm aglow—  
 Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating  
 Ev'n as a Bark becalm'd on sultry seas  
 Beneath the voice from Heav'n, the bursting crash  
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder! when no cloud  
 Is visible, or Shadow on the Main!  
 Ah! soon night roll'd on night, and every Cloud  
 Open'd its eye of Fire: and Hope aloft  
 Now flutter'd, and now toss'd upon the storm  
 Floating! Of Hope afflicted and struck down  
 Thence summoned homeward—homeward to thy Heart,  
 Oft from the Watch-tower of Man's absolute self,  
 With light, &c.*

*MS. W.*

[27] *social sense MS. B.*

[28] *Distending, and of man MS. B.*

[29-30] Even as a bark becalm'd on sultry seas  
 Quivers beneath the voice from Heaven, the burst

*MS. B.*

[30] Ev'n as a bark becalm'd beneath the burst

*MS. Letter, 1815, S. L. 1828.*

[33] *thine] thy MS. B., MS. Letter, 1815.*

[37] *a full-born] an arméd MS. B.*

[38] *Of that dear hope afflicted and amazed MS. Letter, 1815.*

[39] *So homeward summoned MS. Letter, 1815.*

[40] *As from the watch-tower MS. B.*

[44] *controlling] ? impelling, ? directing MS. W.*

[45-6] Virtue and Love—an Orphic Tale indeed  
 A Tale divine

*MS. W.*

[45] *song] tale MS. B.*

[46] *song] tale MS. B. thoughts] truths MS. Letter, 1815.*

[47-9] Ah! great Bard  
 Ere yet that last swell dying aw'd the air  
 With stedfast ken I viewed thee in the choir

*MS. W.*

[48] *that] the MS. B.*

[49] *With steadfast eyes I saw thee MS. B.*

[52] *for they, both power and act MS. B.*

[53] *them] them S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[54] *for them, they in it S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[58] *lay] song MSS. W., B.*

[59] *lay] song MSS. W., B.*

61 *fol.*

Dear shall it be to every human heart,  
 To me how more than dearest! me, on whom  
 Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy love,  
 Came with such heights and depths of harmony,  
 Such sense of wings uplifting, that the storm  
 Scatter'd and whirl'd me, till my thoughts became  
 A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes,  
 Thy hopes of me, dear Friend! by me unfelt!  
 Were troublous to me, almost as a voice,  
 Familiar once, and more than musical;  
 To one cast forth, whose hope had seem'd to die  
 A wanderer with a worn-out heart  
 Mid strangers pining with untended wounds.  
 O Friend, too well thou know'st, of what sad years  
 The long suppression had benumb'd my soul,  
 That even as life returns upon the drown'd,  
 The unusual joy awoke a throng of pains—  
 Keen pangs, &c.

*MSS. B, W with the following variants:—*

ll. 5-6

Such sense of wings uplifting, that its might  
Scatter'd and quell'd me—

*MS. B.*

ll. 11, 12

As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth  
A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn.

[73] thee] *thee S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[74] Strewed] *Strewn MS. B., 1828, 1829.*

[82] thy] *thy S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[82-3]                   Thou too, Friend!  
O injure not the memory of that hour

*MS. W.*

                          Thou too, Friend!  
Impair thou not the memory of that Hour

*MS. B.*

[93] Becomes most sweet! hours for their own sake hail'd *MS. W.*

[96] thy] the *MS. B.*

[98] my] her *MS. B.*

[102] and] my *MSS. W., B.*

[104] Song] lay *MS. W.*

[106] my] mine *MSS. W., B.*

*Between 107-8*

(All whom I deepliest love—in one room all!)

*MSS. W., B.*

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[409] **AN ANGEL VISITANT**<sup>[409:1]</sup>

Within these circling hollies woodbine-clad—  
Beneath this small blue roof of vernal sky—  
How warm, how still! Tho' tears should dim mine eye,  
Yet will my heart for days continue glad,  
For here, my love, thou art, and here am I!

? 1801.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[409:1] First published in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 280. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. The title was prefixed to the *Poems of Coleridge* (illustrated edition), 1907. This 'exquisite fragment . . . was probably composed as the opening of *Recollections of Love*, and abandoned on account of a change of metre.'—*Editor's Note*, 1893 (p. 635). It is in no way a translation, but the thought or idea was suggested by one of the German stanzas which Coleridge selected and copied into one of his Notebooks as models or specimens of various metres. For the original, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

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**RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE**<sup>[409:2]</sup>

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. 10

[410]

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? 15

IV

As when a mother doth explore  
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,  
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!  
As whom I long had loved before—  
So deeply had I been beguiled. 20

V

You stood before me like a thought,  
A dream remembered in a dream.  
But when those meek eyes first did seem  
To tell me, Love within you wrought—  
O Greta, dear domestic stream! 25

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. 30

1807.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[409:2] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. It is impossible to fix the date of composition, though internal evidence points to July, 1807, when Coleridge revisited Stowey after a long absence. The first stanza, a variant of the preceding fragment, is introduced into a prose fancy, entitled 'Questions and Answers in the Court of Love', of uncertain date, but perhaps written at Malta in 1805 (vide [Appendices](#) of this edition). A first draft of stanzas 1-4 (vide [supra](#)) is included in the collection of metrical experiments and metrical schemes, modelled on German and Italian originals, which seems to have been begun in 1801, with a view to a projected 'Essay on Metre'. Stanzas 5, 6 are not contemporary with stanzas 1-4, and, perhaps, date from 1814, 1815, when *Sibylline Leaves* were being prepared for the press.

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**TO TWO SISTERS**<sup>[410:1]</sup>

[MARY MORGAN AND CHARLOTTE BRENT]

**A WANDERER'S FAREWELL**

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part—  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart;  
Alas for some abiding-place of love,  
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,  
Might brood with warming wings!  
O fair! O kind! 5

[411]

Sisters in blood, yet each with each intertwined  
More close by sisterhood of heart and mind!  
Me disinherited in form and face  
By nature, and mishap of outward grace;  
Who, soul and body, through one guiltless fault  
Waste daily with the poison of sad thought, 10  
Me did you soothe, when solace hoped I none!  
And as on unthaw'd ice the winter sun,

Though stern the frost, though brief the genial day,  
 You bless my heart with many a cheerful ray; 15  
 For gratitude suspends the heart's despair,  
 Reflecting bright though cold your image there.  
 Nay more! its music by some sweeter strain  
 Makes us live o'er our happiest hours again,  
 Hope re-appearing dim in memory's guise— 20  
 Even thus did you call up before mine eyes  
 Two dear, dear Sisters, prized all price above,  
 Sisters, like you, with more than sisters' love;  
*So* like you *they*, and so in *you* were seen  
 Their relative statures, tempers, looks, and mien, 25  
 That oft, dear ladies! you have been to me  
 At once a vision and reality.  
 Sight seem'd a sort of memory, and amaze  
 Mingled a trouble with affection's gaze.

Oft to my eager soul I whisper blame, 30  
 A Stranger bid it feel the Stranger's shame—  
 My eager soul, impatient of the name,  
 No strangeness owns, no Stranger's form descries:  
 The chidden heart spreads trembling on the eyes.  
 First-seen I gazed, as I would look you thro'! 35  
 My best-beloved regain'd their youth in you,—  
 And still I ask, though now familiar grown,  
 Are you for *their* sakes dear, or for your own?  
 O doubly dear! may Quiet with you dwell!

In Grief I love you, yet I love you well! 40  
 Hope long is dead to me! an orphan's tear  
 Love wept despairing o'er his nurse's bier.  
 Yet still she flutters o'er her grave's green slope:  
 For Love's despair is but the ghost of Hope!

Sweet Sisters! were you placed around one hearth 45  
 With those, your other selves in shape and worth,  
 Far rather would I sit in solitude,  
 Fond recollections all my fond heart's food,  
 And dream of *you*, sweet Sisters! (ah! not mine!)  
 And only *dream* of you (ah! dream and pine!) 50  
 Than boast the presence and partake the pride,  
 And shine in the eye, of all the world beside.

1807.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[410:1] First published in *The Courier*, December 10, 1807, with the signature SIESTI. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80. The following abbreviated and altered version was included in *P. W.*, 1834, 1844, and 1852, with the heading 'On taking Leave of — 1817':—

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,  
 Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!  
 O for some dear abiding-place of Love,  
 O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove  
 Might brood with warming wings!—O fair as kind,  
 Were but one sisterhood with you combined,  
 (Your very image they in shape and mind)  
 Far rather would I sit in solitude,  
 The forms of memory all my mental food,  
 And dream of you, sweet sisters, (ah, not mine!)  
 And only dream of you (ah dream and pine!)  
 Than have the presence, and partake the pride,  
 And shine in the eye of all the world beside!

---

### PSYCHE<sup>[412:1]</sup>

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
 The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—<sup>[412:2]</sup>  
 But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade  
 Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame  
 Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,  
 Manifold motions making little speed,  
 And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed. 5

**FOOTNOTES:**

[412:1] First published with a prefatory note:—'The fact that in Greek Psyche is the common name for the soul, and the butterfly, is thus alluded to in the following stanzas from an unpublished poem of the Author', in the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, i. 82, n.: included (as No. II of 'Three Scraps') in *Amulet*, 1833: *Lit. Rem.*, 1836, i. 53. First collected in 1844. In *Lit. Rem.* and 1844 the poem is dated 1808.

[412:2] Psyche means both Butterfly and Soul. *Amulet*, 1833.

In some instances the Symbolic and Onomastic are united as in Psyche = Anima et papilio. *MS. S. T. C.* (Hence the word 'name' was italicised in the MS.)

**LINENOTES:**

[Title](#)] The Butterfly *Amulet*, 1833, 1877-81, 1893.

[4] Of earthly life. For in this fleshly frame *MS. S. T. C.*: Of earthly life! For, in this mortal frame *Amulet*, 1833, 1893.

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[413] **A TOMBLESS EPITAPH** [\[413:1\]](#)

'Tis true, Idoloclastes 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,) 5  
 'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,  
 And honouring with religious love the Great  
 Of elder times, he hated to excess,  
 With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,  
 The hollow Puppets of a hollow Age, 10  
 Ever idolatrous, and changing ever  
 Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time,  
 (Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war  
 Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,  
 Whole years of weary days, besieged him close, 15  
 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 unconquered, and in joy  
 Was strong to follow the delightful Muse. 20  
 For not a hidden path, that to the shades  
 Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,  
 Lurked undiscovered by him; not a rill  
 There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,  
 But he had traced it upward to its source, 25  
 Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,  
 Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled  
 Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,  
 Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,  
 The haunt obscure of old Philosophy, 30  
 He bade with lifted torch its starry walls  
 Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame  
 Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.  
 O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!  
 O studious Poet, eloquent for truth! 35  
 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. 40

? 1809.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[413:1] First published in *The Friend*, No. XIV, November 23, 1809. There is no title or heading to the poem, which occupies the first page of the number, but a footnote is appended:

—'Imitated, though in the movements rather than the thoughts, from the vii<sup>th</sup>, of *Gli Epitafi* of Chiabrera:

Fu ver, che Ambrosio Salinero a torto  
Si pose in pena d'odiose liti,' &c.

Included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, 1834. Sir Satyrane, 'A Satyres son yborne in forrest wylde' (Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Bk. I, C. vi, l. 21) rescues Una from the violence of Sarazin. Coleridge may have regarded Satyrane as the anonymn of Luther. Idoloclast, as he explains in the preface to 'Satyrane's Letters', is a 'breaker of idols'.

### LINENOTES:

[10] a] an *Friend*, 1809, *S. L.* 1828, 1829.

[16] inlets] outlets *Friend*, 1809.

[37] Life] light *The Friend*, 1809.

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## FOR A MARKET-CLOCK<sup>[414:1]</sup>

### (IMPROMPTU)

What now, O Man! thou dost or mean'st to do  
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue,  
When hovering o'er the Dot this hand shall tell  
The moment that secures thee Heaven or Hell!

1809.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[414:1] Sent in a letter to T. Poole, October 9, 1809, and transferred to one of Coleridge's Notebooks with the heading 'Inscription proposed on a Clock in a market place': included in 'Omniana' of 1809-16 (*Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 347) with the erroneous title 'Inscription on a Clock in Cheapside'. First collected in 1893.

What now thou do'st, or art about to do,  
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue;  
When hov'ring o'er the line this hand will tell  
The last dread moment—'twill be heaven or hell.

Read for the last two lines:—

When wav'ring o'er the dot this hand shall tell  
The moment that secures thee Heaven or Hell.

*MS. Lit. Rem.*

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## THE MADMAN AND THE LETHARGIST<sup>[414:2]</sup>

### AN EXAMPLE

[415] Quoth Dick to me, as once at College  
We argued on the use of knowledge;—  
'In old King Olim's reign, I've read,  
There lay two patients in one bed.  
The one in fat lethargic trance, 5  
Lay wan and motionless as lead:  
The other, (like the Folks in France),  
Possess'd a different disposition—  
In short, the plain truth to confess,  
The man was madder than Mad Bess! 10  
But both diseases, none disputed,  
Were unmedicinably rooted;  
Yet, so it chanc'd, by Heaven's permission,  
Each prov'd the other's true physician.

'Fighting with a ghostly stare 15  
Troops of Despots in the air,  
Obstreperously Jacobinical,  
The madman froth'd, and foam'd, and roar'd:



The other, snoring octaves cynical,  
 Like good John Bull, in posture clinical, 20  
 Seem'd living only when he snor'd.  
 The *Citizen* enraged to see  
 This fat Insensibility,  
 Or, tir'd with solitary labour,  
 Determin'd to convert his neighbour; 25  
 So up he sprang and to 't he fell,  
 Like devil piping hot from hell,  
 With indefatigable fist  
 Belabr'ing the poor Lethargist;  
 Till his own limbs were stiff and sore,  
 And sweat-drops roll'd from every pore:— 30  
 Yet, still, with flying fingers fleet,  
 Duly accompanied by feet,  
 With some short intervals of biting,  
 He executes the self-same strain, 35  
 Till the Slumberer woke for pain,  
 And half-prepared himself for fighting—  
 That moment that his mad Colleague  
 Sunk down and slept thro' pure fatigue.  
 So both were cur'd—and this example 40  
 Gives demonstration full and ample—  
 That *Chance* may bring a thing to bear,  
 Where *Art* sits down in blank despair.'

'That's true enough, Dick,' answer'd I,  
 'But as for the *Example*, 'tis a lie.' 45

[416]

? 1809

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### FOOTNOTES:

[414:2] Now published for the first time from one of Coleridge's Notebooks. The use of the party catchword 'Citizen' and the allusion to 'Folks in France' would suggest 1796-7 as a probable date, but the point or interpretation of the 'Example' was certainly in Coleridge's mind when he put together the first number of *The Friend*, published June 1, 1809:—'Though all men are in error, they are not all in the same error, nor at the same time . . . each therefore may possibly heal the other . . . even as two or more physicians, all diseased in their general health, yet under the immediate action of the disease on different days, may remove or alleviate the complaints of each other.'

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### THE VISIONARY HOPE<sup>[416:1]</sup>

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling  
 He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,  
 Would fain entreat 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 5  
 Against his will the stifling load revealing,  
 Though Nature forced; though 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 confessed, 10  
 Sickness within and miserable feeling:  
 Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,  
 And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,  
 Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:  
 Yet never could his heart command, though fain, 15  
 One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,  
 Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,  
 Though changed in nature, wander where he would—  
 For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost! 20  
 For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,  
 He wishes and can wish for this alone!  
 Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams  
 (So the love-stricken visionary deems)  
 Disease would vanish, like a summer shower, 25  
 Whose dew 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.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[416:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[22] can] *can S. L. 1828, 1829.*

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[417] **EPITAPH ON AN INFANT**<sup>[417:1]</sup>

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!  
Oh tell, rude stone! the passer by,  
That here the pretty babe doth lie,  
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

5

1811.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[417:1] First published, with the signature 'Aphilos,' in the *Courier*, Wednesday, March 20, 1811: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, and in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[1] balmy] milky *Courier, 1811.*

[5] Infant's] darling's *Courier, 1811.*

[6] Tell simple stone *Courier, 1811.*

[7] the] a *Courier, 1811.*

---

**THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN**<sup>[417:2]</sup>

**COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC  
VILLAGE IN GERMANY**

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

5

ENGLISH<sup>[417:3]</sup>

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!

10

[418]

1811.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[417:2] First published as from 'A Correspondent in Germany' in the *Morning Post*, December 26,

1801.

[417:3] First published with the Latin in the *Courier*, August 30, 1811, with the following introduction:—'About thirteen years ago or more, travelling through the middle parts of Germany I saw a little print of the Virgin and Child in the small public house of a Catholic Village, with the following beautiful Latin lines under it, which I transcribed. They may be easily adapted to the air of the famous Sicilian Hymn, *Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes*, by the omission of a few notes.' First collected in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)—In a Roman Catholic] In a Catholic *S. L.*, 1828, 1829.

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### TO A LADY<sup>[418:1]</sup>

#### OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?  
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!  
For what you are, you cannot have:  
'Tis I, that have one since I first had you!

? 1811.

---

#### FOOTNOTES:

[418:1] First published in *Omniana* (1812), i. 238; 'as a playful illustration of the distinction between *To have and to be*.' First collected in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

#### LINENOTES:

In line 3 'are', 'have', and in line 4 'have', 'you', are italicized in all editions except 1834.

---

### REASON FOR LOVE'S BLINDNESS<sup>[418:2]</sup>

I have heard of reasons manifold  
Why Love must needs be blind,  
But this the best of all I hold—  
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
He guesseth but in part;  
But that within is good and fair  
He seeth with the heart.

? 1811.

---

#### FOOTNOTES:

[418:2] First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] In 1828, 1829, 1834 these stanzas are printed without a title, but are divided by a space from *Lines to a Lady*. The title appears first in 1893.

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[419]

### THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT<sup>[419:1]</sup>

Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,  
No question was asked me—it could not be so!  
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,  
And to live on be Yes; what can No be? to die.

Is't returned, as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?  
 Think first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!  
 I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,  
 Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.  
 Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?  
 Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!  
 Then die—if die you dare!

5

10

1811.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[419:1] First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1884. In a Notebook of (?) 1811 these lines are preceded by the following couplet:—

Complained of, complaining, there shov'd and here shoving,  
 Every one blaming me, ne'er a one loving.

**LINENOTES:**

[4] Yes] YES 1828, 1829.

[6] are] ARE 1828, 1829. were] WERE 1828, 1829.

**TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY**<sup>[419:2]</sup>**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 out-spread,  
 Two lovely children run an endless race,  
     A sister and a brother!  
     This far outstripp'd 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 passed,  
 And knows not whether he be first or last.

[420]

5

10

? 1812.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[419:2] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, in the preliminary matter, p. v: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. In the 'Preface' to *Sibylline Leaves*, p. iii, an apology is offered for its insertion on the plea that it was a 'school boy poem' added 'at the request of the friends of my youth'. The title is explained as follows:—'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.' In a Notebook of (?) 1811 there is an attempt to analyse and illustrate the 'sense of Time', which appears to have been written before the lines as published in *Sibylline Leaves* took shape: 'How marked the contrast between troubled manhood and joyously-active youth in the sense of time! To the former, time like the sun in an empty sky is never seen to move, but only to have *moved*. There, there it was, and now 'tis here, now distant! yet all a blank between. To the latter it is as the full moon in a fine breezy October night, driving on amid clouds of all shapes and hues, and kindling shifting colours, like an ostrich in its speed, and yet seems not to have moved at all. This I feel to be a just image of time real and time as felt, in two different states of being. The title of the poem therefore (for poem it ought to be) should be time real and time felt (in the sense of time) in active youth, or activity with hope and fullness of aim in any period, and in despondent, objectless manhood—time objective and subjective.' *Anima Poetae*, 1895, pp. 241-2.

**AN INVOCATION**<sup>[420:1]</sup>**FROM REMORSE**

Hear, sweet Spirit, hear the spell,  
Lest a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,  
In a chapel on the shore,  
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,  
Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,  
Miserere Domine!

Hush! the cadence dies away  
On the quiet moonlight sea:  
The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
Miserere Domine!

1812.

5

10

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[420:1] First published in *Remorse*, 1813. First collected, 1844.

**LINENOTES:**

[7] chaunter] chaunters 1813, 1828, 1839, 1893.

[12] quiet] yellow 1813, 1828, 1829.

[421]

---

**THE NIGHT-SCENE** [421:1]

**A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT**

*Sandoval.* You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?

*Earl Henry.* Loved?

*Sand.* Did you not say you wooed her?

*Earl H.* Once I loved  
Her whom I dared not woo!

*Sand.* And wooed, perchance,  
One whom you loved not!

*Earl H.* Oh! I were most base,  
Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,  
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she  
Met my advances with impassioned pride,  
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,  
Who in his dream of hope already grasped  
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected  
My suit with insult, and in memory  
Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,  
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!  
But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance  
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

*Sand.* Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.  
But Oropeza—

*Earl H.* 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 through that gloom,  
And to that covert by a silent stream,  
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,  
Was the sole object visible around me.  
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;

5

10

15

20

25

So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!  
 No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon  
 The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.  
 A little further on an arbour stood, 30  
 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. 35

*Sand.* A rude and soaring note, my friend!

*Earl H.* Oh! no!  
 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, 40  
 Fleeing from Pain, sheltered 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 vowed to die for her: 45  
 With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,  
 Relapses into blessedness, I vowed 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. 50  
 Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

*Sand. (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, 55  
 Relapses into bliss.

*Earl H.* Ah! was that bliss  
 Feared 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. 60  
 Through 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 seemed  
 The purpose and the substance of my being,  
 I swore to her, that were she red with guilt, 65  
 I would exchange my unblenched 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 prepared to meet her— 70  
 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.*]

*Sand. (alone).* O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great  
 By thine own act—yet art thou never great 75  
 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 though they were the pillars of a temple,  
 Built by Omnipotence in its own honour! 80  
 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!

## FOOTNOTES:

- [421:1] First published in its present state in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. For an earlier draft, forming part of an 'Historic Drama in Five Acts' (unfinished) entitled *The Triumph of Loyalty*, 1801, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition. A prose sketch without title or heading is contained in one of Coleridge's earliest notebooks.

## LINENOTES:

- [14] unkindly] unkindling 1893.  
[23] And to the covert by that silent stream *S. L.*, corrected in *Errata*, p. [xi].  
[24] near] o'er *S. L.*, corrected in *Errata*, p. [xi].
- 

## A HYMN<sup>[423:1]</sup>

My Maker! of thy power the trace  
In every creature's form and face  
The wond'ring soul surveys:  
Thy wisdom, infinite above  
Seraphic thought, a Father's love 5  
As infinite displays!

From all that meets or eye or ear,  
There falls a genial holy fear  
Which, like the heavy dew of morn,  
Refreshes while it bows the heart forlorn! 10

Great God! thy works how wondrous fair!  
Yet sinful man didst thou declare  
The whole Earth's voice and mind!  
Lord, ev'n as Thou all-present art,  
O may we still with heedful heart 15  
Thy presence know and find!  
Then, come what will, of weal or woe,  
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow;  
For though 'tis Heaven THYSELF to see,  
Where but thy *Shadow* falls, Grief cannot be!— 20

1814.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [423:1] First published in *Poems*, 1852. The MS. was placed in the hands of the Editors by J. W. Wilkins, Esq., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 'The accompanying autograph,' writes Mr. Wilkins, 'dated 1814, and addressed to Mrs. Hood of Brunswick Square, was given not later than the year 1817 to a relative of my own who was then residing at Clifton (and was, at the time at which it passed into his hands, an attendant on Mr. Coleridge's lectures, which were in course of delivery at that place), either by the lady to whom it is addressed, or by some other friend of Mr. Coleridge.' 1852, Notes, p. 385.
- 

## TO A LADY<sup>[424:1]</sup>

### WITH FALCONER'S *SHIPWRECK*

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,  
In archéd groves, the youthful poet's choice;  
Nor while half-listening, 'mid delicious dreams,  
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice; 5

Not yet while gazing in sublimer mood 5  
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;  
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed.  
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! 10  
Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's wings,  
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging bark!

'Cling to the shrouds!' In vain! The breakers roar—  
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan  
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore, 15  
No classic roamer, but a shipwrecked man!

- [425] Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains,  
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?

The elevating thought of suffered pains,  
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

20

Of gratitude! remembrances of friend,  
Or absent or no more! shades of the Past,  
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 formed! this work to thee:  
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed  
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

25

? 1814.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [424:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. A different or emended version headed 'Written in a Blank Leaf of Faulkner's Shipwreck, presented by a friend to Miss K', was published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* of February 21, 1818. [See Note by G. E. Weare, Weston-super-Mare, January, 1905.]

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] To a Lady With Falkner's 'Shipwreck' *S. L.*
- [2] archéd] cloyst'ring *F. F.*
- [3] 'mid] midst *F. F.*
- [4] lady's] woman's *F. F.*
- [5] sublimer] diviner *F. F.*
- [6] On torrent falls, on woody mountain dell *F. F.*
- [7] sea-weed] sea-weeds *F. F.*
- [8] Attuning wild tales to the ocean's swell *F. F.*
- [9] this] *this F. F.*
- [10] thee] *thee F. F.*
- [11] It mounts, it totters *F. F.*
- [12] It groans, it quivers *F. F.*
- [14] of] and *F. F.*
- [15] Forlorn the] The toil-worn *F. F.*
- [17-20] Say then what power evoked such genial strains  
And beckon'd godlike to the trembling Muse?  
The thought not pleasureless of suffer'd pains  
But *chiefly* friendship's voice, her holy dues.  
*F. F.*
- [21] Demanding dear remembrances of friend *F. F.*
- [22] Which love makes real! Thence *F. F.*
- [24] life] love *F. F.*
- [26] Sweet Maid for friendship framed this song to thee *F. F.*
- [28] Falconer] FALKNER *S. L.*: Faulkner *F. F.* me] ME *S. L.*, 1828, 1829.

---

## HUMAN LIFE<sup>[425:1]</sup>

### —ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY

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<sup>[425:2]</sup>  
Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,  
If even a soul like Milton's can know death,  
O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,  
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!

5



Surplus of Nature's dread activity, 10  
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,  
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,  
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously.  
 Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!  
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state, 15  
 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? 20  
 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 25  
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?  
 Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!  
 Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none;  
 Thy being's being is contradiction.

? 1815.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [425:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.  
 [425:2] Halitus = anima animae tabernaculum *MS. Note* (? *S. T. C.*)

**LINENOTES:**

- [5] are] *are S. L., 1828, 1829.* whole] *whole S. L., 1828, 1829.*  
 [19] the] each *1887-80, 1893.*

---

**SONG** <sup>[426:1]</sup>

**FROM ZAPOLYA**

A Sunny shaft did I behold,  
 From sky to earth it slanted:  
 And poised therein a bird so bold—  
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled 5  
 Within that shaft of sunny mist;  
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
 All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!  
 Love's dreams prove seldom true. 10  
 The blossoms they make no delay:  
 The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.  
 Sweet month of May,  
 We must away;  
 Far, far away! 15  
 To-day! to-day!'

1815.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [426:1] First published in *Zapolya*, 1817 (Act II, Scene i, ll. 65-80). First collected in 1844. Two MSS. are extant, one in the possession of Mr. John Murray (*MS. M.*), and a second in the possession of the Editor (*MS. S. T. C.*). For a prose version of Glycine's Song, probably a translation from the German, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

**LINENOTES:**

- [Title] Sung by Glycine in *Zapolya 1893*: Glycine's Song *MS. M.*

- [1] A pillar grey did I behold *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [4] A faery Bird that chanted *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [6] sunny] shiny *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [11, 12] *om. MS S. T. C., MS. M.*

---

## HUNTING SONG<sup>[427:1]</sup>

### FROM ZAPOLYA

Up, up! ye dames, and lasses gay!  
 To the meadows trip away.  
 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,  
 And scare the small birds from the corn.  
     Not a soul at home may stay: 5  
     For the shepherds must go  
     With lance and bow  
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house  
 To the cricket and the mouse: 10  
 Find grannam out a sunny seat.  
 With babe and lambkin at her feet.  
     Not a soul at home may stay:  
     For the shepherds must go  
     With lance and bow 15  
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

1815.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[427:1] First published in *Zapolya* (Act iv, Scene ii, ll. 56-71). First collected, 1844.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] Choral Song 1893.

---

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY<sup>[427:2]</sup>

### FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI

#### FAITH

Let those whose low delights to Earth are given  
 Chaunt forth their earthly Loves! but we  
 Must make an holier minstrelsy,  
 And, heavenly-born, will sing the Things of Heaven.

[428]

#### CHARITY

But who for us the listening Heart shall gain? 5  
 Inaudible as of the sphere  
 Our music dies upon the ear,  
 Enchanted with the mortal Syren's strain.

#### HOPE

Yet let our choral songs abound!  
 Th' inspiring Power, its living Source, 10  
 May flow with them and give them force,  
 If, elsewhere all unheard, in Heaven they sound.

#### ALL

Aid thou our voice, Great Spirit! thou whose flame  
 Kindled the Songster sweet of Israel,  
 Who made so high to swell 15  
 Beyond a mortal strain thy glorious Name.

CHARITY AND FAITH

Though rapt to Heaven, our mission and our care  
Is still to sojourn on the Earth,  
To shape, to soothe, Man's second Birth,  
And re-ascend to Heaven, Heaven's prodigal Heir! 20

CHARITY

What is Man's soul of Love deprived?

HOPE. FAITH

It like a Harp untuned is,  
That sounds, indeed, but sounds amiss.

CHARITY. HOPE

From holy Love all good gifts are derived.

FAITH

But 'tis time that every nation 25  
Should hear how loftily we sing.

FAITH. HOPE. CHARITY

See, O World, see thy salvation!  
Let the Heavens with praises ring.  
Who would have a Throne above,  
Let him hope, believe and love; 30  
And whoso loves no earthly song,  
But does for heavenly music long,  
Faith, Hope, and Charity for him,  
Shall sing like wingéd Cherubim.

1815.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[427:2] From a hitherto unpublished MS. For the original *Dialogo: Fide, Speranza, Fide*, included in the 'Madrigali . . .' del Signor Cavalier Battista Guarini, 1663, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition. The translation in Coleridge's handwriting is preceded by another version transcribed and, possibly, composed by Hartley Coleridge.

[429]

**TO NATURE**<sup>[429:1]</sup>

It may indeed be phantasy, when I  
Essay to draw from all created things  
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;  
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie 5  
Lessons of love and earnest piety.  
So let it be; and if the wide world rings  
In mock of this belief, it brings  
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.  
So will I build my altar in the fields,  
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be, 10  
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields  
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,  
Thee only God! and thou shalt not despise  
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

? 1820.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[429:1] First published in *Letters, Conversations and Recollections* by S. T. Coleridge, 1836, i. 144.  
First collected in *Poems*, 1863, Appendix, p. 391.



- [6] They, like moles *Friend, 1818.*
- [8] Shrink from the light, then listen for a sound *Friend, 1818.*
- [12] so] such *MS. S. T. C.*
- [16] the] his *MS. S. T. C.*
- [17] Mark'd but by Flit *MS. S. T. C.*
- [30] at] on *MS. S. T. C.*

[31](#) foll.

In one sole Outlet yawns the Phantom Wall,  
 And through this grim road to [a] worser thrall  
 Oft homeward scouring from a sick Child's dream  
 Old Mother Brownrigg shoots upon a scream;  
 And turning back her Face with hideous Leer,  
 Leaves Sentry there *Intolerable Fear!*  
 A horrid thought is growthless dull Negation:  
 Yet that is but a Purgatory Curse,  
     SHE knows a fear far worse  
 Flee, lest thou hear its Name! Flee, rash Imagination!

\* \* \* \* \*

*S. T. Coleridge, 1st Oct. 1827, Grove, Highgate.*

### **NE PLUS ULTRA**[\[431:1\]](#)

Sole Positive of Night! Antipathist of Light!	
Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod— The one permitted opposite of God!— Condenséd blackness and abysmal storm	5
Compacted to one sceptre Arms the Grasp enorm— The Interceptor—	
The Substance that still casts the shadow Death!— The Dragon foul and fell—	10
The unrevealable, And hidden one, whose breath Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!	
Ah! sole despair Of both th' eternities in Heaven!	15
Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer, The all-compassionate! Save to the Lampads Seven Reveal'd to none of all th' Angelic State, Save to the Lampads Seven,	20
That watch the throne of Heaven!	

? 1826.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[\[431:1\]](#) First published in 1834. The MS., which is inscribed in a notebook, is immediately preceded by that of the first draft of *Limbo* (*ante*, p. 429). The so-called 'Ne Plus Ultra' may have been intended to illustrate a similar paradox—the 'positivity of negation'. No date can be assigned to either of these metaphysical conceits, but there can be little doubt that they were 'written in later life'.

### [\[432\]](#) **THE KNIGHT'S TOMB**[\[432:1\]](#)

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn? Where may the grave of that good man be?— By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn, Under the twigs of a young birch tree! The oak that in summer was sweet to hear, And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year, And whistled and roared in the winter alone, Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.— The Knight's bones are dust,	5
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? 1817.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[432:1] First published in *P. W.*, 1834. Gillman (*Life*, p. 276) says that the lines were composed 'as an experiment for a metre', and repeated by the author to 'a mutual friend', who 'spoke of his visit to Highgate' and repeated them to Scott on the following day. The last three lines, 'somewhat altered', are quoted in *Ivanhoe*, chapter viii, and again in *Castle Dangerous*, chapter ix. They run thus:—

The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust;—  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Gillman says that the *Ivanhoe* quotation convinced Coleridge that Scott was the author of the Waverley Novels. In the Appendix to the 'Notes' to *Castle Dangerous* (1834), which was edited and partly drawn up by Lockhart, the poem is quoted in full, with a prefatory note ('The author has somewhat altered part of a beautiful unpublished fragment of Coleridge').

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Orellan,—  
Where may the grave of that good knight be?  
By the marge of a brook, on the slope of Helvellyn,  
Under the boughs of a young birch-tree.  
The Oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,  
That rustled in autumn all wither'd and sear,  
That whistled and groan'd thro' the winter alone,  
He hath gone, and a birch in his place is grown.  
The knight's bones are dust,  
His good sword is rust;  
His spirit is with the saints, we trust.

This version must have been transcribed from a MS. in Lockhart's possession, and represents a first draft of the lines as published in 1834. These lines are, no doubt, an 'experiment for a metre'. The upward movement (ll. 1-7) is dactylic: the fall (ll. 8-11) is almost, if not altogether, spondaic. The whole forms a complete stanza, or metrical scheme, which may be compared with ll. 264-78 of the First Part of *Christabel*. Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, who must have been familiar with Gillman's story, dates the *Knight's Tomb* 1802.

[433]

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## ON DONNE'S POETRY<sup>[433:1]</sup>

With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,  
Wreath iron pokers into true-love knots;  
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,  
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.

? 1818

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### FOOTNOTES:

[433:1] First published in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 148, from 'notes written by Mr. Coleridge in a volume of "Chalmers's Poets"'. Line 2 finds a place in Hartley Coleridge's couplets on Donne which are written on the fly-leaves and covers of his copy of Anderson's *British Poets*. In the original MS. it is enclosed in quotation marks. First collected in *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 409.

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## ISRAEL'S LAMENT<sup>[433:2]</sup>

'A Hebrew Dirge, chaunted in the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place, Aldgate, on the day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. By Hyman Hurwitz, Master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate: with a Translation in English Verse, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq., 1817.'

Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!  
Give utterance to the inward throe!  
As wails, of her first love forlorn,  
The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away  
From Light and Life's ascending Sun!  
Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,

	Earn'd by long pangs and lost ere won.	
	Mourn the bright Rose that bloom'd and went, Ere half disclosed its vernal hue!	10
	Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent, It brake the stem on which it grew.	
	Mourn for the universal woe With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue: For England's Lady is laid low, So dear, so lovely, and so young!	15
[434]	The blossoms on her Tree of Life Shone with the dews of recent bliss: Transplanted in that deadly strife, She plucks its fruits in Paradise.	20
	Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief, Who wails and will not solaced be! Mourn for the childless Father's grief, The wedded Lover's agony!	
	Mourn for the Prince, who rose at morn To seek and bless the firstling bud Of his own Rose, and found the thorn, Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.	25
	O press again that murmuring string! Again bewail that princely Sire! A destined Queen, a future King, He mourns on one funereal pyre.	30
	Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd, Her daughters wail their dear defence; Their fair example, prostrate laid, Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.	35
	While Grief in song shall seek repose, We will take up a Mourning yearly: To wail the blow that crush'd the Rose, So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.	40
	Long as the fount of Song o'erflows Will I the yearly dirge renew: Mourn for the firstling of the Rose, That snapt the stem on which it grew.	
	The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill, Damp, trickling Vault their only mourner! Not so the regal Rose, that still Clung to the breast which first had worn her!	45
	O thou, who mark'st the Mourner's path To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend! Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath The showers of Consolation send!	50
[435]	Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow! And Prince and People kiss the Rod!— Their dread chastising Judge wert thou! Be thou their Comforter, O God!	55

1817.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

- [433:2] First published, together with the Hebrew, as an octavo pamphlet (pp. 13) in 1817. An abbreviated version was included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 57-8 and in the Appendix to *Poems*, 1863. The *Lament* as a whole was first collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 282-5.

#### LINENOTES:

- [Title] Israel's Lament on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. From the Hebrew of Hyman Hurwitz *L. R.*
- [19] Transplanted] Translated *L. R.*, 1863.
- [21-4] *om. L. R.*, 1863.

[29-32] *om. L. R., 1863.*

[49-56] *om. L. R., 1863.*

[49] Mourner's] Mourners' *L. R., 1863.*

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## FANCY IN NUBIBUS<sup>[435:1]</sup>

### OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould 5  
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low  
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold  
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!  
Or list'ning to the tide, with closéd sight, 10  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand  
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

1817.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[435:1] First published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* for February 7, 1818: and afterwards in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1819. First collected in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834. A MS. in the possession of Major Butterworth of Carlisle is signed 'S. T. Coleridge, Little Hampton, Oct. 1818'. In a letter to Coleridge dated Jan. 10, 1820, Lamb asks, 'Who put your marine sonnet [i. e. A Sonnet written on the Sea Coast, vide *Title*] . . . in *Blackwood's*? F. Freiligrath in his Introduction to the Tauchnitz edition says that the last five lines are borrowed from Stolberg's *An das Meer*; vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

#### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Fancy, &c. A Sonnet Composed by the Seaside, October 1817. *F. F.*: Fancy in Nubibus. A Sonnet, composed on the Sea Coast 1819.

[4] let] bid 1819.

[5] Own] Owe *F. F. 1818*. quaint] strange 1819.

[6] head] heart *MS.*: head bow'd low 1819.

[9] through] o'er 1819.

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## [436] THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE<sup>[436:1]</sup>

A Hebrew Dirge and Hymn, chaunted in the Great Synagogue. St. James' pl. Aldgate, on the Day of the Funeral of King George III. of blessed memory. By Hyman Hurwitz of Highgate, Translated by a Friend.

### *Dirge*

Oppress'd, confused, with grief and pain,  
And inly shrinking from the blow,  
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain,  
The wonted words refuse to flow.  
  
A fear in every face I find, 5  
Each voice is that of one who grieves;  
And all my Soul, to grief resigned,  
Reflects the sorrow it receives.  
  
The Day-Star of our glory sets!  
Our King has breathed his latest breath! 10  
Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,  
As if it own'd the pow'r of death.



	Our Crown, our heart's Desire is fled! Britannia's glory moults its wing! Let us with ashes on our head, Raise up a mourning for our King.	15
	Lo! of his beams the Day-Star shorn, <a href="#">[436:2]</a> Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil! The Stars are dim! Our Nobles mourn; The Matrons weep, their Children wail.	20
	No age records a King so just, His virtues numerous as his days; The Lord Jehovah was his trust, And truth with mercy ruled his ways.	
	His Love was bounded by no Clime; Each diverse Race, each distant Clan He govern'd by this truth sublime, 'God only knows the heart—not man.'	25
<a href="#">[437]</a>	His word appall'd the sons of pride, Iniquity far wing'd her way; Deceit and fraud were scatter'd wide, And truth resum'd her sacred sway.	30
	He sooth'd the wretched, and the prey From impious tyranny he tore; He stay'd th' Usurper's iron sway, And bade the Spoiler waste no more.	35
	Thou too, Jeshurun's Daughter! thou, Th' oppress'd of nations and the scorn! Didst hail on his benignant brow A safety dawning like the morn.	40
	The scoff of each unfeeling mind, Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief; Beneath his throne, peace thou didst find, And blest the hand that gave relief.	
	E'en when a fatal cloud o'erspread The moonlight splendour of his sway, Yet still the light remain'd, and shed Mild radiance on the traveller's way.	45
	But he is gone—the Just! the Good! Nor could a Nation's pray'r delay The heavenly meed, that long had stood His portion in the realms of day.	50
	Beyond the mighty Isle's extent The mightier Nation mourns her Chief: Him Judah's Daughter shall lament, In tears of fervour, love and grief.	55
	Britannia mourns in silent grief; Her heart a prey to inward woe. In vain she strives to find relief, Her pang so great, so great the blow.	60
	Britannia! Sister! woe is me! Full fain would I console thy woe. But, ah! how shall I comfort thee, Who need the balm I would bestow?	
	United then let us repair, As round our common Parent's grave; And pouring out our heart in prayer, Our heav'nly Father's mercy crave.	65
<a href="#">[438]</a>	Until Jehovah from his throne Shall heed his suffering people's fears; Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan, To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.	70
	Praise to the Lord! Loud praises sing! And bless Jehovah's righteous hand! Again he bids a George, our King, Dispense his blessings to the Land.	75

*Hymn*

O thron'd in Heav'n! Sole King of kings,  
Jehovah! hear thy Children's prayers and sighs!  
Thou Binder of the broken heart! with wings  
Of healing on thy people rise! 80  
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
And Peace and Mercy meet,  
Before thy Judgment seat:  
Lord, hear us! we entreat!

When angry clouds thy throne surround, 85  
E'en from the cloud thou bid'st thy mercy shine:  
And ere thy righteous vengeance strikes the wound,  
Thy grace prepares the balm divine!  
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
etc.

The Parent tree thy hand did spare— 90  
It fell not till the ripen'd fruit was won:  
Beneath its shade the Scion flourish'd fair,  
And for the Sire thou gav'st the Son.  
etc.

This thy own Vine, which thou didst rear,  
And train up for us from the royal root, 95  
Protect, O Lord! and to the Nations near  
Long let it shelter yield, and fruit,  
etc.

Lord, comfort thou the royal line:  
Let Peace and Joy watch round us hand and hand.  
Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine, 100  
And banish sorrow from the land!  
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
And Peace and Mercy meet  
Before thy Judgment seat;  
Lord, hear us! we entreat! 105

1820.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[436:1] First published with the Hebrew in pamphlet form in 1820. First collected in 1893.

[436:2] The author, in the spirit of Hebrew Poetry, here represents the Crown, the Peerage, and the Commonalty, by the figurative expression of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

[439]

**YOUTH AND AGE**<sup>[439:1]</sup>

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, woful 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 flashed 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

[440]

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;  
O! the joys, that came down shower-like. 20  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here! 25  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'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 aye 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 altered size:  
But Spring-tide 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 house-mates 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.

[441]

1823-1832.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[439:1] First published in its present shape in 1834. Lines 1-38, with the heading 'Youth and Age', were first published in the *Literary Souvenir*, 1828, and also in the *Bijou*, 1828: included in 1828, 1829. Lines 39-49 were first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1832, entitled 'An Old Man's Sigh: a Sonnet', as 'an out-slough or hypertrophic stanza of a certain poem called "Youth and Age".' Of lines 1-43 three MSS. are extant. (1) A fair copy (*MS. 1*) presented to Derwent Coleridge, and now in the Editor's possession. In *MS. 1* the poem is divided into three stanzas: (i) lines 1-17; (ii) lines 18-38; (iii) lines 39-43. The watermark of this MS. on a quarto sheet of Bath Post letter-paper is 1822. (2) A rough draft, in a notebook dated Sept. 10, 1823; and (3) a corrected draft of forty-three lines (vide for *MSS. 2, 3 Appendices* of this edition). A MS. version of *An Old Man's Sigh*, dated 'Grove, Highgate, April 1832', was contributed to Miss Rotha Quillinan's Album; and another version numbering only eight lines was inscribed in an album in 1828 when Coleridge was on his Rhine tour with Wordsworth. After line 42 this version continues:—

As we creep feebly down life's slope,  
Yet courteous dame, accept this truth,  
Hope leaves us not, but we leave hope,  
And quench the inward light of youth.

T. Colley Grattan's *Beaten Paths*, 1862, ii. 139.

There can be little doubt that lines 1-43 were composed in 1823, and that the last six lines of the text which form part of *An Old Man's Sigh* were composed, as an afterthought, in 1832.

### LINENOTES:

[1] Verse, a] Verse is a *with the alternative?* Verse ä breeze *MS. 1*.

[2] clung] clings *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[6] When I] *When I 1828, 1829*.

[8] This house of clay *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[10] O'er hill and dale and sounding sands *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[11] then] *then 1828, 1829*.

[12] skiffs] boats *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[20] came] come *Bijou*.

[21] Of Beauty, Truth, and Liberty *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[23] Ere I] *Ere I 1828, 1829*. woful] mournful *Literary Souvenir*.



And if I pluck'd 'each flower that *sweetest* blows,'—  
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his *nose*.

"Thus, long accustom'd on the twy-fork'd hill,<sup>[442:1]</sup>

To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;  
The garden's maze, like No-man's-land, I tread,  
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;  
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,  
With autocratic hand at once repealing

Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!  
But yet from Chisholm who despairs of grace?  
There's no spring-gun or man-trap in *that* face!

Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,  
That look as if they had little else to do:  
For Chisholm speaks, 'Poor youth! he's but a waif!  
The spoons all right? the hen and chickens safe?  
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—

The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!'"<sup>[443:1]</sup>

50

55

60

[443]

1823.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[441:1] First published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, as the first of four 'Lightheartednesses in Rhyme'. A motto was prefixed:—'I expect no sense, worth listening to, from the man who never does talk nonsense,'—*Anon.* In *F. O.*, 1834, Chisholm was printed C— in line 14, C—m in lines 35, 56, and 60, C—m's in line 43. In 1834, 1844 the name was omitted altogether. The text of the present edition follows the MS. First collected in *P. W.*, 1834. A MS. version is in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge. These lines were included in 1844, but omitted from 1852, 1863, and 1870.

[442:1] The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.

[443:1] Compare '*The Eighth Commandment* was not made for Love', l. 16 of Elegy I of *The Love Elegies of Abel Shuffelbottom*, by R. Southey.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] The Reproof and Reply (*the alternative title is omitted*) 1834.

[31] Mary H—] Mary — 1834, 1844.

[38] Did lure the] Lured the wild *F. O.* 1834.

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### FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE<sup>[443:2]</sup>

O FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle mind!  
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;  
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind.  
O'er willowy meads, and shadow'd waters creeping,  
And Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry hind  
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

5

? 1824.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[443:2] First published in 1834. In a MS. note, dated September 1827, it is included in 'Relics of my School-boy Muse: i. e. fragments of poems composed before my fifteenth year', *P. W.*, 1852, Notes, p. 379; but in an entry in a notebook dated 1824, Coleridge writes: 'A pretty unintended couplet in the prose of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

'And, sweeter than a gentle south-west wind  
O'er flowery fields and shadowed waters creeping  
In summer's extreme heat.'

The passage which Coleridge versified is to be found in the *Arcadia*:—

'Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowing fields and shadowed waters in the heat of summer.'

### LINENOTES:

## THE DELINQUENT TRAVELLERS<sup>[443:3]</sup>

	Some are home-sick—some two or three, Their third year on the Arctic Sea—	
[444]	Brave Captain Lyon tells us so <sup>[444:1]</sup> — Spite of those charming Esquimaux. But O, what scores are sick of Home, Agog for Paris or for Rome!	5
	Nay! tho' contented to abide, You should prefer your own fireside; Yet since grim War has ceas'd its madding, And Peace has set John Bull agadding,	10
	'Twould such a vulgar taste betray, For very shame you must away! 'What? not yet seen the coast of France! The folks will swear, for lack of bail, You've spent your last five years in jail!	15
	Keep moving! Steam, or Gas, or Stage, Hold, cabin, steerage, hencoop's cage— Tour, Journey, Voyage, Lounge, Ride, Walk, Skim, Sketch, Excursion, Travel-talk— For move you must! 'Tis now the rage, The law and fashion of the Age.	20
	If you but perch, where Dover tallies, So strangely with the coast of Calais, With a good glass and knowing look, You'll soon get matter for a book!	25
	Or else, in Gas-car, take your chance Like that adventurous king of France, Who, once, with twenty thousand men Went up—and then came down again; At least, he moved if nothing more:	30
	And if there's nought left to explore, Yet while your well-greased wheels keep spinning, The traveller's honoured name you're winning, And, snug as Jonas in the Whale, You may loll back and dream a tale.	35
[445]	Move, or be moved—there's no protection, Our Mother Earth has ta'en the infection— (That rogue Copernicus, 'tis said First put the whirring in her head,) A planet She, and can't endure T'exist without her annual Tour: The <i>name</i> were else a mere misnomer, Since Planet is but Greek for <i>Roamer</i> .	40
	The atmosphere, too, can do no less Than ventilate her emptiness, Bilks turn-pike gates, for no one cares, And gives herself a thousand airs— While streams and shopkeepers, we see, Will have their run toward the sea— And if, meantime, like old King Log, Or ass with tether and a clog, Must graze at home! to yawn and bray 'I guess we shall have rain to-day!' Nor clog nor tether can be worse Than the dead palsy of the purse.	45
	Money, I've heard a wise man say, Makes herself wings and flies away: Ah! would She take it in her head To make a pair for me instead! At all events, the Fancy's free, No traveller so bold as she. From Fear and Poverty released I'll saddle Pegasus, at least, And when she's seated to her mind, I within I can mount behind:	50
	And since this outward I, you know, Must stay because he cannot go, My fellow-travellers shall be they Who go because they cannot stay—	55
		60
		65

	Rogues, rascals, sharpers, blanks and prizes,	70
	Delinquents of all sorts and sizes,	
	Fraudulent bankrupts, Knights burglarious,	
	And demireps of means precarious—	
	All whom Law thwarted, Arms or Arts,	
	Compel to visit foreign parts,	75
	All hail! No compliments, I pray,	
	I'll follow where you lead the way!	
	But ere we cross the main once more,	
	Methinks, along my native shore,	
	Dismounting from my steed I'll stray	80
[446]	Beneath the cliffs of Dumpton Bay. <sup>[446:1]</sup>	
	Where, Ramsgate and Broadstairs between,	
	Rude caves and grated doors are seen:	
	And here I'll watch till break of day,	
	(For Fancy in her magic might	85
	Can turn broad noon to starless night!)	
	When lo! methinks a sudden band	
	Of smock-clad smugglers round me stand.	
	Denials, oaths, in vain I try,	
	At once they gag me for a spy,	90
	And stow me in the boat hard by.	
	Suppose us fairly now afloat,	
	Till Boulogne mouth receives our Boat.	
	But, bless us! what a numerous band	
	Of cockneys anglicise the strand!	95
	Delinquent bankrupts, leg-bail'd debtors,	
	Some for the news, and some for letters—	
	With hungry look and tarnished dress,	
	French shrugs and British surliness.	
	Sick of the country for their sake	100
	Of them and France <i>French leave</i> I take—	
	And lo! a transport comes in view	
	I hear the merry motley crew,	
	Well skill'd in pocket to make entry,	
	Of Dieman's Land the elected Gentry,	105
	And founders of Australian Races.—	
	The Rogues! I see it in their faces!	
	Receive me, Lads! I'll go with you,	
	Hunt the black swan and kangaroo,	
	And that New Holland we'll presume	110
	Old England with some elbow-room.	
	Across the mountains we will roam,	
	And each man make himself a home:	
	Or, if old habits ne'er forsaking,	
	Like clock-work of the Devil's making,	115
	Ourselves inveterate rogues should be,	
	We'll have a virtuous progeny;	
	And on the dunghill of our vices	
	Raise human pine-apples and spices.	
	Of all the children of John Bull	120
	With empty heads and bellies full,	
[447]	Who ramble East, West, North and South,	
	With leaky purse and open mouth,	
	In search of varieties exotic	
	The usefullest and most patriotic,	125
	And merriest, too, believe me, Sirs!	
	Are your Delinquent Travellers!	

1824.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [443:3] From an hitherto unpublished MS., formerly in the possession of Coleridge's friend and amanuensis Joseph Henry Green.
- [444:1] *The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon of the Mt. Hecla, during the recent voyage of discovery under Captain Parry*, was published by John Murray in 1824. In a letter dated May, 1823, Lucy Caroline Lamb writes to Murray:—'If there is yet time, do tell Captain Lyon, that I, and others far better than I am, are enchanted with his book.' *Memoirs . . . of John Murray*, 1891, i. 145.
- [446:1] A coast village near Ramsgate. Coleridge passed some weeks at Ramsgate in the late autumn of 1824.
-

# WORK WITHOUT HOPE<sup>[447:1]</sup>

## LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY 1825

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—<sup>[447:2]</sup>  
And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

5

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!  
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And Hope without an object cannot live.

10

1825.

### FOOTNOTES:

[447:1] First printed in the *Bijou* for 1828: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. These lines, as published in the *Bijou* for 1828, were an excerpt from an entry in a notebook, dated Feb. 21, 1825. They were preceded by a prose introduction, now for the first time printed, and followed by a metrical interpretation or afterthought which was first published in the Notes to the Edition of 1893. For an exact reproduction of the prose and verse as they appear in the notebook, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

[447:2] Compare the last stanza of George Herbert's *Praise*:—

O raise me thus! Poor Bees that work all day,  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work as well as they,  
And much, much more.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] Lines composed on a day in February. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. *Bijou*: Lines composed on the 21st of February, 1827 *1828*, *1829*, *1834*.

[1] Slugs] Snails *erased MS. S. T. C.*: Stags *1828*, *1829*, *1885*.

[11]

[ With unmoist lip and wreathless brow I stroll  
With lips unmoisten'd wreathless brow I stroll *MS. S. T. C.*

[448]

## *SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM*<sup>[448:1]</sup>

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND

FOUND WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF AT THE BEGINNING OF BUTLER'S  
'BOOK OF THE CHURCH' (1825)

POET

I note the moods and feelings men betray,  
And heed them more than aught they do or say;  
The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed  
Still-born or haply strangled in its birth;  
*These* best reveal the smooth man's inward creed!  
*These* mark the spot where lies the treasure—Worth!

5

Milner, made up of impudence and trick,<sup>[448:2]</sup>  
With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,  
Rome's Brazen Serpent—boldly dares discuss  
The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss!  
And with grim triumph and a truculent glee<sup>[448:3]</sup>  
Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,  
That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,

10

[449]



And fix'd a broad stare on the Devil's eye—  
(Pleas'd with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart  
To stand outmaster'd in his own black art!)  
Yet Milner—

15

FRIEND

Enough of Milner! we're agreed,  
Who now defends would then have done the deed.  
But who not feels persuasion's gentle sway,  
Who but must meet the proffered hand half way  
When courteous Butler—

20

POET (*aside*)

(Rome's smooth go-between!)

FRIEND

Laments the advice that soured a milky queen—  
(For 'bloody' all enlightened men confess  
An antiquated error of the press:)  
Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,  
With actual cautery staunch'd the Church's wounds!  
And tho' he deems, that with too broad a blur  
We damn the French and Irish massacre,  
Yet *blames* them both—and thinks the Pope *might* err!  
What think you now? Boots it with spear and shield  
Against such gentle foes to take the field  
Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus wield?

25

30

POET

What think I now? Even what I thought before;—  
What Milner boasts though Butler may deplore,  
Still I repeat, words lead me not astray  
When the *shown* feeling points a different way.  
Smooth Butler can say grace at slander's feast,<sup>[449:1]</sup>  
And bless each haut-gout cook'd by monk or priest;  
Leaves the full lie on Milner's gong to swell,  
Content with half-truths that do just as well;  
But duly decks his mitred comrade's flanks,<sup>[450:1]</sup>  
And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks!

[450]

35

40

So much for you, my friend! who own a Church,  
And would not leave your mother in the lurch!  
But when a Liberal asks me what I think—  
Scared by the blood and soot of Cobbett's ink,  
And Jeffrey's glairy phlegm and Connor's foam,  
In search of some safe parable I roam—  
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!

45

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's mood,  
I see a tiger lapping kitten's food:  
And who shall blame him that he purs applause,  
When brother Brindle pleads the good old cause;  
And frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes his claws!  
Yet not the less, for modern lights unapt,  
I trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws  
More than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,  
Impearling a tame wild-cat's whisker'd jaws!

50

55

1825, or 1826.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [448:1] First published in the *Evening Standard*, May 21, 1827. 'The poem signed ΕΣΤΗΣΕ appeared likewise in the *St. James's Chronicle*.' See Letter of S. T. C. to J. Blanco White, dated Nov. 28, 1827. *Life*, 1845, i. 439, 440. First collected in 1834. I have amended the text of 1834 in lines 7, 17, 34, 39 in accordance with a MS. in the possession of the poet's granddaughter, Miss Edith Coleridge. The poem as published in 1834 and every subsequent edition (except 1907) is meaningless. Southey's *Book of the Church*, 1825, was answered by Charles Butler's *Book of the Roman Catholic Church*, 1825, and in an anonymous pamphlet by the Vicar Apostolic, Dr. John Milner, entitled *Merlin's Strictures*. Southey retaliated in his *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae*, 1826. In the latter work he addresses Butler as 'an honourable and courteous opponent'—and contrasts his 'habitual urbanity' with the malignant and scurrilous attacks of that 'ill-mannered man', Dr. Milner. In the 'Dialogue' the

poet reminds his 'Friend' Southey that Rome is Rome, a 'brazen serpent', charm she never so wisely. In the *Vindiciae* Southey devotes pp. 470-506 to an excursus on 'The Rosary'—the invention of St. Dominic. Hence the title—'Sancti Dominici Pallium'.

[448:2] These lines were written before this Prelate's decease. *Standard*, 1827.

[448:3] Trūcūlēnt: a tribrach as the isochronous substitute for the Trochee  $\bar{ } \cup$ . N. B. If our accent, a *quality* of sound were actually equivalent to the *Quantity* in the Greek  $\bar{ } \cup \bar{ } \cup$ , or dactyl  $\bar{ } \cup \cup$  at least. But it is not so, accent shortens syllables: thus Spīrīt, sprite; Hōnēy, mōnēy, nōbōdy, &c. *MS. S. T. C.*

[449:1] 'Smooth Butler.' See the Rev. Blanco White's Letter to C. Butler, Esq. *MS. S. T. C., Sd.* 1827.

[450:1] 'Your coadjutor the Titular Bishop Milner'—Bishop of Castabala I had called him, till I learnt from the present pamphlet that he had been translated to the see of Billingsgate.' *Vind. Ecl. Angl.* 1826, p. 228, *note*.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)—A dialogue written on a Blank Page of Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church. *Sd.* 1827.

[7] Milner] — 1834, 1852: Butler 1893.

[17] Milner—Milner] —, — 1834, 1852: Butler—Butler 1893. Yet Milner] Yet Miln—*Sd.* 1827.

[25] Who with a zeal that passed *Sd.* 1827.

[30] spear] helm *Sd.* 1827.

[32] beckoning] proffered *Sd.* 1827.

[34] Milner] — 1834, 1852: Butler 1893. boasts] lauds *Sd.* 1827.

[35] repeat] reply *Sd.* 1827.

[38] or] and *Sd.* 1827.

[39] Milner's] —'s 1834, 1852: Butler's 1893.

[42] Irish] the O'Gorman *MS. S. T. C., Sd.* 1827.

[46] blood and soot] soot and blood *Sd.* 1827.

[55] lights] sights *Sd.* 1827.

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### SONG [\[450:2\]](#)

Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath,  
Love is a sword which cuts its sheath,  
And through the clefts itself has made,  
We spy the flashes of the blade!  
But through the clefts itself has made  
We likewise see Love's flashing blade,  
By rust consumed, or snapt in twain;  
And only hilt and stump remain.

[451]

5

? 1825.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[450:2] First published in 1828: included in 1852, 1885, and 1893. A MS. version (undated) is inscribed in a notebook.

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] Love, a Sword 1893.

[1] Tho' hid in spiral myrtle wreath *MS.*

[2] which] that *MS.*

[3] slits itself hath made *MS.*

[4] flashes] glitter *MS.*

[5] clefts] slits *MS.*

[6-8] We spy no less, too, that the Blade,  
Is cut away or snapt atwain  
And nought but Hilt or Stump remain.

## A CHARACTER [\[451:1\]](#)

A bird, who for his other sins  
 Had liv'd amongst the Jacobins;  
 Though like a kitten amid rats,  
 Or callow tit in nest of bats,  
 He much abhorr'd all democrats; 5  
 Yet nathless stood in ill report  
 Of wishing ill to Church and Court,  
 Tho' he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,  
 And learnt to pipe God save the King;  
 Tho' each day did new feathers bring, 10  
 All swore he had a leathern wing;  
 Nor polish'd wing, nor feather'd tail,  
 Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail;  
 And tho'—his tongue devoid of gall—  
 He civilly assur'd them all:— 15  
 'A bird am I of Phoebus' breed,  
 And on the sunflower cling and feed;  
 My name, good Sirs, is Thomas Tit!  
 The bats would hail him Brother Cit,  
 Or, at the furthest, cousin-german. 20  
 At length the matter to determine,  
 He publicly denounced the vermin;  
 He spared the mouse, he praised the owl;  
 But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.  
 Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, goul, 25  
 Came in full clatter from his throat,  
 Till his old nest-mates chang'd their note  
 To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—  
 A base apostate who had sold  
 His very teeth and claws for gold;— 30  
 And then his feathers!—sharp the jest—  
 No doubt he feather'd well his nest!  
 'A Tit indeed! aye, tit for tat—  
 With place and title, brother Bat,  
 We soon shall see how well he'll play 35  
 Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay!  
 Alas, poor Bird! and ill-bestarr'd—  
 Or rather let us say, poor Bard!  
 And henceforth quit the allegoric,  
 With metaphor and simile, 40  
 For simple facts and style historic:—  
 Alas, poor Bard! no gold had he;  
 Behind another's team he stept,  
 And plough'd and sow'd, while others reapt;  
 The work was his, but theirs the glory, 45  
*Sic vos non vobis*, his whole story.  
 Besides, whate'er he wrote or said  
 Came from his heart as well as head;  
 And though he never left in lurch  
 His king, his country, or his church, 50  
 'Twas but to humour his own cynical  
 Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical;  
 To his own conscience only hearty,  
 'Twas but by chance he serv'd the party;—  
 The self-same things had said and writ, 55  
 Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt;  
 Content his own applause to win,  
 Would never dash thro' thick and thin,  
 And he can make, so say the wise,  
 No claim who makes no sacrifice;— 60  
 And bard still less:—what claim had he,  
 Who swore it vex'd his soul to see  
 So grand a cause, so proud a realm,  
 With Goose and Goody at the helm;  
 Who long ago had fall'n asunder 65  
 But for their rivals' baser blunder,  
 The coward whine and Frenchified  
 Slaver and slang of the other side?—  
 Thus, his own whim his only bribe,

Our Bard pursued his old A. B. C. 70  
 Contented if he could subscribe  
 In fullest sense his name Ἔστησε;  
 ('Tis Punic Greek for 'he hath stood!')  
 Whate'er the men, the cause was good;  
 And therefore with a right good will, 75  
 Poor fool, he fights their battles still.  
 Tush! squeak'd the Bats;—a mere bravado  
 To whitewash that base renegado;  
 'Tis plain unless you're blind or mad,  
 His conscience for the bays he barthers;— 80  
 And true it is—as true as sad—  
 These circlets of green baize he had—  
 But then, alas! they were his garters!  
 Ah! silly Bard, unfed, untended,  
 His lamp but glimmer'd in its socket; 85  
 He lived unhonour'd and unfriended  
 With scarce a penny in his pocket;—  
 Nay—tho' he hid it from the many—  
 With scarce a pocket for his penny!

1825.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[451:1] First published in 1834. It is probable that the immediate provocation of these lines was the publication of Hazlitt's character-sketch of Coleridge in *The Spirit of the Age*, 1825, pp. 57-75. Lines 1-7, 49, 50, 84, 89 are quoted by J. Payne Collier (*An Old Man's Diary*, Oct. 20, 1833, Pt. IV, p. 56) from a MS. presented by Charles Lamb to Martin Burney. A fragmentary MS. with the lines in different order is in the British Museum.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] A Trifle *MS. J. P. C.*

[1] for] 'mongst *MS. B. M.*

[2] amongst] among *J. P. C.*

[3] amid] among *J. P. C.*

[5] all] the *J. P. C.*

[6] ill] bad *J. P. C.*

[7] Of ill to Church as well as Court *J. P. C.*

[11] had a] had but a *MS. B. M.*

[22] denounced] disowned *MS. B. M.*

[31] sharp] smoke *MS. B. M.*

[36] Joseph] Judas *MS. B. M.*

[69-74] Yet still pursu'd thro' scoff and gibe  
 From A. to Z. his old A. B. C.  
 Content that he could still subscribe  
 In symbol just his name ΕΣΤΗΣΕ;  
 (In punic Greek that's He hath stood:)  
 Whate'er the men, the cause was good.

*MS. B. M.*

[84] Ah! silly bird and unregarded *J. P. C.*: Poor witless Bard, unfed, untended *MS. B. M.*

[86] He liv'd unpraised, and unfriended *MS. B. M.*: unfriended] discarded *J. P. C.*

[87] With scarce] Without *J. P. C.*

[454]

## THE TWO FOUNTS <sup>[454:1]</sup>

### STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be  
 That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure;  
 When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he  
 Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look  
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game  
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book:  
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

5

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin  
Two Founts there are, of Suffering and of Cheer!  
That to let forth, and this to keep within!  
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

[10](#)

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense,  
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress  
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence  
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

[15](#)

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,  
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,  
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below  
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright;

20

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,  
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,  
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,  
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

[\[455\]](#)

Even so, Eliza! on that face of thine,  
On that benignant face, whose look alone  
(The soul's translucence thro' her crystal shrine!)  
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

25

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,  
But with a silent charm compels the stern  
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring,  
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

[30](#)

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found  
In passion, spleen, or strife) the Fount of Pain  
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,  
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

35

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam  
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,  
Had passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,  
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream;

[40](#)

Till audibly at length I cried, as though  
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,  
O sweet, sweet sufferer; if the case be so,  
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less wise!

In every look a barbéd arrow send,  
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live!  
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet friend!  
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!

[45](#)

1826.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [\[454:1\]](#) First published in the *Annual Register* for 1827: reprinted in the *Bijou* for 1828: included in 1828, 1829, 1834. 'In Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* (1863, i. 337) it is stated that this poem was addressed to Mrs. Aders, the daughter of the engraver Raphael Smith.' *P. W.*, 1892, p. 642.

### LINENOTES:

[\[Title\]](#): Stanzas addressed to a Lady on her Recovery from a Severe attack of Pain *Annual Register*.

- [\[11\]](#) That—this] *That—this 1828, 1829.*

- [\[14\]](#) That] *That 1828, 1829.*

- [\[16-17\]](#) In a MS. dated 1826, the following stanza precedes stanza 5 of the text:—

Was ne'er on earth seen beauty like to this.  
A concentrated satisfying sight!  
In its deep quiet, ask no further bliss—  
At once the form and substance of delight.

[19-20] Looks forth upon the troubled air below  
Unmov'd, entire, inviolably bright.

MS. 1826.

[31] tort'ring] fost'ring *Annual Register*, *Bijou*.

[44] less—less—less] *less—less—less* 1828, 1829.

[47] any] *any* 1828, 1829.

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## CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT<sup>[455:1]</sup>

[456] Since all that beat about in Nature's range,  
Or veer or vanish; why should'st thou remain  
The only constant in a world of change,  
O yearning Thought! that liv'st but in the brain? 5  
Call to the Hours, that in the distance play,  
The faery people of the future day——  
Fond Thought! not one of all that shining swarm  
Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,  
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,<sup>[456:1]</sup> 10  
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!  
Yet still thou haunt'st me; and though well I see,  
She is not thou, and only thou art she,  
Still, still as though some dear embodied Good,  
Some living Love before my eyes there stood 15  
With answering look a ready ear to lend,  
I mourn to thee and say—'Ah! loveliest friend!  
That this the meed of all my toils might be,  
To have a home, an English home, and thee!'  
Vain repetition! Home and Thou are one.  
The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon, 20  
Lulled by the thrush and wakened by the lark,  
Without thee were but a becalméd bark,  
Whose Helmsman on an ocean waste and wide  
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when 25  
The woodman winding westward up the glen  
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze  
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,  
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,  
An image<sup>[456:2]</sup> with a glory round its head; 30  
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,  
Nor knows he makes the shadow, he pursues!

? 1826.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[455:1] There is no evidence as to date of composition. J. D. Campbell (1893, p. 635) believed that it 'was written at Malta'. Line 18 seems to imply that the poem was not written in England. On the other hand a comparison of ll. 9, 10 with a passage in the *Allegoric Vision*, which was re-written with large additions, and first published in 1817, suggests a much later date. The editors of 1852 include these lines among 'Poems written in Later Life', but the date (? 1826) now assigned is purely conjectural. First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

[456:1] With lines 9, 10 J. D. Campbell compares, 'After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death.' *Allegoric Vision* (1798-1817); vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

[456:2] This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the *Manchester Philosophical Transactions*, is applied figuratively to the following passage in the *Aids to Reflection*:—

'Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of Music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius—as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognises it as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head, or recoils from it as a Spectre.'—*Aids to Reflection* [1825], p. 220.

### LINENOTES:

[8] thee] *thee* 1828, 1829.

[13] embodied] *embodied 1828, 1829.*

[14] living] *living 1828, 1829.*

[32] makes] *makes 1828, 1829.*

[457] **THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL** [457:1]

**AN ALLEGORY**

I

He too has flitted from his secret nest,  
Hope's last and dearest child without a name!—  
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,  
That makes false promise of a place of rest  
To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind;— 5  
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,  
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,  
Glides out of view, and whither none can find!

II

[458] Yes! he hath flitted from me—with what aim,  
Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss, 10  
And he was innocent, as the pretty shame  
Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,  
From its twy-cluster'd hiding place of snow!  
Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow  
As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast— 15  
Her eyes down gazing o'er her claspéd charge;—  
Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,  
That well might glance aside, yet never miss,  
Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a targe—  
Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest! 20

III

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night  
He flitted from me—and has left behind  
(As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)  
Of either sex and answerable mind  
Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame:— 25  
The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight)  
And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.  
Dim likeness now, though fair she be and good,  
Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook;—  
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood, 30  
And while her face reflected every look,  
And in reflection kindled—she became  
So like Him, that almost she seem'd the same!

IV

Ah! he is gone, and yet will not depart!—  
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled! 35  
For still there lives within my secret heart  
The magic image of the magic Child,  
Which there he made up-grow by his strong art,  
As in that crystal [458:1] orb—wise Merlin's feat,—  
The wondrous 'World of Glass,' wherein inisled 40  
All long'd-for things their beings did repeat;—  
And there he left it, like a Sylph beguiled,  
To live and yearn and languish incomplete!

V

[459] Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?  
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?— 45  
Yes! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,  
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.  
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,  
But sad compassion and atoning zeal!  
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betray'd! 50  
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,  
When, at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid

With face averted and unsteady eyes,  
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on;  
And inly shrinking from her own disguise  
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.  
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above  
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!

? 1825-6.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[457:1] First published in 1834. With lines 36-43, and with the poem as a whole, compare the following fragments of uncertain date, which were first published in a note to the edition of 1893. Both the poem as completed and these fragments of earlier drafts seem to belong to the last decade of the poet's life. The water-mark of the scrap of paper on which these drafts are written is 1819, but the tone and workmanship of the verse suggest a much later date, possibly 1826.

'— into my Heart  
The magic Child as in a magic glass  
Transfused, and ah! he *left* within my Heart  
A loving Image and a counterpart.'

'— into my Heart  
As 'twere some magic Glass the magic child  
Transfused his Image and full counterpart;  
And then he left it like a Sylph beguiled  
To live and yearn and languish incomplete!  
Day following day, more rugged grows my path.  
There dwells a cloud before my heavy eyes;  
A Blank my Heart, and Hope is dead and buried,  
Yet the deep yearning will not die; but Love  
Clings on and cloathes the marrowless remains,  
Like the fresh moss that grows on dead men's bones,  
Quaint mockery! and fills its scarlet cups  
With the chill dewdamps of the Charnel House.  
O ask not for my Heart! my Heart is but  
The darksome vault where Hope lies dead and buried,  
And Love with Asbest Lamp bewails the Corse.'

[458:1] *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. c. 2, s. 19.

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## DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE<sup>[459:1]</sup>

### THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE

#### A SOLILOQUY

Unchanged within, to see all changed without,  
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.  
Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret?  
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,  
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light  
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.  
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,  
While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor heed  
Whether the object by reflected light  
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:  
And though thou notest from thy safe recess  
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,  
Love them for what they are; nor love them less,  
Because to thee they are not what they were.

[460]

5

10

1826.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[459:1] First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834. The MS. of the first draft, dated Sept. 2, 1826, is preceded by the following introductory note:—

'QUESTION, ANSWER, AND SOLILOQUY.

And are *you* (said Alia to Constantius, on whose head sickness and sorrow had



antedated Winter, ere yet the time of Vintage had passed), Are you the happier for your Philosophy? And the smile of Constantius was as the light from a purple cluster of the vine, gleaming through snowflakes, as he replied, The Boons of Philosophy are of higher worth, than what you, O Alia, mean by Happiness. But I will not seem to evade the question—Am *I* the happier for my Philosophy? The calmer at least and the less unhappy, answered Constantius, for it has enabled me to find that selfless Reason is the best Comforter, and only sure friend of declining Life. At this moment the sounds of a carriage followed by the usual bravura executed on the brazen knocker announced a morning visit: and Alia hastened to receive the party. Meantime the grey-haired philosopher, left to his own musings, continued playing with the thoughts that Alia and Alia's question had excited, till he murmured them to himself in half audible words, which at first casually, and then for the amusement of his ear, he *punctuated* with rhymes, without however conceiting that he had by these means changed them into poetry.'

### LINENOTES:

- [4] When thy own body first the example set. *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [5-11] *om. MS. S. T. C.*  
 [8] While—on whom] *While—on whom 1828, 1829.*  
 [9] object] Body *MS. S. T. C.*  
 [13] are] *are 1828, 1829.*  
 [14] thee—were] *thee—were 1828, 1829.*

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### HOMELESS<sup>[460:1]</sup>

'O! Christmas Day, Oh! happy day!  
 A foretaste from above,  
 To him who hath a happy home  
 And love returned from love!'

O! Christmas Day, O gloomy day,  
 The barb in Memory's dart,  
 To him who walks alone through Life,  
 The desolate in heart.

1826.

5

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [460:1] First published in the *Literary Magnet*, January, 1827, p. 71. First collected in 1893. A transcript, possibly in Mrs. Gillman's handwriting, is inscribed on the fly-leaf of a copy of Bartram's *Travels in South Carolina* which Coleridge purchased in April 1818. J. D. Campbell prefixed the title 'Homeless', and assigned 1810 as a conjectural date. Attention was first called to publication in the *Literary Magnet* by Mr. Bertram Dobell in the *Athenaeum*.

### LINENOTES:

- [Title] An Impromptu on Christmas Day *L. M. 1827.*  
 [4] from] for *L. M. 1827.*

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### LINES<sup>[460:2]</sup>

#### SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS

#### OB. ANNO DOM. 1088

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope  
 Soon shall I now before my God appear,  
 By him to be acquitted, as I hope;  
 By him to be condemnéd, as I fear.—

[461]

#### REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,  
 Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:

5

I see a hope spring from that humble fear.  
All are not strong alike through storms to steer  
Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death  
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath 10  
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart!  
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,  
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,  
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:  
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew 15  
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,  
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,  
And proudly talk of recreant Berengare— 20  
O first the age, and then the man compare!  
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!  
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!  
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!  
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,  
He only disenchanted from the spell, 25  
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,  
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:  
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray  
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending day-star with a bolder eye 30  
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!  
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry  
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn;  
Lest so we tempt th' approaching Noon to scorn  
The mists and painted vapours of our Morn. 35

? 1826.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[460:2] First published in the *Literary Souvenir*, 1827. The *Epitaphium Testamentarium* (vide post, p. 462) is printed in a footnote to the word 'Berengarius'. Included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

#### LINENOTES:

- [13] learned] *learned L. S.*  
[19] recreant] *recreant L. S., 1828, 1829.*  
[23] his] *his L. S.*  
[32] shall] *will L. S., 1828, 1829.*  
[34] th' approaching] *the coming L. S.*

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#### [462] EPITAPHIUM TESTAMENTARIUM [462:1]

Τὸ τοῦ ἙΣΤΗΣΕ τοῦ ἐπιθανοῦς Epitaphium testamentarium ἀυτόγραφον.

Quae linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes  
Do Morti: reddo caetera, Christe! tibi.

1826.

Ἔρωσ ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἐταῖρος [462:2]

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal;  
But in far more th' estrangéd heart lets know  
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.

1826.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[462:1] First published in *Literary Souvenir* of 1827, as footnote to title of the *Lines Suggested by*

*the Last Words of Berengarius*: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 60: first collected in 1844.

[462:2] This quatrain was prefixed as a motto to 'Prose in Rhyme; and Epigrams, Moralities, and Things without a Name', the concluding section of 'Poems' in the edition of 1828, 1829, vol. ii, pp. 75-117. It was prefixed to 'Miscellaneous Poems' in 1834, vol. ii, pp. 55-152, and to 'Poems written in Later Life', 1852, pp. 319-78.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΓΡΑΨΤΟΝ *L. R., 1844*: ἐπιθανοῦς] ἐπιθανοῦς *L. S.*

The emendation ἐπιθανοῦς (i. e. moribund) was suggested by the Reader of Macmillan's edition of 1893. Other alternatives, e. g. ἐπιδευοῦς (the lacking), to the word as misprinted in the *Literary Souvenir* have been suggested, but there can be no doubt that what Coleridge intended to imply was that he was near his end.

Greek motto: Ἔρωσ ἀεὶ λάλος *MS. S. T. C.*

[1-4] In many ways I own do we reveal.  
The Presence of the Love we would conceal,  
But in how many more do we let know  
The absence of the Love we found would show.

*MS. S. T. C.*

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## THE IMPROVISATORE [462:3]

### OR, 'JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN'

*Scene*—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

*Katharine*. What are the words?

[463] *Eliza*. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes. Kate has a favour to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad [463:1] that Mr. — sang so sweetly.

*Friend*. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this:—

Love would remain the same if true,  
When we were neither young nor new;  
Yea, and in all within the will that came,  
By the same proofs would show itself the same.

*Eliz*. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

*Fri*. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in *The Elder Brother* [463:2].

We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,  
Circling our souls and loves in one another!  
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;  
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;  
One age go with us, and one hour of death  
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

*Kath*. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love—if true! But is there any such true love?

*Fri*. I hope so.

*Kath*. But do you believe it?

*Eliz*. (*eagerly*). I am sure he does.

*Fri*. From a man turned of fifty, Katharine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

*Kath*. A more sincere one, perhaps.

*Fri*. Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

*Eliz*. Nay, but be serious.

[464] *Fri*. Serious! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a Love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the 'elderly gentleman' who sate 'despairing beside a clear stream', with a willow for his wig-block.

*Eliz*. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

*Kath.* No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. — would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

*Fri.* Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

*Lucius (Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend).* But is not Love the union of both?

*Fri. (aside to Lucius).* He never loved who thinks so.

*Eliz.* Brother, we don't want *you*. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

*Luc.* I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

*Eliz.* Off! Off! Now, dear Sir,—Love, you were saying—

*Fri.* Hush! *Preaching*, you mean, Eliza.

*Eliz. (impatiently).* Pshaw!

*Fri.* Well then, I was *saying* that Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and *utterancy* of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away and which, in all our lovings, is *the* Love;—

*Eliz.* There is something *here (pointing to her heart)* that *seems* to understand you, but wants the *word* that would make it understand itself.

*Kath.* I, too, seem to *feel* what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

[465] *Fri.* — I mean that *willing* sense of the insufficingness of the *self* for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own;—that quiet perpetual *seeking* which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding, again seeks on;—lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has pass'd the full', a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its Playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged Virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the Innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

*Eliz.* What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

*Kath.* If it be not only an *idea*.

*Fri.* At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other—too often proves 'the dead fly in the compost of spices', and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, *ursine* vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by *negatives*—that is, by *not* doing or saying any thing, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical;—or (to use their own phrase) by *never forgetting themselves*, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

[466] *Eliz. (in answer to a whisper from Katharine).* To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

*Fri.* True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but

the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The HAPPINESS of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

*Kath.* Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a 'John Anderson, my Jo, John', with whom to totter down the hill of life.

*Fri.* Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

*Eliz.* Surely, he, who has described it so well, must have possessed it?

*Fri.* If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believably anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment!

(*Then, after a pause of a few minutes.*)

ANSWER, *ex improviso*

[467] Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat  
He had, or fancied that he had;  
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—  
The fancy made him glad! 5  
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!  
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,  
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,  
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!  
But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain  
Unnourished wane; 10  
Faith asks her daily bread,  
And Fancy must be fed!  
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,  
It boots not how—I know not why—  
She missed her wonted food; and quickly 15  
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.  
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,  
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow;  
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,  
Above its anchor driving to and fro. 20

That boon, which but to have possess'd  
In a *belief*, gave life a zest—  
Uncertain both what it *had* been,  
And if by error lost, or luck;  
And what it *was*;—an evergreen 25  
Which some insidious blight had struck,  
Or annual flower, which, past its blow,  
No vernal spell shall e'er revive;  
Uncertain, and afraid to know,  
Doubts toss'd him to and fro: 30  
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,  
Like babes bewildered in a snow,  
That cling and huddle from the cold  
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast 35  
Fading, one by one away,  
Thin and hueless as a ghost,  
Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay;  
Ill at distance, worse when near,  
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear! 40  
Where was it then, the sociable sprite  
That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish!  
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,  
Itself a substance by no other right  
But that it intercepted Reason's light; 45  
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,  
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!  
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!  
The boon of Heaven's decreeing, 50  
While yet in Eden's bowers  
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate!  
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,  
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate!  
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran Rose! 55

[468]

Late autumn's Amaranth, that more fragrant blows  
 When Passion's flowers all fall or fade;  
 If this were ever his, in outward being,  
 Or but his own true love's projected shade, 60  
 Now that at length by certain proof he knows,  
 That whether real or a magic show,  
 Whate'er it *was*, it *is* no longer so;  
 Though heart be lonesome, Hope laid low,  
 Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:  
 The certainty that struck Hope dead, 65  
 Hath left Contentment in her stead:  
 And that is next to Best!

1827.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [462:3] First published in the *Amulet* for 1828 (with a prose introduction entitled 'New Thoughts on Old Subjects; or Conversational Dialogues on Interests and Events of Common Life.' By S. T. Coleridge): included in 1829 and 1834. The text of 1834 is identical with that of the *Amulet*, 1828, but the italics in the prose dialogue were not reproduced. They have been replaced in the text of the present issue. The title may have been suggested by L. E. L.'s *Improvisatrice* published in 1824.
- [463:1] 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.'
- [463:2] See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, Act III, Scene v. In the original the lines are printed as prose. In line 1 of the quotation Coleridge has substituted 'neighbour' for 'wanton', and in line 6, 'close' for 'shut'.

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**TO MARY PRIDHAM**<sup>[468:1]</sup>

**[AFTERWARDS MRS. DERWENT COLERIDGE]**

Dear tho' unseen! tho' I have left behind  
 Life's gayer views and all that stirs the mind,  
 Now I revive, Hope making a new start,  
 Since I have heard with most believing heart,  
 That all my glad eyes would grow bright to see, 5  
 My Derwent hath found realiz'd in thee,  
 The boon prefigur'd in his earliest wish  
 Crown of his cup and garnish of his dish!  
 The fair fulfilment of his poesy,  
 When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy! 10  
 Dear tho' unseen! unseen, yet long portray'd!  
 A Father's blessing on thee, gentle Maid!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

16th October 1827.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [468:1] First published in 1893. Lines 7-10 are borrowed from lines 5-8 of the 'Answer *ex improviso*', which forms part of the *Improvisatore* (ll. 7, 8 are transposed). An original MS. is inscribed on the first page of an album presented to Mrs. Derwent Coleridge on her marriage, by her husband's friend, the Reverend John Moultrie. The editor of *P. W.*, 1893, printed from another MS. dated Grove, Highgate, 15th October, 1827.

**LINENOTES:**

[[Title](#)]: To Mary S. Pridham MS. S. T. C.

- [1-3] Dear tho' unseen! tho' hard has been my lot  
 And rough my path thro' life, I murmur not—  
 Rather rejoice—

MS. S. T. C.

- [5] That all this shaping heart has yearned to see

MS. S. T. C.

- [8] his] the MS. S. T. C. his] the MS. S. T. C.

# ALICE DU CLOS<sup>[469:1]</sup>

## OR THE FORKED TONGUE

### A BALLAD

'One word with two meanings is the traitor's shield and shaft: and a slit tongue be his blazon!'—*Caucasian Proverb*.

'The Sun is not yet risen,  
But the dawn lies red on the dew:  
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,  
Is seeking, Lady! for you.  
Put on your dress of green, 5

Your buskins and your quiver:  
Lord Julian is a hasty man,  
Long waiting brook'd he never.  
I dare not doubt him, that he means 10  
To wed you on a day,  
Your lord and master for to be,  
And you his lady gay.  
O Lady! throw your book aside!  
I would not that my Lord should chide.'

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight 15  
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,  
As spotless fair, as airy light  
As that moon-shiny doe,  
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral crest! 20  
For ere the lark had left his nest,  
She in the garden bower below  
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,  
Her face half drooping from the sight,  
A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!

[470]

O close your eyes, and strive to see 25  
The studious maid, with book on knee,—  
Ah! earliest-open'd flower;  
While yet with keen unblunted light  
The morning star shone opposite 30  
The lattice of her bower—  
Alone of all the starry host,  
As if in prideful scorn  
Of flight and fear he stay'd behind,  
To brave th' advancing morn.

O! Alice could read passing well, 35  
And she was conning then  
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,  
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,  
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain; 40  
Yet never from the book  
She rais'd her head, nor did she deign  
The knight a single look.

'Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix 45  
Thy wanton gaze on me?  
And why, against my earnest suit,  
Does Julian send by thee?  
'Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure:  
Fair speed his shafts to-day!  
I follow here a stronger lure, 50  
And chase a gentler prey.'

[471]

She said: and with a baleful smile  
The vassal knight reel'd off—  
Like a huge billow from a bark 55  
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,  
That shouldering sideways in mid plunge,  
Is travers'd by a flash.  
And staggering onward, leaves the ear  
With dull and distant crash.

	And Alice sate with troubled mien A moment; for the scoff was keen, And thro' her veins did shiver! Then rose and donn'd her dress of green, Her buskins and her quiver.	<a href="#">60</a>
	There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree! From thro' the veiling mist you see The black and shadowy stem;— Smit by the sun the mist in glee Dissolves to lightsome jewelry— Each blossom hath its gem!	<a href="#">65</a>  <a href="#">70</a>
[472]	With tear-drop glittering to a smile, The gay maid on the garden-stile Mimics the hunter's shout. 'Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse! Go, bring the palfrey out.	<a href="#">75</a>
	'My Julian's out with all his clan. And, bonny boy, you wis, Lord Julian is a hasty man, Who comes late, comes amiss.'	
	Now Florian was a stripling squire, A gallant boy of Spain, That toss'd his head in joy and pride, Behind his Lady fair to ride, But blush'd to hold her train.	<a href="#">80</a>
	The huntress is in her dress of green,— And forth they go; she with her bow, Her buskins and her quiver!— The squire—no younger e'er was seen— With restless arm and laughing een, He makes his javelin quiver.	<a href="#">85</a>  <a href="#">90</a>
	And had not Ellen stay'd the race, And stopp'd to see, a moment's space, The whole great globe of light Give the last parting kiss-like touch To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much, They had o'erta'en the knight.	<a href="#">95</a>
	It chanced that up the covert lane, Where Julian waiting stood, A neighbour knight prick'd on to join The huntsmen in the wood.	<a href="#">100</a>
	And with him must Lord Julian go, Tho' with an anger'd mind: Betroth'd not wedded to his bride, In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride, Excuse to stay behind.	<a href="#">105</a>
[473]	He bit his lip, he wrung his glove, He look'd around, he look'd above, But pretext none could find or frame. Alas! alas! and well-a-day! It grieves me sore to think, to say, That names so seldom meet with Love, Yet Love wants courage without a name!	<a href="#">110</a>
	Straight from the forest's skirt the trees O'er-branching, made an aisle, Where hermit old might pace and chaunt As in a minster's pile.	<a href="#">115</a>
	From underneath its leafy screen, And from the twilight shade, You pass at once into a green, A green and lightsome glade.	<a href="#">120</a>
	And there Lord Julian sate on steed; Behind him, in a round, Stood knight and squire, and menial train; Against the leash the greyhounds strain; The horses paw'd the ground.	<a href="#">125</a>



When up the alley green, Sir Hugh  
Spurr'd in upon the sward,  
And mute, without a word, did he  
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round,— 130  
'What! doth not Alice deign  
To accept your loving convoy, knight?  
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,  
And join us on the plain?'

With stifled tones the knight replied, 135  
And look'd askance on either side,—  
'Nay, let the hunt proceed!—  
The Lady's message that I bear,  
I guess would scantily please your ear,  
And less deserves your heed. 140

[474] 'You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd  
I found the middle door;—  
Two stirrers only met my eyes,  
Fair Alice, and one more.

'I came unlook'd for; and, it seem'd, 145  
In an unwelcome hour;  
And found the daughter of Du Clos  
Within the lattic'd bower.

'But hush! the rest may wait. If lost, 150  
No great loss, I divine;  
And idle words will better suit  
A fair maid's lips than mine.'

'God's wrath! speak out, man,' Julian cried,  
O'ermaster'd by the sudden smart;—  
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude, 155  
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—  
'Scowl not at me; command my skill,  
To lure your hawk back, if you will,  
But not a woman's heart.

"Go! (said she) tell him,—slow is sure; 160  
Fair speed his shafts to-day!  
I follow here a stronger lure,  
And chase a gentler prey."

'The game, pardie, was full in sight,  
That then did, if I saw aright, 165  
The fair dame's eyes engage;  
For turning, as I took my ways,  
I saw them fix'd with steadfast gaze  
Full on her wanton page.'

[475] The last word of the traitor knight 170  
It had but entered Julian's ear,—  
From two o'erarching oaks between,  
With glist'ning helm-like cap is seen,  
Borne on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide; 175  
Yet with reverted face doth ride,  
As answering to a voice,  
That seems at once to laugh and chide—  
'Not mine, dear mistress,' still he cried,  
'Tis this mad filly's choice.' 180

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,  
See! see! that face of hope and joy,  
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!  
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,  
A quiver'd Dian to have been, 185  
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,  
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,  
Sprang on the plighted Maid!  
With fatal aim, and frantic force, 190  
The shaft was hurl'd!—a lifeless corse,  
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [469:1] First published in 1834. The date of composition cannot be ascertained. The MS., an early if not a first draft, is certainly of late date. The water-marks of the paper (Bath Post) are 1822 and 1828. There is a second draft (*MS. b*) of lines 97-112. Line 37, 'Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,' may be compared with line 100 of *The Garden of Boccaccio*, 'Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart,' and it is probable that *Alice Du Clos* was written about the same time, 1828-9. In line 91 'Ellen' is no doubt a slip of the pen for 'Alice'.

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Alice Du Clos: or &c. *MS.*

- [19-25] Her sires had chosen for their Crest  
A star atwixt its brow,  
For she, already up and drest  
Sate in the garden bower below.
- For she enwrapt in ] Maiden white  
Enwrapt in robe of ]
- Her [ face half drooping  
[ ~~visage drooping~~ from the sight
- A snow-drop in a tuft of snow  
Ere the first lark had left the nest  
Sate in the garden bower below.

*MS. erased.*

- [48] Go tell him I am well at home *MS. erased.*  
[49] speed] fly *MS. erased.*  
[50] stronger] sweeter *MS. erased.*  
[51] gentler] lovelier *MS. erased.*  
[53] reel'd] pass'd *MS. erased.*  
[54-7]

Like a ~~tall Wave that~~ [ stormy  
hugè and dark

Reels sideways from a toiling Bark  
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough

Is traversed by ]  
Catches askance ] the Lightning flash

*or*

Like a huge Billow, rude and dark

That [ as it falls off from a Bark  
[ ~~tumbling mainward from~~

Toil'd in the deep Sea-trough

*MS. erased.*

- [56] shouldering] wheeling *MS. erased.*  
[61] A moment's pause *MS. erased.*  
[65] Yon May-thorn tree dimly—

*or*

O fairly flower yon may-thorn tree

*MS. erased.*

- [69] lightsome] glittering *MS.*  
[71] With] The *MS.*  
[76] Lord Julian in the Greenwood stays *MS. erased.*  
[87] With buskins and with quiver *MS. erased.*  
[100] huntsmen] huntsman *MS. b.*  
[104] He sought in vain twixt shame and pride *MS. b.*

[107] He look'd far round *MS. b.*  
 [110] sore] sair *MS. b, MS. erased.*  
 [111] Tho' names too seldom *MS. b.*  
 [122] With all his gay hunt round *MS.*  
 [126] When] And *MS.*  
 [128] And dark of Brow, without a word *MS.*  
 [135] stifled] muttering *MS. erased.*  
 [136] And Look askance *MS.:* Yet not unheard *MS. erased.*  
 [153-7]

God's wrath! speak out! ] Lord Julian cry'd  
 What mean'st thou man?

[ Recoiling with a start  
 Cried Julian with a start.

With ] well-feign'd anger  
 feign'd resentment blunt and rude

Sir Hugh his deep revenge pursued  
 Why scowl at me? Command my skill.  
*MS. erased (first draft).*

[159] She bade me tell you *MS. erased.*  
 [167] For as she clos'd her scoffing phrase *MS. erased.*  
 [173-4] And who from twixt those opening Trees  
 Pricks on with laughing cheer  
*MS. erased (first draft).*

## LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE <sup>[475:1]</sup>

*Lady.* If Love be dead—  
*Poet.* And I aver it!  
*Lady.* Tell me, Bard! where Love lies buried?  
*Poet.* Love lies buried where 'twas born:  
 Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn  
 If, in my fancy, I presume  
 To call thy bosom poor Love's Tomb.  
 And on that tomb to read the line:—  
 'Here lies a Love that once seem'd mine,  
 But caught a chill, as I divine,  
 And died at length of a Decline.'

[476]

5

10

1828.

### FOOTNOTES:

[475:1] First published in 1828: included in the *Amulet*, 1833, as the first of 'Three Scraps', and in 1852. The present text is that of the *Amulet*, 1833.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] The Alienated Mistress: A Madrigal (From an unfinished Melodrama) 1828, 1852.

[1-3] *Lady.* If Love be dead (and you aver it!)  
 Tell me Bard! where Love lies buried.

*1828, 1852.*

[5] Ah faithless nymph 1828, 1852.

[7] call] name 1828, 1852.

[9] seem'd] was 1828, 1852.

[10] caught] took 1828, 1852.

## TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW

What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus  
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak:  
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,  
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,  
Romp'd with the Graces; and each tickled Muse 5  
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call divine,  
Was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)  
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran;  
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,  
They had allured the audacious Greek to use, 10  
Swore they mistook him for their own good man.  
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth  
Men call'd him—maugre all his wit and worth,  
Was croak'd and gabbled at. How, then, should you,  
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew? 15  
No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,  
'I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!'

[477]

? 1825.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[476:1] First published in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834, as No. III of 'Lightheartednesses in Rhyme': included in 1834.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] To a Comic Author on an abusive review of his Aristophanes *MS*.

1 *fol.*

They fled;—  
Friend yet unknown! What tho' a brainless rout  
*Usurp the sacred title of the Bard—*  
What tho' the chilly wide-mouth'd chorus  
From Styx or Lethe's oozy Channel croak:  
So was it, Peter, in the times before us  
When Momus throwing on his Attic cloak  
Romp'd with the Graces and each tickled Muse  
The plighted coterie of Phœbus he bespoke  
And laughing with reverted faces ran,  
And somewhat the broad freedom to excuse  
They had allow'd the audacious Greek to use  
Swore they mistook him for their own good man!  
If the good dulness be the home of worth  
Duller than Frogs co-ax'd, or Jeffrey writ  
We, too, will Aristoff (*sic*) and welcome it—

*First draft MS. B. M.*

[7] kept] *kept F. O. 1834.*

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### COLOGNE<sup>[477:1]</sup>

In Köhln<sup>[477:2]</sup>, a town of monks and bones<sup>[477:3]</sup>,  
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones  
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;  
I counted two and seventy stenches,  
All well defined, and several stinks! 5  
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine<sup>[477:4]</sup>? 10

1828.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[477:1] First published in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834, as No. IV of 'Lightheartednesses in Rhyme'.

It follows the lines 'On my joyful Departure', &c., and is headed 'Expectoration the Second'. First collected in 1834.

[477:2] Köhln Coln *F. O.* The German Name of Cologne. *F. O.*]

[477:3] Of the eleven thousand virgins Martyrs. *F. O.*

[477:4] As Necessity is the mother of Invention, and extremes beget each other, the facts above recorded may explain how this *ancient* town (which, alas! as sometimes happens with venison, *has been kept too long*), *came to be the birthplace of the most fragrant of spirituous fluids, the EAU DE COLOGNE.* *F. O.*

---

## ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE<sup>[477:5]</sup>

### FROM THE SAME CITY

As I am a Rhymer<sup>[477:6]</sup>,  
And now at least a merry one,  
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer<sup>[477:7]</sup>  
And the church of St. Geryon  
Are the two things alone  
That deserve to be known  
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

5

1828.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[477:5] First published in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834, with the heading 'An Expectoration, or Splenetic Extempore, on my joyful departure from the City of Cologne'. First collected in 1834.

[477:6] As I am Rhymer, *F. O., P. W.*, 1834, 1893. The 'a' is inserted by Coleridge on a page of *F. O.*, 1834; the correction was not adopted in *P. W.*, 1834.

[477:7] The *apothecosis* of Rhenish wine.

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## [478] THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO<sup>[478:1]</sup>

Or late, in one of those most weary hours,  
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,  
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known  
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;  
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,  
Call'd on the Past for thought of glee or grief.  
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,  
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy!  
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,  
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake;  
O Friend<sup>[478:2]</sup>! long wont to notice yet conceal,  
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,  
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine  
Place on my desk this exquisite design.  
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,  
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!  
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,  
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

5

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15

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep  
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream  
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,  
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,  
Grazed by an idle eye with silent might  
The picture stole upon my inward sight.  
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,  
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.  
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought  
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought  
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost  
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;  
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,

20

25

30

	Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love; Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan Of manhood, musing what and whence is man! Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves	35
[479]	Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves; Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids, That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades; Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast; Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest, Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array, To high-church pacing on the great saint's day: And many a verse which to myself I sang, That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang Of hopes, which in lamenting I renew'd:	40
	And last, a matron now, of sober mien, Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen, Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy; Though then unconscious of herself, pardie, She bore no other name than Poesy; And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee, That had but newly left a mother's knee, Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone, As if with elfin playfellows well known, And life reveal'd to innocence alone.	45
	Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry Thy fair creation with a mastering eye, And all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand, Now wander through the Eden of thy hand; Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear See fragment shadows of the crossing deer; And with that serviceable nymph I stoop, The crystal, from its restless pool, to scoop. I see no longer! I myself am there, Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share. 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings, And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings: Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells From the high tower, and think that there she dwells. With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest, And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest. The brightness of the world, O thou once free, And always fair, rare land of courtesy! O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills And famous Arno, fed with all their rills; Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy! Rich, ornate, populous,—all treasures thine, The golden corn, the olive, and the vine. Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old, And forests, where beside his leafy hold The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn, And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn; Palladian palace with its storied halls; Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls; Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span, And Nature makes her happy home with man; Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed With its own rill, on its own spangled bed, And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head, A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;— Thine all delights, and every muse is thine; And more than all, the embrace and intertwine Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance! Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance, See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees The new-found roll of old Maeonides, <sup>[480:1]</sup> But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart, Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart! <sup>[480:2]</sup>	50
[480]	O all-enjoying and all-blending sage, Long be it mine to con thy mazy page, Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views Fauns, nymphs, and wingéd saints, all gracious to thy muse!	55
	Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks, And see in Dian's vest between the ranks	60
	Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry Thy fair creation with a mastering eye, And all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand, Now wander through the Eden of thy hand; Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear See fragment shadows of the crossing deer; And with that serviceable nymph I stoop, The crystal, from its restless pool, to scoop. I see no longer! I myself am there, Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share. 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings, And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings: Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells From the high tower, and think that there she dwells. With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest, And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest. The brightness of the world, O thou once free, And always fair, rare land of courtesy! O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills And famous Arno, fed with all their rills; Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy! Rich, ornate, populous,—all treasures thine, The golden corn, the olive, and the vine. Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old, And forests, where beside his leafy hold The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn, And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn; Palladian palace with its storied halls; Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls; Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span, And Nature makes her happy home with man; Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed With its own rill, on its own spangled bed, And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head, A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;— Thine all delights, and every muse is thine; And more than all, the embrace and intertwine Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance! Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance, See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees The new-found roll of old Maeonides, <sup>[480:1]</sup> But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart, Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart! <sup>[480:2]</sup>	65
[481]	O all-enjoying and all-blending sage, Long be it mine to con thy mazy page, Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views Fauns, nymphs, and wingéd saints, all gracious to thy muse!	70
	Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks, And see in Dian's vest between the ranks	75
	Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry Thy fair creation with a mastering eye, And all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand, Now wander through the Eden of thy hand; Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear See fragment shadows of the crossing deer; And with that serviceable nymph I stoop, The crystal, from its restless pool, to scoop. I see no longer! I myself am there, Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share. 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings, And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings: Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells From the high tower, and think that there she dwells. With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest, And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest. The brightness of the world, O thou once free, And always fair, rare land of courtesy! O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills And famous Arno, fed with all their rills; Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy! Rich, ornate, populous,—all treasures thine, The golden corn, the olive, and the vine. Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old, And forests, where beside his leafy hold The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn, And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn; Palladian palace with its storied halls; Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls; Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span, And Nature makes her happy home with man; Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed With its own rill, on its own spangled bed, And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head, A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;— Thine all delights, and every muse is thine; And more than all, the embrace and intertwine Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance! Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance, See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees The new-found roll of old Maeonides, <sup>[480:1]</sup> But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart, Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart! <sup>[480:2]</sup>	80
	O all-enjoying and all-blending sage, Long be it mine to con thy mazy page, Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views Fauns, nymphs, and wingéd saints, all gracious to thy muse!	85
	Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks, And see in Dian's vest between the ranks	90
	Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry Thy fair creation with a mastering eye, And all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand, Now wander through the Eden of thy hand; Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear See fragment shadows of the crossing deer; And with that serviceable nymph I stoop, The crystal, from its restless pool, to scoop. I see no longer! I myself am there, Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share. 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings, And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings: Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells From the high tower, and think that there she dwells. With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest, And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest. The brightness of the world, O thou once free, And always fair, rare land of courtesy! O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills And famous Arno, fed with all their rills; Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy! Rich, ornate, populous,—all treasures thine, The golden corn, the olive, and the vine. Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old, And forests, where beside his leafy hold The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn, And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn; Palladian palace with its storied halls; Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls; Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span, And Nature makes her happy home with man; Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed With its own rill, on its own spangled bed, And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head, A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;— Thine all delights, and every muse is thine; And more than all, the embrace and intertwine Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance! Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance, See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees The new-found roll of old Maeonides, <sup>[480:1]</sup> But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart, Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart! <sup>[480:2]</sup>	95
	O all-enjoying and all-blending sage, Long be it mine to con thy mazy page, Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views Fauns, nymphs, and wingéd saints, all gracious to thy muse!	100
	Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks, And see in Dian's vest between the ranks	105

Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes  
The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,  
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

1828.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[478:1] First published in *The Keepsake* for 1829, to accompany a plate by Stothard: included in 1829 and 1834. The variant of lines 49-56, probably a fragment of some earlier unprinted poem, is inserted in one of Coleridge's Notebooks.

[478:2] Mrs. Gillman.

[480:1] Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.

[480:2] I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the *Filocolo* of Boccaccio, where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. 'Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo [officio] in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, [!! S. T. C.] nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori con sollecitudine accendere.' ['Deeply interesting—but observe, p. 63, ll. 33-5 [*loc. cit.*], The *holy Book*—Ovid's Art of Love!! This is not the result of mere Immorality:—

Multum, Multum  
Hic jacet sepultum.'

MS. note on the fly-leaf of S. T. C.'s copy of vol. i of Boccaccio's *Opere*, 1723.

### LINENOTES:

[49-56] And there was young Philosophy  
Unconscious of herself, pardie;  
And now she hight poesy,  
And like a child in playful glee  
Prattles and plays with flower and stone,  
As youth's fairy playfellows  
Revealed to Innocence alone.

MS. S. T. C.

[59] all] *all Keepsake*, 1829.

[108] vestal] *vestal Keepsake*, 1829.

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## LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION<sup>[481:1]</sup>

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so  
Do these upbear the little world below  
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.

[482] Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,  
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,  
And robes that touching as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,  
Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,

Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;—  
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,  
When overtask'd at length  
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,

5

10

15

20

1829.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

- [481:1] First published in *The Keepsake* for 1830: included in *P. W.*, 1834, iii. 381. An MS. version was forwarded to W. Sotheby in an unpublished letter of July 12, 1829. A second MS., dated July 1, 1829, is inscribed in an album now in the Editor's possession, which belonged to Miss Emily Trevenen (the author of *Little Derwent's Breakfast*, 1839). With regard to the variant of ll. 24-6, vide *infra*, Coleridge writes (Letter of July 12, 1829):—'They were struck out by the author, not because he thought them bad lines in themselves (*quamvis Delia Cruscam fortasse nimis redolere videantur*), but because they diverted and retarded the stream of the thought, and injured the organic unity of the composition. *Più nel uno* is Francesco de Sallez' brief and happy definition of the beautiful, and the shorter the poem the more indispensable is it that the *Più* should not overlay the *Uno*, that the unity should be evident. But to sacrifice the *gratification*, the sting of *pleasure*, from a fine *passage* to the *satisfaction*, the sense of *complacency* arising from the contemplation of a symmetrical *Whole* is among the last conquests achieved by men of genial powers.'

**LINENOTES:**

[Title] Lines in a Lady's Album in answer to her question respecting the accomplishments most desirable in the Mistress or Governess of a Preparatory School *Letter, July 1829: The Poet's Answer, To a Lady's Question respecting the accomplishments most desirable in an instructress of Children Keepsake, 1830.*

- [2] And] Yet *Letter, 1829.*
- [3] thy] *thy Keepsake.*
- [4] keep school] *keep school Keepsake.*
- [9-11] Methinks I see them now, the triune group,  
With straiten'd arms uprais'd, the Palms aslope  
Robe touching Robe beneath, and blending as they flow.

*Letter, July 1829.*

- [15] doth] will *Keepsake, 1833.*
- [24-6] Then like a Statue with a Statue's strength,  
And with a Smile, the Sister Fay of those  
Who at meek Evening's Close  
To teach our Grief repose,  
Their freshly-gathered store of Moonbeams wreath  
On Marble Lips, a Chantrey has made breathe.

*Letter, July 1829.*

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**TO MISS A. T.** [482:1]

Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay,  
Remembrances of dear-loved friends away,  
On spotless page of virgin white displayed,  
Such should thine Album be, for such art thou, sweet maid!

1829.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [482:1] First published in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii, 998 with the title 'To Miss A. T.' First collected in 1893, with the title 'In Miss E. Trevenen's Album'. 'Miss A. T.' may have been a misprint for Miss E. T., but there is no MS. authority for the title prefixed in 1893.

[483]

**LINES** [483:1]

**WRITTEN IN COMMONPLACE BOOK OF MISS BARBOUR, DAUGHTER  
OF THE MINISTER OF THE U.S.A. TO ENGLAND**

Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand



Go cross the main: thou seek'st no foreign land:  
'Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name  
Our country. Each heaven-sanctioned tie the same,  
Laws, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood,  
Domestic honour, awe of womanhood:—  
With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see  
Britain with elbow-room and doubly free!  
Go seek thy countrymen! and if one scar  
Still linger of that fratricidal war,  
Look to the maid who brings thee from afar;  
Be thou the olive-leaf and she the dove,  
And say, I greet thee with a brother's love!

5

10

S. T. COLERIDGE.

GROVE, HIGHGATE, *August* 1829.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[483:1] First published in the *New York Mirror* for Dec. 19, 1829: reprinted in *The Athenaeum*, May 3, 1884: first collected in 1893.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] lines written . . . daughter of the late Minister to England. *Athenaeum* 1884.

---

## SONG, *ex improvise* [[483:2](#)]

### ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S BEAUTY

'Tis not the lily-brow I prize,  
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,  
Enough of lilies and of roses!  
A thousand-fold more dear to me  
The gentle look that Love discloses,—  
The look that Love alone can see!

5

*Keepsake*, 1830.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[483:2] First published in *The Keepsake* for 1830: included in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii. 997. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80.

### LINENOTES:

[[Title](#)] To a Lady *Essays, &c.* 1850.

[[5-6](#)] The look that gentle Love discloses,—  
That look which Love alone can see.

*Essays, &c.* 1850.

---

## [[484](#)] LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE [[484:1](#)]

Her attachment may differ from yours in degree,  
Provided they are both of one kind;  
But Friendship, how tender so ever it be,  
Gives no accord to Love, however refined.  
Love, that meets not with Love, its true nature revealing,  
Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:  
If you cannot lift hers up to your state of feeling,  
You must lower down your state to hers.

5

? 1830.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[484:1] First published as No. ii of 'Lightheartednesses in Rhyme' in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834: included in *P. W.*, 1834.

## LINENOTES:

[Title] In Answer To A Friend's Question *F. O.*

[1] in degree] *in degree F. O.*

[2] kind] *kind F. O.*

---

## NOT AT HOME<sup>[484:2]</sup>

That Jealousy may rule a mind  
Where Love could never be  
I know; but ne'er expect to find  
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her ee,  
A swart sour-visaged maid—  
But yet Love's own twin-sister she  
His house-mate and his shade.

Ask for her and she'll be denied:—  
What then? they only mean  
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,  
And can't just then be seen.

? 1830.

5

10

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[484:2] First published in 1834.

---

## PHANTOM OR FACT<sup>[484:3]</sup>

### A DIALOGUE IN VERSE

AUTHOR

[485] A lovely form there sate beside my bed,  
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,  
A tender love so pure from earthly leaven,  
That I unnethe the fancy might control,  
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven,  
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!  
But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—  
Alas! that change how fain would I forget!  
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!  
That weary, wandering, disavowing look!  
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,  
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

5

10

FRIEND

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?  
Is't history? vision? or an idle song?  
Or rather say at once, within what space  
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

15

AUTHOR

Call it a moment's work (and such it seems)  
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;  
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,  
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

20

? 1830.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[484:3] First published in 1834.

---

**DESIRE**<sup>[485:1]</sup>

Where true Love burns Desire is Love's pure flame;  
It is the reflex of our earthly frame,  
That takes its meaning from the nobler part,  
And but translates the language of the heart.

? 1830.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[485:1] First published in 1834.

**LINENOTES:**

[1-4] Desire of pure Love born, itself the same;  
A pulse that animates the outer frame,  
And takes the impress of the nobler part,  
It but repeats the Life, that of the Heart.

*MS. S. T. C.*

---

[486]

**CHARITY IN THOUGHT**<sup>[486:1]</sup>

To praise men as good, and to take them for such,  
Is a grace which no soul can mete out to a tittle;—  
Of which he who has not a little too much,  
Will by Charity's gauge surely have much too little.

? 1830.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[486:1] First published in 1834.

---

**HUMILITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY**<sup>[486:2]</sup>

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best,  
Is but the fewest faults to have:—  
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest  
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

? 1830.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[486:2] First published in 1834.

---

**[COELI ENARRANT]**<sup>[486:3]</sup>

The stars that wont to start, as on a chace,  
Mid twinkling insult on Heaven's darken'd face,

Like a conven'd conspiracy of spies  
 Wink at each other with confiding eyes!  
 Turn from the portent—all is blank on high, 5  
 No constellations alphabet the sky:  
 The Heavens one large Black Letter only shew,  
 And as a child beneath its master's blow  
 Shrills out at once its task and its affright—[\[486:4\]](#)  
 The groaning world now learns to read aright, 10  
 And with its Voice of Voices cries out, O!

? 1830.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[\[486:3\]](#) Now first published from a MS. of uncertain date. 'I wrote these lines in imitation of Du Bartas as translated by our Sylvester.' *S. T. C.*

[\[486:4\]](#) Compare Leigh Hunt's story of Boyer's reading-lesson at Christ's Hospital:—'*Pupil*.—(. . . never remembering the stop at the word "Missionary"). "*Missionary* Can you see the wind?" (Master gives him a slap on the cheek.) *Pupil*.—(Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting to stop.) "*Indian No.*" *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, 1860, p. 68.

[\[487\]](#)

### REASON<sup>[\[487:1\]](#)</sup>

['Finally, what is Reason? You have often asked me: and this is my answer':—]

Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee,  
 Defecates to a pure transparency,  
 That intercepts no light and adds no stain—  
 There Reason is, and then begins her reign!

But alas!

—'tu stesso, ti fai grosso  
 Col falso immaginar, sì che non vedi  
 Ciò che vedresti, se l'avessi scosso.'

Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto i.

1830.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[\[487:1\]](#) First published as the conclusion of *On the Constitution of the Church and State*, 1830, p. 227. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 374.

### SELF-KNOWLEDGE<sup>[\[487:2\]](#)</sup>

—E coelo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν.—JUVENAL, xi. 27.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime  
 And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—  
 Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade;—  
 Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.  
 What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?—  
 What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—  
 Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,  
 A phantom dim of past and future wrought,  
 Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—  
 Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

1832.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[\[487:2\]](#) First published in 1834.

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] The heading 'Self-knowledge' appears first in 1893.

---

[488]

## FORBEARANCE<sup>[488:1]</sup>

Beareth all things.—1 COR. xiii. 7.

Gently I took that which ungently came,<sup>[488:2]</sup>  
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.  
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark  
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark. 5  
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,  
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,  
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,  
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.  
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds, 10  
And soon the ventilated spirit finds  
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,  
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,  
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,  
Think it God's message, and in humble pride  
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains— 15  
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

? 1832.

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[488:1] First published in 1834.

[488:2] Compare Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (Februarie):—

'Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,  
But gently took that ungently came.'

## LINENOTES:

[Title](#)] The heading 'Forbearance' appears first in 1893.

---

## LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT<sup>[488:3]</sup>

### AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE

[489]

Like a lone Arab, old and blind,  
Some caravan had left behind,  
Who sits beside a ruin'd well,  
Where the shy sand-asps bask and swell; 5  
And now he hangs his agéd head aslant,  
And listens for a human sound—in vain!  
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,  
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain;—  
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour, 10  
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,  
With brow low-bent, within my garden-bower,  
I sate upon the couch of camomile;  
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,  
Flitted across the idle brain, the while  
I watch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope, 15  
In my own heart; or that, indeed a trance,  
Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,  
Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,  
Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,  
With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim, 20  
Lie lifeless at my feet!  
And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,  
And stood beside my seat;  
She bent, and kiss'd her sister's lips,  
As she was wont to do;— 25

Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath  
Woke just enough of life in death  
To make Hope die anew.

L'ENVOY

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;  
There is no resurrection for the Love  
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away  
In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

30

1833.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [488:3] Lines 1-28 were first published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, signed and dated 'S. T. Coleridge, August 1833': included in *P. W.*, 1834. Lines 29-32 were first added as 'L'Envoy' in 1852. J. D. Campbell in a note to this poem (1893, p. 644) prints an expanded version of these lines, which were composed on April 24, 1824, 'as Coleridge says, "without taking my pen off the paper"'. The same lines were sent in a letter to Allsop, April 27, 1824 (*Letters, &c.*, 1836, ii. 174-5) with a single variant (line 3) 'uneclips'd' for 'unperturb'd'. In the draft of April 24, four lines were added, and of these an alternative version was published in *P. W.*, 1834, with the heading '[Desire](#)' (vide *ante*, p. 485). For an earlier draft in S. T. C.'s handwriting vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

**LINENOTES:**

- [4] Where basking Dipsads [\[489:A\]](#) hiss and swell *F. O. 1834*.  
[\[489:A\]](#) The Asps of the sand-desert, anciently named Dipsads.
- [7] And now] Anon *F. O. 1834*.
- [14] Flitting across the idle sense the while *F. O. 1834*.
- [27] That woke enough *F. O. 1834*.
- [29-32] Idly we supplicate the Powers above:  
There is no resurrection for a Love  
That uneclips'd, unshadow'd, wanes away  
In the chill'd heart by inward self-decay.  
Poor mimic of the Past! the love is o'er  
That must *resolve* to do what did itself of yore.

*Letter, April 27, 1824.*

[490]

---

**TO THE YOUNG ARTIST** [\[490:1\]](#)

**KAYSER OF KASERWERTH**

Kayser! to whom, as to a second self,  
Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the Elf,  
Hight Genius, hath dispensed the happy skill  
To cheer or soothe the parting friend's 'Alas!'  
Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,  
That makes the absent present at our will;  
And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives  
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

5

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!  
Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind  
A more delightful portrait left behind—  
Even thy own youthful beauty, and artless grace,  
Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!  
Kayser! farewell!  
Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.

10

1833.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [490:1] First published in 1834. The original of Kayser's portrait of S. T. C., a pencil-sketch, is in the possession of the Editor. In 1852 Kaserwerth is printed Kayserwerth. The modern spelling is Kaiserswerth.

## MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY<sup>[490:2]</sup>

God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—  
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather  
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call  
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—  
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—  
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.  
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:  
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath  
Of the true life!—Let then earth, sea, and sky  
Make war against me! On my heart I show  
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try  
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—  
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?—  
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

[491]

5

10

1833.

### FOOTNOTES:

[490:2] First published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834: included in *P. W.*, 1834. Emerson heard Coleridge repeat an earlier version of these lines on Aug. 5, 1833.

### LINENOTES:

[Title] Lines composed on a sick-bed, under severe bodily suffering, on my spiritual birthday, October 28th. *F. O.*

[1] Born unto God in Christ—in Christ, my All! *F. O.*

[3] I] we *F. O.*

[4] my] our *F. O.*

[7] fear] dread *F. O.*

[9-10]                   Let Sea, and Earth and Sky  
Wage war against me! On my front I show

*F. O.*

[11] they] *they F. O.*

[12] that] *who F. O.*

[14] his . . . there] *his . . . there F. O.*

### EPITAPH<sup>[491:1]</sup>

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,  
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod  
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.  
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;  
That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Found death in life, may here find life in death!  
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame<sup>[492:1]</sup>  
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

[492]

5

9th November, 1833.

### FOOTNOTES:

[491:1] First published in 1834. Six MS. versions are extant:—(a) in a letter to Mrs. Aders of 1833 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, ii. 770); (b) in a letter to J. G. Lockhart; (c) in a letter to J. H. Green of October 29, 1833; (d e) in a copy of Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra*, annotated by Coleridge in 1833; (f) in a copy of the *Todtentanz*, which belonged to Thomas Poole.

[492:1] N.B. 'for' in the sense of 'instead of'. ἔστιν κείτται ἀναστήσει—stetit: restat: resurget. ΕΣΤΗΣΕ. *Letter to J. G. Lockhart, 1833.*

### LINENOTES:

[Title](#) or Heading] (a) 'Epitaph on a Poet little known, yet better known by the Initials of his name than by the Name Itself.' S. T. C. *Letter to Mrs. Aders*: (b) 'Epitaph on a Writer better known by the Initials of his Name than by the name itself. Suppose an upright tombstone.' S. T. C. *Letter to J. G. Lockhart*: (c) 'On an author not wholly unknown; but better known by the initials of his name than by the name itself, which he partly Graecized, Hic jacet qui stetit, restat, resurget—on a Tombstone.' *Letter to J. H. Green*: (d) 'Epitaph in Hornsey Churchyard. Hic jacet S. T. C. *Grew* (1): (e) 'Etesi's (*sic*) Epitaph,' (and below (e)) 'Inscription on the Tombstone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the Initials of his Name than by the Name itself.' *Grew* (2): (f) 'Esteese's αυτοεπιταφίου.' *Note in Poole's Todtentanz*.

From the letter to Mrs. Aders it appears that Coleridge did not contemplate the epitaph being inscribed on his tombstone, but that he intended it to be printed 'in letters of a distinctly visible and legible size' on the outline of a tomb-stone to be engraved as a vignette to be published in a magazine, or to illustrate the last page of his 'Miscellaneous Poems' in the second volume of his *Poetical Works*. It would seem that the artist, Miss Denman, had included in her sketch of the vignette the figure of a Muse, and to this Coleridge objects:—'A rude old yew-tree, or a mountain ash, with a grave or two, or any other characteristic of a village church-yard,—such a hint of a landscape was all I meant; but if any figure rather that of an elderly man, thoughtful with quiet tears upon his cheek.' *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, ii. 770.

For the versions inscribed in Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra*, and in Poole's copy of the *Todtentanz*, vide [Appendices](#) of this work.

- [2] breast] heart *MS. Letters to Mrs. Aders, J. G. Lockhart, J. H. Green.*  
[3] seem'd he] was he *MS. Letter to J. H. Green.*  
[5] toil of] toilsome *MS. Letter to Mrs. Aden.*  
[7] to be forgiven] *to be forgiven MS. Letters to Mrs. Aders and J. H. Green.*
- 

[i]

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IN TWO VOLUMES





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#### ERRATA

On p. 1179, line 7, *for* Sept. 27, *read* Sept. 23.

On p. 1181, line 33, *for* Oct. 9 *read* Oct. 29.

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## DRAMATIC WORKS

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### THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE<sup>[495:1]</sup>

#### AN HISTORIC DRAMA

[*First Act* by Coleridge: *Second and Third* by Southey—1794.]

TO  
H. MARTIN, ESQ.  
OF  
JESUS COLLEGE  
CAMBRIDGE

DEAR SIR,

Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man, whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly figurative language of the French orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[495:1] First published (as an octavo pamphlet) at Cambridge by Benjamin Flower in 1794: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. (1)-32. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, in. (1)-39. 'It will be remarked,' writes J. D. Campbell (*P. W.*, 1893, p. 646), 'that neither title-page nor dedication contains any hint of the joint authorship.' On this point Coleridge writes to Southey, September 19, 1794:—'The tragedy will be printed in less than a week. I shall put my name because it will sell at least a hundred copies in Cambridge. It would appear ridiculous to print two names to such a work. But if you choose it, mention it and it shall be done. To every man who *praises* it, of course I give the *true* biography of it.' *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 85.

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**ACT I**

**SCENE—*The Thuilleries.***

*Barrere.* The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek  
 A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.  
 But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's *soul*—  
 Sudden in action, fertile in resource,  
 And rising awful 'mid impending ruins; 5  
 In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,  
 That fearless thwarts the elemental war.  
 When last in secret conference we met,  
 He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,  
 Making his eye the inmate of my bosom. 10  
 I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—  
 Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble!

[*Exit.*

*Enter* TALLIEN *and* LEGENDRE.

*Tallien.* It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?  
 Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,  
 And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning. 15

*Legendre.* I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;  
 It menac'd not so proudly as of yore.  
 Methought he would have spoke—but that he dar'd not—  
 Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

*Tallien.* 'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting  
 Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face:  
 E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards  
 Hurries the thundercloud, that pois'd awhile  
 Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen. 20

*Legendre.* Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask  
 In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent  
 Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,  
 Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.  
 Each thought, each action in himself converges;  
 And love and friendship on his coward heart 30  
 Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice;  
 To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,  
 Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

*Tallien.* Yet much depends upon him—well you know  
 With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint  
 Defeat like victory—and blind the mob  
 With truth-mix'd falsehood. They led on by him,  
 And wild of head to work their own destruction,  
 Support with uproar what he plans in darkness. 40

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*Legendre.* O what a precious name is Liberty  
 To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!  
 Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints  
 We'll shew enough to rouse his watchful fears,  
 Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.  
 O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels— 45  
 Hover around me on sad Memory's wings,

And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.  
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun  
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

*Tallien.* Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings— 50

*Legendre.* Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,  
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—  
But see—hither he comes—let us away!  
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,  
And high of haughty spirit, young St. Just.

[*Exeunt.* 55

*Enter* ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

*Robespierre.* What? did La Fayette fall before my power?  
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?  
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?  
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?  
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them? 60  
What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point  
Vain, as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?  
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?  
Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?  
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him, 65  
Who ever on the harlots' downy pillow  
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

*St. Just.* I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.  
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,  
Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony? 70  
The state is not yet purified: and though  
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies  
The thick black sediment of all the factions—  
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!

*Couthon.* O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error! 75  
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?  
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?  
*I've* fear'd him, since his iron heart endured  
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,  
Compar'd with which the sun-scorcht wilderness 80  
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

[498]

*St. Just.* Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one  
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,  
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar  
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar 85  
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.  
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels  
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.  
A tiger mad with inward wounds!—I dread  
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt. 90

*Robespierre.* Is not the Commune ours? The stern tribunal?  
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?  
And Henriot? We'll denounce an hundred, nor  
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

*Robespierre Junior.* Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart 95  
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors  
That still have gloom'd the rise of the Republic.  
I should have died before Toulon, when war  
Became the patriot!

*Robespierre.* Most unworthy wish!  
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors, 100  
Would be himself a traitor, were he not  
A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone  
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.  
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye  
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle— 105  
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity  
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!  
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow  
Shall see it cleans'd by wholesome massacre!

*Robespierre Junior.* Beware! already do the sections murmur— 110  
'O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—

The *tyrant guardian* of the country's *freedom*!

*Couthon*. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!  
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart  
Of cold Barrere!

*Robespierre*. I see the villain in him!

115

*Robespierre Junior*. If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

[499]

*Robespierre*. Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul  
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!  
The giant Victories my counsels form'd  
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,  
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

120

[*Exeunt caeteri. Manet COUTHON.*]

*Couthon (solus)*. So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues  
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!  
Still, Robespierre! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom  
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp.  
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,  
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!  
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition's dream,  
Making such deep impression on our sleep—  
That long th' awakened breast retains its horrors!  
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere.

125

130

[*Exit COUTHON.*]

*Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRERE.*

*Robespierre*. There is no danger but in cowardice.—  
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.  
We have such force without, as will suspend  
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

135

*Barrere*. 'Twill be a pause of terror.—

*Robespierre*. But to whom?  
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,  
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!  
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!  
A pause!—a *moment's* pause?—'Tis all *their life*.

140

*Barrere*. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.  
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

*Robespierre*. That what?

*Barrere*. The freedom of debate—

*Robespierre*. Transparent mask!  
They wish to clog the wheels of government,  
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine  
To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots!  
Are not the congregated clouds of war  
Black all around us? In our very vitals  
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?  
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings  
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears  
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?  
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first  
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;  
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light  
By the necessities that gave it birth:  
The other fouls the fount of the republic,  
Making it flow polluted to all ages:  
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,  
That once imbibed, must be continued ever.  
Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—  
Therefore they hate me.

145

150

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160

*Barrere*. Are the sections friendly?

*Robespierre*. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them  
Blush for the crime in blood!

*Barrere*. Nay—but I tell thee,  
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right  
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!

165

[500]



*Robespierre. Self-centering Fear!* how well thou canst ape *Mercy!*  
 Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!  
 Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?  
 Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets 170  
 Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied  
 Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?  
 And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square  
 Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,  
 Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day? 175  
 Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,  
 And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now  
 Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,  
 Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,  
 Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!* 180

*Barrere. O prodigality of eloquent anger!*  
 Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!  
 The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

*Robespierre. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow*  
 Reserves the whetted dagger for his own. 185  
 Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life! *[Exit.*

*Barrere. The sections will support them—there's the point!*  
 No! he can never weather out the storm—  
 Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!  
 I must away to Tallien. *[Exit. 190*

[501] *SCENE changes to the house of ADELAIDE.*

*ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a Servant.*

*Adelaide. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?*  
 Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

*Servant. He is in the Thuilleries—with him Legendre—*  
 In deep discourse they seem'd: as I approach'd  
 He waved his hand as bidding me retire: 195  
 I did not interrupt him.  
*[Returns the letter.*

*Adelaide. Thou didst rightly. [Exit Servant.*  
 O this new freedom! at how dear a price  
 We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues  
 And every blandishment of private life,  
 The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment, 200  
 All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.  
 The wingéd hours, that scatter'd roses round me,  
 Languid and sad drag their slow course along,  
 And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.  
 But I will steal away these anxious thoughts 205  
 By the soft languishment of warbled airs,  
 If haply melodies may lull the sense  
 Of sorrow for a while. *[Soft music.*

*Enter TALLIEN.*

*Tallien. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!*  
 Soft nurse of pain, it sooths the weary soul 210  
 Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening  
 That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG [501:1]

Tell me, on what holy ground  
 May domestic peace be found?  
 Halcyon daughter of the skies, 215  
 Far on fearful wing she flies,  
 From the pomp of scepter'd state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells  
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells! 220  
 Still around her steps are seen,  
 Spotless honor's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And conscious of the past employ, 225

[502]

*Tallien.* I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.  
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?  
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream  
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing, 230  
While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,  
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

*Adelaide.* Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers  
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—  
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil? 235

*Tallien.* Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?  
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?  
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses  
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams  
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre. 240  
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

*Adelaide.* Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—  
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his  
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.  
The pale Convention—

*Tallien.* Hate him as they fear him, 245  
Impatient of the chain, resolv'd and ready.

*Adelaide.* Th' enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—

*Tallien.* They are aweary of his stern morality,  
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.  
The sections too support the delegates: 250  
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air  
Of Liberty, condens'd awhile, is bursting  
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—  
To shatter the arch chemist in the explosion!

*Enter* BILLAUD VARENNES *and* BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*

*Bourdon l'Oise.* Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference? 255  
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,  
Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce Club,  
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim  
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood  
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here? 260

[503]

*Enter* BARRERE *abruptly.*

*Barrere.* Say, are ye friends to freedom? *I am her's!*  
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,  
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant  
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

*Billaud Varennes.* Away to the Convention! with that voice 265  
So oft the herald of glad victory,  
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears  
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!  
The violent workings of my soul within  
Anticipate the monster's blood! 270

[*Cry from the street of—No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!*

*Tallien.* Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members  
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,  
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Caesar,  
This dagger probes his heart! [Exeunt omnes.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[501:1] This Song was reprinted in Coleridge's *Poems* of 1796, and later under the title of *To Domestic Peace*, *vide ante*, pp. 71, 72.

## ACT II

### SCENE—*The Convention.*

*Robespierre mounts the Tribune.* Once more befits it that the voice of Truth,  
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round  
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,  
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits  
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft  
Has pierced thro' faction's veil, to flash on crimes  
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave  
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand  
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne,  
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France  
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave  
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!  
Long with the shew of freedom they abused  
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,  
The high-fraught sentence and the lofty tone  
Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,  
Till reason midst a labyrinth of words  
Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.  
I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,  
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—  
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal  
I urg'd the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask  
From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd  
Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down  
Hébert and Rousin, and the villain friends  
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long  
Mask'd treason's form in liberty's fair garb,  
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy  
Omnipotence! but I it seems am false!  
I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre!  
I—at whose name the dastard despot brood  
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!  
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie  
My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band,  
Of what am I accus'd? of what strange crime  
Is Maximilian Robespierre accus'd,  
That through this hall the buz of discontent  
Should murmur? who shall speak?

*Billaud Varennes.* O patriot tongue  
Belying the foul heart! Who was it urg'd  
Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,  
Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,  
Has chill'd each tongue to silence? Who destroyed  
The freedom of debate, and carried through  
The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,  
Unheard before their equals, to the bar  
Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd  
With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man  
Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

*Couthon.* That law was mine. I urged it—I propos'd—  
The voice of France assembled in her sons  
Assented, though the tame and timid voice  
Of traitors murmur'd. I advis'd that law—  
I justify it. It was wise and good.

*Barrere.* Oh, wonderous wise and most convenient too!  
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now  
Proclaim thee traitor tyrant!

[*Loud applause.*]

*Robespierre.* It is well.  
I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen  
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,  
Regnault the instrument belike of those  
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,  
And legalise their murders. I stand here  
An isolated patriot—hemmed around  
By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd  
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape  
From Justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force  
That pierces through her breast.

[504]

[505]

*Robespierre.* Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time  
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses  
Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.  
But times are chang'd, and villainy prevails. 70

*Collot d'Herbois.* No—villainy shall fall. France could not brook  
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name  
More soothing to her ear?

*Bourdon l'Oise.* Rattle her chains  
More musically now than when the hand  
Of Brissot forged her fetters; or the crew  
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,  
And Danton talk'd of virtue? 75

*Robespierre.* Oh, that Brissot  
Were here again to thunder in this hall,  
That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form  
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul  
Might cope with worthy foes. 80

People of France,  
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law  
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:  
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew  
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,  
Cautious from past defects, contrives new wiles  
Against the sons of Freedom. 85

*Tallien.* Freedom lives!  
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,  
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth  
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save  
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch  
D'Eglantine? 90

[506] *Robespierre.* I did—for I thought them honest.  
And Heaven forefend that Vengeance e'er should strike,  
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

*Barrere.* Traitor, thou didst.  
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,  
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm  
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,  
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.  
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil  
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,  
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,  
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots  
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds  
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,  
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty! 95  
100  
105

*Robespierre Junior.* Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide  
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,  
For I partake his virtue.

*Robespierre.* Brother, by my soul,  
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus  
With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path  
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords  
Of kindred round us. 110

*Barrere.* Yes, allied in guilt,  
Even as in blood ye are. O, thou worst wretch,  
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscib'd,  
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd  
Each patriot representative of France? 115

*Bourdon l'Oise.* Was not the younger Caesar too to reign  
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,  
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

*Robespierre Junior.* His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience, heaven!  
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back  
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers  
Wav'd high the English flag? or fought I then  
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led 120

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Your troops to conquest? fought I merchant-like, 125  
Or barter'd I for victory, when death  
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,  
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smil'd  
Amid the bloody banquet? when appall'd  
The hireling sons of England spread the sail 130  
Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?  
Oh, patience! patience!

*Bourdon l'Oise.* How this younger tyrant  
Mouths out defiance to us! even so  
He had led on the armies of the south,  
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd 135  
With her best blood.

*Collot d'Herbois.* Till once again display'd  
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth  
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by  
Had bathed in human blood.

*Dubois Crancé.* No wonder, friend,  
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall 140  
Beneath the axe of death! when Caesar-like  
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom  
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,  
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,  
As it had been some province won in fight, 145  
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,  
Go with my brother to the southern plains;  
St. Just, be yours the army of the north;  
Meantime I rule at Paris.

*Robespierre.* Matchless knave!  
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek— 150  
Not one poor blush of truth! most likely tale!  
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,  
I who discover'd Hébert's impious wiles,  
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,  
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded, 155  
Think ye I had destroyed the very men  
Whose plots resembled mine? bring forth your proofs  
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast  
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather  
Who forg'd the shameless falsehood?

*Collot d'Herbois.* Ask you proofs? 160  
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?

*Legendre.* What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?  
When at the imminent peril of my life  
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,  
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

*Robespierre.* I remember well 165  
The fatal day. I do repent me much  
That I kill'd Caesar and spar'd Antony.  
But I have been too lenient. I have spared  
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow  
To fill the current. [Loud applause.]

[508]

Triumph not too soon, 170  
Justice may yet be victor.

*Enter St. Just, and mounts the Tribune.*

*St. Just.* I come from the Committee—charged to speak  
Of matters of high import. I omit  
Their orders. Representatives of France,  
Boldly in his own person speaks St. Just 175  
What his own heart shall dictate.

*Tallien.* Hear ye this,  
Insulted delegates of France? St. Just  
From your Committee comes—comes charg'd to speak  
Of matters of high import, yet omits  
Their orders! Representatives of France, 180  
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys  
The nation's orders.—I denounce St. Just.

[Loud applause.]

*St. Just.* Hear me!

[*Violent murmurs.*]

*Robespierre.* He shall be heard!

*Bourdon l'Oise.* Must we contaminate this sacred hall  
With the foul breath of treason?

*Collot d'Herbois.* Drag him away!  
Hence with him to the bar.

185

*Couthon.* Oh, just proceedings!  
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—  
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,  
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—  
And St. Just must be silent!

*Legendre.* Heed we well  
That justice guide our actions. No light import  
Attends this day. I move St. Just be heard.

190

*Freron.* Inviolable be the sacred right of man.  
The freedom of debate.

[*Violent applause.*]

*St. Just.* I may be heard then! much the times are chang'd,  
When St. Just thanks this hall for hearing him.  
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,  
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent  
Was Aristides driven into exile,  
Was Phocion murder'd. Ere ye dare pronounce  
Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,  
Consider who accuse him. Tallien,  
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,  
For that their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan  
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend  
Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,  
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—  
Collot d'Herbois—

195

200

205

*Bourdon l'Oise.* What—shall the traitor rear  
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme  
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

210

*St. Just.* I am of no one faction. I contend  
Against all factions.

*Tallien.* I espouse the cause  
Of truth. Robespierre on yester morn pronounced  
Upon his own authority a report.  
To-day St. Just comes down. St. Just neglects  
What the Committee orders, and harangues  
From his own will. O citizens of France  
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—  
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,  
When individuals shall assume the sway,  
And with more insolence than kingly pride  
Rule the Republic.

215

220

*Billaud Varennes.* Shudder, ye representatives of France,  
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands  
The marshal'd force of Paris. Henriot,  
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,  
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.  
Who spar'd La Valette? who promoted him,  
Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?  
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?  
Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?  
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?  
Robespierre, the self-stil'd patriot Robespierre—  
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—  
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

225

230

235

*Bourdon l'Oise.* He talks of virtue—of morality—  
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!  
Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,  
Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre  
Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!  
I stile thee tyrant, Robespierre!

240

[*Loud applause.*]

*Robespierre.* Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—  
[*Violent clamour. Cries of—Down with the Tyrant!*]

*Tallien.* Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—  
Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—  
He hears assembled France denounce his crimes! 245  
He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—  
He trembles on the precipice of fate.  
Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage  
How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd  
Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand 250  
Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,  
Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,  
And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!  
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd  
His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin— 255  
And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem  
Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,  
Lest France awak'd should rouse her from her dream,  
And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Caesar,  
With rapid step urged on his bold career, 260  
Even to the summit of ambitious power,  
And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.  
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?  
Is it for this we wage eternal war  
Against the tyrant horde of murderers, 265  
The crown'd cockatrices whose foul venom  
Infects all Europe? was it then for this  
We swore to guard our liberty with life,  
That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom  
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame 270  
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart  
Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade,  
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;  
And if the representatives of France,  
Through fear or favour, should delay the sword 275  
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;  
Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;  
Tallien shall save his country.

[*Violent applauses.*]

*Billaud Varennes.* I demand  
The arrest of all the traitors. Memorable  
Will be this day for France.

*Robespierre.* Yes! Memorable 280  
This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

*Lebas.* I will not share in this day's damning guilt.  
Condemn me too.

[*Great cry—Down with the Tyrants!*]

(*The two ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST. JUST, and LEBAS are led off.*)

## ACT III

### SCENE CONTINUES.

*Collot d'Herbois.* Caesar is fall'n! The baneful tree of Java,  
Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,  
Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,  
The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,  
Even in this hall, where once with terror mute 5  
We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,  
Has heard his doom.

*Billaud Varennes.* Yet must we not suppose  
The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling  
Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot,  
Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him. 10

*Freron.* I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

*Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.*

*Dubois Crancé.* Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head  
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

*Collot d'Herbois.* Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens  
To save their country—never yet has Paris  
Forsook the representatives of France. 15

*Tallien.* It is the hour of danger. I propose  
This sitting be made permanent. [Loud applauses.

*Collot d'Herbois.* The National Convention shall remain  
Firm at its post. 20

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse  
The tyrant's cause. St. Just is up in arms!  
St. Just—the young ambitious bold St. Just  
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon  
Thirsts for your blood. [Tocsin rings. 25

*Tallien.* These tyrants are in arms against the law:  
Outlaw the rebels.

[512] *Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.*

*Merlin.* Health to the representatives of France!  
I past this moment through the arméd force—  
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate,  
Swore I was not the friend of France. 30

*Collot d'Herbois.* The tyrants threaten us as when they turn'd  
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Second Messenger.* Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the Club  
Espouse the cause of Robespierre. 35

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Third Messenger.* All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads  
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear  
The rattling cannon destined to surround  
This sacred hall.

*Tallien.* Why, we will die like men then.  
The representatives of France dare death,  
When duty steels their bosoms. 40  
[Loud applauses.

*Tallien (addressing the galleries).* Citizens!  
France is insulted in her delegates—  
The majesty of the Republic is insulted—  
Tyrants are up in arms. An arméd force  
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears  
To die, or save the country! 45  
[Violent applauses from the galleries.

*Citizen (from above).* We too swear  
To die, or save the country. Follow me. [All the men quit the galleries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Fourth Messenger.* Henriot is taken! [Loud applauses.  
Three of your brave soldiers  
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,  
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd  
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,  
They seiz'd him. [Applauses. 50

*Billaud Varennes.* Let the names of these brave men  
Live to the future day.

[513] *Enter BOURDON L'OISE, sword in hand.*

*Bourdon l'Oise.* I have clear'd the Commune. [Applauses.



Through the throng I rush'd,  
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade 55  
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels  
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake  
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd  
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—  
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power. 60  
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts  
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,  
'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!'

[Applauses.

(Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrant!)

*Tallien.* I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,  
France shall be saved! her generous sons attached 65  
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol  
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall  
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem  
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,  
That the almighty people who have broke 70  
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,  
Will court again their fetters! easier were it  
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,  
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men  
Determined to be free! 75

[Applauses.

*Enter* LEGENDRE—a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.

*Legendre (flinging down the keys).* So—let the mutinous Jacobins meet now  
In the open air. [Loud applauses.

A factious turbulent party  
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,  
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band  
Of loud-tongued orators controull'd the Club, 80  
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.  
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—  
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,  
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye  
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full 85  
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng  
He mingled. I pursued—but stay'd my hand,  
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

[Applauses.

[514] *Freron.* They took from me my ticket of admission—  
Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth, 90  
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.  
But Freron enters not the Club again  
'Till it be purged of guilt:—'till, purified  
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men  
May breathe the air in safety. 95

[Shouts from without.

*Barrere.* What means this uproar! if the tyrant band  
Should gain the people once again to rise—  
We are as dead!

*Tallien.* And wherefore fear we death?  
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends  
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword, 100  
And died triumphant? Caesar should fear death,  
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

(Shouts from without—Live the Convention!—Down with the Tyrants!)

*Tallien.* Hark! again  
The sounds of honest Freedom!

*Enter* Deputies from the Sections.

*Citizen.* Citizens! representatives of France!  
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris 105  
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear  
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

*Tallien.* Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?  
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?  
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen 110

The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;  
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,  
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,  
I have lived long enough.

[*Shouts without.*

*Barrere.* Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom  
Of the still evening—harbinger of death,  
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale  
Thunders through Paris—

115

[*Cry without—Down with the Tyrant!*

*Enter* LECOINTRE.

*Lecointre.* So may eternal justice blast the foes  
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,  
As Robespierre has perish'd! Citizens,  
Caesar is taken.

120

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[*Loud and repeated applauses.*

I marvel not that with such fearless front  
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye  
Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied  
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,  
And Henriot's *boughten* succours. Ye have heard  
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms  
The Commune welcom'd in the rebel tyrant—  
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier  
Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—  
The representatives of France had perish'd—  
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm  
Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit  
Inspir'd the men of Paris. Henriot call'd  
'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice  
Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins  
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—  
They reach'd the Hôtel. We gather'd round—we call'd  
For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,  
With knives they hack'd around them. 'Till foreboding  
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry  
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,  
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread  
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window  
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractur'd limb  
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator  
Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,  
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled  
By his own tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored  
He lives to taste the bitterness of death.  
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,  
The fierce St. Just, even now attend their tyrant  
To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches  
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—  
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown  
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye  
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,  
Fearless of fate!

125

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135

140

145

150

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[*Loud and repeated applauses.*

*Barrere mounts the Tribune.* For ever hallowed be this glorious day,  
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,  
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant  
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne, by the arm  
Of the almighty people, meets the death  
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart  
Has sunk within me, when the various woes  
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain  
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,  
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,  
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets,  
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood  
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,  
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth  
Of treason; and oppression, giant form,  
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative  
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,  
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced  
The doom of injured France, has faction reared  
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd  
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,

160

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175

180

The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire  
 To govern France; and Petion talk'd of virtue,  
 And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue  
 Of some soft Syren wooed us to destruction.  
 We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold 185  
 Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,  
 Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,  
 And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,  
 And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand  
 Hurl'd down the altars of the living God, 190  
 With all the infidel's intolerance.  
 The last worst traitor triumphed—triumph'd long,  
 Secur'd by matchless villainy—by turns  
 Defending and deserting each accomplice  
 As interest prompted. In the goodly soil 195  
 Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck  
 Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death  
 On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.  
 He wove the web of treachery. He caught  
 The listening crowd by his wild eloquence, 200  
 His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,  
 Even whilst it spake of mercy!—never, never  
 Shall this regenerated country wear  
 The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,  
 And with worse fury urge this new crusade 205  
 Than savages have known; though the leagued despots  
 Depopulate all Europe, so to pour  
 The accumulated mass upon our coasts,  
 Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,  
 And like the rock amid surrounding waves 210  
 Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield  
 The thunder-bolt of vengeance—she shall blast  
 The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

FINIS

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## OSORIO

A TRAGEDY<sup>[518:1]</sup>

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

[*Not in MSS.*]

<i>Osorio</i> , 1797.	<i>Remorse.</i>
VELEZ	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, <i>Father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's Guardian.</i>
ALBERT	= DON ALVAR, <i>the eldest son.</i>
OSORIO	= DON ORDONIO, <i>the youngest son.</i>
FRANCESCO	= MONVIEDRO, <i>a Dominican and Inquisitor.</i>
MAURICE	= ZULIMEZ, <i>the faithful attendant on Alvar.</i>
FERDINAND	= ISIDORE, <i>a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.</i>
NAOMI	= NAOMI.
MARIA	= DOÑA TERESA, <i>an Orphan Heiress.</i>
ALHADRA, <i>wife of</i> FERDINAND	= ALHADRA, <i>Wife of Isidore.</i>
FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.	
MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.	

[519]

*Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbid the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.*

### FOOTNOTES:

[518:1] First published in 1873 by Mr. John Pearson (under the editorship of R. H. Shepherd):

included in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80, and in *P. W.* 1893.

Four MSS. are (or were) extant, (1) the transcript of the play as sent to Sheridan in 1797 (*MS. I*); (2) a contemporary transcript sent by Coleridge to a friend (*MS. II*); (3) a third transcript (the handwriting of a 'legal character') sold at Christie's, March 8, 1895 (*MS. III*); (4) a copy of Act I in Coleridge's handwriting, which formerly belonged to Thomas Poole, and is now in the British Museum (*MS. P.*). The text of the present issue follows *MS. I*. The variants are derived from *MSS. I, II* as noted by J. Dykes Campbell in *P. W.* 1893, from a *MS.* collation (by J. D. Campbell) of *MS. III*, now published for the first time, and from a fresh collation of *MS. P.*

*Osorio* was begun at Stowey in March, 1797. Two and a half Acts were written before June, four and a half Acts before September 13, 1797. A transcript of the play (*MS. I*) was sent to Drury Lane in October, and rejected, on the score of the 'obscurity of the last three acts', on or about December 1, 1797. See 'Art.' Coleridge, *Osorio* and *Remorse*, by J. D. Campbell, *Athenaeum*, April 8, 1890.

In the reign of Philip II shortly after the civil war against the Moors, and during the heat of the Persecution which raged against them. Maria an orphan of fortune had been espoused to Albert the eldest son of Lord Velez, but he having been supposed dead, is now addressed by Osorio the brother of Albert.

In the character of Osorio I wished to represent a man, who, from his childhood had mistaken constitutional abstinence from vices, for strength of character—thro' his pride duped into guilt, and then endeavouring to shield himself from the reproaches of his own mind by misanthropy.

Don Garcia (supposed dead) and Valdez father of Don Ordoño, and Guardian of Teresa di Monviedro. Don Garcia eldest son of the Marquis di Valdez, supposed dead, having been six years absent, and for the last three without any tidings of him.

Teresa Señora [*sic*] di Monviedro, an orphan lady, bequeathed by both Parents on their death-bed to the wardship of the Marquis, and betrothed to Don Garcia—Gulinaez a Moorish Chieftain and ostensibly a new Christian—Alhadra his wife. *MS. III.*

For the Preface of *MS. I*, vide [Appendices](#) of this edition.

## LINENOTES:

[Osorio](#) *A Tragedy*—Title] *Osorio*, a Dramatic Poem *MS. II.* *Osorio*, The Sketch of a Tragedy *MS. III.*

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## ACT THE FIRST<sup>[519:1]</sup>

SCENE—*The sea shore on the coast of Granada.*

VELEZ, MARIA.

*Maria.* I hold Osorio dear: he is your son,  
And Albert's brother.

*Velez.* Love him for himself,  
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

*Maria.* I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Velez!  
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain  
Faithful to Albert, be he dead or living.

5

*Velez.* Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves;  
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee  
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!  
Thy dying father comes upon my soul  
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me:  
I held thee in mine arms, a powerless babe,  
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty  
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine: ah, not for this,  
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,  
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,  
The victim of a useless constancy.  
I must not see thee wretched.

[10](#)

15

*Maria.* There are woes  
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!  
If it be wretched with an untired eye  
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;  
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,  
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,  
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again  
All past hours of delight; if it be wretched  
To watch some bark, and fancy Albert there;  
To go through each minutest circumstance

20

[25](#)

Of the bless'd meeting, and to frame adventures  
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them: 30  
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,  
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's cloaths,  
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft  
Hung with her lute, and play'd the selfsame tune  
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow  
Herself had made); if this be wretchedness, 35  
And if indeed it be a wretched thing  
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine  
That I had died—died, just ere his return;  
Then see him listening to my constancy;  
And hover round, as he at midnight ever 40  
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;  
Or haply in some more fantastic mood  
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers  
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,  
And there to wait his coming! O my sire! 45  
My Albert's sire! if this be wretchedness  
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,  
If in a most assur'd reality  
He should return, and see a brother's infant  
Smile at him from *my* arms? [Clasping her forehead.]

[521] O what a thought! 50  
'Twas horrible! it pass'd my brain like lightning.

*Velez.* 'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd  
The very week he promised his return.

*Maria.* Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him 55  
After his three years' travels! tho' that absence  
His still-expected, never-failing letters  
Almost endear'd to me! Even then what tumult!

*Velez.* O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts  
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!  
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams— 60  
Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest.

*Maria (with great tenderness).* My father!

*Velez.* Aye, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me  
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,  
And yet I could not tell me, how my sleep 65  
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw  
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured—  
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—  
We might almost have seen it from our house-top!

[522] *Maria (abruptly).* He did not perish there!

*Velez (impatiently).* Nay, nay—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale 70  
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn—my brave Osorio  
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted  
Him and the pirate: both the vessels founder'd.  
Gallant Osorio! [Pauses, then tenderly.]

O belov'd Maria,  
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Albert 75  
And most delight his spirit, go and make  
His brother happy, make his agéd father  
Sink to the grave with joy!

*Maria.* For mercy's sake  
Press me no more. I have no power to love him!  
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow 80  
Chill me, like dew-damps of the unwholesome night.  
My love, a timorous and tender flower,  
Closes beneath his touch.

*Velez.* You wrong him, maiden.  
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well  
To character by such unkindly phrases 85  
The stir and workings of that love for you  
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well—  
Nor is it grateful in you to forget  
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how  
With an heroic fearlessness of danger 90  
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Albert.

It was not well—you have moved me even to tears.

*Maria.* O pardon me, my father! pardon me.  
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,  
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried  
Beyond myself, if I but dream of one  
Who aims to rival Albert. Were we not  
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent?  
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!  
A six years' absence is an heavy thing;  
Yet still the hope survives——

[95](#)

*Velez (looking forwards).* Hush—hush! Maria.

[\[523\]](#)

*Maria.* It is Francesco, our Inquisitor;  
That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel!

*Enter FRANCESCO and ALHADRA.*

*Francesco (to Velez).* Where is your son, my lord? Oh! here he comes.

*Enter OSORIO.*

My Lord Osorio! this Moresco woman  
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

[105](#)

*Osorio.* Hail, reverend father! What may be the business?

*Francesco.* O the old business—a Mohammedan!  
The officers are in her husband's house,  
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd  
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,  
Aye, and would warrant him a Catholic.  
But I know well these children of perdition,  
And all their idle fals[e]hoods to gain time;  
So should have made the officers proceed,  
But that this woman with most passionate outcries,  
(Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me)  
So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord!)  
Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,  
That I came with her.

[110](#)

[\[524\]](#)

*Osorio.* You are merciful.  
I would that I could serve you; but in truth  
Your face is new to me.

*[Looking at ALHADRA.*

[120](#)

*[ALHADRA is about to speak, but is interrupted by*

*Francesco.* Aye, aye—I thought so;  
And so I said to one of the familiars.  
A likely story, said I, that Osorio,  
The gallant nobleman, who fought so bravely  
Some four years past against these rebel Moors;  
Working so hard from out the garden of faith  
To eradicate these weeds detestable;  
That he should countenance this vile Moresco,  
Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth!  
Well, well, my lord! it is a warning to me;  
Now I return.

[125](#)

*Alhadra.* My lord, my husband's name  
Is Ferdinand: you may remember it.  
Three years ago—three years this very week—  
You left him at Almeria.

[130](#)

*Francesco (triumphantly).* Palpably false!  
This very week, three years ago, my lord!  
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)  
You were at sea, and fought the Moorish fiends  
Who took and murder'd your poor brother Albert.

[135](#)

*[MARIA looks at FRANCESCO with disgust and horror. OSORIO'S  
appearance to be collected from the speech that follows.*

[\[525\]](#)

*Francesco (to Velez and pointing to Osorio).* What? is he ill, my lord? How strange he looks!

[140](#)

*Velez (angrily).* You started on him too abruptly, father!  
The fate of one, on whom you know he doted.

*Osorio (starting as in a sudden agitation).* O heavens!

I doted!

[Then, as if recovering himself.

Yes! I DOTTED on him!

[OSORIO walks to the end of the stage. VELEZ follows soothing him.

*Maria* (her eye following them). I do not, cannot love him. Is my heart hard?  
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought  
Should force itself upon me—yet I feel it! 145

*Francesco*. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!  
I will return—in very truth I grieve  
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

*Alhadra* (to *Maria*). O gentle lady, make the father stay  
Till that my lord recover. I am sure  
That he will say he is my husband's friend. 150

*Maria*. Stay, father, stay—my lord will soon recover.

[OSORIO and VELEZ returning.

*Osorio* (to *Velez* as they return). Strange! that this Francesco  
Should have the power so to distemper me. 155

*Velez*. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

*Francesco* (to *Osorio*). My lord, I truly grieve—

*Osorio*. Tut! name it not.  
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.  
As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him:  
I know him well, and that he is a Christian. 160

*Francesco*. I hope, my lord, your sensibility  
Doth not prevail.

*Osorio*. Nay, nay—you know me better.  
You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.  
I had something here of more importance.

[Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.

Hah!

[526]

The Count Mondejar, our great general,  
Writes, that the bishop we were talking of  
Has sicken'd dangerously. 165

*Francesco*. Even so.

*Osorio*. I must return my answer.

*Francesco*. When, my lord?

*Osorio*. To-morrow morning, and shall not forget  
How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic faith. 170

*Francesco*. You are too kind, my lord! You overwhelm me.

*Osorio*. Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,  
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic.  
What changes may have happen'd in three years,  
I cannot say, but grant me this, good father!  
I'll go and sift him: if I find him sound,  
You'll grant me your authority and name  
To liberate his house. 175

*Francesco*. My lord you have it.

*Osorio* (to *Alhadra*). I will attend you home within an hour.  
Meantime return with us, and take refreshment. 180

*Alhadra*. Not till my husband's free, I may not do it.  
I will stay here.

*Maria* (aside). Who is this Ferdinand?

*Velez*. Daughter!

*Maria*. With your permission, my dear lord,  
I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.

[Exeunt VELEZ, FRANCESCO, and OSORIO.

*Alhadra.* Hah! there he goes. A bitter curse go with him.  
A scathing curse!

[185](#)

[ALHADRA *had been betrayed by the warmth of her feelings into an imprudence. She checks herself, yet recollecting MARIA'S manner towards FRANCESCO, says in a shy and distrustful manner*

You hate him, don't you, lady!

[527] *Maria.* Nay, fear me not! my heart is sad for you.

*Alhadra.* These fell Inquisitors, these sons of blood!  
As I came on, his face so madden'd me  
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger  
And half unsheathed it.

[190](#)

*Maria.* Be more calm, I pray you.

*Alhadra.* And as he stalk'd along the narrow path  
Close on the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager.  
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember  
That his foul officers held my babes and husband.  
To have leapt upon him with a Tyger's plunge  
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,  
O—it had been most sweet!

[195](#)

*Maria.* Hush, hush! for shame.  
Where is your woman's heart?

*Alhadra.* O gentle lady!  
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,  
Many and strange. Besides I am a Christian,  
And they do never pardon, 'tis their faith!

[200](#)

*Maria.* Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

*Alhadra.* I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me!  
Five years ago, and he was the prime agent.  
Five years ago the Holy Brethren seized me.

[205](#)

*Maria.* What might your crime be?

*Alhadra.* Solely my complexion.  
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,  
Into a dungeon of their prison house.  
There was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,  
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,  
It was a toil to breathe it! I have seen  
The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,  
How the flame sunk at once down to the socket.  
O miserable, by that lamp to see  
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread  
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—  
My rage had dry'd away its natural food!

[210](#)

[528] In darkness I remain'd, counting the clocks [\[528:1\]](#)  
Which haply told me that the blessed sun  
Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,  
My infant's moanings mingled with my dreams  
And wak'd me. If you were a mother, Lady,  
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises  
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain  
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger!

[215](#)

[220](#)

[225](#)

*Maria.* O God! it is too horrible to hear!

*Alhadra.* What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right  
That such as you should hear it. Know you not  
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?  
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,  
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

[230](#)

*Maria.* You were at length deliver'd?

*Alhadra.* Yes, at length  
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven.  
'Twas the first time my infant smiled! No more.  
For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,  
A fit comes on, which makes me o'er again  
All I then was, my knees hang loose and drag,

[235](#)



And my lip falls with such an ideot laugh  
That you would start and shudder!

*Maria.* But your husband? 240

*Alhadra.* A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady!

*Maria.* Alas, poor man!

[529]

*Alhadra.* He hath a lion's courage,  
But is not stern enough for fortitude.  
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart  
He worships Nature in the hill and valley, 245  
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all!

[Enter ALBERT disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.

*Albert (not observing Maria and Alhadra).* Three weeks have I been loitering here, nor ever  
Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,  
Or stop one peasant passing on this way.

*Maria.* Know you that man?

*Alhadra.* His person, not his name. 250  
I doubt not, he is some Moresco chieftain  
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.  
A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him;  
He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage  
Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet 255  
And died like one of the faithful! There he lives,  
And a friend with him.

*Maria.* Does he know his danger  
So near this seat?

[530]

*Alhadra.* He wears the Moorish robes too,  
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALBERT, who has walked to the back of the  
stage near the rocks. MARIA drops her veil.

*Alhadra.* Gallant Moresco! you are near the castle 260  
Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell  
A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.

*Albert (retiring).* You have mistaken me—I am a Christian.

*Alhadra (to Maria).* He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him. 265  
Speak to him, lady! none can hear you speak  
And not believe you innocent of guile.

[ALBERT, on hearing this, pauses and turns round.

*Maria.* If aught enforce you to concealment, sir!

*Alhadra.* He trembles strangely.

[ALBERT sinks down and hides his face in his garment [robe Remorse].

*Maria.* See—we have disturb'd him.

[Approaches nearer to him.

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,  
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing. 270  
I pray you, think us friends!

*Albert (raising his head).* Calm—very calm;  
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!  
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice.  
That voice! that innocent voice! She is no traitress!  
It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep, 275  
A lying dream. [He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.

*Maria!* you are not wedded?

*Maria (haughtily to Alhadra).* Let us retire.

[They advance to the front of the stage.

[531]

*Alhadra.* He is indeed a Christian.  
Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden.

*Maria.* What can this mean? How should he know my name?  
It seems all shadowy.

*Alhadra.* Here he comes again.

[280](#)

*Albert (aside).* She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment!  
Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments?  
God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet!  
Your pardon, gentle maid! that I disturb'd you.  
I had just started from a frightful dream.

[ *To MARIA.*

[285](#)

*Alhadra.* These renegado Moors—how soon they learn  
The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants!

*Albert.* I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd  
With blindest trust, and a betrothéd maid  
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me,  
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her!  
This maid so idoliz'd, that trusted friend,  
Polluted in my absence soul and body!  
And she with him and he with her conspired  
To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains:  
But by my looks and most impassion'd words  
I roused the virtues, that are dead in no man,  
Even in the assassins' hearts. They made their terms,  
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

[290](#)

[295](#)

*Alhadra (to Maria).* You are lost in thought. Hear him no more, sweet lady!

[300](#)

*Maria.* From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,  
And slight things bring on me the idle mood.  
Well, sir, what happen'd then?

*Albert.* On a rude rock,  
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs  
Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale  
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,  
I stay'd as tho' the hour of death were past,  
And I were sitting in the world of spirits,  
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate.  
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,  
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour  
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear  
That woods and sky and mountains seem'd one havock!  
The second flash of lightning show'd a tree  
Hard by me, newly-scathed. I rose tumultuous:  
My soul work'd high: I bared my head to the storm,  
And with loud voice and clamorous agony  
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,  
Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,  
And cling, with poisonous tooth, inextricable  
As the gored lion's bite!

[305](#)

310

315

[320](#)

*Maria.* A fearful curse!

*Alhadra.* But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd him?  
Dreamt you of no revenge?

*Albert (his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress).* She would have died,  
Died in her sins—perchance, by her own hands!  
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds  
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy  
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!  
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts,  
For still I loved her!

[325](#)

*Alhadra.* And you dreamt all this?

*Maria.* My soul is full of visions, all is wild!

[330](#)

*Alhadra.* There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.  
Lady! your servants there seem seeking us.

*Maria (lifts up her veil and advances to Albert).* Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,  
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.  
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me  
With obscure memory of something past,  
Which still escap'd my efforts, or presented  
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long-wishing.  
If (as it sometimes happens) our rude startling,  
While your full heart was shaping out its dream,  
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness,

[335](#)

[340](#)

[532]

[533]

You have my sympathy, and so farewell!  
 But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,  
 And you need strength to drag them into light,  
 The generous Velez, and my Lord Osorio 345  
 Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,  
 Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt MARIA and ALHADRA.*]

[534] *Albert (alone).* 'Tis strange! it cannot be! my Lord Osorio!  
 Her Lord Osorio! Nay, I will not do it.  
 I curs'd him once, and one curse is enough. 350  
 How sad she look'd and pale! but not like guilt,  
 And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!  
 If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,  
 Hell scarce were hell. And why not innocent?  
 Who meant to murder me might well cheat her. 355  
 But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honour.  
 Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie  
 Fram'd by the assassin? who should tell it him  
 If it were truth? Osorio would not tell him.  
 Yet why one lie? All else, I know, was truth. 360  
 No start! no jealousy of stirring conscience!  
 And she referr'd to me—fondly, methought!  
 Could she walk here, if that she were a traitress?  
 Here where we play'd together in our childhood?  
 Here where we plighted vows? Where her cold cheek 365  
 Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feelings  
 She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!  
 'Tis not in nature! I will die, believing  
 That I shall meet her where no evil is,  
 No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips! 370  
 I'll haunt this scene no more—live she in peace!  
 Her husband—ay, her husband! May this Angel  
 New-mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven!  
 That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [519:1] For Act I, Scene 1 (ll. 1-118) of *Remorse*, vide *post*, pp. 820-3.  
 [528:1] With lines 219-21 compare *Fragments from a Notebook*, [No. 17](#), p. 990.

### LINENOTES:

- Before 1.* ACT THE FIRST (The Portrait and the Picture). *Corr. in MS. III.*  
*Scene*—*The sea shore, &c.*] Scene—The Sea shore on the coast of Granada, in the Seigniorship of the Marquis Valdez. *Valdez Teresa corr. in MS. III.* [For *Velez, Maria, Osorio, Albert, Francesco*, read *Valdez, Teresa, Ordonio, Alvar, Isidore* throughout, *Remorse*.  
*Before 1.* SCENE II.: *Enter Teresa and Valdez. Remorse.*  
 Osorio] Ordoño] *corr. in MS. II.*  
 [2] Albert's] Garcia's *corr. in MS. III.*  
 [12] mine] my *Remorse, 1813.*  
 [29] him] him *Remorse.*  
 [40] Or hover round, as he at midnight oft *Remorse.*  
 [50] my] my *Remorse.* Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*  
 [51-2] *Erased MS. III.*  
 [52-3] *Valdez.* A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.  
 The very week he promised his return—  
*Remorse.*  
 an empty thought  
 That boasts no neighbourhood with Hope or Reason  
*Corr. in MS. III.*  
 [54-7] *Ter.* Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,  
 After those three years' travels! we had no fears—  
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,  
 Almost endeared his absence! yet the gladness,  
 The tumult of our joy! What then, if now—

*Marginal correction in MS. III, Remorse.*

[60] dreams] fancies *Remorse*.

[61] Stage-direction *om. Remorse*.

[62-8] *Erased MS. III.*

[62-73] *Vald.* The sober truth is all too much for me!  
I see no sail which brings not to my mind  
The home-bound bark, in which my son was captured  
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

*Ter.* Oh no! he did not!

*Vald.* Captured in sight of land!  
From yon Hill-point, nay, from our castle watch-tower  
We might have seen—

*Ter.* His capture, not his death.

*Vald.* Alas! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale  
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio  
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,  
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,  
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes.

*Marginal correction in MS. III, Remorse.*

[74] Stage-direction *om. Remorse*.

[76] And most delight his spirit, go, make thou *Remorse*.

[78] with] in *Remorse*.

[93] my father] Lord Valdez *Remorse*.

[96] dream] hear *Remorse*.

[101-5] *Erased MS. III.*

*Vald. (looking forward).* Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

*Ter.* The Inquisitor—on what new scent of blood?

*Enter Monviedro with Alhadra.*

*Mon.* Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord.  
My present need is with your son.  
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

*Enter from the opposite side Don Ordonio*

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman

*MS. III, Remorse.*

[108] *Erased MS. III.*

[109] The] Our *MS. III.*

[108-31] *Mon.* My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse  
To his false creed, so recently abjured,  
The secret servants of the Inquisition  
Have seized her husband, and at my command  
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,  
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,  
As surety for his soundness in the faith.  
Tho' lesson'd by experience what small trust  
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,  
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,  
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour  
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,  
Thus far prevailed with me that—

*Ord.* Reverend father,  
I am much beholden to your high opinion,  
Which so o'erprizes my light services.  
I would that I could serve you; but in truth  
Your face is new to me.

[ *then to Alhadra*

*Mon.* My mind foretold me  
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,  
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,  
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely  
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,  
Should prove the patron of this infidel!  
The warranter of a Moresco's faith!

*Remorse.*

[114] Have learnt by heart their falsehoods to gain time. *Corr. in MS. III.*

[118-20] who (you know, &c., . . . with her *Erased MS. III*. The stage-direction (*Alhadra here advances towards Ordonio*) is inserted at the end of Francesco's speech.

[127-8] *om. MS. III*.

[133] Is Isidore. (*Ordonio starts*) *Remorse*.

[135] Stage-direction (*triumphantly om. Remorse*).

[138-9] You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,  
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!

*Remorse*.

[139] The stage-direction *Maria looks, &c., om. Remorse*.

[140] *Francesco (. . . Osorio) om. Remorse*.

[141] *Val*. You pressed upon him too abruptly father *Remorse*.

[143] *Ord*. O heavens! I?—I doted?—*Remorse*. Stage-directions (*starting, &c.*), (*Then, as, &c.*) *om. Remorse*.

Before 144 stage direction ends at '*follows*' *Remorse*.

[144] Stage-direction (*her eye, &c.*) *om. Remorse*.

[151] Till that] Until *Remorse*.

Stage-direction before 154 *om. Remorse*.

[154] Ordonio (*as they return to Valdez*). *Remorse*.

[157] Stage-direction *om. Remorse*.

[159] *do*] do *Remorse*.

[161] I hope, my lord, your merely human pity *MS. III, Remorse*.

[162-72] Nay, nay . . . Ferdinand *om. Remorse*.

[173] *was*] was *Remorse*.

[176] Myself I'll sift him *Remorse*.

[178] [*Francesco's speech 'My lord you have it' is thus expanded*]:—

*Monviedro*. Your zeal, my lord,  
And your late merits in this holy warfare  
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

*Remorse*.

[179] Stage-direction *om. Remorse*.

[180] *Attributed to Valdez in Remorse*.

[184] I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze. *Remorse*.

[186] The stage-direction, *Alhadra had been, &c.*, was interpolated by S. T. C. in MS. III, and 'distrustful' is written 'mistrustful'. It is omitted in *Remorse*.

[187] The line was originally written:—

Nay, nay, not hate him. I try not to do it;

and in this form it stands in the *Poole MS. MSS. II, III* have the line as amended, but have also this stage-direction '(perceiving that *Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently*)'; and *MS. II* has the word *me* underlined.

Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you

*Remorse*.

[188] In *Poole MS.* this line was originally—

These wolfish Priests! these lappers-up of Blood.

[192] stalk'd] walk'd *Remorse*.

[193] on] by *Remorse*.

[195] Interpolated by S. T. C.

That his vile Slaves, his pitiless officers  
Held in their custody my babes and husband.

*MS. III*.

[195] foul officers] familiars *Remorse*.

[197] ragged] rugged *Remorse*.

[201] '(ironically)' only in *MS. II*.

[202] And they do] And Christians *Remorse*.

[207] Solely my complexion] I was a Moresco *Remorse*.

[210] There] Where *Remorse*.

[212-14] It was a toil to breathe it! When the door,  
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed  
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame  
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down

*Remorse.*

[219] the dull bell counting *Remorse.*

[220] blessed] all-cheering. *Remorse.*

[221] my] our *Remorse.*

[222] dreams] slumbers *Remorse.*

[227] God] Heaven *Remorse.*

[233] deliver'd] released *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*

[237] fit] trance *Remorse.*

[243] Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*

[247-9] *MS. III erased: om. Remorse.*

*Between 249-50*

*Teresa. (starting).* This sure must be the man (to ALHADRA)  
Know you that man?

*Corr. in MS. III.*

*Between 250 and 263*

*Ter.* Know you that stately Moor?

*Alhad.* I know him not:  
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,  
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

*Ter.* The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,  
So near this seat?

*Alhad.* He wears the Moorish robes too,  
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the  
stage near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.

*Alhad.* Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,  
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

*Remorse.*

[254-7] His ends, his motives, why he shrinks from notice  
And spurns all commune with the Moorish chieftain,  
Baffles conjecture—

*Corr. in MS. III.*

*Before stage-direction affixed to 259.*

*Teresa.* Ask of him whence he came? if he bear tidings  
Of any Christian Captive—if he knows—

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[259] *Philip the Second had forbidden under pain of death the Moorish Robes MS. II: Phillip (sic)  
the Second had prohibited under pain of death all the Moorish customs and garments MS.  
III.*

[262] the creature] a brother *Corr. in MS. III.*

[263] *Albert (retiring)] advancing as if to pass them Corr. in MS. III. Stage-direction om.  
Remorse.*

[264] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[266] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[275-6] *om. Remorse.*

[277] Stage-direction *They advance . . . followed by Alvar Corr. in MS. III: om. Remorse.*

[277] *Alhadra (with bitter scorn). Corr. in MS. III.*

[278-80] *om. Remorse.*

*Prefixed to 279. Alhadra walks away to the back of the stage, to the part where Alvar had  
first placed himself, stoops in the act of taking up a small Picture, looks at it and in dumb  
show appears as talking to herself. Corr. in MS. III.*

[279-80] *Maria.* This cannot be the Moor the Peasant spoke of  
Nor face, nor stature squares with his description.

*Alhadra.* A painted tablet which he held and por'd on  
Caught my eye strangely, and as I disturb'd him

He hid it hastily within his sash,  
Yet when he started up (if my sight err'd not)  
It slipt unnotic'd by him on the Sand.

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[281] She deems me dead yet wears no mourning garments *Remorse.*

[283] *om. Remorse.*

[284] gentle maid] noble dame *Remorse.*

[286-7] *om. Remorse.*

Between 285 and 288

*Ter.* Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said  
They prophesy—

*Alv.* The Past lives o'er again  
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit,  
The ever frowning [guilty *MS. III*] Present is its image.

*Ter.* Traitor! [guilty *MS. III*] (*then aside*)  
What sudden spell o'er-masters me?  
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman.

*Corr. in MS. III: Remorse.*

[293] Polluted] Dishonour'd *MS. III, Remorse.* [In *MS. III* S. T. C. substituted 'Polluted' for 'Dishonoured.'

[294-5] Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,  
And murderers were suborned against my life

*Remorse.*

*Affixed to 296* During this speech *Alhadra* returns, and unobserved by *Alvar* and *Teresa* scans the picture, and in dumb show compares it with the countenance of *Alvar*. Then conceals it in her robe. *MS. III.*

[300] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[305] thready] thready *Remorse.*

[322] him] them *Remorse.*

[323] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[324] sins] guilt *Remorse.*

[330] all is] all as *MS. III, Remorse.*

[332] *MS. III erased.*

[332] *fol.*

ALHADRA (*aside*).

I must reserve all knowledge of this Table  
Till I can pierce the mystery of the slander—  
Form, Look, Features,—the scar below the Temple  
All, all are *Isidore's*—and the whole Picture— (*then to ALVAR.*)  
On matter of concerning Import . . .  
. . . I would discourse with you:  
Thou hast ta'en up thy sojourn in the Dell,  
Where *Zagri* liv'd—who dar'd avow the Prophet,  
And died like one of the Faithful—there expect me.

*Addition on margin of MS. III.*

[332] *om. Remorse.*

[340] While] Whilst *Remorse.*

[359] *Interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III.*

[363] Could she walk here, if she had been a traitress *Remorse.*

[535]

## ACT THE SECOND

**SCENE THE FIRST.**—*A wild and mountainous country. OSORIO and FERDINAND are discovered at a little distance from a house, which stands under the brow of a slate rock, the rock covered with vines.*

FERDINAND and OSORIO.

*Ferdinand.* Thrice you have sav'd my life. Once in the battle  
You gave it me, next rescued me from suicide,  
When for my follies I was made to wander

With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them.  
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones  
Had pillow'd my snapt joints.

5

*Osorio.* Good Ferdinand!  
Why this to me? It is enough you know it.

*Ferdinand.* A common trick of gratitude, my lord!  
Seeking to ease her own full heart.

*Osorio.* Enough.  
A debt repay'd ceases to be a debt.  
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

10

*Ferdinand.* As how, my lord? I pray you name the thing!  
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice  
To pluck a weed you fancied.

*Osorio (with embarrassment and hesitation).* Why—that—lady—

*Ferdinand.* 'Tis now three years, my lord! since last I saw you.  
Have you a son, my lord?

15

*Osorio.* O miserable!  
Ferdinand! you are a man, and know this world.  
I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth!  
She lov'd the man you kill'd!

[*Aside.*

[536]

*Ferdinand (looking as suddenly alarmed).* You jest, my lord?

*Osorio.* And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.

20

*Ferdinand.* You sport with me, my lord?

*Osorio.* Come, come, this foolery  
Lives only in thy looks—thy heart disowns it.

*Ferdinand.* I can bear this, and anything more grievous  
From you, my lord!—but how can I serve you here?

*Osorio.* Why, you can mouth set speeches solemnly,  
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics.

25

[*Ferdinand.* I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

*Osorio.* In blunt terms] you can play the sorcerer.  
She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true.  
Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense:  
Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.  
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,  
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye.  
Such ones do love the marvellous too well  
Not to believe it. We will wind her up  
With a strange music, that she knows not of,  
With fumes of frankincense, and mummerly—  
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,  
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck  
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

30

35

40

[537]

*Ferdinand (with hesitation).* Just now I should have cursed the man who told me  
You could ask aught, my lord! and I refuse.  
But this I cannot do.

*Osorio.* Where lies your scruple?

*Ferdinand.* That shark Francesco.

*Osorio.* O! an o'ersiz'd gudgeon!  
I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre,  
And now I play with him at the end of the line.  
Well—and what next?

45

*Ferdinand (stammering).* Next, next—my lord!  
You know you told me that the lady loved you,  
Had loved you with incautious tenderness.  
That if the young man, her betrothéd husband,  
Return'd, yourself, and she, and an unborn babe,  
Must perish. Now, my lord! to be a man!

50

*Osorio (aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person).* This fellow is a



man! he kill'd for hire  
One whom he knew not—yet has tender scruples.

[*Then turning to FERDINAND.*

Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering.  
Pish—fool! thou blunder'st through the devil's book,  
Spelling thy villany!

55

*Ferdinand.* My lord—my lord!  
I can bear much, yes, very much from you.  
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness!  
I am no villain, never kill'd for hire.  
My gratitude—

60

*Osorio.* O! aye, your gratitude!  
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

*Ferdinand.* Who proffers his past favours for my virtue  
Tries to o'erreach me, is a very sharper,  
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord!  
I knew not 'twas your brother!

[538]

65

*Osorio (evidently alarmed).* And who told you?

*Ferdinand.* He himself told me.

*Osorio.* Ha! you talk'd with him?  
And those, the two Morescoes, that went with you?

*Ferdinand.* Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

*Osorio (in a low voice).* My brother!

*Ferdinand.* Yes, my lord! I could not tell you:  
I thrust away the thought, it drove me wild.  
But listen to me now. I pray you, listen!

70

*Osorio.* Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

*Ferdinand.* My lord! it much imports your future safety  
That you should hear it.

*Osorio (turning off from Ferdinand).* Am I not a man?  
'Tis as it should be! Tut—the deed itself  
Was idle—and these after-pangs still idler!

75

*Ferdinand.* We met him in the very place you mention'd,  
Hard by a grove of firs.

*Osorio.* Enough! enough!

*Ferdinand.* He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;  
In fine, compell'd a parley!

80

*Osorio (sighing as if lost in thought).* Albert! Brother!

*Ferdinand.* He offer'd me his purse.

*Osorio.* Yes?

*Ferdinand.* Yes! I spurn'd it.  
He promis'd us I know not what—in vain!

Then with a look and voice which overaw'd me,  
He said—What mean you, friends? My life is dear.

85

I have a brother and a promised wife  
Who make life dear to me, and if I fall  
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.  
There was a likeness in his face to yours.

I ask'd his brother's name; he said, Osorio,  
Son of Lord Velez! I had well-nigh fainted!

90

At length I said (if that indeed I said it,  
And that no spirit made my tongue his organ),  
That woman is now pregnant by that brother,

95

And he the man who sent us to destroy you,  
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,  
He wore her portrait round his neck—he look'd  
As he had been made of the rock that propp'd him back;

[539]

Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!  
At last recovering from his trance, he threw  
His sword away, and bade us take his life—  
It was not worth his keeping.

100

*Osorio.* And you kill'd him?  
O blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!  
He was the image of the Deity. [A pause.  
It seizes me—by Hell! I will go on! 105  
What? would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!  
[Then suddenly pressing his forehead.  
Oh! cold, cold, cold—shot thro' with icy cold!

*Ferdinand (aside).* Were he alive, he had return'd ere now.  
The consequence the same, dead thro' his plotting!

*Osorio.* O this unutterable dying away here, 110  
This sickness of the heart! [A pause.  
What if I went  
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?  
Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! [A pause.  
What have I done but that which nature destin'd  
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me? 115  
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?  
And if not meant—

*Ferdinand.* How feel you now, my lord?

[OSORIO starts, looks at him wildly, then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile.

*Osorio.* A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.  
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!  
Now, Ferdinand, I swear that thou shalt aid me. 120

*Ferdinand (in a low voice).* I'll perish first! Shame on my coward heart,  
That I must slink away from wickedness  
Like a cow'd dog!

*Osorio.* What dost thou mutter of?

[540] *Ferdinand.* Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

*Osorio.* There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you. 125

*Ferdinand.* They'll know my gait. But stay! of late I have watch'd  
A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds,  
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,  
Now clamb'ring, like a runaway lunatic,  
Up to the summit of our highest mount. 130  
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,  
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near,  
I heard him mutt'ring o'er the plant. A wizard!  
Some gaunt slave, prowling out for dark employments.

*Osorio.* What may his name be?

*Ferdinand.* That I cannot tell you. 135  
Only Francesco bade an officer  
Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.  
So he was question'd, who and what he was.  
This was his answer: Say to the Lord Osorio,  
'He that can bring the dead to life again.' 140

*Osorio.* A strange reply!

[541] *Ferdinand.* Aye—all of him is strange.  
He call'd himself a Christian—yet he wears  
The Moorish robe, as if he courted death.

*Osorio.* Where does this wizard live?

*Ferdinand (pointing to a distance).* You see that brooklet?  
Trace its course backward thro' a narrow opening 145  
It leads you to the place.

*Osorio.* How shall I know it?

*Ferdinand.* You can't mistake. It is a small green dale  
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,  
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it  
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst, 150  
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over  
And makes a kind of faery forest grow  
Down in the water. At the further end

A puny cataract falls on the lake;  
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow 155  
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,  
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.  
His cot stands opposite—you cannot miss it.  
Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash  
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters 160  
O'er the new thatch.

[542]

[543]

*Osorio.* I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exit OSORIO. FERDINAND goes into his house.*]

*Scene changes.*

*The inside of a cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.*

ALBERT *and* MAURICE.

*Albert.* He doth believe himself an iron soul,  
And therefore puts he on an iron outward  
And those same mock habiliments of strength  
Hide his own weakness from himself.

*Maurice.* His weakness! 165  
Come, come, speak out! Your brother is a villain!  
Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours  
You suffer him to hold!

*Albert.* Maurice! dear Maurice!  
That my return involved Osorio's death  
I trust would give me an unmingl'd pang— 170  
Yet bearable. But when I see my father  
Strewing his scant grey hairs even on the ground  
Which soon must be his grave; and my Maria,  
Her husband proved a monster, and her infants 175  
His infants—poor Maria!—all would perish,  
All perish—all!—and I (nay bear with me!)  
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

[544]

*Maurice (much affected).* Nay, now, if I have distress'd you—you well know,  
I ne'er will quit your fortunes! true, 'tis tiresome. 180  
You are a painter—one of many fancies—  
You can call up past deeds, and make them live  
On the blank canvas, and each little herb,  
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,  
You've learnt to name—but I—

*Albert.* Well, to the Netherlands 185  
We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange  
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance  
Of our past service.

*Maurice.* Heard you not some steps?

*Albert.* What if it were my brother coming onward!  
Not very wisely (but his creature teiz'd me)  
I sent a most mysterious message to him. 190

*Maurice.* Would he not know you?

*Albert.* I unfearingly 195  
Trust this disguise. Besides, he thinks me dead;  
And what the mind believes impossible,  
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.  
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other;  
Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my voice  
A hoarser note.

*Maurice.* Most true! And Alva's Duke  
Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands  
He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon,  
During our long imprisonment.

*Enter OSORIO.*

*Albert.* It is he! 200

*Maurice.* Make yourself talk; you'll feel the less. Come, speak.

[545]

How do you find yourself? Speak to me, Albert.

*Albert (placing his hand on his heart).* A little fluttering here; but more of sorrow!

*Osorio.* You know my name, perhaps, better than me.  
I am Osorio, son of the Lord Velez.

205

*Albert (groaning aloud).* The son of Velez!

[OSORIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*

*Maurice.*

Why, what ails you now?

[ALBERT *grasps MAURICE'S hand in agitation.*

*Maurice.* How your hand trembles, Albert! Speak! what wish you?

*Albert.* To fall upon his neck and weep in anguish!

*Osorio (returning).* All very curious! from a ruin'd abbey  
Pluck'd in the moonlight. There's a strange power in weeds  
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them.  
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,  
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks  
Some serviceable imp. There's one of you,  
Who sent me a strange message.

210

*Albert.* I am he!

215

*Osorio.* I will speak with you, and by yourself.

[*Exit MAURICE.*

*Osorio.* 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'  
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,  
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

*Albert.* 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds  
That are all dust and rottenness within.  
Would'st thou I should strip such?

220

*Osorio.* Thou quibbling fool,  
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither  
To sport with thee?

*Albert.* No, no! my lord! to sport  
Best fits the gaiety of innocence!

[546]

225

*Osorio (draws back as if stung and embarrassed, then folding his arms).* O what a thing is  
Man! the wisest heart  
A fool—a fool, that laughs at its own folly,  
Yet still a fool!  
It strikes me you are poor!

[*Looks round the cottage.*

*Albert.* What follows thence?

*Osorio.* That you would fain be richer.  
Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps,  
Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.  
The Inquisition—hey? You understand me,  
And you are poor. Now I have wealth and power,  
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty.  
And for this service, all I ask you is  
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

230

235

*Albert (solemnly).* Thou art the son of Velez! Would to Heaven  
That I could truly and for ever serve thee!

*Osorio.* The canting scoundrel softens.

[*Aside.*

You are my friend!  
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'  
Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren  
Believe these calumnies. I know thee better.

240

[*Then with great bitterness.*

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

*Albert.* Alas, this hollow mirth! Declare your business!

*Osorio.* I love a lady, and she would love me  
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.  
Have you no servants round the house? no listeners?

245

*Albert.* What! faithless too? false to his angel wife?  
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,  
Ill-starr'd Maria! Wretch! my softer soul  
Is pass'd away! and I will probe his conscience.

250

[547]

*Osorio (returned).* In truth this lady loved another man,  
But he has perish'd.

*Albert.* What? you kill'd him? hey?

*Osorio.* I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it,  
Thou slave! thou galley-slave! thou mountebank!  
I leave thee to the hangman!

255

*Albert.* Fare you well!  
I pity you, Osorio! even to anguish!

[ALBERT *retires off the stage.*]

*Osorio (recovering himself).* 'Twas ideotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,  
And wear a Fool's Cap. Ho!

[*Calling after ALBERT.*]

*Albert (returning).* Be brief, what wish you?

*Osorio.* You are deep at bartering—you charge yourself  
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

260

*Albert.* I listen to you.

*Osorio.* In a sudden tempest  
Did Albert perish—he, I mean, the lover—  
The fellow—

*Albert.* Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart  
To call him villain! Why stand'st thou aghast?  
Men think it natural to hate their rivals!

265

*Osorio (hesitating and half doubting whether he should proceed).* Now till she knows him  
dead she will not wed me!

*Albert (with eager vehemence).* Are you not wedded, then? Merciful God!  
Not wedded to Maria?

*Osorio.* Why, what ails thee?  
Art mad or drunk? Why look'st thou upward so?  
Dost pray to Lucifer, prince of the air?

270

[548]

*Albert.* Proceed. I shall be silent.

[ALBERT *sits, and leaning on the table hides his face.*]

*Osorio.* To Maria!  
Politick wizard! ere you sent that message,  
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient  
In all my fortunes! Hah! you prophesied  
A golden crop!—well, you have not mistaken—  
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

275

*Albert (lifting up his head).* Well—and this lady!

*Osorio.* If we could make her certain of his death,  
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,  
She tied a little portrait round his neck  
Entreating him to wear it.

280

*Albert (sighing).* Yes! he did so!

*Osorio.* Why, no! he was afraid of accidents,  
Of robberies and shipwrecks, and the like.  
In secrecy he gave it me to keep  
Till his return.

285

*Albert.* What, he was your friend then?

*Osorio (wounded and embarrassed).* I was his friend.

[*A pause.*]

Now that he gave it me  
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—  
Can call this dead man up—he will not come—  
He is in heaven then!—there you have no influence—

290

Still there are tokens; and your imps may bring you  
Something he wore about him when he died.  
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar  
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.  
What say you now?

295

*Albert (after a long pause).* Osorio, I will do it.

*Osorio.* Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow  
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Velez.  
I will prepare him. Music, too, and incense,  
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture—  
And here what you will value more, a purse.  
Before the dusk—

300

*Albert.* I will not fail to meet you.

*Osorio.* Till next we meet, farewell!

[549]

*Albert (alone, gazes passionately at the portrait).* And I did curse thee?  
At midnight? on my knees? And I believed  
*Thee* perjured, *thee* polluted, *thee* a murderess?  
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!  
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,  
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows,  
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image  
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment  
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble.  
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant  
Who spake pollutions of thee!  
I am unworthy of thy love, Maria!  
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,  
Which ever smil'd on me! Yet do not scorn me.  
I lisp'd thy name ere I had learnt my mother's!

305

310

315

*Enter MAURICE.*

*Albert.* Maurice! that picture, which I painted for thee,  
Of my assassination.

*Maurice.* I'll go fetch it.

*Albert.* Haste! for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd.

320

[MAURICE goes out.]

*Albert (gazing at the portrait).* Dear image! rescued from a traitor's keeping,  
I will not now prophane thee, holy image!  
To a dark trick! That worst bad man shall find  
A picture which shall wake the hell within him,  
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience!

325

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

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## LINENOTES:

*Before 1*

*A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.*

*Ord.* Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,  
Yet we secured from listeners.

*Isid.* Now indeed  
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters  
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock  
That overbrows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!  
Thrice have you sav'd my life.

*Remorse.*

[6] Had been my bed and pillow *Remorse.*

[12] And how, my Lord, I pray you to name *Remorse.*

[14] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[17] this world] mankind *Remorse.*

[19] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Between [24](#) and 26

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture  
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning

*Remorse.*

[27-8] *The words in square brackets are interpolated in MS. I. They are in their place, as here, in MSS. II, III, and in Remorse.*

[31] on] upon *Remorse.*

[34-5] And such do love the marvellous too well  
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy

*Remorse.*

Between [40](#) and 41

*Isid.* Will that be a sure sign?

*Ord.* Beyond suspicion.  
Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,  
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses.)  
She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,  
As made this heart pour gall into my veins,  
And as she coyly bound it round his neck,  
She made him promise silence; and now holds  
The secret of the existence of this portrait  
Known only to her lover and herself.  
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,  
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

*Remorse.*

[41] *Isid.* But now, &c. *Remorse.*

[44-7] *om. Remorse.*

[47] *Isidore.* Why—why, my lord! *Remorse.*

Between [50](#) and 53

Return'd, yourself, and she, and the honour of both  
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples  
Than those which being native to the heart,  
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

*Remorse.*

Stage-direction before [53](#) *om. Remorse.*

[55-6] These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—  
Pish, fool! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt

*Remorse.*

After [63](#) *Ord.* Virtue—*Remorse.*

[64] *Isid.* Tries to o'erreach me, &c. *Remorse.*

[66] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[68] And those, the two Morescoes who were with you? *Remorse.*

[75] Am not I a man? *Remorse.*

[81] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[84] which] that *Remorse.*

[93] his] its *Remorse.*

[94] That woman is dishonoured *Remorse.*

[98] him] his *Remorse.*

[100] last] length *Remorse.*

[103] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[104] He was his Maker's image undefac'd *Remorse.*

[106] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[111] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[113] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[117] *Isidore.* You are disturb'd, my lord *Remorse.*

After [117](#) *Ord.* (*starts*). A gust, &c. *Remorse.*

[121-3] Shame . . . dog *om. Remorse.*

Between [125](#) and 140.

*Isidore.* They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,  
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.  
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale  
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance  
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,  
That mid the chequer work of light and shade,  
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,  
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once  
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—  
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

*Ordonio.* Doubtless you question'd him?

*Isidore.* 'Twas my intention,  
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.  
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies  
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)  
Had given commission to his apt familiar  
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,  
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.  
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him  
In that lone place, again concealed myself;  
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,  
And in your name, as lord of this domain,  
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio,

*Remorse.*

[143] robe] robes *Remorse.*

[144] Stage-direction, a] *the Remorse.*

[147] You cannot err. It is a small green dell *Remorse.*

Between 158 and 205:

*Ordonio (in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to ISIDORE).* Ha! Who lurks there! Have we been overheard?  
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters—

*Isidore.* 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,  
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?  
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,  
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,  
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.  
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,  
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,  
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

*Ordonio.* 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.

*Isidore.* Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash  
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters  
O'er the old thatch.

*Ordonio.* I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt* ORDONIO and ISIDORE.]

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## SCENE II.

*The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA, as on the point of leaving.*

*Alhadra (addressing ALVAR).* Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,  
Aught evil or ignoble never can I  
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,  
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need  
Of such a leader.

*Alvar.* Nobly minded woman!  
Long time against oppression have I fought,  
And for the native liberty of faith  
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:  
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls  
The volume of concealment. In the future,  
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,  
The indistinguishable blots and colours  
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,  
Upstarting in their own completed image  
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,  
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear  
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form  
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose  
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!



Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,  
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:  
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.  
Once more, farewell.

[Exit ALHADRA.

Yes, to the Belgic states  
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,  
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.  
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice  
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance  
Of our past services.

*Zulimez.* And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,  
You let a murderer hold?

*Alvar.* O faithful Zulimez!  
That my return involved Ordonio's death,  
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,  
Yet bearable:—but when I see my father  
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,  
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—  
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants  
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,  
All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)  
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

*Zulimez.* Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know,  
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome:  
You are a painter, one of many fancies!  
You can call up past deeds, and make them live  
On the blank canvass! and each little herb,  
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,  
You have learnt to name—

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

*Alvar.* What if it were my brother coming onwards?  
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

*Alvar.* It is he!

*Ordonio (to himself as he enters).* If I distinguished right her gait and stature,  
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,  
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,  
In the night air, doth not more naturally  
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror  
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[Addressing ALVAR.

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.

*Remorse.*

[For lines 31-46 of *Remorse*, Act II, Scene II, vide *supra* *Osorio*, Act II, Scene II, lines [169-84](#).]

*Stage-direction preceding 162:*

*Albert and an old servant both drest as Morescoes. Corr. in MS. III.*

[162-6] *MS. III erased.*

[167-8] And all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours  
You let a murderer hold!

*Albert.* O faithful Ali

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[184-7] *Albert.* Yes to the Netherlands  
We will return, these robes this stained complexion  
Akin to Falsehood, weigh upon my spirit  
What e'er befall us, the heroic Maurice  
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance  
Of our past service.

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[200] *After Enter OSORIO.*

Be quick

Remove these tablets—quick conceal it—

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[201-3] *om. MS. III.*

*Stage-directions (groaning, &c.) before 206, and (Albert, &c.) after 206 om. Remorse.*

[206] *Zul. (to Alvar).* Why, &c. *Remorse.*

[208] in anguish] forgiveness *Remorse.*

[209-10] *Ord. (returning and aloud).*

Plucked in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—  
Those only, which the pale rays visited!  
O the unintelligible power of weeds,

*Remorse.*

[215] Who] Hath *Remorse*.

[216] *Ord.* With you, then, I am to speak.

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*

And mark you, alone.

[*Exit ZULIMEZ.*

*Remorse.*

[224] No, no!] O no! *Remorse*.

[225] fits] suits *Remorse*.

*Before 226 Ord. (aside).* O what a, &c. *Remorse.*

[228] Yet still a fool!

[*Looks round the cottage.*

You are poor!

*Remorse.*

[230-3] The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?  
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power

*Remorse.*

[235] And for the boon I ask of you but this *Remorse*.

[237] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[239] *Ord.* The slave begins to soften.

[*aside.*

You are my friend

*Remorse.*

*After 242 Stage-direction om. Remorse.*

[244] *Alv. (aside).* Alas! &c. *Remorse.*

[247] Have you no servants here, &c.? *Remorse.*

[252] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[255-9] Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

[*Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*

Why! What's this?

'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,  
And wear a fool's cap—

*Alvar.* Fare thee well—  
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[*ALVAR is retiring.*

*Ordonio.* Ho!

[*Calling to ALVAR.*

*Alvar.* Be brief, &c.

*Remorse.*

[267] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[268] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* God] Heaven *Remorse.*

[270] What, art thou mad? Why look'st thou upward so? *Remorse.*

[272] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[278] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* Well—and this lady! Pray, proceed my lord *MS. III. erased.*

[282] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

*Before and after 287 Stage-direction om. Remorse.*

[290] this] the *Remorse.*

[296] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[297] *Ordonio.* We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night, *Remorse.*

[300-2] (For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)  
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,  
And here, what you will value more, a purse.  
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

*Remorse.*

[303] *Exit ORDONIO.* *ALVAR (alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes, &c. Remorse.*

[305] Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! Thee dishonour'd! *Remorse.*

Between [312](#) and 313:

Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life  
This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow  
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-pang!

*Remorse.*

*Affixed to [318-19](#) omitted.*

*(Ali re-enters).*

Ali! new Hope, new joy! A life thrills thro' me  
As if renew'd from Heaven! Bring back that tablet  
Restor'd to me by a fortunate Star. This picture  
Of my assassination will I leave  
As the token of my Fate:—  
Haste, for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd

*[Exit Ali.*

*MS. III.*

[318-20](#) and stage-directions [*Maurice, &c.; (gazing, &c.) om. Remorse.*

[[321](#)] image] portrait *Remorse.*

[[324](#)] shall] will *Remorse.*

[[550](#)]

## ACT THE THIRD

**SCENE THE FIRST.**—*A hall of armory, with an altar in the part farthest from the stage.*

VELEZ, OSORIO, MARIA.

*Maria.* Lord Velez! you have ask'd my presence here,  
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me!)  
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery!

*[Here ALBERT enters in a sorcerer's robe.*

[[551](#)]

*Maria (to Albert).* Stranger! I mourn and blush to see *you* here  
On such employments! With far other thoughts  
I left you.

[5](#)

*Osorio (aside).* Ha! he has been tampering with her!

*Albert.* O high-soul'd maiden, and more dear to me  
Than suits the stranger's name, I swear to thee,  
I will uncover all concealed things!  
Doubt, but decide not!

Stand from off the altar.

[10](#)

*[Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes, from an instrument of glass or steel—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.*

*Albert.* With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm  
I call up the departed. Soul of Albert!  
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spells:  
So may the gates of Paradise unbarr'd  
Cease thy swift toils, since haply thou art one  
Of that innumerable company,  
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,  
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,  
With noise too vast and constant to be heard—  
Fitliest unheard! For, O ye numberless  
And rapid travellers! what ear unstun'd,  
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against  
The rushing of your congregated wings?  
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!  
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,  
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,  
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,  
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night.  
And ye build up on the becalmed waves  
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven  
Stands vast, and moves in blackness. Ye too split  
The ice-mountain, and with fragments many and huge,  
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs

15

[20](#)

[25](#)

30

Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff.  
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,  
Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,  
And joins your mighty army.

35

Soul of Albert!

[552] Hear the mild spell and tempt no blacker charm.  
By sighs unquiet and the sickly pang  
Of an half dead yet still undying hope,  
Pass visible before our mortal sense;  
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,  
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead.

40

#### THE SONG

(*Sung behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*)

Hear, sweet spirit! hear the spell  
Lest a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep long-lingering knell.  
And at evening evermore  
In a chapel on the shore  
Shall the chanters sad and saintly,  
Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
Doleful masses chant for thee,  
Miserere, Domine!

45

Hark! the cadence dies away  
On the quiet moonlight sea,  
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,  
Miserere, Domine!

55

[*A long pause.*]

*Osorio.* This was too melancholy, father!

*Velez.* Nay!

My Albert lov'd sad music from a child.  
Once he was lost; and after weary search  
We found him in an open place of the wood,  
To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy  
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore  
Some strangely-moving notes, and these, he said,  
Were taught him in a dream; him we first saw  
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;  
And, lower down, poor Albert fast asleep,  
His head upon the blind boy's dog—it pleased me  
To mark, how he had fasten'd round the pipe  
A silver toy, his grandmother had given him.  
Methinks I see him now, as he then look'd.  
His infant dress was grown too short for him,  
Yet still he wore it.

60

65

70

[553]

*Albert (aside).* My tears must not flow—  
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!

*Osorio.* The innocent obey nor charm nor spell.  
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit  
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!  
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,  
O 'twere a joy to me.

75

*Albert (abruptly).* A joy to thee!  
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit  
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee,  
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?  
What if, his steadfast eye still beaming pity  
And brother's love, he turn'd his head aside,  
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look  
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

80

85

*Velez.* These are unholy fancies!

*Osorio (struggling with his feelings).* Yes, my father!  
He is in heaven!

*Albert (still to Osorio).* But what if this same brother  
Had lived even so, that at his dying hour  
The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face  
More than the death-pang?

90

*Maria.* Idly-prating man!  
He was most virtuous.

*Albert (still to Osorio).* What if his very virtues  
Had pamper'd his swoln heart, and made him proud?  
And what if pride had duped him into guilt,  
Yet still he stalk'd, a self-created God,  
Not very bold, but excellently cunning;  
And one that at his mother's looking-glass,  
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?  
Young lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings,—  
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,  
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,  
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,  
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!  
Away! away! Now let me hear more music.

95

[554]

100

[*Music as before.*]

*Albert.* The spell is mutter'd—come, thou wandering shape,  
Who own'st no master in an eye of flesh,  
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it or foul,  
If he be dead, come quick, and bring with thee  
That which he grasp'd in death; and if he lives,  
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

105

110

[*The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.*]

Wandering demon! hear the spell  
Lest a blacker charm compel!

[*A thunder-clap. The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly.*]

*Maria.* This is some trick—I know, it is a trick.  
Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,  
Would fain give substance to the shadow.

[555]

[555:1]

*Velez (advancing to the altar).* Hah!  
A picture!

115

*Maria.* O God! my picture?

*Albert (gazing at Maria with wild impatient distressfulness).*  
Pale—pale—deadly pale!

*Maria.* He grasp'd it when he died.

[*She swoons. ALBERT rushes to her and supports her.*]

*Albert.* My love! my wife!  
Pale—pale, and cold! My love! my wife! Maria!

[*VELEZ is at the altar. OSORIO remains near him in a state of stupor.*]

*Osorio (rousing himself).* Where am I? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.

120

*Velez (takes and conceals the picture in his robe).* This way, my son! She must not see this  
picture.  
Go, call the attendants! Life will soon ebb back!

[*VELEZ and OSORIO leave the stage.*]

*Albert.* Her pulse doth flutter. Maria! my Maria!

*Maria (recovering—looks round).* I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,  
I hear that voice, and wake; and try, and try,  
To hear it waking—but I never could!  
And 'tis so now—even so! Well, he is dead,  
Murder'd perhaps! and I am faint, and feel  
As if it were no painful thing to die!

125

*Albert (eagerly).* Believe it not, sweet maid! believe it not,  
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture  
Framed by a guilty wretch.

130

*Maria.* Ha! who art thou?

*Albert (exceedingly agitated).* My heart bursts over thee!

*Maria.* Didst thou murder him?  
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man!  
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

[556]

135

*Albert (aside).* Let me be gone.

*Maria.* If thou didst murder him,  
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,  
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,  
With tears in heaven!

*Albert.* Albert was not murder'd.  
Your foster-mother—

*Maria.* And doth she know aught? 140

*Albert.* She knows not aught—but haste thou to her cottage  
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.  
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.

*Maria (wildly).* Nay—nay—but tell me!

[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*]

Ah! 'tis lost again! [*A pause—she gazes at ALBERT.*]  
This dead confused pain! 145  
Mysterious man!  
Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye  
Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.

[*Exeunt ALBERT and MARIA.*]

*Re-enter VELEZ and OSORIO.*

*Velez (sportively).* You shall not see the picture, till you own it. [556:1]

*Osorio.* This mirth and raillery, sir! beseem your age.  
I am content to be more serious. [556:2] 150

[557]

*Velez.* Do you think I did not scent it from the first?  
An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.  
'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed you,  
I'faith, the likeness is most admirable.  
I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer 155  
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him!

*Osorio.* Where should I get her portrait?

*Velez.* Get her portrait?  
Portrait? You mean the picture! At the painter's—  
No difficulty then—but that you lit upon 160  
A fellow that could play the sorcerer,  
With such a grace and terrible majesty,  
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply  
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,  
And half made love to her! I suppose you'll ask me  
Why did he so?

*Osorio (with deep tones of suppressed agitation).* Ay, wherefore did he so? 165

*Velez.* Because you bade him—and an excellent thought!  
A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.  
He'll wind into her confidence, and rout  
A host of scruples—come, confess, Osorio!

*Osorio.* You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye,  
In this, your merry mood! you see it all! 170

*Velez.* Why, no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,  
At least, not wholly, what his speeches meant.  
Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—  
Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you, 175  
And you pretended to look strange and tremble.  
Why—why—what ails you now?

*Osorio (with a stupid stare).* Me? why? what ails me?  
A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd  
At any other time. Why scan you me?

*Velez (clapping him on the shoulder).* 'Twon't do—'twon't do—I have lived too long in the 180  
world.  
His speech about the corse and stabs and murderers,  
Had reference to the assassins in the picture:  
That I made out.

*Osorio (with a frantic eagerness).* Assassins! what assassins!

Velez. Well-acted, on my life! Your curiosity  
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf.  
I dare not stand in its way.

185

[*He shows OSORIO the picture.*

[558]

Osorio. Dup'd—dup'd—dup'd!  
That villain Ferdinand! (*aside*).

Velez. Dup'd—dup'd—not I.  
As he swept by me—

Osorio. Ha! *what* did he say?

Velez. He caught his garment up and hid his face.  
It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress—

190

Osorio. A laugh! a laugh! O hell! he laughs at me!

Velez. It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.

Osorio. A choking laugh!

[*A pause—then very wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father!  
I am most glad of this!

Velez. Glad!—aye—to be sure.

Osorio. I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down  
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark—  
And every inch of this my flesh did feel  
As if a cold toad touch'd it! Now 'tis sunshine,  
And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!

195

[*He turns off—then (to himself) mimicking FERDINAND'S manner.* [\[558:1\]](#)

'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!  
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect  
His own full heart,' 'twere good to see its colour!

200

Velez (*looking intently at the picture*). Calm, yet commanding! how he bares his breast,  
Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,  
As penitence had run before their crime.  
A crime too black for aught to follow it  
Save blasphemous despair! See *this* man's face—  
With what a difficult toil he drags his soul  
To do the deed.

205

[*Then to OSORIO.*

O this was delicate flattery  
To poor Maria, and I love thee for it!

210

Osorio (*in a slow voice with a reasoning laugh*). Love—love—and then we hate—and what?  
and wherefore?

Hatred and love. Strange things! both strange alike!  
What if one reptile sting another reptile,  
Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature  
Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it.  
Are we not all predestined rottenness  
And cold dishonor? Grant it that this hand  
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms  
Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this?  
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy  
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

215

220

[559]

Velez. Wild talk, my child! but thy excess of feeling  
Sometimes, I fear, it will unhinge his brain!

[*Turns off from OSORIO.*

Osorio. I kill a man and lay him in the sun,  
And in a month there swarm from his dead body  
A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings  
In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.  
Now who shall tell me, that each one and all,  
Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy  
As that one life, which being shov'd aside  
Made room for these ten thousand? [\[559:1\]](#)

225

230

Velez. Wild as madness!

Osorio. Come, father! you have taught me to be merry,  
And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.

Velez (*holding the picture before Osorio*). That Moor, who points his sword at Albert's breast

— —  
*Osorio (abruptly)*. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,  
Whom I will strangle! 235

*Velez*. And these other two— —

*Osorio*. Dead—dead already!—what care I for the dead?

*Velez*. The heat of brain and your too strong affection  
For Albert, fighting with your other passion,  
Unsettle you, and give reality 240  
To these your own contrivings.

[560]

*Osorio*. Is it so?  
You see through all things with *your* penetration.  
Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria?  
My heart doth ache to see her.

*Velez*. Nay—defer it!  
Defer it, dear Osorio! I will go. [Exit VELEZ. 245

*Osorio*. A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea—  
And now 'tis gone! all may be done this night!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Osorio*. There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,  
One Ferdinand.

*Servant*. He lives in the Alpuxarras,  
Beneath a slate rock.

*Osorio*. Slate rock?

*Servant*. Yes, my lord! 250  
If you had seen it, you must have remember'd  
The flight of steps his children had worn up it  
With often clambering.

*Osorio*. Well, it may be so.

*Servant*. Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year  
'Tis hid by vines.

*Osorio (in a muttering voice)*. The cavern—aye—the cavern.  
He cannot fail to find it. [To the Servant. 255

Where art going?  
You must deliver to this Ferdinand  
A letter. Stay till I have written it. [Exit the Servant.

*Osorio (alone)*. The tongue can't stir when the mouth is fill'd with mould.  
A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths, 260  
And a square stone with a few pious texts  
Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.

*Scene changes to the space before the castle.*

FRANCESCO and a Spy.

*Francesco*. Yes! yes! I have the key of all their lives.  
If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.  
And if I can, and do not ruin him, 265  
He is fast bound to serve and honour me!

[ALBERT enters from the castle, and is crossing the stage.

*Spy*. There—there—your Reverence! That is the sorcerer.

[FRANCESCO runs up and rudely catches hold of ALBERT. ALBERT dashes  
him to the earth. FRANCESCO and the Spy make an uproar, and the  
servants rush from out the castle.

[561]

*Francesco*. Seize, seize and gag him! or the Church curses you!

[The servants seize and gag ALBERT.

*Enter VELEZ and OSORIO.*

*Osorio (aside)*. This is most lucky!



*Francesco (inarticulate with rage).* See you this, Lord Velez?  
Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery, 270  
And in the name of Holy Church command you  
To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord!  
Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.  
This imp of hell—but we delay enquiry  
Till to Granada we have convoy'd him. 275

*Osorio (to the Servants).* Why haste you not? Go, fly and dungeon him!  
Then bring the keys and give them to his Reverence.

[*The Servants hurry off* ALBERT. OSORIO *goes up to* FRANCESCO, *and pointing at* ALBERT.]

*Osorio (with a laugh).* 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'

*Francesco.* What? did *you* hear it?

*Osorio.* Yes, and plann'd this scheme  
To bring conviction on him. Ho! a wizard, 280  
Thought I—but where's the proof! I plann'd this scheme.  
The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.

*Francesco.* My lord, your pious policy astounds me.  
I trust my honest zeal—

*Osorio.* Nay, reverend father!  
It has but raised my veneration for you. 285  
But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk  
Between my servants and this child of darkness.

*Francesco.* My lord! with speed I'll go, make swift return,  
And humbly redeliver you the keys.

[*Exit* FRANCESCO.]

*Osorio (alone).* 'The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking weeds.'  
And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-brother!  
O! I am green, a very simple stripling—  
The wise men of this world make nothing of me.  
By Heaven, 'twas well contrived! And I, forsooth,  
I was to cut my throat in honour of conscience. 295  
And this tall wizard—ho!—he was to pass  
For Albert's friend! He *hath* a trick of his manner.  
He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,

[562]

And win her to a transfer of her love  
By lamentable tales of her dear Albert, 300  
And his dear Albert! Yea, she would have lov'd him.  
He, that can sigh out in a woman's ear  
Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,  
And sob and smile with veering sympathy,  
And, now and then, as if by accident, 305  
Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek  
With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,  
He takes his place, for certain! Dusky rogue,  
Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,  
Then steal away and roll upon my grave, 310  
Till thy sides shook with laughter? Blood! blood! blood!  
They want thy blood! thy blood, Osorio!

[END OF ACT THE THIRD.]

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## FOOTNOTES:

[555:1] In MS. II this speech is crossed out, and on the blank page opposite the following is written in Coleridge's hand:—

'Instead of Maria's portrait, Albert places on the altar a small picture of his attempted assassination. The scene is not wholly without *poetical* merit, but it is miserably undramatic, or rather untragic. A scene of magic is introduced in which no single person on the stage has the least faith—all, though in different ways, think or know it to be a *trick*—consequently, &c.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 494, *Editor's Note*.

In MS. III the following stage-direction is written (in S. T. C.'s handwriting) on the page opposite to lines 113-15:—

'Albert has placed on the altar a small picture representing the attempt to assassinate him, instead of the portrait of Maria which Osorio had given him.'

[556:1] In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Velez supposes the picture is an innocent contrivance of Osorio's to remove Maria's scruples: Osorio, that it is the portrait of Maria

which he had himself given the supposed Wizard.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 495, *Editors Note*.

In MS. III Coleridge wrote on the opposite page:—'Velez supposes the picture which represents the attempt to assassinate Albert, to have been a mere invention contrived by Osorio with the most innocent intentions. Osorio supposes it of course, to be the *portrait* of Maria which he had restored to Albert!'

[556:2] The transcriber of MS. I had here written 'superstitious', which is marked through with ink, and 'serious' is substituted, in Coleridge's own hand. In MS. II 'superstitious' is left undisturbed. *P. W.*, 1893, p. 495, *Editor's Note*. In MS. III 'serious' is erased and 'superstitious' is superscribed.

[558:1] In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Osorio immediately supposes that this wizard whom Ferdinand had recommended to him, was in truth, an accomplice of Ferdinand, to whom the whole secret had been betrayed.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 496, *Editor's Note*.

[559:1] Opposite the passage in MS. II the following is written in the transcriber's hand:—

Ce malheur, dites-vous, est le bien d'un autre être—  
De mon corps tout sanglant, mille insectes vont naître.  
Quand la mort met le comble aux maux que j'ai souffert,  
Le beau soulagement d'être mangé de vers!  
Je ne suis du grand TOUT qu'une faible partie—  
Oui; mais les animaux condamnés à la vie  
Sous les êtres sentants nés sous la même loi  
Vivent dans la douleur, et meurent comme moi.

*Désastre de Lisbonne. P. W.*, 1893, p. 491, *Editor's Note*.

## LINENOTES:

Before [1](#)

### ACT III.

**SCENE 1.**—*A Hall of armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel. VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

*Ord.* This was too melancholy, father.

*Val.* Nay,  
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.  
Once he was lost; and after weary search  
We found him in an open place in [of *Osor.*] the wood,  
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,  
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore  
Some strangely-moving notes: and these, he said,  
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw  
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;  
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,  
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me  
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe

A silver toy his ] grandmother had *Osor.*  
                              ] grandam had late given him.

Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—

[ His infant dress was grown too short for him, *Osor.*  
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,

Yet still he wore it.

*Alv. (aside).* My tears must not flow!  
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

*Enter TERESA and attendants.*

*Remorse.*

[These lines with the variants as noted above are included in *Osorio*, Act III, lines [58-74](#).]

After [3](#) stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Between [3](#) and 4

*Ordonio.* Believe you then no preternatural influence?

[ Believe you not that spirits throng around us?  
I thought you held that spirits throng'd around us?

*Corr. in MS. III.*

*Ter.* Say rather that I have imagined it  
A possible thing; and it has sooth'd my soul

As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me  
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,  
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

*Remorse.*

[4] you] you *Remorse.*

[5] employments] employment *Remorse.*

[9] things] guilt *Remorse.*

[10] Stand ye from the altar *Remorse.*

After 10 [*Here, &c. . . . scene Remorse.*

[13] spells] spell *Remorse.*

[21] unstun'd] unstunn'd *Remorse.*

After 23 [*Music Remorse.*

[29] build up] upbuild *Remorse.*

[37] [*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet Spirit.'* *Remorse.*

After 43 SONG.—*Behind the scenes, &c. Remorse.*

[50] chanters] chaunter *Remorse.*

[58-74] are printed as ll. 1-17, *Act III, Sc. 1 Remorse.*

[61] of] in *Remorse.*

[70-72] A silver toy his grandam had late given him,  
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—  
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,

*Remorse, Act III, ll. 13-15.*

[79] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[87] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[88-9] But what if he had a brother,  
Who had lived even so

*Remorse.*

[91-2] Valdez. Idly prating man!  
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother  
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!  
He is most virtuous.

*Remorse.*

[96] excellently] exquisitely *Remorse.*

Between 104 and 105

[*Music again.*

*Teresa.* 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!  
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer  
Be present at these lawless mysteries,  
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!  
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—  
Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal  
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence  
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek  
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,  
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

*Alv. (to TERESA).*  
O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit  
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt  
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant. Music as before.*

*Remorse.*

[106] an eye of flesh] a human eye *Remorse.*

[108] come quick] O come *Remorse.*

[109] and if he lives] but if he live *Remorse.*

After 110 *The whole music clashes into a Chorus Remorse.*

[111] demon] demons *Remorse.*

113 *fol.* For the rest of Act III, as published in *Remorse*, vide *post* pp. 851-8. According to the Editor of *Osorio* as first published in 1873, 'The rest of this Act is entirely different in the published *Remorse.*' This statement needs qualification. The remainder of Act III of *Osorio* was rewritten, much was omitted, much added, and the 'dramatic ordonnance' of this part of the play was remodelled on a different plan, but the following lines 174-82, 195-

202, 210-31 and 246-7 were included, with certain alterations, in *Remorse*. See *Remorse*, Act III, Scene II, ll. [64-71](#), [79-87](#), [94-114](#) and [185-6](#).

[140-3] *And . . . come MS. III erased.*

After [146](#)

Doth swim with love and pity—Well Ordonio  
O my foreboding Spirit, he suborn'd thee,  
And thou didst spare his life

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[299] *interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH

**SCENE THE FIRST.**—*A cavern, dark except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side of the further end of it, supposed to be cast on it from a cranny [crevice Remorse] in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

[FERDINAND *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

*Ferdinand.* Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this  
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!  
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.  
Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!  
His life in danger—no place safe but this.  
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude!  
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.  
It cannot be!

[5](#)

[563]

Thanks to that little cranny  
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.  
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,  
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep,  
'Twere better than this dreary noise of water-drops!

[10](#)

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, [and returns. Remorse] returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.*

A hellish pit! O God—'tis like my night-mair!  
I was just in!—and those damn'd fingers of ice  
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha! what's that? it moved!

[15](#)

[FERDINAND *stands [motionless MS. III erased] staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time OSORIO enters with a torch and hollas to him [halloes to ISIDORE Remorse].*

*Ferdinand.* I swear, I saw a something moving there!  
The moonshine came and went, like a flash of lightning.  
I swear, I saw it move!

[OSORIO *goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*

*Osorio.* A jutting clay-stone  
Drips on the long lank weed that grows beneath;  
And the weed nods and drips.

[564]

*Ferdinand (forcing a faint laugh).* A joke to laugh at!  
It was not that which frighten'd me, my lord!

[20](#)

*Osorio.* What frighten'd you?

*Ferdinand.* You see that little cranny?  
But first permit me,

[*Lights his torch at OSORIO'S, and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand  
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath  
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours  
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)[\[564:11\]](#)  
You see that cranny there?

[25](#)

*Osorio.* Well, what of that?

*Ferdinand.* I walk'd up to it, meaning to sit there.  
When I had reach'd it within twenty paces—

[565]

[FERDINAND *starts as if he felt the terror over again.*

[OSORIO *goes and returns.*

*Osorio.* It must have shot some pleasant feelings thro' you?

*Ferdinand.* If every atom of a dead man's flesh  
Should move, each one with a particular life,  
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!  
Or if it drizzled needle-points of frost  
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

35

*Osorio (interrupting him).* Why, Ferdinand! I blush for thy cowardice.  
It would have startled any man, I grant thee.  
But such a panic.

*Ferdinand.* When a boy, my lord!  
I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm,  
Push'd in huge stones and heard them thump and rattle  
Against its horrid sides; and hung my head  
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments  
Sunk, with faint crash, in that still groaning well,  
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never  
A living thing came near; unless, perchance,  
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould,  
Close at its edge.

40

45

*Osorio.* Art thou more coward now?

*Ferdinand.* Call him that fears his fellow-men a coward.  
I fear not man. But this inhuman cavern  
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.  
Besides (you'll laugh, my lord!) but true it is,  
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted<sup>[565:1]</sup>  
By what had pass'd between us in the morning.  
I saw you in a thousand hideous ways,  
And doz'd and started, doz'd again and started.  
I do entreat your lordship to believe me,  
In my last dream—

50

[566]

55

*Osorio.* Well?

*Ferdinand.* I was in the act  
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra  
Waked me. She heard my heart beat!

*Osorio.* Strange enough!  
Had you been here before?

60

*Ferdinand.* Never, my lord!  
But my eyes do not see it now more clearly  
Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.

[OSORIO *stands in a deep study—then, after a pause.*

*Osorio.* There is no reason why it should be so.  
And yet it is.

*Ferdinand.* What is, my lord?

*Osorio.* Unpleasant  
To kill a man!

65

*Ferdinand.* Except in self-defence.

*Osorio.* Why that's my case: and yet 'tis still unpleasant.  
At least I find it so! But you, perhaps,  
Have stronger nerves?

[567]

*Ferdinand.* Something doth trouble you.  
How can I serve you? By the life you gave me,  
By all that makes that life of value to me,  
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,  
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,  
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!  
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,  
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness  
(When ten yards off, we know, 'tis chearful moonlight)  
Collects the guilt and crowds it round the heart.  
It must be innocent.

70

75

	<i>Osorio.</i> Thyself be judge.	
	[ <i>OSORIO walks round the cavern—then looking round it.</i>	
	One of our family knew this place well.	<a href="#">80</a>
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> Who? when? my lord.	
	<i>Osorio.</i> What boots it who or when?	
	Hang up the torch. I'll tell his tale to thee.	
	[ <i>They hang [up] their torches in some shelf of [on some ridge in Remorse] the cavern.</i>	
	<i>Osorio.</i> He was a man different from other men, And he despised them, yet revered himself. <a href="#">[567:1]</a>	
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> What? he was mad?	
	<i>Osorio.</i> All men seem'd mad to him,	<a href="#">85</a>
<a href="#">[568]</a>	Their actions noisome folly, and their talk— A goose's gabble was more musical. Nature had made him for some other planet, And press'd his soul into a human shape By accident or malice. In this world He found no fit companion!	
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> Ah, poor wretch! Madmen are mostly proud.	<a href="#">90</a>
	<i>Osorio.</i> He walk'd alone, And phantasies, unsought for, troubled him. Something within would still be shadowing out All possibilities, and with these shadows His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd, A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest: To this in moody murmur, and low voice, He yielded utterance as some talk in sleep. The man who heard him—	<a href="#">95</a>
	Why didst thou look round?	<a href="#">100</a>
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> I have a prattler three years old, my lord! In truth he is my darling. As I went From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep— But I am talking idly—pray go on! And what did this man?	
	<i>Osorio.</i> With his human hand He gave a being and reality To that wild fancy of a possible thing. Well it was done.	<a href="#">105</a>
	Why babblest thou of guilt? The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off. And he, whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?	<a href="#">110</a>
	[ <i>Then very wildly.</i>	
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> I would, my lord, you were by <i>my</i> fireside! I'd listen to you with an eager eye, Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight. But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord!	
	<i>Osorio.</i> Where was I?	
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> He of whom you tell the tale—	<a href="#">115</a>
<a href="#">[569]</a>	<i>Osorio.</i> Surveying all things with a quiet scorn Tamed himself down to living purposes, The occupations and the semblances Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd. But that some over-ready agent—he—	<a href="#">120</a>
	<i>Ferdinand.</i> Ah! what of him, my lord?	
	<i>Osorio.</i> He proved a villain; Betray'd the mystery to a brother villain; And they between them hatch'd a damnéd plot To hunt him down to infamy and death To share the wealth of a most noble family, And stain the honour of an orphan lady With barbarous mixture and unnatural union. What did the Velez? I am proud of the name, Since he dared do it.	<a href="#">125</a>

[OSORIO *grasps his sword and turns off from FERDINAND, then, after a pause, returns.*

*Osorio.* Our links burn dimly.

*Ferdinand.* A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my lord!  
Tell what he did. [130](#)

*Osorio (fiercely).* That which his wisdom prompted.  
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,  
And here he kill'd the traitor.

*Ferdinand.* No!—the fool.  
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.  
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen 135  
That he, who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie  
To murder *his own brother*, would not scruple  
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous  
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

*Osorio.* Thou would'st not then have come, if—

*Ferdinand.* O yes, my lord!  
I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward! [140](#)

[FERDINAND *throws off his robe, shows himself armed, and draws his sword.*

*Osorio.* Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!  
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back  
With womanish pulls of pity. Dusky slave,  
Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it [145](#)  
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

[570]

*Ferdinand.* And all my little ones fatherless! Die thou first.

[*They fight. OSORIO disarms FERDINAND, and in disarming him, throws his sword up that recess, opposite to which they were standing.*

*Ferdinand (springing wildly towards Osorio).* Still I can strangle thee!

*Osorio.* Nay, fool! stand off.  
I'll kill thee—but not so! Go fetch thy sword.

[FERDINAND *hurries into the recess with his torch. OSORIO follows him, and in a moment returns alone.*

*Osorio.* Now—this was luck! No bloodstains, no dead body!  
His dream, too, is made out. Now for his friend. [\[570:1\]](#) [*Exit.*

[150](#)

[571]

**SCENE** changes to the court before the Castle of VELEZ.

MARIA and her FOSTER-MOTHER.

*Maria.* And when I heard that you desired to see me,  
I thought your business was to tell me of him.

*Foster-Mother.* I never saw the Moor, whom you describe.

*Maria.* 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly [155](#)  
As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

[572]

*Foster-Mother.* Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,  
That join'd 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, 160  
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, that what *has* been!

*Maria.* O my dear mother! this strange man has left me [165](#)  
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon 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! [170](#)

*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?	175
	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 rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost.	180
	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 mock'd their notes,	
	And whistled, as he were a bird himself.	185
	And all the autumn 'twas his only play	
	To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them	
	With earth and water on the stumps of trees.	
	A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,	
	A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy,	190
[573]	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 O! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,	195
	Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,	
	He had unlawful thoughts of many things.	
	And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray	
	With holy men, nor in a holy place.	
	But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,	200
	The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,	
	And once as by the north side of the chapel	
	They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,	
	The earth heav'd under them with such a groan,	
	That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n	205
	Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighten'd;	
	A fever seiz'd him; and he made confession	
	Of all the heretical and lawless talk	
	Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seiz'd	
	And cast into that hole. My husband's father	210
	Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.	
	And once as he was working in the cellar,	
	He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,	
	Who sung a doleful song about green fields,	
	How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah	215
	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:	220
	And the young man escaped.	
	<i>Maria.</i> 'Tis a sweet tale:	
	Such as would lull a list'ning child to sleep,	
	His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.	
	And what became of him?	
	<i>Foster-Mother.</i> He went on shipboard	
	With those bold voyagers, who made discovery	225
	Of golden lands; Leoni's younger brother	
	Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,	
	He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,	
[574]	Soon after they arrived in that new world,	
	In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,	230
	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 liv'd and died among the savage men.	
	<i>Enter VELEZ.</i>	
	<i>Velez.</i> Still sad, Maria? This same wizard haunts you.	235
	<i>Maria.</i> O Christ! the tortures that hang o'er his head,	
	If ye betray him to these holy brethren!	
	<i>Velez (with a kind of sneer).</i> A portly man, and eloquent, and tender!	
	In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn	
	That their rude grasp should seize on <i>such</i> a victim.	240



*Maria.* The horror of their ghastly punishments  
Doth so o'ertop the height of sympathy,  
That I should feel too little for mine enemy—  
Ah! far too little—if 'twere possible,  
I could feel more, even tho' my child or husband  
Were doom'd to suffer them! That such things are——

245

*Velez.* Hush! thoughtless woman!

*Maria.* Nay—it wakes within me  
More than a woman's spirit.

*Velez (angrily).* No more of this—  
I can endure no more.

*Foster-Mother.* My honour'd master!  
Lord Albert used to talk so.

*Maria.* Yes! my mother!  
These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them  
With more delight than, in my fondest hour,  
I bend me o'er his portrait.

250

*Velez (to the Foster-Mother).* My good woman,  
You may retire.

[*Exit the FOSTER-MOTHER.*]

*Velez.* We have mourn'd for Albert.  
Have I no living son?

[575]

*Maria.* Speak not of him!  
That low imposture—my heart sickens at it,  
If it be madness, must I wed a madman?  
And if not madness, there is mystery,  
And guilt doth lurk behind it!

255

*Valdez.* Is this well?

*Maria.* Yes! it is truth. Saw you his countenance?  
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,  
Displac'd each other with swift interchanges?  
If this were all assumed, as you believe,  
He must needs be a most consummate actor;  
And hath so vast a power to deceive me,  
I never could be safe. And why assume  
The semblance of such execrable feelings?

260

265

*Velez.* Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle  
An old man's passion! Was it not enough  
That thou hast made my son a restless man,  
Banish'd his health and half-unhinged his reason,  
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,  
And toil to blast his honour? I am old—  
A comfortless old man! Thou shalt not stay  
Beneath my roof!

[576]

270

[*FRANCESCO enters and stands listening.*]

*Velez.* Repent and marry him—  
Or to the convent.

275

*Francesco (muttering).* Good! good! very good!

*Maria.* Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,  
And I will live a solitary woman,  
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons  
May be my household.

*Francesco (advancing).* I abhor a listener;  
But you spoke so, I could not choose but hear you.  
I pray, my lord! will you embolden me  
To ask you why this lady doth prefer  
To live in lonely sort, without a friend  
Or fit companion?

280

*Velez.* Bid her answer you.

285

*Maria.* Nature will be my friend and fit companion.

[*Turns off from them.*]

O Albert! Albert! that they could return,  
Those blessed days, that imitated heaven!

[577]

When we two went to walk at evening-tide;  
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard  
The voice of that Almighty One, who lov'd us,  
In every gale that breath'd, and wave that murmur'd!  
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure  
Hath half-assumed the countenance of grief,  
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight  
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart. 290

[578] *Francesco.* But in the convent, lady, you would have  
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.  
There you might dwell.

*Maria.* With tame and credulous faith,  
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,  
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!  
O God! it is a horrid thing to know  
That each pale wretch, who sits and drops her beads  
Had once a mind, which might have given her wings  
Such as the angels wear! 300

*Francesco (stifling his rage).* Where is your son, my lord? 305

*Velez.* I have not seen him, father, since he left you.

*Francesco.* His lordship's generous nature hath deceiv'd him!  
*That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)*  
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.  
We are not safe until they are rooted out. 310

*Maria.* Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister  
Of Him whose law was love unutterable!  
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,  
That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood?

*Velez (rapidly).* Father! I have long suspected it—her brain—  
Heed it not, father! 315

*Francesco.* Nay—but I *must* heed it.

*Maria.* Thou miserable man! I fear thee not,  
Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.  
Bear witness, Heav'n! I neither scorn nor hate him—  
But O! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,  
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy! [Exit MARIA. 320

*Francesco.* My lord! I shall presume to wait on you  
To-morrow early.

*Velez.* Be it so, good father! [Exit FRANCESCO. 325

*Velez (alone).* I do want solace, but not such as thine!  
The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,  
But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.  
A child, a child is born! and the fond heart  
Dances! and yet the childless are most happy. 325

[579] [SCENE changes to the mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a  
Moorish dress, her eyes fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after  
another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number  
of Morescoes, all in their Moorish garments. They form a circle at a  
distance round ALHADRA. After a pause one of the Morescoes to the  
man who stands next to him.

*First Moresco.* The law which forced these Christian dresses on us,  
'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who framed it. 330

*Second.* Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

*First.* Our country robes are dear.

*Second.* And like dear friends,  
May chance to prove most perilous informers.

[A third Moresco, NAOMI, advances from out the circle.

*Naomi.* Woman! may Alla and the prophet bless thee!  
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?  
And why didst thou enjoin the Moorish garments? 335

*Alhadra (lifting up [raising Remorse] her eyes, and looking round on the circle).*  
Warriors of Mahomet, faithful in the battle,  
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work  
An honourable deed? And would ye work it  
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!  
They are *spell*-blasted; and whoever wears them,  
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,  
And his bones soften!

340

*Naomi.* Where is Ferdinand?

*Alhadra (in a deep low voice).* This night I went from forth my house, and left  
His children all asleep; and he was living!  
And I return'd, and found them still asleep—  
But he had perish'd.

345

*All.* Perished?

*Alhadra.* He had perish'd!  
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know  
That he is fatherless, a desolate orphan!  
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm  
Revenge his murder?

350

*One to Another.* Did she say his murder?

*Naomi.* Murder'd? Not murder'd?

*Alhadra.* Murder'd by a Christian!

[*They all, at once, draw their sabres.*]

*Alhadra (to Naomi, who on being addressed again advances from the circle).* Brother of  
Zagri! fling away thy sword:  
This is thy chieftain's!

[*He steps forward to take it.*]

Dost thou dare receive it?  
For I have sworn by Alia and the prophet,  
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart  
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword  
Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez!

355

*Enter MAURICE.*

*All.* A spy! a spy!

[*They seize him.*]

*Maurice.* Off! off! unhand me, slaves!

360

[*After much struggling he disengages himself and draws his sword.*]

*Naomi (to Alhadra).* Speak! shall we kill him?

*Maurice.* Yes! ye can kill a man,  
Some twenty of you! But ye are Spanish slaves!  
And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.

*Alhadra.* That man has spoken truth. Whence and who art thou?

*Maurice.* I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know  
The son of Velez hath hired one of you  
To murder! Say, do ye know aught of Albert?

365

*Alhadra (starting).* Albert?—three years ago I heard that name  
Murmur'd in sleep! High-minded foreigner!  
Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us.

370

[*MAURICE stands among the Morescoes.*]

*Alhadra.* Was not Osorio my husband's friend?

*Old Man.* He kill'd my son in battle; yet our chieftain  
Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point  
Is bright, unrusted with the villain's blood!

*Alhadra.* He is your chieftain's murderer!

*Naomi.* He dies by Alla!

*All (dropping on one knee).*

By Alla!

375

*Alhadra.* This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,

[580]

[581]

Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,  
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,  
He read the scroll.

*Maurice.* Its purport?

*Alhadra.* Yes, I ask'd it.  
He answer'd me, 'Alhadra! thou art worthy 380  
A nobler secret; but I have been faithful  
To this bad man, and faithful I will be.'  
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch;  
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,  
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him 385  
At distance, till I saw him enter *there*.

*Naomi.* The cavern?

*Alhadra.* Yes—the mouth of yonder cavern.  
After a pause I saw the son of Velez  
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd—  
There was another and a longer pause— 390  
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords,  
And soon the son of Velez reappear'd.  
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,  
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening  
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband! 395

*Maurice.* Thou called'st him?

[582] *Alhadra.* I crept into the cavern:  
'Twas dark and very silent. [Then wildly.]  
What said'st thou?  
No, no! I did not dare call, Ferdinand!  
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,  
Belike, I lost all thought and memory 400  
Of that for which I came! After that pause,  
O God! I heard a groan!—and follow'd it.  
And yet another groan—which guided me  
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,  
A *hideous* light! his torch lay on the ground— 405  
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.  
I spake—and while I spake, a feeble groan  
Came from that chasm! It was his last! his death groan!

*Maurice.* Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father!

*Alhadra.* I stood in unimaginable trance 410  
And agony, that cannot be remember'd,  
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!  
But I had heard his last—my husband's death-groan!

*Naomi.* Haste! let us go!

*Alhadra.* I look'd far down the pit. 415  
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment,  
And it was stain'd with blood! Then first I shriek'd!  
My eyeballs burnt! my brain grew hot as fire!  
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof  
Turn'd into blood. I saw them turn to blood!  
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm 420  
When on the further brink I saw his sword,  
And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!  
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,  
And he hath not had vengeance! Ferdinand!  
Spirit of Ferdinand! thy murderer lives! 425  
Away! away! [She rushes off, all following.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

## FOOTNOTES:

[564:1] The square brackets (which appear in both MSS.) seem to indicate that these words were an 'aside'. *P. W.* 1893, p. 499. *Editor's Note.*

[565:1] Against this passage Coleridge has written in MS. II:—'This will be held by many for a mere Tragedy-dream—by many who have never given themselves the trouble to ask themselves from what grounds dreams pleased in Tragedy, and wherefore they have become so

common. I believe, however, that in the present case, the whole is here psychologically true and accurate. Prophetic dreams are things of nature, and explicable by that law of the mind in which where dim ideas are connected with vivid feelings, Perception and Imagination insinuate themselves and mix with the forms of Recollection, till the Present appears to exactly correspond with the Past. Whatever is partially like, the Imagination will gradually represent as wholly like—a law of our nature which, when it is perfectly understood, woe to the great city Babylon—to all the superstitions of Men!' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 499.

[567:1] Against this passage Coleridge writes in MS. II:—'Under the mask of the third person Osorio relates his own story, as in the delusion of self-justification and pride, it appeared to himself—at least as he wished it to appear to himself.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 499.

'Osorio darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions—speaking of himself in the third person.' *MS. III.*

[570:1] Against this line Coleridge writes in MS. II:—'Osorio has thrust Ferdinand down the chasm. I think it an important instance how Dreams and Prophecies coöperate to their own completion.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 501.

### LINENOTES:

[1-3] *Erased MS. III.: om. Remorse.*

This ceaseless dreary sound of [ ~~water drops~~  
dropping water—

I would they had not fallen upon my Torch!

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[5-6] *In inverted commas. Remorse.*

[8] cannot] can not *Remorse.* cranny] crevice *Remorse.*

[12] *MS. III erased.*

*Between 11 and 13*

(a) Any thing but this crash of water drops!  
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence  
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!  
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear

*Remorse.*

(b) Anything but this [ ~~crash of water-drops~~  
~~noise~~

At broken measure [ ~~scoffing~~  
~~mocking~~ intervals—

Their discontinuous, interruptive sound

[ ~~These~~  
~~With~~ dull abortive &c.

*MS. III erased.*

*Affixed to variant (a) of l. 12* '—this at all events is the final result of this correction.' *S. T. C.*

[13] A hellish pit! O God—'tis that I dreamt of! *Corr. in MS. III:* A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of! *Remorse.*

*Affixed to 13* 'You mean like the dream presented to my mind when under the influence of the night-mare. This is most ludicrously expressed.' C. Ll[oyd]

[16] I swear that I saw something *Remorse.*

[18] *In the stage-direction the last four words are omitted Remorse.*

[19] Drips] Drops *Remorse.*

*Between 19 and 31.*

*Isidore.* A jest to laugh at!  
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

*Ordonio.* What scar'd you, then?

*Isidore.* You see that little rift?  
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO'S, and while lighting it.*  
(A lighted torch in the hand

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath  
 Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours  
 As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)  
 You see that crevice there?  
 My torch extinguished by these water drops,  
 And marking that the moonlight came from thence,  
 I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;  
 But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—  
 My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced  
 Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink  
 Of a hugh chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine  
 Filling the void so counterfeited substance,  
 That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.  
 Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!  
 (And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,  
 And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)  
 An arm of frost above and from behind me  
 Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!  
 You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!  
 My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

*Remorse.*

[33] move] creep *Remorse.*

[35] if] had *Remorse.*

[37-9]            *Ordonio.*            Why, Isidore,  
 I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,  
 I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—

*Remorse.*

[41] thump] strike *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*

[42] and] then *Remorse.*

[44] Sunk with a faint splash in that groaning *Corr. in MS. III. Sunk] Sank Remorse.*

[49] fellow-men] fellow man *Remorse.*

[52] laugh] smile *Remorse.*

*Between 54 and 57:*

O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at  
 By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—  
 Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,  
 But only being afraid—stifled with fear!  
 While every goodly or familiar form  
 Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!  
 I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;  
 And I entreat your lordship to believe me,

*Remorse.*

[56] *om. Remorse.*

[62] my] mine *Remorse.*

[64]            *Ord. (after a pause).* I know not why it should be! yet it is—

*Remorse.*

[65] Abhorrent from our nature, *Remorse.*

[67-70]            *Ord.* Why that's my case! and yet the soul recoils from it—  
 'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,  
 Have sterner feelings?

*Isid.*            Something troubles you.  
 How shall I serve you?

*Remorse.*

[77] yards] strides *Remorse.*

[80] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[82] the] thy *Remorse.*

*Between 84 and 88*

*Isid. (aside).* He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!  
 I am on my guard however: no surprise

[*Then to ORDONIO.*

*Remorse.*

[86-7] *om. Remorse.*

[91-2]            *Isidore.* Of himself he speaks.

Alas! poor wretch!

[*Aside.*

Mad men, &c.

*Remorse.*

[93] phantasies] phantom thoughts *Remorse.*

[104] go on] proceed *Remorse.*

[105] his] this *Remorse.*

[106] being] substance *Remorse.*

[108] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[120] some] same *Remorse.*

[121-2]                   He proved a traitor,  
                          Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor

*Remorse.*

[125-7] *om. Remorse.*

[131] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

*Between 143 and 145.*

With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance  
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,  
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—  
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it

*Remorse.*

*Affixed to 147.*

*Ferdinand on hearing the threat of Osorio feels a momentary horror at the consequences of his being killed, and in tones of mingled fear and sorrow—*

And all my little ones fatherless!

*then bursting into indignation 'Die thou first', MS. III.*

*After 147*

*[They fight. ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of 'Traitor! Monster!' is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.*

*Ordonio.* I have hurl'd him down the chasm! treason for treason.  
He dreamt of it, henceforward let him sleep,  
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.  
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

*[Exit. ORDONIO.*

*Remorse.*

[148-51] *om. Remorse.*

[150] Now] So *MS. III.*

*Affixed to 150.* 'Ferdinand's death is not sufficiently explained to the Audience. There should be a struggling behind the scene, as if Osorio had taken him unawares, and was hurrying him down the Precipice. An exclamation or even groans would add still more to the interest of the scene.' *MS. III erased.*

[152-234] *om. Remorse.* vide *ante* The Foster-Mother's Tale: a Dramatic Fragment, pp. 182-4.

*Between 152 and 246:*

## SCENE II

*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle with the iron gate of a dungeon visible.*

*Teresa.* Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze  
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.  
In vain I urge the tortures that await him:  
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,  
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!  
Well, I have won from her what most imports  
The present need, this secret of the dungeon  
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!  
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted  
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,  
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him  
To act some part in some unholy fraud;  
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose  
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,  
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!  
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,  
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

*Valdez.* Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door  
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,  
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it  
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.  
Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!  
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—  
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs  
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

*Teresa.* The horror of their ghastly punishments  
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,  
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,  
If it were possible I could feel more,  
Even though the dearest inmates of our household  
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

*Remorse.*

[155] *Maria.* 'Tis strange] *Teresa.* 'Tis said *MS. III.*

[157] *Foster-Mother]* *Selma Corr. in MS. III.*

[165-6] O honor'd Selma! this strange man has left me  
Wilder'd with stranger fancies than yon moon

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[169] She gazes idly!

*Ter.* But that entrance, Selma

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[170] *Foster-Mother]* *Selma Corr. in MS. III.*

[171] *Maria]* *Teresa. Foster-Mother]* *Selma Corr. in MS. III.*

[172] *Leoni]* *Sesina Corr. in MS. III.*

[180] *Velez]* *Valdez Corr. in MS. III.*

[201] *Velez]* *Valdez Corr. in MS. III.*

[212] And once as he was working near this dungeon *Corr. in MS. III.*

[221] *Maria]* *Teresa Corr. in MS. III.*

[226] *Leoni's]* *Sesina's Corr. in MS. III.*

[228] *Leoni]* *Sesina Corr. in MS. III.*

*Between 248 and 255:*

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!  
I dare not listen to you.

*Teresa.* My honoured lord,  
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er  
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,  
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

*Valdez.* —We have mourned for Alvar.  
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.  
Have I no other son?

*Remorse.*

[256] That low imposture! That mysterious picture! *Remorse.* it] this *Remorse.*

*Between 262 and 268:*

O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—  
I would call up before thine eyes the image  
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!  
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,  
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!  
That spiritual and almost heavenly light  
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,  
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man  
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.  
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread  
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,  
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd  
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,  
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,  
Or gaze upon enamour'd!

O my father!  
Recall that morning when we knelt together,  
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,  
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,  
As at that moment he rose up before thee,



Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him  
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!  
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn  
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!  
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never  
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

*Remorse.*

[274-86] (Thou shalt not stay . . . companion) *om. Remorse.*

Between 274-87:

*Teresa.* O grief! to hear  
Hateful intreaties from a voice we love!

*Enter a PEASANT and presents a letter to VALDEZ.*

*Valdez (reading it).* 'He dares not venture hither!' Why what can this mean?  
'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,  
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;  
But he conjures me, that without delay  
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me  
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—  
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which  
Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be?  
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,  
To have in me a hostage for his safety.  
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!  
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit VALDEZ.*

*Teresa (alone).* The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.  
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear  
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,  
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.  
O Alvar! Alvar! &c.

*Remorse.*

After 276 And all his wealth perhaps come to the Church *MS. III. erased.*

[289] evening-tide] eventide *Remorse.*

[296-334] *om. Remorse.*

After 296

[*A pause.*

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one  
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,  
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,  
And guides me to him with reflected light?  
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery  
Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—  
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—  
I'll free him.

[*Exit TERESA.*

### SCENE III

*The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.*

*Alhadra.* Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem  
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;

[ The hanging Act V, l. 41.  
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,

The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,  
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,  
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!  
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!  
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song  
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.  
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?  
I need the sympathy of human faces,  
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,  
Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,  
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed  
To bring me food! or rather that my soul  
Could drink in life from the universal air!  
It were a lot divine in some small skiff  
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,  
To float for ever with a careless course,  
And think myself the only being alive.

[*Vide post Osorio, Act V, ll. 39-56.*]

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,  
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!  
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,

Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till NAOMI enters.*]

*Remorse.*

[337] the] these *Remorse.*

[342] *spell-blasted*] *spell-blasted Remorse.*

[345] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[348] *All*] *All Morescoes. Remorse.*

[352] *One to Another*] *One Morescoe (to another). Remorse.*

[353] Murder? Not murder'd? *Remorse.*

After 353 [Stage-direction] *Alhadra (to Naomi, who advances from the circle). Remorse.*

[359] house] sons *MS. III.* Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez *Remorse.*

After 359

*Enter Warville. MS. III.*

[*A pause.*]

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer

*Remorse.*

[360-70] *Erased MS. III.*

[360-75] *om. Remorse.*

[373-80] *Erased MS. III.*

[375] Stage-direction *All (kneeling). Remorse.*

After 375 *Alhadra.* This night your chieftain armed himself *Remorse.*

*Affixed to 375 (not in S. T. C.'s handwriting) and erased:*

*Naomi.*

Proceed, proceed, Alhadra.

*Alhadra.*

Yestermorning

He stood before our house, startful and gloomy,  
And stirr'd up fierce dispute with Ferdinand,  
I saw him when the vehement Gripe of Conscience  
Had wrenched his features to a visible agony.  
When he was gone Ferdinand sighed out 'Villain'  
And spake no other word.

*Warville (mournfully).*

The brother of Albert.

*MS. III erased.*

[*Note.*—Warville was a character introduced into the deleted passage 360-70, the name being always altered by S. T. C. to 'Maurice'.]

[376-84] *om. Remorse.*

[384] its] their *Corr. in MS. III.*

[386] *there*] there *Remorse.*

[388] a pause] a while *Remorse.*

[397] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[399] A brief while] A little while *Corr. in MS. III erased.*

[402] God] Heaven *Remorse.*

[404] *light*] light *Remorse.*

[405] *hideous*] hideous *Remorse.*

[407] while] whilst *Remorse.*

[409] *Erased MS. III. Naomi.* Comfort her, Alla! *Remorse.*

[414] go] onward *Remorse.*

[421] his] the *MS. III.*

After 425

*All. Away! away!*

[*She rushes off, all following her.*]

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Sea Shore.*NAOMI *and a Moresco.**Moresco.* This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.

*Naomi.* True! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,  
 Thou know'st the bloodhound—'twas a strong temptation.  
 And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,  
 We could not curb them in. They swore by Mahomet, 5  
 It were a deed of treachery to their brethren  
 To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.

*Moresco.* Where is Alhadra?

*Naomi.* She moved steadily on  
 Unswerving from the path of her resolve.  
 Yet each strange object fix'd her eye: for grief 10  
 Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,  
 And smiling, like a sickly moralist,  
 Gives some resemblance of her own concerns  
 To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.  
 I seek her here; stand thou upon the watch. 15

[*Exit Moresco.*]*Naomi (looking wistfully to the distance).* Stretch'd on the rock! It must be she—Alhadra![ALHADRA *rises from the rock, and advances slowly, as if musing.*]*Naomi.* Once more, well met! what ponder'st thou so deeply?

*Alhadra.* I scarce can tell thee! For my many thoughts  
 Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind  
 I only listen'd to the dashing billows. 20  
 It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes  
 And wak'd without a dream of what has pass'd;  
 So well it counterfeited quietness,  
 This wearied heart of mine!

*Naomi.* 'Tis thus by nature  
 Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow 25  
 Might bring its own cure with it.

*Alhadra.* Would to Heaven  
 That it had brought its last and certain cure!  
 That ruin in the wood.

*Naomi.* It is a place  
 Of ominous fame; but 'twas the shortest road,  
 Nor could we else have kept clear of the village. 30  
 Yet some among us, as they scal'd the wall,  
 Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.

*Alhadra.* On that broad wall  
 I saw a skull; a poppy grew beside it,  
 There was a ghastly solace in the sight!

*Naomi.* I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird 35  
 Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.  
 Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year:

[*Looking round impatiently.*]

Why don't they come? I will go forth and meet them.

[*Exit NAOMI.*]

*Alhadra (alone).* The hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem'd  
 As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold, 40  
 The hanging woods, most lovely in decay,  
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,  
 Lay in the silent moonshine; and the owl,  
 (Strange! very strange!) the scritch owl only wak'd,  
 Sole voice, sole eye of all that world of beauty! 45

Why such a thing am I! Where are these men?  
I need the sympathy of human faces  
To beat away this deep contempt for all things  
Which quenches my revenge. Oh!—would to Alla  
The raven and the sea-mew were appointed 50  
To bring me food, or rather that my soul  
Could drink in life from the universal air!  
It were a lot divine in some small skiff,  
Along some ocean's boundless solitude,  
To float for ever with a careless course, 55  
And think myself the only being alive!

[NAOMI *re-enters*.

*Naomi*. Thy children—

*Alhadra*. Children? *Whose* children?

[*A pause—then fiercely*.

Son of Velez,

[585]

This hath new-strung my arm! Thou coward tyrant,  
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,  
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!

60

[*A noise—enter a part of the Morescoes; and from the opposite side of the stage a Moorish Seaman.*

*Moorish Seaman*. The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.  
Your wives and children are already stow'd;  
I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,  
Of Mosks, and minarets, and golden crescents. 65  
Each had her separate dream; but all were gay,  
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels!

[*Enter MAURICE and the rest of the Morescoes dragging in FRANCESCO.*

*Francesco*. O spare me, spare me! only spare my life!

*An Old Man*. All hail, Alhadra! O that thou hadst heard him  
When first we dragg'd him forth!

[*Then turning to the band.*

Here! in her presence—

70

[*He advances with his sword as about to kill him. MAURICE leaps in and stands with his drawn sword between FRANCESCO and the Morescoes.*

*Maurice*.

Nay, but ye shall not!

*Old Man*. Shall not? Hah? Shall not?

*Maurice*. What, an unarm'd man?  
A man that never wore a sword? A priest?  
It is unsoldierly! I say, ye shall not!

*Old Man (turning to the bands)*. He bears himself most like an insolent Spaniard!

75

*Maurice*. And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their master,  
But know not yet what freedom means; how holy  
And just a thing it is! He's a fallen foe!  
Come, come, forgive him!

*All*. No, by Mahomet!

*Francesco*. O mercy, mercy! talk to them of mercy!

80

*Old Man*. Mercy to thee! No, no, by Mahomet!

*Maurice*. Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.  
I am sure he did!

*Old Man*. Ha! Ha! Forgiveness! Mercy!

*Maurice*. If he did not, he needs it for himself!

[586]

*Alhadra*. Blaspheming fool! the law of Mahomet  
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.  
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man!  
Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprize,  
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,  
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure—  
These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots  
With its minutest fibres! And that Being 90

Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,  
Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,  
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature!

95

*Naomi (who turns toward Francesco with his sword). Speak!*

*All (to Alhadra).*

Speak!

*Alhadra.* Is the murderer of your chieftain dead?  
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him  
To make my children orphans, none shall die  
Till I have seen his blood!

Off with him to the vessel!

[*A part of the Morescoes hurry him off.*

*Alhadra.* The Tyger, that with unquench'd cruelty,  
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear  
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.

100

*Maurice.* It is not so, remember that, my friends!  
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.

*Alhadra.* Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way,  
And move in silence to the house of Velez.

105

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE.—*A Dungeon.*

*ALBERT (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

*Albert.* And this place my forefathers made for men!  
This is the process of our love and wisdom  
To each poor brother who offends against us—  
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?

110

Is this the only cure? Merciful God!  
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up  
By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart,  
And stagnate and corrupt till changed to poison,

115

They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot!  
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—

And this is their best cure! uncomforted  
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,

And savage faces at the clanking hour  
Seen thro' the steaming vapours of his dungeon

120

By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies  
Circled with evil, till his very soul

Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd  
By sights of ever more deformity!

125

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!  
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,

Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,

130

Till he relent, and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing

Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;  
But bursting into tears wins back his way,

His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd  
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

135

[*A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and OSORIO enters with a goblet in his hand.*

*Osorio.* Hail, potent wizard! In my gayer mood  
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto;

And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought of thee!

*Albert (in a low voice).* I have not summon'd up my heart to give  
That pang, which I must give thee, son of Velez!

140

*Osorio (with affected levity).* Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,  
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not!

Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours—  
It is a puddle in a storm of rain,

145

And we the air-bladders, that course up and down,  
And joust and tilt in merry tournament,  
And when one bubble runs foul of another,

The lesser must needs break!

[*Waving his hand at ALBERT.*

- [590] *Albert.* I see thy heart!  
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,  
Which doth betray thee. Crazy-conscienc'd man,  
This is the gaiety of drunken anguish,  
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,  
And quell each human feeling! 150
- Osorio.* Feeling! feeling!  
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble. 155  
'Tis true, I cannot sob for such misfortunes!  
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me  
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!  
Come, share the beverage—this chill place demands it.  
Friendship and wine! [OSORIO *proffers him the goblet.*
- Albert.* Yon insect on the wall, 160  
Which moves this way and that its hundred legs,  
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,  
It were an infinitely curious thing!  
But it has life, Osorio! life and thought;  
And by the power of its miraculous will 165  
Wields all the complex movements of its frame  
Unerringly, to pleasurable ends!  
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brink,  
I would remove it with an eager terror.
- Osorio.* What meanest thou?
- Albert.* There's poison in the wine. 170
- Osorio.* Thou hast guess'd well. There's poison in the wine.  
Shall we throw dice, which of us two shall drink it?  
For one of us must die!
- Albert.* Whom dost thou think me?
- Osorio.* The accomplice and sworn friend of Ferdinand.
- Albert.* Ferdinand! Ferdinand! 'tis a name I know not. 175
- [591] *Osorio.* Good! good! that lie! by Heaven! it has restor'd me.  
Now I am thy master! Villain, thou shalt drink it,  
Or die a bitterer death.
- Albert.* What strange solution  
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,  
And drug them to unnatural sleep?  
[ALBERT *takes the goblet, and with a sigh throws it on the ground.*  
My master! 180
- Osorio.* Thou mountebank!
- Albert.* Mountebank and villain!  
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!  
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?  
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!  
I speak—and fear and wonder crush thy rage, 185  
And turn it to a motionless distraction!  
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,  
Thy faith in universal villainy,  
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn  
For all thy human brethren—out upon them! 190  
What have they done for thee? Have they given thee peace?  
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made  
The darkness pleasant, when thou wakest at midnight?  
Art happy when alone? can'st walk by thyself  
With even step, and quiet cheerfulness? 195  
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved.
- Osorio* (*stupidly reiterating the word*). Saved? saved?
- Albert.* One pang—  
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!
- Osorio.* He told me of the babe, that prattled to him,  
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! remorse!  
Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse! 200  
Can it give up the dead, or recompact  
A mangled body—mangled, dash'd to atoms!

Not all the blessings of an host of angels  
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse;  
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,  
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.

[205](#)

*Albert (almost overcome by his feelings).* But Albert——

[592] *Osorio.* Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,  
Even thee! and yet, I pray thee, speak it out.  
Still Albert! Albert! Howl it in mine ear!  
Heap it, like coals of fire, upon my heart!  
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

210

*Albert.* Alas—  
That day, when thou didst leap from off the rock  
Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,  
And bore him to the strand, then, son of Velez!  
How sweet and musical the name of Albert!  
Then, then, Osorio! he was dear to thee,  
And thou wert dear to him. Heaven only knows  
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him?  
O Heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,  
And weep forgiveness!

215

*Osorio.* Spirit of the dead!  
Methinks I know thee! Ha!—my brain turns wild  
At its own dreams—off—off, fantastic shadow!

[220](#)

*Albert (seizing his hand).* I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

*Osorio (retiring from him).* Cheat, villain, traitor! whatsoever thou be  
I fear thee, man!

[*He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.*  
And is *this* too my madness?

[225](#)

*Albert.* It is the step of one that treads in fear  
Seeking to cheat the echo.

*Osorio.* It approaches—  
This nook shall hide me.

[*MARIA enters from a plank which slips to and fro.*

*Maria.* I have put aside  
The customs and the terrors of a woman,  
To work out thy escape. Stranger! begone,  
And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.

230

[*ALBERT takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her with unutterable tenderness.*

[593] *Albert.* Maria! my Maria!

*Maria.* Do not mock me.  
This is my face—and thou—ha! who art thou?  
Nay, I will call thee Albert!

[*She falls upon his neck. OSORIO leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards ALBERT with his sword. MARIA gapes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves ALBERT, and flings herself upon OSORIO, arresting his arm.*

*Maria.* Madman, stop!

*Albert (with majesty and tenderness).* Does then this thin disguise impenetrably  
Hide Albert from thee? Toil and painful wounds,  
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,  
Have marr'd perhaps all trace and lineament  
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother!  
My anguish for thy guilt. Spotless Maria,  
I thought thee guilty too! Osorio, brother!  
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me!

[235](#)

[240](#)

*Osorio (drawing back and gazing at Albert with a countenance expressive at once of awe and terror).* Touch me not!  
Touch not pollution, Albert!—I will die!

[*He attempts to fall on his sword. ALBERT and MARIA struggle with him.*

*Albert.* We will invent some tale to save your honour.  
Live, live, Osorio!

Maria. You may yet be happy.

245

*Osorio (looking at Maria).* O horror! Not a thousand years in heaven  
Could recompose this miserable heart,  
Or make it capable of one brief joy.  
Live! live!—why yes! 'Twere well to live with you—  
For is it fit a villain should be proud?  
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

[594]

250

[*Throws himself at ALBERT'S feet.*]

Forgive me, Albert!—*Curse* me with forgiveness!

*Albert.* Call back thy soul, my brother! and look round thee.  
Now is the time for greatness. Think that Heaven—

*Maria.* O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

255

*Osorio (pointing at vacancy).* Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it.  
Thou said'st thou didst not know him. That is he!  
He comes upon me!

*Albert (lifting his eye to heaven).* Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

*Osorio.* Nearer and nearer! And I cannot stir!  
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?  
He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—  
A husband and a father!

260

*Maria.* Some secret poison  
Drinks up his spirit!

*Osorio (fiercely recollecting himself).* Let the eternal Justice  
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world.  
I will not bear to live—to live! O agony!  
And be myself alone, my own sore torment!

265

[*The doors of the dungeon are burst open with a crash. ALHADRA,  
MAURICE, and the band of Morescoes enter.*]

*Alhadra (pointing at Osorio).* Seize first that man!

[*The Moors press round.*]

*Albert (rushing in among them).* Draw thy sword, Maurice, and defend my brother.

[*A scuffle, during which they disarm MAURICE.*]

*Osorio.* Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.  
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it.  
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,  
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength  
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes!

270

[595]

*Alhadra.* My husband—

*Osorio.* Yes! I murder'd him most foully.

*Albert (throws himself on the earth).* O horrible!

*Alhadra.* Why didst thou leave his children?  
Demon! thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell  
To lap *their* blood. Then, then, I might have harden'd  
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.  
I would have stood far off, quiet tho' dark,  
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning  
For the deep horror of a desolation  
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!  
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

275

280

[*Struggling to suppress her anguish.*]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish—  
I have not seen his blood. Within an hour  
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,  
Where is our father?

285

[*Looks at OSORIO.*]

I shall curse thee then!  
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

*Maria.* See—see! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.  
Be merciful!

[*MARIA kneels to her. ALHADRA regards her face wistfully.*]

*Alhadra.* Thou art young and innocent;

290



'Twere merciful to kill thee! Yet I will not.  
And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,  
Save only he.

[596]

*Maria.* That aged man, his father!

*Alhadra (sternly).* Why had he such a son?

[*The Moors press on.*

*Maria (still kneeling, and wild with affright).* Yet spare his life!  
They must not murder him!

*Alhadra.* And is it then  
An enviable lot to waste away  
With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos  
To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,  
Cursing all lovely things? to let him live—  
It were a deep revenge!

295

*All the band cry out—*No mercy! no mercy!

[300](#)

[*NAOMI advances with the sword towards OSORIO.*

*Alhadra.* Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent maid  
Behold the ugliness of death?

*Osorio (with great majesty).* O woman!  
I have stood silent like a slave [\[596:1\]](#) before thee,  
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,  
And satiate this self-accusing spirit  
With bitterer agonies than death can give.

[305](#)

[*The Moors gather round him in a crowd, and pass off the stage.*

*Alhadra.* I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,  
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point  
In misery which makes the oppressed man  
Regardless of his own life, makes him too  
Lord of the oppressor's! Knew I an hundred men  
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,  
This arm should shake the kingdoms of this world;  
The deep foundations of iniquity  
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;  
The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,  
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;  
Till desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,  
And all that were and had the spirit of life  
Sang a new song to him who had gone forth  
Conquering and still to conquer!

310

[597]

315

[320](#)

THE END [\[597:1\]](#)

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## FOOTNOTES:

[596:1] In *MS. II* 'worm' has the place of 'slave', which is the word in *MS. I*.

[597:1] On a blank page of *MS. III* some one, probably Bowles, has written:—'Upon the whole a very masterly production, and with judicious contractments might be rendered an interesting Drama on the stage.'

## LINENOTES:

[1-106] *om. Remorse.*

[39] The hanging] Yon pendent *Corr. in MS. III.*

[41]

hanging] [ pendent  
flowerlike *Corr. in MS. III.*

[45] that] this *Corr. in MS. III.*

*Affixed to 57] Naomi, the second in command to Isidore, enters in haste. MS. III erased.*

*After 61 stage-direction erased MS. III.*

[62] *Moorish Seaman] Naomi Corr. in MS. III.*

[100-106] *Erased MS. III.*

[107] foll.] *vide ante, 'The Dungeon,' p. 185.*

[121] steaming] steam and *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*

[125] ever more] *evermore Remorse.*

After 136

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,  
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!  
But the self-approving mind is its own light,  
And Life's best warmth still radiates from the heart  
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

*Enter TERESA.*

[Retires out of sight.]

*Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*

*Stage-direction affixed to 136 and 136-9 erased in MS. III: om. Remorse.*

Between 136 and 137:

I am chill and weary, &c. . . . honest purpose.

*Enter TERESA with a taper.*

*Teresa.* It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me;  
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose  
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp  
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.  
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds  
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—

[Looking round.]

O for one human face here—but to see  
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!  
It is but my own fear! The life within me,  
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,  
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!  
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be  
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the recess.]

*Alvar (rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling).* O gracious heaven! it is,  
it is Teresa!

Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock  
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,  
And joy complete what terror has begun.  
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!  
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!  
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

*Teresa (recovering).* I heard a voice; but often in my dreams  
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—  
To hear it waking! but I never could—  
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—  
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel  
As if it were no painful thing to die!

*Alvar.* Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,  
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture  
Framed by a guilty wretch.

*Teresa.* Ha! Who art thou?

*Alvar.* Suborned by his brother—

*Teresa.* Didst thou murder him?  
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,  
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

*Alvar.* Ordonio—he—

*Teresa.* If thou didst murder him—  
His spirit ever at the throne of God  
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,  
With tears in Heaven!

*Alvar.* Alvar was not murdered.  
Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!

*Teresa.* Nay, nay, but tell me!

[A pause.]

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

[A pause.]

Mysterious man!

Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye  
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—  
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,  
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,  
As many as the drops twice counted o'er  
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

*Alvar.* I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer  
Exists but in the stain upon his face.  
That picture—

*Teresa.* Ha! speak on!

*Alvar.* Beloved Teresa!  
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait  
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!  
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.  
[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

*Teresa (receiving the portrait).* The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?  
Nay, I will call thee, Alvar!

[*She falls on his neck.*]

*Alvar.* O joy unutterable!  
But hark! a sound as of removing bars  
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while  
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.  
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;  
O for himself too (he is still my brother)  
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,  
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!  
O let me reconcile him to himself,  
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,  
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

*Teresa.* O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee  
With that obdurate man.

*Alvar.* Thou dost not leave me!  
But a brief while retire into the darkness:  
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

*Teresa.* The sound of thy voice shall be my music!  
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?  
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar!

[*Exit.*]

[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand.*]

*Remorse.*

[139] of] on *Remorse.*

[140-1] and stage-direction before 142 *om. Remorse.*

[145] 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain *Remorse.*

[148] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[149] lesser must needs] weaker needs must *Remorse.*

[151-2] Inly-tortured man,  
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish

*Remorse.*

Before 160 [ORDONIO proffers the goblet. *Remorse.*]

[160] Friendship and wine *om. Remorse.*

[161] legs] limbs *Remorse.*

[164] life and thought] life, enjoyment *Remorse.*

[168] brink] brim *Remorse.*

[169] I would remove it with an anxious pity *Remorse.*

[171-2] Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.  
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?

*Remorse.*

Between 174 and 176:

*Alvar.* I know him not.  
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.  
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?  
Isidore? Isidore?

*Remorse.*

[175] *om. Remorse.*

[180] Stage-direction [ALVAR takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground. *Remorse.*  
*My*] *My Remorse.*

[196] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[198] babe] babes *Remorse.*

[207] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[223] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[224] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[225-35] *om. Remorse.*

Between 225 and 235

*Teresa (rushing out and falling on ALVAR's neck). Ordonio! 'tis thy brother!*

[ORDONIO runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.]

Stop, madman, stop!

*Remorse.*

[235] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[238] trace] trial *corr. in MS. III; trait Remorse.*

[240-41] Spotless . . . guilty too *om. Remorse.*

[242] *shalt] shalt Remorse.*

After 242 stage-direction (*Drawing back and gazing at Alvar*) *Remorse.*

Between 243 and 245

*Alvar.* We will find means to save your honour. Live,  
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!  
Spare his gray hairs!

*Teresa.* And you may yet be happy

*Ordonio.* O horror, &c.

*Remorse.*

After 243 *struggle with] prevent Remorse.*

After 251 [*Throws himself, &c.*] *Kneeling Remorse.*

[252] *Curse] Curse Remorse.*

[253] my brother] Ordonio *Remorse.*

[256] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[258] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[263] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

After 266

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush ALHADRA, and the band of Morescoes.*]

*Alh.* Seize first that man!

[ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.]

*Ord.* Off, &c.

*Remorse.*

[274] *Alvar and Teresa.* O horrible *Remorse.*

[277] *their] their Remorse.*

[283] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

[287] Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Between 288 and 304:

*Teresa.* He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!  
O let him live! That aged man, his father—

*Alhadra.* Why had he such a son?

[*Shouts from the distance of, Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar!  
and the voice of VALDEZ heard.*]

Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—  
The deed be mine!

[*Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*]

Now take my Life!

*Ordonio (staggering from the wound).* Atonement!

*Alvar (while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO).* Arm of avenging Heaven  
Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—  
But go! my word was pledged to thee.

*Ordonio.* Away!  
Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!  
I stood in silence like a slave before her

*Remorse.*

[290-303] *om. Remorse.*

*Affixed to 300 ALHADRA snatches it from him and suddenly stabs ORDONIO. ALVAR rushes towards him through the Moors, and catches him in his arms, &c. MS. III.*

[303-4] 'Tis well! thou hast avenged thyself  
I have stood in silence like a slave before thee

*Corr. in MS. III.*

[305] spirit] heart *Remorse.*

*After 306*

Forgive me, Alvar! O couldst thou forgive thyself.

*Corr. in MS. III.*

Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh!—couldst thou forget me!

[Dies.

[ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.

*Alh. (to the Moors). I thank thee, Heaven! &c.*

*Remorse.*

*Shouts of Alvar! Alvar! Noises heard; a Moor rushes in.*

*Moor.* We are surprised, away! away! the instant—  
The country is in arms. The old man heads them  
And still cries out, 'My son! My son is living'  
Haste to the shore! They come the opposite road.

*ALHADRA (to ALVAR).*

Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety  
Thy word stands pledged.

*Alvar.* Arm of avenging Heaven!  
My word stands pledged nor shall it be retracted.

*(The Moors surround ALHADRA) and force her off. The stage fills with armed peasants. ALI and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR'S arms and the Curtain drops.*

[Alternative ending in S. T. C.'s handwriting affixed to lines 307-21, MS. III]

[320] him] her *Remorse.*

*After 321*

[ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed Peasants and Servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR'S arms.

*Alvar.* Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,  
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy  
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[both kneel to VALDEZ.

*Valdez.* My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

*Teresa.* Me too, my Father?

*Valdez.* Bless, Oh, bless my children!

[both rise.

*Alvar.* Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,  
Were ominous. In these strange dread events  
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,  
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.  
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,  
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,  
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,  
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!  
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!  
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

*Remorse.*

# OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN

## A DRAMA

### TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

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#### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. [599] The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War* diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author literally wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus; of which liberty, so frequent in our tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[598:1] First published in a single octavo volume, 1800: included in 1828, 1829, 1834, and in *Dramatic Works* (one vol. 8vo) 1852. The *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein* were translated from MS. copies which had been acquired by the Messrs. Longman. The MS. copy of the original of the *Death of Wallenstein* is in the possession of Mrs. Alexander Gillman. The MS. of the copy of the original of the *Piccolomini* was at one time in the possession of Mr. Henry R. Mark of 17 Highbury Crescent. A note in Schiller's handwriting, dated 'Jena, 30. September 1799', attesting the genuineness of the copies, is attached to either play. The MS. copy of *Wallenstein's Camp* ('Wallenstein's Lager'), which Coleridge did not attempt to translate, is not forthcoming. See two articles by Ferdinand Freiligrath, published in the *Athenæum*, July 15 and August 31, 1861. See, too, *Die Wallensteinübersetzung von Samuel T. Coleridge und ihr Deutsches Original . . . vorgelegt von Hans Roscher*. Borna-Leipzig, 1905. A copy of the translation which Macready marked for acting is in the Forster Library, which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. See note by J. Dykes Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 649. An annotated copy (in Coleridge's handwriting) of the translation of the *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*, presented by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, is in the Library of Rugby School [MS. R.]. The MS. contents of this volume are now published for the first time. Coleridge began his translation of the two plays at No. 21 Buckingham Street, Strand, in December, 1799, and finished the 'last sheet' at Town End, Grasmere, April 20, 1800.

'These dramas have two grievous faults: they are prolix in the particular parts and slow in the general movement. But they have passion, distinct and diversified character, and they abound in passages of great moral and poetic beauty.' S. T. COLERIDGE.

'The defects of these dramas are all of an instructive character; for tho' not the products of genius, like those of Shakespere, they result from an energetic and thinking mind. (1) The speeches are seldom suited to characters—the characters are truly diversified and distinctly conceived—but we learn them from the actions and from the descriptions given by other characters, or from particular speeches. The brutal Illo repeatedly talks language which belongs to the Countess, &c. (2) *Astrology* (an undramatic superstition because it inspires no terror, and its foundation of imagination is overbuilt and concealed by its scientific superstructure, with other cause from the imagery, is thus unpopular or swallowed up in more general and pleasing associations, as the Sun and Moon) is made prophetic, and yet treated ludicrously: the author as philosopher is in compleat discord with himself as Historian. This is a most grievous fault. (3) The assassins talk ludicrously. This is a most egregious misimitation of Shakespere—Schiller should not have attempted tragico-comedy, and none but Shakespere has succeeded. It is wonderful, however, that Schiller, who had studied Shakespere, should not have perceived his divine judgment in the management of his assassins, as in *Macbeth*. They are fearful and almost pitiable Beings—not loathsome, ludicrous miscreants. (4) The character of Thekla = O, the bold Heroine of any novel. Nothing of the Convent, no superstition, nothing of the Daughter of Wallenstein, nothing that her past life is represented by. (5) Wallenstein is a finer psychological than dramatic, and a more dramatic than a tragic character. Shakespere draws *strength* as in *Richard the Third*, and even when he blends weakness as in *Macbeth*—yet it is weakness of a specific kind that leaves the strength in full and fearful energy—but Schiller has drawn weakness imposing on itself the love of power for the sense of strength (a fine conception in itself, but not tragic—at least for the principal character of a long drama).—Hence Wallenstein, with one exception (that of the Regimental Deputation to him in the Second Part) evaporates in mock-mysterious speeches. These are the chief defects, I think. On the other hand, the character of Butler is admirable throughout. Octavio is very grand, and Max, tho' it may be an easy character to draw, for a man of thought and lofty feeling—for a man who possesses all the *analoga* of genius, is yet so delightful, and its moral influence so grand and salutary,

that we must allow it great praise. The childish love-toying with the glove and Aunt Tertsky in the first act should be omitted. Certain whole scenes are masterly, and far above anything since the dramatists of Eliz. & James the first.' *Note on fly-leaf of annotated copy (MS. R.)*.

[600]

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## THE PICCOLOMINI <sup>[600:1]</sup>

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### ACT I

#### SCENE I

*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.*

ILLO *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

*Illo.* Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,  
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

*Isolani.* Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.  
At Donauwert <sup>[600:2]</sup> it was reported to us,  
A Swedish caravan was on its way  
Transporting a rich cargo of provision, 5  
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats  
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—  
We bring it hither—

[601]

*Illo.* Just in time to banquet  
The illustrious company assembled here. 10

*Butler.* 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

*Isolani.* Ay!  
The very churches are all full of soldiers.  
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,  
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers  
Must shift and suit us in what way we can. 15

*Illo.* We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.  
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,  
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,  
The Piccolomini, both son and father—  
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting 20  
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only  
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

*Butler.* Expect not Galas.

*Illo.* How so? Do you know—

*Isolani.* Max Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him. 25  
I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,  
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)  
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,  
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,  
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril, 30  
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.  
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear  
He has made good the promise of his youth,  
And the full hero now is finished in him.

*Illo.* You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts 35  
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess <sup>[601:1]</sup>  
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

*Butler.* Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?  
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

*Isolani.* Hm!  
So much the better! I had framed my mind 40  
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,  
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:  
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too

[602]

Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present  
To feast our eyes.

45

*Illo (aside to Butler).* And how came you to know  
That the Count Galas joins us not?

*Butler.* Because  
He importuned me to remain behind.

*Illo.* And you?—You hold out firmly?  
Noble Butler!

*Butler.* After the obligation which the Duke  
Had laid so newly on me— 50

*Illo.* I had forgotten  
A pleasant duty—Major-General,  
I wish you joy!

*Isolani.* What, you mean, of his regiment?  
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,  
The Duke has given him the very same 55  
In which he first saw service, and since then,  
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,  
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives  
A precedent of hope, a spur of action 60  
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance  
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

*Butler.* I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no  
I dare accept this your congratulation.  
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment. 65

*Isolani.* Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post  
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,  
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

*Illo.* Ay, if we would but so consider it!—  
If we would all of us consider it so! 70  
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke  
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

*Isolani (to Illo).* My noble brother! did I tell you how  
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?  
Will be himself my banker for the future, 75  
Make me once more a creditable man!—  
And this is now the third time, think of that!  
This kingly-minded man has rescued me  
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

[603]

*Illo.* O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!  
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.  
But at Vienna, brother! here's the grievance!—  
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten  
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions. 80  
Then these new dainty requisitions! these, 85  
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

*Butler.* Ay,  
These requisitions of the Emperor,—  
I too have heard about them; but I hope  
The Duke will not draw back a single inch! 90

*Illo.* Not from his right most surely, unless first  
—From office!

*Butler.* Know you aught then? You alarm me.

*Isolani (at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice).*  
We should be ruined, every one of us!

*Illo.* No more!  
Yonder I see our worthy friend [603:1] approaching  
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

*Butler.* I fear we shall not go hence as we came. 95



## FOOTNOTES:

[600:1] In 1800 the following table of *Dramatis Personae* was prefixed to Act I of *The Piccolomini, or The First Part of Wallenstein*. In 1828, 1829, and 1834 this table was omitted.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in The Thirty-years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH, DON MARADAS, GOETZ, KOLATTO,	]	<i>Generals under Wallenstein.</i>
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NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

*The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, Imperial Envoy.*

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BAPTISTA SENI, *Astrologer.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

*The COUNTESS TERTSKY, Sister of the Duchess.*

A CORNET.

*Several COLONELS and GENERALS.*

PAGES *and* ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*

ATTENDANTS *and* HOBÖISTS *belonging to Tertsky.*

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Tertsky.*

VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

[600:2] A town about 12 German miles NE. of Ulm.

[601:1] The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[603:1] *Spoken with a sneer. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

## LINENOTES:

[1] *are 1800.*

*After 12 [Casts his eye round. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[24] *Illo (hesitating). How so? 1817, 1828, 1829. you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 25 Isolani (interrupting him). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[45] *Illo (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side). And how, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[48] *me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[49] *Illo (with warmth). And you?—You hold out firmly?*

*[Grasping his hand with affection.*

*1817, 1828, 1829.*

[70] *all 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 91 Butler (shocked and confused). 1817, 1828, 1829. aught 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[93] *our worthy friend 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 95 Butler (shaking his head significantly). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE II

*Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.*

*Octavio.* Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!  
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,  
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.  
Welcome, Count Isolani!

*Isolani.* My noble brother,  
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

5

*Octavio.* And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice  
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man  
Whose worth and services I know and honour.  
See, see, my friend!  
There might we place at once before our eyes  
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[604]

10

[*To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time to him.*]  
These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

*Questenberg (to Octavio).* And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

*Octavio (presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani).* The Chamberlain and War-  
commissioner Questenberg,  
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,  
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,  
We honour in this noble visitor.

15

*Illo.* 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,  
You have shewn our camp this honour.

*Questenberg.* Once before,  
I stood before these colours.

20

*Illo.* Perchance too you remember where that was.  
It was at Znäim<sup>[604:1]</sup> in Moravia, where  
You did present yourself upon the part  
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke  
That he would straight assume the chief command.

25

*Questenberg.* To supplicate? Nay, noble General!  
So far extended neither my commission  
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

*Illo.* Well, well, then—to compel him, if you choose.  
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly  
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.  
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,  
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing  
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.  
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared  
Before our General, storming him with prayers,  
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,  
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

30

35

*Isolani.* Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,  
Wherefore with your commission of to-day  
You were not all too willing to remember  
Your former one.

[605]

40

*Questenberg.* Why not, Count Isolan?  
No contradiction sure exists between them.  
It was the urgent business of that time  
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;  
And my commission of to-day instructs me  
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

45

*Illo.* A worthy office! After with our blood  
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,

50

To be swept out of it is all our thanks,  
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

*Questenberg.* Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer  
Only a change of evils, it must be  
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe. [55](#)

*Illo.* What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors  
Can answer fresh demands already.

*Questenberg.* Nay,  
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

*Isolani.* The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,  
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers. [60](#)

*Questenberg.* And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

*Isolani.* Poh! We are all his subjects.

*Questenberg.* Yet with a difference, General! The one fill  
With profitable industry the purse,  
The others are well skilled to empty it. [65](#)  
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough  
Must reinvigorate his resources.

*Isolani.* Sure!  
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see  
[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of QUESTENBERG.  
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

*Questenberg.* Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide  
Some little from the fingers of the Croats. [70](#)

*Illo.* There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,  
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,  
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—  
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies, [75](#)  
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens  
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests  
Save in the general calamity—  
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock  
The desolation of their country—these, [80](#)  
Let these, and such as these, support the war,  
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

*Butler.* And those state-parasites, who have their feet  
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,  
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they [85](#)  
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,  
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!

*Isolani.* My life long will it anger me to think,  
How when I went to court seven years ago,  
To see about new horses for our regiment, [90](#)  
How from one antechamber to another  
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour  
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering  
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither  
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour [95](#)  
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,  
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!  
Straight I began to muster up my sins  
For absolution—but no such luck for me!  
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom [100](#)  
I was to treat concerning the army horses:  
And I was forced at last to quit the field,  
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards  
The Duke procured me in three days, what I  
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna. [105](#)

*Questenberg.* Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:  
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

*Illo.* War is a violent trade; one cannot always  
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle  
Must not be blackened into sacrilege. [110](#)  
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,  
With due deliberation had selected

The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,  
I'faith, we should wait long.—  
'Dash! and through with it!'—That's the better watch-word. 115  
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature  
To make the best of a bad thing once past.  
A bitter and perplexed 'what shall I do?'  
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

[607]

*Questenberg.* Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare us 120  
The troublesome task of choosing.

*Butler.* Yes, the Duke  
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;  
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

*Questenberg.* His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,  
Nor will he offer one up to another. 125

*Isolani.* And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts  
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve  
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

*Questenberg.* Count, this comparison you make, not I.

*Butler.* Why, were we all the Court supposes us, 130  
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

*Questenberg.* You have taken liberty—it was not given you.  
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty  
To rein it in with curbs.

*Octavio.* My noble friend,  
This is no more than a remembrancing 135

That you are now in camp, and among warriors.  
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.  
Could he act daringly, unless he dared  
Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, [pointing to BUTLER. 140

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,  
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,  
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,  
In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. [Military music at a distance. 145

Hah! here they come!

*Illo.* The sentries are saluting them: this signal  
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

*Octavio.* Then my son Max too has returned. 'Twas he  
Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither. 150

*Isolani (to Illo).* Shall we not go in company to greet them?

[608]

*Illo.* Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[To OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet  
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[604:1] A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

## LINENOTES:

Before 1 *Octavio (still in the distance). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

After 4 [*Approaching nearer. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[17] We honour in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.

*Illo (moving towards Questenberg).* 'Tis not, &c.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[21] where 1800, 1828, 1829.

[26] supplicate 1800, 1828, 1829.

- [30] *compel* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 Before [39](#) *Isolani* (steps up to them). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [51] *out* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [58] *you* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [80] *these* 1800.
- [81] *these* 1800.
- [87] *pare* 1800.
- [99] *me* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [100] *This was, &c.* 1800.
- [120] *does* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [124] *His* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 Before [129](#) *Questenberg* (with a sneer). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [134] *Octavio* (interposing and addressing *Questenberg*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [138] *act* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 Before [149](#) *Octavio* (to *Questenberg*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [149] *Max* 1800.

### SCENE III

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

*Questenberg.* What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!  
 What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!  
 And were this spirit universal—

*Octavio.* Hm!  
 You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

*Questenberg.* Where must we seek then for a second host 5  
 To have the custody of this? That Illo  
 Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then  
 This Butler too—he cannot even conceal  
 The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

*Octavio.* Quickness of temper—irritated pride; 10  
 'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.  
 I know a spell that will soon dispossess  
 The evil spirit in him.

*Questenberg.* Friend, friend!  
 O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered 15  
 Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There  
 We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,  
 Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.  
 We had not seen the War-Chief, the Commander,  
 The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,  
 'Tis quite another thing. 20  
 Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.  
 Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!  
 This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp  
 Strikes my hopes prostrate.

*Octavio.* Now you see yourself 25  
 Of what a perilous kind the office is,  
 Which you deliver to me from the Court.  
 The least suspicion of the General  
 Costs me my freedom and my life, and would  
 But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

[609] *Questenberg.* Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted 30  
 This madman with the sword, and placed such power  
 In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,  
 Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.  
 Friend, he can do 't, and what he can, he will.  
 And then the impunity of his defiance— 35  
 O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

*Octavio.* D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter  
 Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!

And at the very point of time, in which  
We're arming for the war? That he has taken 40  
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,  
Away from out the Emperor's domains—  
This is no doubtful token of the nearness  
Of some eruption!

*Questenberg.* How shall we hold footing  
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself 45  
And threats us from all quarters? The enemy  
Of the empire on our borders, now already  
The master of the Danube, and still farther,  
And farther still, extending every hour!  
In our interior the alarum-bells 50  
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—  
All orders discontented—and the army,  
Just in the moment of our expectation  
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army  
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline, 55  
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state  
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument  
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon  
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!

*Octavio.* Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon, 60  
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:  
And many a resolute, who now appears  
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden  
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,  
Let but a single honest man speak out 65  
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,  
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.  
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained  
Their little army faithful to its duty,  
And daily it becomes more numerous. 70  
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,  
I hold him all-encompassed by my listeners.  
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—  
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;  
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

[610]

*Questenberg.* 'Tis quite 75  
Incomprehensible, that he detects not  
The foe so near!

*Octavio.* Beware, you do not think,  
That I by lying arts, and complaisant  
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:  
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions 80  
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—  
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty  
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,  
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet  
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits! 85

*Questenberg.* It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

*Octavio.* I know not what it is that so attracts  
And links him both to me and to my son.  
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,  
Adventurous deeds performed in company, 90  
And all those many and various incidents  
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,  
Had bound us long and early to each other—  
Yet I can name the day, when all at once  
His heart rose on me, and his confidence 95  
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning  
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.  
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,  
To press him to accept another charger.  
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree, 100  
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,  
And had related all my bodings to him,  
Long time he stared upon me, like a man  
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,  
And manifested to me an emotion 105  
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.  
Since then his confidence has followed me

With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

[611] *Questenberg.* You lead your son into the secret?

*Octavio.* No!

*Questenberg.* What? and not warn him either what bad hands  
His lot has placed him in? 110

*Octavio.* I must perforce  
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.  
His young and open soul—dissimulation  
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance  
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air, 115  
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,  
That make the Duke secure.

*Questenberg.* My honoured friend! most highly do I deem  
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—  
Reflect a little—

*Octavio.* I must venture it. 120  
Hush!—There he comes!

---

### LINENOTES:

Before 1 *Questenberg* (with signs of aversion and astonishment). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[13] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Questenberg* (walking up and down in evident disquiet). Friend, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[34] *can* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[59] *he* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[64] *knew*] *wot* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[84] *genuine* 1800.

[95] *rose* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[118] *Questenberg* (anxiously). My honoured, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE IV

MAX PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

*Max.* Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!  
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

*Octavio.* How, Max? Look closer at this visitor;  
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—Reverence  
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign. 5

*Max.* Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you  
Aught good to our head quarters.

*Questenberg* (seizing his hand). Nay, draw not  
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!  
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,  
And nothing common will I say therewith. 10

[Taking the hands of both.]

*Octavio*—*Max Piccolomini!*  
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!  
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,  
While two such stars, with blessed influences  
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts. 15

[612] *Max.* Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.  
You came not here to act a panegyric.  
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—  
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

*Octavio.* He comes from court, where people are not quite  
So well contented with the duke, as here. 20

*Max.* What now have they contrived to find out in him?

That he alone determines for himself  
 What he himself alone doth understand?  
 Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't. 25  
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing  
 That can be struck and hammered out to suit  
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance  
 To every tune of every minister.  
 It goes against his nature—he can't do it. 30  
 He is possessed by a commanding spirit,  
 And his too is the station of command.  
 And well for us it is so! There exist  
 Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use  
 Their intellects intelligently.—Then 35  
 Well for the whole, if there be found a man,  
 Who makes himself what nature destined him,  
 The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—  
 Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,  
 Where all may press with joy and confidence. 40  
 Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if  
 Another better suits the court—no other  
 But such a one as he can serve the army.

*Questenberg.* The army? Doubtless!

*Octavio (aside).* Hush! suppress it, friend!  
 Unless some end were answered by the utterance.— 45  
 Of him there you'll make nothing.

*Max.* In their distress  
 They call a spirit up, and when he comes,  
 Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him  
 More than the ills for which they called him up.  
 The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be 50  
 Like things of every day.—But in the field,  
 Aye, there the Present Being makes itself felt.  
 The personal must command, the actual eye  
 Examine. If to be the chieftain asks  
 All that is great in nature, let it be 55  
 Likewise his privilege to move and act  
 In all the correspondencies of greatness.  
 The oracle within him, that which lives,  
 He must invoke and question—not dead books,  
 Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers. 60

[613]

*Octavio.* My son! of those old narrow ordinances  
 Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights  
 Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind  
 Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.  
 For always formidable was the league 65  
 And partnership of free power with free will.  
 The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,  
 Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes  
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path  
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid, 70  
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.  
 My son! the road the human being travels,  
 That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow  
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
 Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines, 75  
 Honouring the holy bounds of property!  
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

*Questenberg.* O hear your father, noble youth! hear him,  
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

*Octavio.* My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! 80  
 A war of fifteen years  
 Hath been thy education and thy school.  
 Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists  
 A higher than the warrior's excellence.  
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose. 85  
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,  
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,  
 These are not they, my son, that generate  
 The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!  
 Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect! 90  
 Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,



[614]

With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel  
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams  
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries! 95  
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,  
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard  
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
And the year's harvest is gone utterly. 100

*Max.* O let the Emperor make peace, my father!  
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel  
For the first violet<sup>[614:1]</sup> of the leafless spring,  
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

*Octavio.* What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once? 105

*Max.* Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.  
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,  
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape  
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape! 110  
My road conducted me through countries where  
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—  
My venerable father, life has charms  
Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been  
But voyaging along its barren coasts,  
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates, 115  
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,  
House on the wild sea with wild usages,  
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays  
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.  
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals 120  
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,  
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

*Octavio.* And so your journey has revealed this to you?

*Max.* 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,  
What is the meed and purpose of the toil, 125  
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,  
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,  
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.  
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,  
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet, 130  
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,  
Word of command, and exercise of arms—  
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this  
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!  
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not— 135  
This cannot be the sole felicity,  
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

[615]

*Octavio.* Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

*Max.* O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier  
Returns home into life; when he becomes 140  
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.  
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!  
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!  
The caps and helmets are all garlanded 145  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
The city gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them.  
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,  
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards 150  
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom 155  
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

*Questenberg.* O! that you should speak  
Of such a distant, distant time, and not  
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day. 160

*Max.* Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?

I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.  
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here,  
 (I'll own it to you freely) indignation  
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together. 165  
 'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,  
 It is the warrior that must force it from you.  
 Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,  
 Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows 170  
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,  
 And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;  
 Which yet 's the only way to peace: for if  
 War intermit not during war, how then  
 And whence can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!  
 Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you. 175  
 And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;  
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,  
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye  
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

### FOOTNOTES:

[614:1] In the original,

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb ich him mit Freuden  
 Fürs erste Veilchen, das der Merz uns bringt,  
 Das duftige Pffand der neuverjüngten Erde.

1800, 1828, 1829.

### LINENOTES:

After [1](#) [*He embraces His father. As he turns round he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [6](#) *Max (drily).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [20](#) *Octavio (to Max).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[38] to] of 1800.

[44] *Octavio (to Questenberg).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[45] *some* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[46] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Max (continuing).* In their, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[52] *there the Present Being* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[58] *lives* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[63] *th' oppressed MS. R.*

[71] *may* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[73] *BLESSING* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[78] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[106] *have* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[113] *we* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [123](#) *Octavio (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [158](#) *Questenberg (apparently much affected).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [161](#) *Max (turning round to him, quick and vehement).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[165] *peace, ye* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[172] *how* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[173] *whence* 1800, 1828, 1829.

### SCENE V

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

*Questenberg.* Alas, alas! and stands it so?  
 What, friend! and do we let him go away  
 In this delusion—let him go away?  
 Not call him back immediately, not open  
 His eyes upon the spot?

*Octavio.* He has now opened mine,  
And I see more than pleases me.

5

*Questenberg.* What is it?

*Octavio.* Curse on this journey!

*Questenberg.* But why so? What is it?

*Octavio.* Come, come along, friend! I must follow up  
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes  
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

10

[*Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*]

*Questenberg.* What now? Where go you then?

*Octavio.* To her herself.

*Questenberg.* To——

*Octavio.* To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,  
I see the net that is thrown over him.  
O! he returns not to me as he went.

*Questenberg.* Nay, but explain yourself.

*Octavio.* And that I should not  
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore  
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.  
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

15

[617]

*Questenberg.* But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,  
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

20

*Octavio.* Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour  
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!  
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

---

## LINENOTES:

After 1 [*Then in pressing and impatient tones. 1800, 1828, 1829.*]

[5] *Octavio (recovering himself out of a deep study). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[11] *Where 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 12 *Octavio (interrupting him, and correcting himself). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[19] *what's 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 21 *Octavio (more collected). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

---

## SCENE VI

*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.  
—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order.  
During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and  
clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which  
he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

*First Servant.* Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it.  
I hear the sentry call out, 'Stand to your arms!' They will  
be there in a minute.

*Second Servant.* Why were we not told before that the  
audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no  
instructions—

5

*Third Servant.* Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber  
countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can  
look about one.

*First Servant.* Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there.  
He says it is an unlucky chamber.

10

*Second Servant.* Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call

a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

*Seni.* My son, there's nothing insignificant,  
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing  
First and most principal is place and time.

15

*First Servant (to the Second).* Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

*Seni (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats).*  
Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.  
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,  
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

20

*Second Servant.* And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

[618]

*Seni.* Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps  
The ten commandments.

25

*Second Servant.* That's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

*Seni.* Five is the soul of man: for even as man  
Is mingled up of good and evil, so  
The five is the first number that's made up  
Of even and odd.

30

*Second Servant.* The foolish old coxcomb!

*First Servant.* Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear  
him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

35

*Third Servant.* Off! They come.

*Second Servant.* There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the DUKE'S chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*]

---

## LINENOTES:

[13] *hum* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 15 *Seni* (with gravity). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[15] *nothing* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[16] *Nothing* 1800, 1828, 1829.

---

## SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

*Wallenstein.* You went then through Vienna, were presented  
To the Queen of Hungary?

*Duchess.* Yes, and to the Empress too,  
And by both Majesties were we admitted  
To kiss the hand.

*Wallenstein.* And how was it received,  
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither  
To the camp, in winter time?

5

*Duchess.* I did even that  
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,  
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,  
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,  
To shew the elected husband his betrothed.

10

*Wallenstein.* And did they guess the choice which I had made?

*Duchess.* They only hoped and wished it may have fallen  
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

*Wallenstein.* And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

*Duchess.* Your will, you know, was always mine.

*Wallenstein.* Well, then?  
And in all else, of what kind and complexion  
Was your reception at the court?  
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

15

[619]

*Duchess.* O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.  
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm  
Has stolen into the bud.

20

*Wallenstein.* Ay! is it so!  
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

*Duchess.* Not of respect. No honours were omitted,  
No outward courtesy; but in the place  
Of condescending, confidential kindness,  
Familiar and endearing, there were given me  
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.  
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,  
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.  
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,  
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—  
Not wholly so should she have been received.

25

30

*Wallenstein.* Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,  
They railed at it, no doubt.

*Duchess.* O that they had!  
I have been long accustomed to defend you,  
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.  
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,  
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—  
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,  
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;  
Something most luckless, most unhealable,  
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary  
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,  
And ever at departure to embrace me—

35

40

*Wallenstein.* Now she omitted it?

*Duchess.* She did embrace me,  
But then first when I had already taken  
My formal leave, and when the door already  
Had closed upon me, then did she come out  
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,  
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish  
Than tenderness.

45

50

[620]

*Wallenstein (seizes her hand soothingly).* Nay, now collect yourself,  
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,  
And of our other friends there?

*Duchess.* I saw none.

*Wallenstein.* The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont  
To plead so warmly for me?—

*Duchess.* Silent, Silent!

55

*Wallenstein.* These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward  
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

*Duchess.* And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that  
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,  
But in the country let itself be heard  
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain  
In sundry hints and—

60

*Wallenstein.* Lamormain! what said he?

*Duchess.* That you're accused of having daringly  
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged  
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor

65

And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,  
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—  
That there's a storm collecting over you  
Of far more fearful menace than that former one  
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.  
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!—

70

*Wallenstein.* Proceed!

*Duchess.* I cannot utter it!

*Wallenstein.* Proceed!

*Duchess.* They talk—

*Wallenstein.* Well!

*Duchess.* Of a second—

*Wallenstein.* Second—

*Duchess.* More disgraceful  
—Dismission.

*Wallenstein.* Talk they?

O! they force, they thrust me

With violence, against my own will, onward!

[621]

75

*Duchess.* O! if there yet be time, my husband! if  
By giving way and by submission, this

Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!

Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart

It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor

Before whom you retreat. O let no longer

Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning

With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up

Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,

And drive before you into uttermost shame

These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—

You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune

It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.

What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour

Stand not before us?

80

85

90

---

### LINENOTES:

[14] *you wish 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[15] *Wallenstein (after a pause). Well, then? 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 17 [The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[31] *so 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[45] *Now 1800, 1828, 1829. Duchess (wiping away her tears, after a pause). 1800, 1828, 1829. did 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[53] *Duchess (shaking her head). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[62] *Wallenstein (eagerly). Lamormain, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*he 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[71] *And people . . . Ah!—*

*[Stifling extreme emotion.*

*1800, 1828, 1829.*

[73] *Duchess. Of a second— (catches her voice and hesitates).*

*1800, 1828, 1829.*

[74] *Wallenstein. Talk they?*

*[Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*

*1800, 1828, 1829.*

*before 76 Duchess (presses near to him, in entreaty). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

*Countess.* How, sister? What already upon business,  
And business of no pleasing kind I see,  
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first  
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!  
This is thy daughter.

5

(THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as  
about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains  
standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.)

*Wallenstein.* Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:  
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

*Duchess.* 'Twas but a little child when you departed  
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:  
And after, at the close of the campaign,  
When you returned home out of Pomerania,  
Your daughter was already in the convent,  
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

10

[622]

*Wallenstein.* The while  
We in the field here gave our cares and toils  
To make her great, and fight her a free way  
To the loftiest earthly good, lo! mother Nature  
Within the peaceful silent convent walls  
Has done her part, and out of her free grace  
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child  
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned  
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

15

20

*Duchess (to Thekla).* Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,  
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,  
When last she saw your face.

*Thekla.* O yes, yes, mother!  
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.  
The form, that stands before me, falsifies  
No feature of the image that hath lived  
So long within me!

25

*Wallenstein.* The voice of my child!

[Then after a pause.]

I was indignant at my destiny  
That it denied me a man-child to be  
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,  
And re-illumine my soon extinguished being  
In a proud line of princes.

30

I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head  
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I  
Let fall the garland of a life of war,  
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it  
Transmitted to a regal ornament,  
Around these beauteous brows.

35

[He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.]

---

## LINENOTES:

After 1 [Observing the countenance of the Duchess. 1800, 1828, 1829.]

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## SCENE IX

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERTSKY, the others remaining as before.

*Countess.* There comes the Paladin who protected us.

*Wallenstein.* Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou  
The morning star of my best joys!

*Max.* My General—

*Wallenstein.* 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,  
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound  
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,  
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

*Max.* My prince!  
You made no common hurry to transfer it.  
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!  
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered  
The mother and the daughter to your arms,  
But there is brought to me from your equerry  
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress  
So to remunerate me for my troubles—  
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble  
It must be, a mere office, not a favour  
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which  
I came already with full heart to thank you for.  
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business  
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERTSKY *enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurriedly.*

*Countess (to Max).* Remunerate your trouble! For his joy  
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting  
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel  
So tenderly—my brother it beseems  
To shew himself for ever great and princely.

*Thekla.* Then I too must have scruples of his love:  
For his munificent hands did ornament me  
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

*Max.* Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving  
And making happy.

How my heart pours out  
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem  
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.  
While I shall live, so long will I remain  
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom  
My every fortune, every lovely hope.  
Inextricably as in some magic ring  
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

*Countess.* My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

*Wallenstein (turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess).* Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,  
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,  
Will now again administer your old office,  
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX PICCOLOMINI *offers the DUCHESS his arm, the COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.*

*Tertsky (calling after him).* Max, we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

## LINENOTES:

[30] And making happy.  
[*He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth.*

1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 38 *Countess (who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

## SCENE X

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

*Wallenstein (to himself).* She hath seen all things as they are—It is so  
And squares completely with my other notices.  
They have determined finally in Vienna,  
Have given me my successor already;



It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand, 5  
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,  
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us  
They think themselves already fairly rid,  
And as we were deceased, the heir already  
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch! 10  
[As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him a letter.  
Count Altringer will have himself excused,  
And Galas too—I like not this!

*Tertsky.* And if  
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,  
One following the other.

*Wallenstein.* Altringer 15  
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith  
Send some one to him, that he let not in  
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.  
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader  
In contraband negotiations, he 20  
Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he  
From the Count Thur?

*Tertsky.* The Count communicates,  
He has found out the Swedish chancellor  
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,  
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have  
No further dealings with you. [625]

*Wallenstein.* And why so? 25

[625:1] *Tertsky.* He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,  
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,  
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,  
And at last make yourself a riddance of them  
With a paltry sum of money.

*Wallenstein.* So then, doubtless, 30  
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects  
That I shall yield him some fair German tract  
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last  
On our own soil and native territory,  
May be no longer our own lords and masters! 35  
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,  
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

*Tertsky.* Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—  
It goes not from your portion. If you win  
The game what matters it to you who pays it? 40

*Wallenstein.* Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.  
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled  
My native land away, dismembered Germany,  
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order  
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away 45  
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—  
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,  
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!  
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances  
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands! 50  
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,  
But not a single fish of all the draught  
Shall they come in for.

*Tertsky.* You will deal, however,  
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience  
While you shift ground and make so many curves. 55  
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends  
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.  
There's Oxenstirn, there's Arnheim—neither knows  
What he should think of your procrastinations.  
And in the end I prove the liar: all 60  
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

*Wallenstein.* I never give my handwriting; thou knowest it.

*Tertsky.* But how can it be known that you're in earnest,  
If the act follows not upon the word?  
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all 65

Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy  
You might have done with safety all you have done,  
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him  
For the Emperor's service.

*Wallenstein (after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on Tertsky).*

And from whence dost thou know  
That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service? 70  
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?  
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee  
The intendant of my secret purposes?  
I am not conscious that I ever open'd  
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true, 75  
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,  
I could repay him with usurious interest  
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me  
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,  
Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st speak 80  
No wiselier than thy fellows.

*Tertsky.* So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO.]

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [625:1] This passing off of his real irresolution and fancy-dalliance for depth of Reserve and for Plan formed within the magic circle of his own inapproachable spirits is very fine; but still it is not tragic—nay scarce obvious enough to be altogether *dramatic*, if in this word we involve theatre-representation. Iago (so far only analogous to Wallenstein as in him an *Impulse* is the source of his conduct rather than the  *motive*), always acting is not the object of Interest, [but] derives a constant interest from Othello, on whom he is acting; from Desdemona, Cassio, every one; and, besides, for the purpose of theatric comprehensibility he is furnished with a set of outside motives that actually pass with the groundling for the true springs of action. *MS. R.*

### LINENOTES:

Before 1 *Wallenstein (in deep thought to himself). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

- [37] *we 1800*  
[62] *never 1800.*  
[63] *known 1800.*  
[69] *thou 1800.*  
[70] *not 1800.*  
[72] *me 1800.*  
[76] *would 1800.*  
[79] *power 1800.*

[627]

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### SCENE XI

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

*Wallenstein.* How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

*Illo.* You'll find them in the very mood you wish.  
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,  
And are tumultuous.

*Wallenstein.* How hath Isolan  
Declared himself?

*Illo.* He's yours, both soul and body, 5  
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

*Wallenstein.* And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou  
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

*Illo.* What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

*Wallenstein.* You mean then I may venture somewhat with them? 10

*Illo.*—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

*Wallenstein.* Not more assured of mine own self.

*Tertsky.* And yet  
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,  
The fox!

*Wallenstein.* Thou teachest me to know my man?  
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior. 15  
Besides, I have his horoscope,  
We both are born beneath like stars—in short  
To this belongs its own particular aspect,  
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest—

*Illo.* There is among them all but this one voice, 20  
You must not lay down the command. I hear  
They mean to send a deputation to you.

*Wallenstein.* If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,  
They too must bind themselves to me.

*Illo.* Of course.

*Wallenstein.* Their words of honour they must give, their oaths, 25  
Give them in writing to me, promising  
Devotion to my service unconditional.

[628] *Illo.* Why not?

*Tertsky.* Devotion unconditional?  
The exception of their duties towards Austria  
They'll always place among the premises. 30  
With this reserve—

*Wallenstein.* All unconditional!  
No premises, no reserves.

*Illo.* A thought has struck me.  
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet  
This evening?

*Tertsky.* Yes; and all the Generals  
Have been invited.

*Illo (to Wallenstein).* Say, will you here fully 35  
Commission me to use my own discretion?  
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,  
Even as you wish.

*Wallenstein.* Gain me their signatures!  
How you come by them, that is your concern.

*Illo.* And if I bring it to you, black on white, 40  
That all the leaders who are present here  
Give themselves up to you, without condition;  
Say, will you then—then will you shew yourself  
In earnest, and with some decisive action  
Make trial of your luck?

*Wallenstein.* The signatures! 45  
Gain me the signatures.

*Illo.* [628:1] Seize, seize the hour  
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment  
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.  
To make a great decision possible,

O! many things, all transient and all rapid, 50

Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met  
May by that confluence be enforced to pause  
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,  
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!

This is that moment. See, our army chieftains, 55

Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,  
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.

[629] The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune

Hath woven together in one potent web

Instinct with destiny, O let them not

Unravel of themselves. If you permit 60

These chiefs to separate, so unanimous  
 Bring you them not a second time together.  
 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,  
 And every individual's spirit waxes 65  
 In the great stream of multitudes. Behold  
 They are still here, here still! But soon the war  
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small  
 Particular anxieties and interests  
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy 70  
 Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day  
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,  
 Will become sober, seeing but himself,  
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed  
 Will face about, and march on in the old 75  
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,  
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

*Wallenstein.* The time is not yet come.

*Tertsky.* So you say always.  
 But when will it be time?

*Wallenstein.* When I shall say it.

*Illo.* You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours, 80  
 Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,  
 In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.  
 Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,  
 This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,  
 The only one that harmeth you is Doubt. 85

*Wallenstein.* Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft  
 And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,  
 That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.  
 Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;  
 Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth, 90  
[\[629:1\]](#)Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,  
 Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.  
 The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,  
 With serviceable cunning knit together  
 The nearest with the nearest; and therein 95  
 I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er  
 Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,  
 And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,  
 That from this gross and visible world of dust  
 Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds, 100  
 Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers  
 Move up and down on heavenly ministries—  
 The circles in the circles, that approach  
 The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—  
 These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye, 105  
 Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.]*

The heavenly constellations make not merely  
 The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely  
 Signify to the husbandman the seasons  
 Of sowing and of harvest. Human action, 110  
 That is the seed too of contingencies,  
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity  
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.  
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,  
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours, 115  
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,  
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving  
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.  
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile  
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say 120  
 What I shall do—only, give way I will not.  
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points  
 You may rely.

*Page (entering).* My Lords, the Generals.

*Wallenstein.* Let them come in.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [628:1] Here is an instance of the defect classed No. 1 in the blank leaf. With what propriety is this speech of profound moral insight put in the mouth of that stupid, foolish Illo? *MS. R.*
- [629:1] This is *said*, and finely too; but in what one instance is it shown realized in Illo? This is a common fault of a man of genius whose genius is not however *creative* but *ideative*. There is just such another in my Maria as described by Osorio, the Character exists only in the description. *MS. R.*

## LINENOTES:

After 17 (*with an air of mystery*) 1800, 1828, 1829.

- [21] *must* 1800.
- [27] *unconditional* 1800.
- [28] *unconditional* 1800.
- [31] *unconditional* 1800.
- [32] *Wallenstein (shaking his head).* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [39] *your* 1800.
- [43] *then—then* 1800.
- [66] *multitudes*] *multitude* 1800.
- [79] *when* 1800.
- [108] *nights*] *night* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [121] *I* 1800.

[631]

## SCENE XII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter* QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, *and three other* Generals. WALLENSTEIN *motions* QUESTENBERG, *who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank.*

*Wallenstein.* I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import  
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,  
And formed my final, absolute resolve;  
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals  
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth. 5  
May't please you then to open your commission  
Before these noble Chieftains.

*Questenberg.* I am ready  
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,  
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,  
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right 10  
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

*Wallenstein.* We excuse all preface.

*Questenberg.* When his Majesty  
The Emperor to his courageous armies  
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland  
A most experienced and renowned commander, 15  
He did it in glad hope and confidence  
To give thereby to the fortune of the war  
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset  
Was favourable to his royal wishes.  
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons, 20  
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands  
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland  
From all the streams of Germany forced hither  
The scattered armies of the enemy,  
Hither invoked as round one magic circle 25  
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,  
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;  
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,  
The fearful game of battle to decide.

*Wallenstein.* May't please you to the point. 30

[632]

*Questenberg.* In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left

His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who  
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland  
 After this day of triumph, this proud day,  
 Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight, 35  
 And vanished from the theatre of war;  
 While the young Weimar hero forced his way  
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like  
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,  
 Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed 40  
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg  
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.  
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince  
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;  
 The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland, 45  
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:  
 He superadds his own, and supplicates  
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.  
 In vain his supplication! At this moment  
 The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge, 50  
 Barters the general good to gratify  
 Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

*Wallenstein.* Max, to what period of the war alludes he?  
 My recollection fails me here.

*Max.* He means  
 When we were in Silesia.

*Wallenstein.* Ay! Is it so! 55  
 But what had we to do there?

*Max.* To beat out  
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

*Wallenstein.* True.  
 In that description which the Minister gave  
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.]

Well, but proceed a little.

*Questenberg.* Yes! at length 60  
 Beside the river Oder did the Duke  
 Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields  
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,  
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,  
 The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger 65  
 Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up  
 Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch  
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.  
 But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;  
 Instead of punishment he found reward, 70  
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss  
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

[633]

*Wallenstein (laughs).* I know,  
 I know you had already in Vienna  
 Your windows and balconies all forestalled  
 To see him on the executioner's cart. 75  
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too  
 With infamy, and still retained your graces—  
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,  
 Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,  
 No, never can forgive me.

*Questenberg.* So Silesia 80  
 Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke  
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.  
 And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,  
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road  
 He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever 85  
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,  
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

*Wallenstein.* The troops were pitiably destitute  
 Of every necessary, every comfort.  
 The winter came. What thinks his Majesty 90  
 His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected  
 Like other men to wet, and cold, and all

The circumstances of necessity?  
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!  
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him, 95  
And when he goes away, the general curse  
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,  
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize  
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.  
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa! 100  
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man  
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

*Butler.* Already a full year.

[634] *Wallenstein.* And 'tis the hire  
That constitutes the hiring's name and duties,  
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant. [634:1] 105

*Questenberg.* Ah! this is a far other tone from that  
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

*Wallenstein.* Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself  
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him. 110  
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,  
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,  
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him  
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony  
The fury goddess of the war marched on,  
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing 115  
The terrors of his name. That was a time!  
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine  
Honoured with festival and celebration—  
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title  
Of the third jewel in his crown! 120  
But at the Diet, when the Princes met  
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,  
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,  
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.  
And what was now my thank, what had I now, 125  
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,  
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,  
And let the Princes of the empire pay  
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes  
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I! 130  
What? I was offered up to their complaints,  
Dismissed, degraded!

*Questenberg.* But your Highness knows  
What little freedom he possessed of action  
In that disastrous diet.

[635] *Wallenstein.* Death and hell!  
I had that which could have procured him freedom. 135  
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me  
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,  
I have been taught far other trains of thinking  
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.  
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff, 140  
But now I hold it as the empire's general—  
For the common weal, the universal interest,  
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!  
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

*Questenberg.* First, his imperial Majesty hath willed  
That without pretexts of delay the army  
Evacuate Bohemia. 145

*Wallenstein.* In this season?  
And to what quarter wills the Emperor  
That we direct our course?

*Questenberg.* To the enemy.  
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg  
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,  
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached  
In that cathedral, nor heretical  
Defilement desecrate the celebration  
Of that pure festival. 150

*Wallenstein.* My generals,  
Can this be realized? 155

*Illo.* 'Tis not possible.

*Butler.* It can't be realized.

*Questenberg.* The Emperor  
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys  
To advance toward Bavaria!

*Wallenstein.* What did Suys?

*Questenberg.* That which his duty prompted. He advanced! 160

*Wallenstein.* What? he advanced? And I, his general,  
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,  
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus  
With my authority? Is this the obedience  
Due to my office, which being thrown aside 165  
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!  
You be the judges, generals! What deserves  
That officer, who of his oath neglectful  
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

*Illo.* Death.

*Wallenstein.* Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved? 170

[636]

*Max Piccolomini.* According to the letter of the law,  
Death.

*Isolani.* Death.

*Butler.* Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows; all the rest rise.]

*Wallenstein.* To this the law condemns him, and not I.  
And if I shew him favour, 'twill arise  
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor. 175

*Questenberg.* If so, I can say nothing further—here!

*Wallenstein.* I accepted the command but on conditions!  
And this the first, that to the diminution  
Of my authority no human being,  
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled 180  
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.  
If I stand warranter of the event,  
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,  
Needs must I have full mastery in all  
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus 185  
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?  
This—that he was the monarch in his army!  
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,  
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.  
But to the point! The best is yet to come. 190  
Attend now, generals!

*Questenberg.* The prince Cardinal  
Begins his route at the approach of spring  
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army  
Through Germany into the Netherlands.  
That he may march secure and unimpeded, 195  
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment  
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

*Wallenstein.* Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,  
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!  
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!  
I see it coming! 200

*Questenberg.* There is nothing coming.  
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,  
The dictate of necessity!—

*Wallenstein.* What then?  
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered  
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing 205

[637]



The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court  
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use  
 The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,  
 To lead into the empire a new army  
 Unsubjected to my control. To throw me 210  
 Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you  
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,  
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me  
 Where'er the German is the native language.  
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals 215  
 That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,  
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.  
 No syllable! And so the politic court  
 Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;  
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with, 220  
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow  
 And make short work with me.  
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?  
 Straight-forward man! His compact with me pinches  
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off!— 225  
 Well!—I will gratify him!

[*Here there commences an agitation among the Generals which increases continually.*

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!  
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at  
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain  
 The recompense their services demand. 230  
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,  
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.  
 There serve here many foreigners in the army,  
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,  
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny 235  
 After his pedigree or catechism.  
 This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.  
 Well—me no longer it concerns.

[*He seats himself.*

*Max Piccolomini.* Forbid it. Heaven, that it should come to this!  
 Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation— 240  
 The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

*Isolani.* It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

[638]

*Wallenstein.* Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!  
 What we with toil and foresight have built up,  
 Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck. 245  
 What then? another chieftain is soon found,  
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)  
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor  
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO and MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.*

*Max Piccolomini (busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them).* Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!  
 Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing, 250  
 Till we have met and represented to you  
 Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!  
 I hope all may be yet set right again.

*Tertsky.* Away! let us away! in the antechamber  
 Find we the others. 255

[*They go.*

*Butler (to Questenberg).* If good counsel gain  
 Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!  
 You will be cautious how you shew yourself  
 In public for some hours to come—or hardly  
 Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment. 260

[*Commotions heard from without.*

*Wallenstein.* A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!  
 Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.  
 Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[*QUESTENBERG is about to speak.*

Nay, not a word.  
 Not one word more of that detested subject!  
 You have performed your duty—We know how 265

To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG *is going off with* OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, *press in; several other Generals following them.*

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

Tiefenbach (*at the same time*). What are we forced to hear?  
That thou wilt leave us?

Kolatto (*at the same time*). We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

Wallenstein (*pointing to Illo*). There! the Field-Marshal knows our will.

[Exit. [270](#)

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## FOOTNOTES:

[634:1] The original is not translatable into English:

—Und sein *Sold*  
Muss dem *Soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

'And that for which he sold his services,  
The soldier must receive.'

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

## LINENOTES:

Before [1](#) WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, &c. . . . rank. *There reigns a momentary silence. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[56] *there 1800.*

[79] *that 1800.*

[83] *did 1800.*

[91] Arn't] An't 1800, 1828, 1829.

[105] *pay . . . covenant 1800.*

[135] *I 1800.*

Before [170](#) Wallenstein (*raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[171] *Max Piccolomini (after a long pause). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[176] *so . . . here 1800.*

[182] *event 1800.*

[206] *my 1800.*

[244] *we 1800.*

[270] *Wallenstein (with stateliness and, &c.). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

After [270](#) [*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[639]

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## ACT II

### SCENE I

SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Now for this evening's business! How intend you  
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,  
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves  
Collectively, to be and to remain  
His both with life and limb, and not to spare  
The last drop of our blood for him, provided  
So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,  
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!  
This reservation we expressly make  
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.

5

10

Now hear! This formula so framed and worded  
Will be presented to them for perusal  
Before the banquet. No one will find in it  
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further! 15  
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine  
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let  
A counterfeited paper, in the which  
This one particular clause has been left out,  
Go round for signatures.

*Tertsky.* How? think you then 20  
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,  
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

*Illo.* We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then  
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave  
Loud as they may against our treachery, 25  
At court their signatures will be believed  
Far more than their most holy affirmations.  
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely  
Will make a virtue of necessity.

*Tertsky.* Well, well, it shall content me; let but something 30  
Be done, let only some decisive blow  
Set us in motion.

[640] *Illo.* Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance  
How, or how far, we may thereby propel 35  
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade  
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act  
In his determined mood, as if he had them,  
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,  
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

*Tertsky.* His policy is such a labyrinth, 40  
That many a time when I have thought myself  
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me  
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.  
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me  
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina 45  
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;  
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,  
And when I think I have him—off at once—  
He has slipped from me, and appears as if  
He had no scheme, but to retain his place. 50

*Illo.* He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!  
His soul is occupied with nothing else,  
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,  
That day by day he questions for this purpose  
The motions of the planets—

*Tertsky.* Ay! you know 55  
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni  
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower  
To make joint observations—for I hear,  
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;  
And something great, and of long expectation, 60  
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

*Illo.* Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work  
In this next day or two must thrive and grow  
More than it has for years. And let but only  
Things first turn up auspicious here below— 65  
Mark what I say—the right stars too will shew themselves.  
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,  
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

*Tertsky.* Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay  
And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know 70  
That we too are not idle. Break one string,  
A second is in readiness.

[641] *Illo.* Yes! Yes!  
I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.  
What's in the wind?

*Tertsky.* A secret. Hush! she comes.

[Exit ILLO.]

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## LINENOTES:

- [6] *His* 1800.  
[7] *him* 1800.  
[8] *nor*] or 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[31] *done* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[38] *will* 1800.  
[70] *wait* 1800.
- 

## SCENE II

*The* COUNTESS *steps out from a Closet.*

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

*Tertsky.* Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back  
No longer.

*Countess.* She will be there instantly.  
You only send him.

*Tertsky.* I am not quite certain,  
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not  
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know, 5  
No ray has broken from him on this point.  
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best  
How far you dare proceed.

*Countess.* I take it on me. [Talking to herself, while she is advancing.]

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—  
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other— 10  
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,  
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,  
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen  
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her  
To a bridegroom, [\[641:1\]](#) whom no one knows—No! no!— 15  
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!  
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card  
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains  
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—  
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!  
In her who is thy sister.— 20

*Servant (enters).* The commanders!

*Tertsky (to the Countess).* Take care you heat his fancy and affections—  
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,  
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that 25  
He may not boggle at the signature.

[\[642\]](#) *Countess.* Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

*Tertsky.* All rests upon his undersigning.

*Countess.* Go to your guests! Go—

*Illo (comes back).* Where art staying, Tertsky?  
The house is full, and all expecting you. 30

*Tertsky.* Instantly! Instantly! [To the COUNTESS.]  
And let him not  
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion  
In the old man—

*Countess.* A truce with your precautions!

[Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.]

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[641:1] In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

### LINENOTES:

[6] broken] broke out 1800, 1828, 1829.

[13] he 1800, 1828, 1829.

[15] whom] when 1800, 1828, 1829.

[28] Countess (interrupting him). 1800, 1828, 1829.

---

### SCENE III

COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Aunt Tertsky? may I venture?  
[Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.  
She's not here!

Where is she?

Countess. Look but somewhat narrowly  
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie  
Conceal'd behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves!<sup>[642:1]</sup>  
[Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—  
You make it an amusement to torment me.

5

Countess. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!  
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—  
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—  
These, these are not my habits!

10

Countess. You have still  
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!  
But on this proof of your obedient temper  
I must continue to insist; and only  
On this condition can I play the agent  
For your concerns.

[643]

15

Max. But wherefore comes she not?  
Where is she?

Countess. Into my hands you must place it  
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,  
More zealously affected to your interest?  
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.  
He must not above all.

20

Max. Alas! what danger?  
Here is no face on which I might concentrate  
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.  
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?  
Or is it only I?

I find myself,  
As among strangers! Not a trace is left  
Of all my former wishes, former joys.  
Where has it vanished to? There was a time  
When even, methought, with such a world as this  
I was not discontented. Now how flat!  
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!  
My comrades are intolerable to me.  
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.  
My arms, my military duties—O!  
They are such wearying toys!

25

30

Countess. But, gentle friend!  
I must entreat it of your condescension,  
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour  
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,  
Where even now much, and of much moment,  
Is on the eve of its completion.

35

	<i>Max.</i> Something, I can't but know, is going forward round me. I see it gathering, crowding, driving on, In wild uncustomary movements. Well, In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me. Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay, No raillery. The turmoil of the camp, The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in, The pointless jest, the empty conversation, Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasped for air— I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly, To seek a silence out for my full heart; And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness. No smiling, Countess! In the church was I. There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate, <a href="#">[644:1]</a> Thither I went, there found myself alone. Over the altar hung a holy mother; A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend That I was seeking in this moment. Ah, How oft have I beheld that glorious form In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers; Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once Was my devotion cloudless as my love.	40 45 50 55 60
	<i>Countess.</i> Enjoy your fortune and felicity! Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active. Only be manageable when that friendship Points you the road to full accomplishment. How long may it be since you declared your passion?	65
	<i>Max.</i> This morning did I hazard the first word.	
	<i>Countess.</i> This morning the first time in twenty days?	<a href="#">70</a>
	<i>Max.</i> 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and— That was the last relay of the whole journey! In a balcony we were standing mute, And gazing out upon the dreary field: Before us the dragoons were riding onward, The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy The inquietude of parting lay upon me, And trembling ventured I at length these words: This all reminds me, noble maiden, that To-day I must take leave of my good fortune. A few hours more, and you will find a father, Will see yourself surrounded by new friends, And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger, Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsy!' With hurrying voice she interrupted me. She faltered. I beheld a glowing red Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer Did I control myself.	75 80 85
<a href="#">[645]</a>	<i>[The PRINCESS THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.]</i>	
	With instant boldness I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers; There was a rustling in the room close by; It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened, You know.	<a href="#">90</a>
	<i>Countess.</i> And is it your excess of modesty; Or are you so incurious, that you do not Ask me too of my secret?	<a href="#">95</a>
	<i>Max.</i> Of your secret?	
	<i>Countess.</i> Why, yes! When in the instant after you I stepped into the room, and found my niece there, What she in this first moment of the heart Ta'en with surprise—	
	<i>Max.</i> Well?	<a href="#">100</a>

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [642:1] All this is terribly childish, at least appears so to an *English* lover. Besides it is modern French Comedy—for which, by the by, we want a word to distinguish it from the *toto caelo* different Comedy which Shakespere and his contemporaries worked up into their Tragedy with such felicity of action and reaction. *MS. R.*
- [644:1] I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur *Himmelspforte*.

## LINENOTES:

*Max* (peeping in on the stage shyly). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[7] thanks] thank 1800, 1828, 1829.

[8] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[17] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[21] *He* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[72] *you* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[91] mouth] *lips MS. R.*

[94] *Countess* (after a pause, with a stolen glance at *Thekla*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[96] *your* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[100] *Max* (with eagerness). 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE IV

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Thekla* (*to the Countess*). Spare yourself the trouble:  
That hears he better from myself.

*Max.* My Princess!  
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky?

*Thekla* (*to the Countess*). Has he been here long?

*Countess.* Yes; and soon must go.  
Where have you stayed so long?

*Thekla.* Alas! my mother  
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,  
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

5

*Max.* Now once again I have courage to look on you.  
To-day at noon I could not.  
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you  
Hid the beloved from me.

10

[646] *Thekla.* Then you saw me  
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

*Max.* This morning, when I found you in the circle  
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,  
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,  
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment  
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!  
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—  
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,  
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,  
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he  
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban  
Of excommunication round you, wherefore  
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,  
And cast upon the light and joyous heart  
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly  
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour  
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

15

20

25

*Thekla.* Hush! not a word more of this mummery.  
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

30

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?

[*To the* COUNTESS.]

'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!  
He had quite another nature on the journey—  
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.  
It was my wish to see you always so,  
And never otherwise!

[To Max.

35

*Max.* You find yourself  
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!  
All in a new world, which does homage to you,  
And which, wer't only by its novelty,  
Delights your eye.

*Thekla.* Yes; I confess to you  
That many things delight me here: this camp,  
This motley stage of warriors, which renews  
So manifold the image of my fancy,  
And binds to life, binds to reality,  
What hitherto had but been present to me  
As a sweet dream!

40

*Max.* Alas! not so to me.  
It makes a dream of my reality.  
Upon some island in the ethereal heights  
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men  
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge  
That, reconducting to my former life,  
Divides me and my heaven.

[647]

[50](#)

*Thekla.* The game of life  
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart  
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,  
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous  
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.  
In this short time that I've been present here,  
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!  
And yet they all must give place to the wonder  
Which this mysterious castle guards.

[55](#)

*Countess.* And what  
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted  
With all the dusky corners of this house.

[60](#)

*Thekla.* Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,  
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

*Countess (laughs).* The astrological tower!—How happens it  
That this same sanctuary, whose access  
Is to all others so impracticable,  
Opens before you even at your approach?

65

*Thekla.* A dwarfish old man with a friendly face  
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services  
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

70

*Max.* That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

*Thekla.* He questioned me on many points; for instance,  
When I was born, what month, and on what day,  
Whether by day or in the night.

*Countess.* He wished  
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

75

*Thekla.* My hand too he examined, shook his head  
With much sad meaning, and the lines methought,  
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

*Countess.* Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?  
My highest privilege has been to snatch  
A side-glance, and away!

80

*Thekla.* [\[647:1\]](#) It was a strange  
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now  
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after  
The closing door, was gone; and all about me  
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me

[648]

85



	In a half-circle. Each one in his hand	90
	A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;	
	And in the tower no other light was there	
	But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.	
	'These are the planets,' said that low old man,	
	'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause	95
	Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,	
	Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,	
	With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.	
	He opposite, the king with the red light,	
	An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:	100
	And both these bring but little luck to man.'	
	But at his side a lovely lady stood,	
	The star upon her head was soft and bright,	
	And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.	
	On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.	105
	Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright	
	A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;	
	And this was Jupiter, my father's star:	
	And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.	
	 <i>Max.</i> O never rudely will I blame his faith	110
	In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely	
	The human being's Pride that peoples space	
	With life and mystical predominance;	
	Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love	
	This visible nature, and this common world,	115
	Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import	
	Lurks in the legend told my infant years	
	Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.	
	For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;	
	Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,	120
	And spirits; and delightedly believes	
	Divinities, being himself divine.	
[649]	The intelligible forms of ancient poets,	
	The fair humanities of old religion,	
	The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,	<a href="#">125</a>
	That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,	
	Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,	
	Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.	
	They live no longer in the faith of reason!	
	But still the heart doth need a language, still	130
	Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,	
	And to yon starry world they now are gone,	
	Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth	
	With man as with their friend; <a href="#">[649:1]</a> and to the lover	
	Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky	135
	Shoot influence down: and even at this day	
	'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,	
	And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!	
	 <i>Thekla.</i> And if this be the science of the stars,	
	I too, with glad and zealous industry,	140
	Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.	
	It is a gentle and affectionate thought,	
	That in immeasurable heights above us,	
	At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,	
	With sparkling stars for flowers.	
	 <i>Countess.</i> Not only roses,	145
	But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you	
	Leave they your wreath of love inviolate;	
	What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,	
	The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.	
	 <i>Max.</i> Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.	150
	Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel	
	Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting	
	Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish	
	Will have remained for his great heart! Enough	
	Has he performed for glory, and can now	155
	Live for himself and his. To his domains	
	Will he retire; he has a stately seat	
	Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,	
	And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—	
[650]	Even to the foot of the huge mountains here	<a href="#">160</a>
	Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:	

His ruling passion, to create the splendid,  
He can indulge without restraint; can give  
A princely patronage to every art,  
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection. 165  
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

*Countess.* Yet I would have you look, and look again,  
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!  
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,  
That you should woo and win her with the sword. 170

*Max.* O, that the sword could win her!

*Countess.* What was that?  
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard  
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

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### FOOTNOTES:

[647:1] In this and in Max's reply to it I have taken more liberty than in any other part of the play—except perhaps in Gordon's character of Wallenstein [Act III. Scene ii]. In truth, Max's reply after the first nine lines is almost my own, as are the first seven lines of Thekla's description. The remainder I take a little pride in as a specimen of translation, fully equal, and in diction and rhythmic feeling superior, to the original. *S. T. C. MS. R.*

[649:1] No more of talk, where God or Angel Guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent.

*Paradise Lost*, ix. 1-3. 1800, 1828, 1829.

### LINENOTES:

[2] *Max* (*stepping backward*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[5] *you* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[17] *father* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[26] *his* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[54] inalienable] unalienable 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 56 [*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[60] *Countess* (*recollecting*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[63] *Thekla* (*smiling*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[126] their] her 1829.

[160] huge] *Silesian MS. R.*

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### SCENE V

THEKLA *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Thekla* (*as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini*).  
Don't trust them! They are false!

*Max.* Impossible!

*Thekla.* Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,  
They had a purpose.

*Max.* Purpose! but what purpose?  
And how can we be instrumental to it?

*Thekla.* I know no more than you; but yet believe me:  
There's some design in this! to make us happy,  
To realize our union—trust me, love!  
They but pretend to wish it. 5

*Max.* But these Tertskeys—  
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?  
Excellent creature! she deserves from us  
A full and filial confidence. 10

*Thekla.* She doth love you,  
Doth rate you high before all others—but—  
But such a secret—she would never have  
The courage to conceal it from my father.  
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it  
A secret from her too.

15

[651]

*Max.* Why any secret?  
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.  
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him  
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,  
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—  
He is so good, so noble!

20

*Thekla (falls on his neck).* That are you!

*Max.* You knew him only since this morn; but I  
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,  
And who knows whether in this very moment  
He is not merely waiting for us both  
To own our loves, in order to unite us.  
You are silent!—  
You look at me with such a hopelessness!  
What have you to object against your father?

25

*Thekla.* I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—  
He has no leisure time to think about  
The happiness of us two.

30

Follow me!

[*Taking his hand tenderly.*]

Let us not place too great a faith in men.  
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them  
For every kindness, but not trust them further  
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—  
On our own hearts!

35

*Max.* O! shall we e'er be happy?

*Thekla.* Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?  
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul  
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!  
I ought to be less open—ought to hide  
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:<sup>[651:1]</sup>  
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,  
If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

40

---

## FOOTNOTES:

[651:1] What may not a man write and publish, who writes with the press waiting, and composes p. 86 while the printer is composing p. 85? *MS. R.*

## LINENOTES:

[3] *purpose* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[18] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[37] *e'er* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE VI

*To them enters the* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

*Countess.* Come!  
My husband sends me for you—It is now  
The latest moment.  
Part you!

[652]

*Thekla.* O, not yet!  
It has been scarce a moment.

*Countess.* Aye! Then time  
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

5

*Max.* There is no hurry, aunt.

*Countess.* Away! Away!  
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already  
His father has asked for him.

*Thekla.* Ha! his father?

*Countess.* You understand that, niece!

*Thekla.* Why needs he  
To go at all to that society? 10  
'Tis not his proper company. They may  
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.  
In brief, he suits not such society.

*Countess.* You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

*Thekla.* Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning. 15  
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

*Countess.* What? have you lost your senses, niece?—  
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

*Max (to Thekla).* Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!  
[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.]  
What say you then, dear lady?

*Thekla (without looking at him).* Nothing. Go! 20

*Max.* Can I, when you are angry—

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment,  
then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his  
heart.]

*Countess.* Off! Heavens! if any one should come!  
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.—Off!

[MAX tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The COUNTESS  
accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks  
restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost  
in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden  
emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and  
melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and  
sings.]

[653] *Thekla (plays and sings).*

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,  
The damsel paces along the shore; 25  
The billows they tumble with might, with might;  
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;

Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;  
The world it is empty, the heart will die,  
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky: 30  
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!  
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—  
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow. [653:1]

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## FOOTNOTES:

[653:1] I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement, and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

*Thekla (spielt und singt).*

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,  
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:  
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.  
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

*Thekla (plays and sings).*

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of *The Tale of Rosamond Gray and Blind Margaret* has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,  
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;  
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,  
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,  
Her eye upward roving:  
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;  
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,  
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,  
Both living and loving.

The text of Lamb's version as printed in *Works*, 1818, i. 42 is as follows:

BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,  
And ever the forest maketh a moan:  
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,  
Thus by herself she singeth alone,  
Weeping right plenteously.  
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:  
To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,  
I have had earnest of all earth's bliss  
Living most lovingly.

*Spring, 1800.*

**LINENOTES:**

[1] *Countess (in a pressing manner). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[3] The latest, &c.  
[*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.*  
*1800, 1828, 1829.*

[9] *that 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[15] *Thekla (with energy). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[654]

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**SCENE VII**

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

*Countess.* Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,  
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,  
And so must be flung after him! For you,  
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought  
It had been more beseeming to have shewn yourself  
More chary of your person.

*Thekla.* And what mean you?

*Countess.* I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten  
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance  
That never once occurred to you.

*Thekla.* What then?

*Countess.* That you're the daughter of the Prince-Duke Friedland.

*Thekla.* Well—and what farther?

*Countess.* What? a pretty question!

*Thekla.* He was born that which we have but become.  
He's of an ancient Lombard family,  
Son of a reigning princess.

5

10

*Countess.* Are you dreaming?  
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth! 15  
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him  
To honour with his hand the richest heiress  
In Europe.

*Thekla.* That will not be necessary.

*Countess.* Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

[655] *Thekla.* His father loves him, Count Octavio 20  
Will interpose no difficulty—

*Countess.* His!  
His father! his! But yours, niece, what of yours?

*Thekla.* Why I begin to think you fear his father,  
So anxiously you hide it from the man!  
His father, his, I mean.

*Countess (looks at her).* Niece, you are false. 25

*Thekla.* Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

*Countess.* You hold your game for won already. Do not  
Triumph too soon!—

*Thekla.* Nay now, be friends with me.

*Countess.* It is not yet so far gone.

*Thekla.* I believe you.

*Countess.* Did you suppose your father had laid out 30  
His most important life in toils of war,  
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,  
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted  
His noble head to care, and for this only, 35  
To make a happy pair of you? At length  
To draw you from your convent, and conduct  
In easy triumph to your arms the man  
That chanc'd to please your eyes! All this, methinks,  
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

*Thekla.* That which he did not plant for me might yet 40  
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.  
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,  
Out of his fearful and enormous being,  
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

[655:1] *Countess.* Thou seest it with a love-lorn maiden's eyes. 45  
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.

Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,  
For no espousals dost thou find the walls  
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing. 50  
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou  
That all these thousands are here congregated  
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?

[656] Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought, 55  
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance  
Lies the great destiny of all our house.

Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,  
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,  
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his  
Who where he moves creates the wonderful. 60  
Not to herself the woman must belong,  
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.  
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,  
Who can transmute the alien into self,  
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;  
And what must be, take freely to her heart, 65  
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

*Thekla.* Such ever was my lesson in the convent.  
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself  
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!  
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me 70  
From the far distance, wakened in my soul  
No other thought than this—I am appointed

To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

*Countess.* That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.  
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

75

*Thekla.* My fate hath shewn me him, to whom behoves it  
That I should offer up myself. In gladness  
Him will I follow.

*Countess.* Not thy fate hath shewn him!  
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

*Thekla.* Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.  
I am all his! His Present—his alone,  
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

80

*Countess.* Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he  
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

85

[THEKLA *remains silent.* The COUNTESS *continues.*  
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,  
His name is Friedland.

*Thekla.* My name too is Friedland.  
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

*Countess.* What? he has vanquished all impediment,  
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter  
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!  
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;  
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,  
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,  
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet  
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims  
May have the same direction as thy wish.

90

[657]

But this can never, never be his will,  
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,  
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;  
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself  
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever  
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices  
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

95

100

[Exit COUNTESS.

105

*Thekla.* I thank thee for the hint. It turns  
My sad presentiment to certainty.  
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,  
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!  
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs  
Beam on this covenant of our affections.  
This is no theatre, where hope abides.  
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.  
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,  
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

110

115

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,  
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.  
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,  
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,  
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,  
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,  
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—  
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—  
I have no power within me not to move!

120

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,  
Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,  
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,  
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,  
And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,  
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

125

[658]

[658:1]

130

[Exit THEKLA.

- [655:1] A noble speech, and with the additional excellence of being in character. *MS. R.*
- [658:1] There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude  
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude. [658:A]

[658:A] The two lines are sufficiently fustian, but this seems no reason for interpreting 'the God of Joy' as any higher divinity than Comus or rather an allegoric personage. Festivity alluding to the festive music and uproar heard from the banquet-room. *MS. R.*

### LINENOTES:

- [6] *Thekla (rising). 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [8] *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [12] *born . . . become 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [16] *entreat 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [21] *His 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [22] *His . . . his 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [25] *His . . . his 1800, 1828, 1829.*  
*Countess (looks at her, as scrutinizing). 1800, 1828, 1829.*  
*false 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [28] *Thekla (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her). 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [58] *his 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [74] *is 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [76] *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [78] *Him 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [81] *His Present—his 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [88] *My 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [103] *if 1800, 1828, 1829.*  
*Before 106 Thekla (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections). 1800, 1828, 1829.*
- [111] *covenant] couvenant 1800.*
- [126] *a] and 1800, 1828, 1829.*

### SCENE VIII

*A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a Fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsy's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Isolani.* Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?  
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsy here has given  
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.  
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.  
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving  
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;  
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,  
With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,  
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.  
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up  
For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!



*Tiefenbach and Goetz (call out from the second and third tables). Count Piccolomini!*

*Tertsky.* Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read  
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,  
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it, 15  
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe  
His individual signature.

*Max (reads).* 'Ingratis servire nefas.'

*Isolani.* That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,  
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

*Tertsky.* No honest man will serve a thankless master. 20

*Max.* 'Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious  
Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and  
grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination  
to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has  
graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to 25  
part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively  
and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken,  
do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and  
faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to 30  
part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of  
our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit*  
*it. (These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.)* In testimony of  
which we subscribe our names.'

*Tertsky.* Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

*Isolani.* Why should he not? All officers of honour 35  
Can do it, aye, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

*Tertsky.* Nay, let it rest till after meal.

*Isolani (drawing Max along).* Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

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## LINENOTES:

[9] feodalities] feodalties 1800.

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## SCENE IX

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

*Tertsky (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to  
the edge of the stage).* Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.  
It may be changed for the other?

*Neumann.* I have copied it  
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye  
Would e'er discover other difference,  
Save only the omission of that clause, 5  
According to your Excellency's order.

[660]

*Tertsky.* Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—  
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table and steps back again to the side-table.*

---

## SCENE X

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

*Illo.* How goes it with young Piccolomini?

*Tertsky.* All right, I think. He has started no objection.

*Illo.* He is the only one I fear about—

He and his father. Have an eye on both!

*Tertsky.* How looks it at your table: you forget not  
To keep them warm and stirring? 5

*Illo.* O, quite cordial,  
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.  
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already  
It is the talk, not merely to maintain  
The Duke in station. 'Since we're once for all  
Together and unanimous, why not,' 10  
Says Montecuculi, 'aye, why not onward,  
And make conditions with the Emperor  
There in his own Vienna?' Trust me, Count,  
Were it not for these said Piccolomini, 15  
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

*Tertsky.* And Butler?  
How goes it there? Hush!

---

## SCENE XI

*To them enter BUTLER from the second table.*

*Butler.* Don't disturb yourselves.  
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.  
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,  
You may depend upon me.

*Illo.* May we, Butler?

*Butler.* With or without the clause, all one to me! 5  
You understand me? My fidelity  
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!  
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,  
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain  
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant, 10  
As soon as it shall please him to become  
His own lord.

*Tertsky.* You would make a good exchange.  
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,  
Is he to whom you plight your services.

*Butler.* I do not put up my fidelity 15  
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago  
I would not have advised you to have made me  
An overture to that, to which I now  
Offer myself of my own free accord.—  
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal, 20  
I bring myself together with my regiment.  
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,  
The example which I give will not remain  
Without an influence.

*Illo.* Who is ignorant,  
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler, 25  
As to a light that moves before them?

*Butler.* Ey?  
Then I repent me not of that fidelity  
Which for the length of forty years I held,  
If in my sixtieth year my old good name  
Can purchase for me a revenge so full. 30  
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!  
My real motives—they concern not you.  
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect  
That this your game had crooked my judgment—or  
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause, 35  
Had driven the old man from the track of honour,  
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!  
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,  
Because I know and have looked steadily  
At that on which I have determined.

*Illo.* Say, 40

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

*Butler.* A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours  
With all I have. Not only men, but money  
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!  
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,  
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,  
It has been already long ago bequeathed him.  
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,  
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling  
That binds the husband to a wife and children.  
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

45

*Illo.* 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart  
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

50

*Butler.* I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland  
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.  
From lowest stable-duty I climbed up,  
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,  
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.  
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,  
I love a fortune that is like my own.

55

60

*Illo.* All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

*Butler.* This is an awful moment! to the brave,  
To the determined, an auspicious moment.  
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine  
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,  
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life  
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship  
That should reward his courage. Who of these  
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing  
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

65

70

*Tertsy.* That's spoken like a man!

*Butler.* Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—  
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.  
Come! to the company!

*Tertsy.* Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!  
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!  
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

75

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

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## LINENOTES:

*After 3* [with an air of mystery 1800, 1828, 1829.

[4] *Illo* (with vivacity). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[15] *Butler* (with a haughty look). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[34] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[36] Had] Has 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE XII

*The Master of the Cellar advancing with NEUMANN, Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

*Master of the Cellar.* The best wine! O! if my old mistress,  
his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she  
would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer!  
'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no  
moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a  
splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you,  
sir officer, it bodes no good.

[663]

5

*Neumann.* Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the  
whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

*Master of the Cellar.* You think so?—Well, well! much  
may be said on that head.

10

*First Servant (comes).* Burgundy for the fourth table.

*Master of the Cellar.* Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask—

*First Servant.* Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

15

*Master of the Cellar (continuing his discourse to Neumann).*

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink—(To the Servants)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

20

*Runner (comes).* The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

25

*Master of the Cellar.* Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

*Runner.* The same!—a health is to go round in him.

[30](#)

*Master of the Cellar.* This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

*Neumann.* Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

35

40

*Master of the Cellar.* The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

[664]

45

*Neumann.* But what is the cup there on the banner?

*Master of the Cellar.* The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

50

*Neumann.* And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

55

*Master of the Cellar.* That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle of Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

60

65

*Neumann.* Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

*Master of the Cellar.* So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

[70](#)

*Neumann.* Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

75

[Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.

*Master of the Cellar.* O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

80

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

[665] Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard!  
Hurra!

85

[*Music strikes up.*

*First Servant.* Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

*Second Servant (comes in running).* Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

*Third Servant.* The Swedish Chief Commander!

90

*First Servant (speaking at the same time).* The Lutheran!

*Second Servant.* Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

*Master of the Cellar.* Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

95

*Second Servant (to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner).* Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

100

*Runner (hides it in his pocket).* All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*

*Third Servant (aside to the First).* Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

105

*First Servant.* For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

*Master of the Cellar (to Neumann).* Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

110

*Neumann.* Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

*Master of the Cellar (impatiently).* Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish fellows are little better than rogues.

115

[666] *Neumann.* Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

120

*Master of the Cellar (taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket).* My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

*Master of the Cellar (to the Servants).* The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

## FOOTNOTES:

- [665:1] There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. 'Die *welschen* alle,' &c., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallae nuces, in German 'Welschnüsse'.—*T.*

## LINENOTES:

- [13] isn't] a'nt 1800, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* 31 *Master of the Cellar* (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).  
1800, 1828, 1829.
- [74] *there* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
*After* 83 *drunk*] *drank* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [89] *drunk*] *drank* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [98] *called*] *called to* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE XIII

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.

*Isolani* (*while the company is coming forward*). Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

*Goetz* (*to Tiefenbach*). Noble brother!

*Tiefenbach*. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed. 5

*Goetz*. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

*Tiefenbach*. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table. 10

*Octavio* (*aside to Maradas*). Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. 15

*Isolani* (*on the point of going*). Lights! lights!

*Tertsky* (*advances with the paper to Isolani*). Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

[667] *Isolani*. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it. 20

*Tertsky*. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the paper to* OCTAVIO *respectfully*.

*Tertsky*. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO *runs over the paper with apparent indifference. TERTSKY watches him at some distance*.

*Goetz* (*to Tertsky*). Noble Count! with your permission—Good night. 25

*Tertsky*. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*)—Ho!

*Goetz*. Excuse me—an't able.

*Tertsky*. A thimble-full! 30

*Goetz*. Excuse me.

*Tiefenbach (sits down)*. Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

*Tertsky*. Consult only your own convenience, General!

*Tiefenbach*. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer. 35

*Isolani*. Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[*OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

*Tiefenbach*. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life. 40

*Goetz*. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

*Tertsky (observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen)*. Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it. 45

*Isolani*. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[*TERTSKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

*Octavio (advancing to Butler)*. You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast. 50

[668] *Butler*. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

*Octavio*. Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste! 55

*Butler*. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the mean time returns to OCTAVIO, all this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*

*Octavio (introducing Maradas to Butler)*. Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. 60

[*BUTLER bows.*

*Octavio (continuing)*. You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*BUTLER makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining. 65

*Butler*. Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

*Octavio (after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him)*. You were long absent from us, friend! 70

*Max*. I—urgent business detained me.

*Octavio*. And, I observe, you are still absent!

*Max*. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent. 75

*Octavio*. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? Tertsky knows it without asking!

*Max*. What does Tertsky know?

Octavio. He was the only one who did not miss you.

[669] *Isolani*. Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be. 80

*Tertsky (with the paper)*. Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

*Octavio*. All.

*Tertsky (calling aloud)*. Ho! Who subscribes? 85

*Butler (to Tertsky)*. Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

*Tertsky*. Here is a cross.

*Tiefenbach*. That's my mark.

*Isolani*. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians. 90

*Octavio (presses on to Max)*. Come, general! let us go. It is late.

*Tertsky*. One Piccolomini only has signed.

*Isolani (pointing to Max)*. Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. 95

[MAX receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly.]

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### LINENOTES:

After 4 (making the usual compliment after meals) 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 15 [He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[37] *Isolani (pointing at his corpulence)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

should] should 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 53 *Octavio (stepping nearer to him friendly)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 68 *Butler (coldly)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 76 *Octavio (advancing still nearer)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[76] business 'twas] the business was 1800, 1828, 1829.

[77] *Tertsky* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 80 *Isolani (who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[93] *One* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE XIV

To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

*Illo*. What do you want? Let me go.

*Goetz and Butler*. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

*Illo (goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks)*. Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. 5

(Embracing him repeatedly.) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend! 10

*Tertsky (whispering to him)*. Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are!

*Illo (aloud)*. What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven! 15



- [670] *Tertsky (to Butler)*. Take him off with you, force him off,  
I entreat you, Butler!
- Butler (to Illo)*. Field Marshal! a word with you. [Leads him to the sideboard.]
- Illo*. A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the  
brim.—To this gallant man's health! 20
- Isolani (to Max, who all the while has been staring on the paper  
with fixed but vacant eyes)*. Slow and sure, my noble  
brother!—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?
- Max*. What am I to do?
- Tertsky (and at the same time Isolani)*. Sign your name.
- Max (returns the paper)*. Let it stay till to-morrow. It is 25  
business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me  
to-morrow.
- Tertsky*. Nay, collect yourself a little.
- Isolani*. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and 30  
have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the  
whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together?  
Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.
- Tertsky (to Octavio)*. Use your influence. Instruct him.
- Octavio*. My son is at the age of discretion.
- Illo (leaves the service-cup on the sideboard)*. What's the 35  
dispute?
- Tertsky*. He declines subscribing the paper.
- Max*. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.
- Illo*. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so  
must you.—You must subscribe.
- Max*. Illo, good night! 40
- Illo*. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn  
who are his friends.
- [All collect round ILLO and MAX.]
- Max*. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke 45  
knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?
- Illo*. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to  
Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better  
than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.
- Tertsky (to the commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden  
start, as preparing to resent them)*. It is the wine that speaks,  
and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you. 50
- [671] *Isolani*. Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.
- Illo*. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender  
consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a  
puny proviso—
- Tertsky*. He is stark mad—don't listen to him! 55
- Illo*. Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the  
proviso? The devil take this proviso!
- Max*. What is there here then of such perilous import?  
You make me curious—I must look closer at it.
- Tertsky (in a low voice to Illo)*. What are you doing, Illo?  
You are ruining us. 60
- Tiefenbach (to Kolatto)*. Ay, ay! I observed, that before we  
sat down to supper, it was read differently.
- Goetz*. Why, I seemed to think so too.
- Isolani*. What do I care for that? Where there stand other 65  
names, mine can stand too.
- Tiefenbach*. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein,  
or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.
- Butler (to one of the commanders)*. For shame, for shame!

Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

70

*Isolani (to one of the Generals).* Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

75

*Tertsy (to Goetz).* Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

*Illo.* He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

80

*Tiefenbach.* Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

*Max (having read the paper gives it back).* Till to-morrow, therefore!

*Illo (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max with one hand, and his sword in the other).* Subscribe—Judas!

*Isolani.* Out upon you, Illo!

85

*Octavio, Tertsy, Butler (all together).* Down with the sword!

[672] *Max (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsy).* Take him off to bed.

[MAX leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.]

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## LINENOTES:

[11] *dear* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[15] *here, are there? (looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air)* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 16 *Tertsy (to Butler, eagerly).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 19 *Illo (cordially).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[22] *parsed* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 23 *Max (waking as from a dream).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*After* 24 [OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[26] *business* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 49 *Tertsy (in extreme embarrassment, to the, &c.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 51 *Isolani (with a bitter laugh).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[51] *tattles* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 55 *Tertsy (interrupting him).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 56 *Illo (raising his voice to the highest pitch).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[57] *proviso* 1800, 1828, 1829.

*Before* 58 *Max (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[67] *was* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## ACT III

### SCENE I

SCENE.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion.—Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.*

*Octavio.*——And when my son comes in, conduct him hither. What is the hour?

*Valet.* 'Tis on the point of morning.

*Octavio.* Set down the light. We mean not to undress.

You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet.* OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; MAX PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows 5  
That odious business was no fault of mine.  
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.  
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,  
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—  
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow 10  
My own light, not another's.

Octavio (*embraces him*). Follow it,  
O follow it still further, my best son!  
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully  
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Octavio. I will do so. 15  
For after what has taken place this night,  
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*]

Max Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of  
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import, 20  
Although I love not these set declarations.

[673] Octavio. And on no other ground hast thou refused  
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

Max. It was a serious business—I was absent—  
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me. 25

Octavio. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

Octavio. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:  
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

Max. I know not what thou meanest.

Octavio. I will tell thee. 30  
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,  
The sanction of thy name to villainy;  
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,  
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

Max (*rises*). Octavio!

Octavio. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet 35  
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years  
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.  
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out  
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:  
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding. 40  
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare  
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,  
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max. My father! 45  
Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought!  
If your disclosures should appear to be  
Conjectures only—and almost I fear  
They will be nothing further—spare them! I  
Am not in that collected mood at present,  
That I could listen to them quietly.

Octavio. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light, 50  
The more impatient cause have I, my son,  
To force it on thee. To the innocence  
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee  
With calm assurance—but I see the net  
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself 55  
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,  
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game  
 With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—  
 The Duke even now is playing. He assumes  
 The mask, as if he would forsake the army;  
 And in this moment makes he preparations  
 That army from the Emperor to steal,  
 And carry it over to the enemy!

60

*Max.* That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not  
 Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

65

*Octavio.* That mouth,  
 From which thou hearest it at this present moment,  
 Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

*Max.* How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke!  
 What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream  
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand  
 Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,  
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,  
 From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,  
 And make them all unanimous to do  
 A deed that brands them scoundrels?

70

*Octavio.* Such a deed,  
 With such a front of infamy, the Duke  
 No wise desires—what he requires of us  
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing  
 He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.  
 And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,  
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.  
 All parts of the Empire will he pacify,  
 And for his trouble will retain in payment  
 (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

75

80

85

*Max.* Has he, Octavio, merited of us,  
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

*Octavio.* What we would think is not the question here.  
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!  
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,  
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.  
 But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,  
 What base intrigues, what lying artifices,  
 Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow  
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—  
 Loosed all the bands, that link the officer  
 To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier  
 Affectionately to the citizen.  
 Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers  
 The state he's bound to guard. To such a height  
 'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor  
 Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;  
 Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears  
 The traitor's poniards, and is meditating  
 To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—  
 Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—  
 No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

90

95

100

105

*Max.* Cease, cease! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know  
 That oft we tremble at an empty terror;  
 But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

110

*Octavio.* It is no phantasm. An intestine war,  
 Of all the most unnatural and cruel,  
 Will burst out into flames, if instantly  
 We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals  
 Are many of them long ago won over;  
 The subalterns are vacillating—whole  
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.  
 To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;  
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole  
 Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky  
 Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,  
 To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

115

120

*Max.* Likewise to both of us.

*Octavio.* Because the Duke

Believes he has secured us—means to lure us  
Still further on by splendid promises. 125  
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz  
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angle  
With which he doubts not to catch thee.

*Max.* No! no!  
I tell thee—no!

*Octavio.* O open yet thine eyes!  
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us 130  
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself  
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever  
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.  
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and, 135  
Decline we that—to be his hostages.  
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;  
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,  
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

[676]

*Max.* He makes no secret of it—needs make none—  
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it. 140  
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—  
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair  
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

*Octavio.* And know'st thou what it is which we must do?  
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee. 145  
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?  
The counterfeited paper—the omission  
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,  
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down  
To nothing good?

*Max.* That counterfeited paper 150  
Appears to me no other than a trick  
Of Illo's own device. These underhand  
Traders in great men's interests ever use  
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme. 155  
They see the Duke at variance with the court,  
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen  
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,  
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

*Octavio.* It grieves me  
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter 160  
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!  
For this is not a time for tenderness.  
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.  
I therefore will confess to thee, that all  
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all  
Which seems to thee so unbelievable, 165  
That—yes, I will tell thee—Max! I had it all  
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

*Max.* No!—no!—never!

*Octavio.* Himself confided to me  
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered 170  
By other means—himself confided to me,  
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;  
And, at the head of the united armies,  
Compel the Emperor—

[677]

*Max.* He is passionate. 175  
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over  
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment  
Of irritation, what if he, for once,  
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

*Octavio.* Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:  
And having construed my astonishment 180  
Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me  
His written evidences—shewed me letters,  
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave  
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.

*Max.* It cannot be!—can *not* be! *can* not be!  
Dost thou not see, it cannot! 185

Thou wouldst of necessity have shewn him  
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he  
Had taken thee for his better genius, or  
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

*Octavio.* I have laid open my objections to him, 190  
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;  
But my abhorrence, the full sentiment  
Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred  
To my own consciousness.

*Max.* And thou hast been 195  
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!  
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me  
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,  
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

*Octavio.* I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

*Max.* Uprightness merited his confidence. 200

*Octavio.* He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

*Max.* Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy  
Of thee, Octavio!

*Octavio.* Gave I him a cause  
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

*Max.* That he did not, evinced his confidence. 205

*Octavio.* Dear son, it is not always possible  
Still to preserve that infant purity  
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.  
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch  
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue 210  
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes  
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.

This is the curse of every evil deed,  
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil. 215  
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:

I but perform my orders; the Emperor 220  
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,  
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all  
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,  
In this our present sojourn with bad men, 225  
We must abandon many an honest object.  
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,  
By what means he can best be served—the heart  
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

*Max.* It seems a thing appointed, that to-day 225  
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.

The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out  
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;  
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him  
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee— 230  
My friend thou stealest not from me—  
Let me not lose my father!

*Octavio.* As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have  
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

[After a pause.]

Duke Friedland 235  
Hath made his preparations. He relies  
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,

And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.

Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already 240  
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.

We too have been in action—he but grasps  
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

*Max.* O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good  
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

*Octavio.* With light tread stole he on his evil way, 245  
With light tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.  
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—  
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!  
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet

Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;  
He brought with him a private one, my son!  
And that was for me only.

250

[679]

*Max.* May I know it?

*Octavio (seizes the patent).* Max!  
—In this disclosure place I in thy hands  
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.  
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:  
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,  
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.  
Thou nourishest the wish.—O let me still  
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!  
The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself  
Yet closer to him—

[A pause.

255

*Max.* Father—

*Octavio.* O my son!  
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I  
Equally sure of thy collectedness?  
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,  
To enter this man's presence, when that I  
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

260

*Max.* According  
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

265

[OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.

*Max.* What? how? a full Imperial patent!

*Octavio.* Read it.

*Max (just glances on it).* Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

*Octavio.* Even so.

*Max (throws down the paper).* O this is too much! O unhappy error!

270

*Octavio.* Read on. Collect thyself.

*Max (after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father).* How!  
what! Thou! thou!

*Octavio.* But for the present moment, till the King  
Of Hungary may safely join the army,  
Is the command assigned to me.

*Max.* And think'st thou,  
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?  
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!  
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.

275

This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?  
The mighty in the middle of his host,  
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou  
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

280

*Octavio.* What hazard I incur thereby, I know.  
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty  
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,  
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.  
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even  
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,  
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.  
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous  
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,  
And then immediately—

285

290

*Max.* What! on suspicion?  
Immediately?

*Octavio.* The Emperor is no tyrant.  
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.  
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.  
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,  
He will be silently displaced from office,  
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.  
An honourable exile to his castles

295

[680]

Will be a benefaction to him rather  
Than punishment. But the first open step— 300

*Max.* What callest thou such a step? A wicked step  
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,  
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

*Octavio.* Nay, howsoever punishable were  
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps 305  
Which he hath taken openly, permit  
A mild construction. It is my intention

To leave this paper wholly uninforced  
Till some act is committed which convicts him  
Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea, 310  
And that shall sentence him.

*Max.* But who the judge?

*Octavio.* Thyself.

*Max.* For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

*Octavio.* Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.  
After the counter-promise of this evening, 315  
It cannot be but he must deem himself

[681]

Secure of the majority with us;  
And of the army's general sentiment  
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition  
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments. 320

Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave  
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches  
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,  
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,  
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here. 325

*Max.* I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action  
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

*Octavio.* Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,  
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

*Max.* Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not. 330  
These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;  
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:

For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,  
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,  
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses! 335

Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.  
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—  
The edges of this black and stormy cloud  
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view  
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour. 340

*Octavio.* I will await it.

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### LINENOTES:

[Act III](#), Scene I. *A Chamber, &c. . . . It is Night. Octavio, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[8] *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[12] *Before Octavio (goes up to him and embraces him). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[39] *for] from 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[47] *They] There 1828, 1829.*

[56] *After [Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[57] *mine 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[57] *After [Max attempts to answer but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed. Octavio, after a pause. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[63] *steal 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[69] *supposed] suppose 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[78] *wise] ways 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[81] *this 1800.*

[82] *force 1800.*



- [88] *we would* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [104] traitor's] traitors' 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [127] angle] *angel* 1800, 1828, 1829, 1834 *angle* 1852. Angle, der Angel, a curious misprint perpetuated in the new edition. [MS. note by Derwent Coleridge.]
- [128] *thee* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [166] That—yes, I will tell thee— (*a pause*), &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [168] *Before Max (in excessive agitation)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [192] *abhorrence* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [193] *whole* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [194] *thou* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [197] *now* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [209] alarm] *alarum* 1828, 1829.
- [233] *Octavio (suppressing resentment)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [245] With light tread] *And light of tread* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [250] *private* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [257] *wish* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [259] *hope* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [317] *us* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [322] Hath] *Had* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [330] *Before Max (with enthusiasm)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [330] *After [Moderates his voice and manner]*. 1800, 1828, 1829.

## SCENE II

OCTAVIO *and* MAX *as before*. *To them the* Valet of the Chamber.

*Octavio*. How now, then?

*Valet*. A dispatch is at the door.

*Octavio*. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

*Valet*. That he refused to tell me.

*Octavio*. Lead him in:  
And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[*Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.*]

*Octavio*. Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?  
Give me your letters.

5

*Cornet*. The Lieutenant-General  
Trusted it not to letters.

*Octavio*. And what is it?

*Cornet*. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

[682] *Octavio*. My son knows all.

*Cornet*. We have him.

*Octavio*. Whom?

*Cornet*. Sesina,  
The old negotiator.

*Octavio*. And you have him?

10

*Cornet*. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand  
Found and secured him yester morning early:  
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,  
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

*Octavio*. And the dispatches—

*Cornet*. The Lieutenant-General  
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and

15

The prisoner with them.

*Octavio.* This is, indeed, a tiding!  
That fellow is a precious casket to us,  
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

*Cornet.* I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms. 20

*Octavio.* None in the Duke's own hand?

*Cornet.* Not that I know.

*Octavio.* And old Sesina?

*Cornet.* He was sorely frightened,  
When it was told him he must to Vienna.  
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,  
Would he but make a full and free confession. 25

*Octavio.* Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard  
That he lay sick at Linz.

*Cornet.* These three days past  
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,  
At Frauenberg. Already have they sixty  
Small companies together, chosen men; 30  
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,  
That they are only waiting your commands.

*Octavio.* In a few days may great events take place.  
And when must you return?

*Cornet.* I wait your orders.

*Octavio.* Remain till evening.

[*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*]

*Octavio.* No one saw you—ha? 35

*Cornet.* No living creature. Through the cloister wicket  
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

*Octavio.* Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.  
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening  
I shall dispatch you. The development  
Of this affair approaches: ere the day, 40  
That even now is dawning in the heaven,  
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot  
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit Cornet.*]

[683]

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## LINENOTES:

[9] *Sesina 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 10 *Octavio (eagerly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE III

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Octavio.* Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;  
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

*Max.* I will procure me light a shorter way.  
Farewell.

*Octavio.* Where now?—Remain here.

*Max.* To the Duke. 5

*Octavio.* What—

*Max.* If thou hast believed that I shall act  
A part in this thy play—

Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously. 10  
 My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,  
 False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:  
 Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—  
 As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience  
 With such low pleas as these:—'I ask'd him not—  
 He did it all at his own hazard—and 15  
 My mouth has never lied to him.'—No, no!  
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.  
 —I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended  
 Will I demand of him that he do save  
 His good name from the world, and with one stride 20  
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.  
 He can, he will!—I still am his believer.  
 Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters  
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.  
 How far may not this Tertsy have proceeded— 25  
 What may not he himself too have permitted  
 Himself to do, to snare the enemy,  
 The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save  
 His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!  
 And face to face will I go question him. 30

[684] *Octavio.* Thou wilt?

*Max.* I will, as sure as this heart beats.

*Octavio.* I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.  
 I calculated on a prudent son,  
 Who would have blest the hand beneficent 35  
 That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!  
 A fascinated being I discover,  
 Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,  
 Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.  
 Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.  
 The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor, 40  
 Go, give it up free booty:—Force me, drive me  
 To an open breach before the time. And now,  
 Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded  
 My secret purpose even to this hour, 45  
 And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,  
 Let me have lived to see that mine own son,  
 With frantic enterprise, annihilates  
 My toilsome labours and state-policy.

*Max.* Aye—this state-policy! O how I curse it!  
 You will some time, with your state-policy, 50  
 Compel him to the measure: it may happen,  
 Because ye are determined that he is guilty,  
 Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,  
 You close up every outlet, hem him in  
 Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him— 55  
 Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,  
 To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!  
 That never can end well—it cannot—will not!  
 And let it be decided as it may,  
 I see with boding heart the near approach 60  
 Of an ill-starred unblest catastrophe.  
 For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,  
 Will drag a world into the ruin with him.  
 And as a ship (that midway on the ocean  
 Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst 65  
 Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew  
 In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;  
 So will he, falling, draw down in his fall  
 All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.  
 Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me, 70  
 That I must bear me on in my own way.  
 All must remain pure betwixt him and me;  
 And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known  
 Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[685]

[During his exit the curtain drops.]

Before [3](#) Max (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [6](#) Octavio (alarmed). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [7](#) Max (returning). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[14\]](#) ask'd] ask 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[16\]](#) mouth 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[22\]](#) I 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[52\]](#) determined 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[53\]](#) make 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[56\]](#) ye,—ye force 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## ACT IV

### SCENE I

SCENE—A Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.

[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk. SENI is taking Observations through a window.

Wallenstein. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come, The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour. We must give o'er the operation. Come, We know enough.

Seni. Your Highness must permit me Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising: Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

5

Wallenstein. She is at present in her perigee, And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,  
At length the mighty three corradiate;  
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter  
And Venus, take between them the malignant  
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel  
Into my service that old mischief-founder;  
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever  
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,  
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,  
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing  
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.  
Now they have conquered the old enemy,  
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

[10](#)

15

20

Seni (who has come down from the window). And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that! That makes each influence of double strength.

Wallenstein. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect, The soft light with the vehement—so I love it. Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven, Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

[25](#)

Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus, Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

30

Wallenstein. The empire of Saturnus is gone by;

Lord of the secret birth of things is he;  
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths  
Of the imagination dominates;  
And his are all things that eschew the light. 35  
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;  
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,  
And the dark work, complete of preparation,  
He draws by force into the realm of light.  
Now must we hasten on to action, ere 40  
The scheme, and most auspicious posture  
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;  
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[*There are knocks at the door.*]

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

*Tertsky (from without).* Open, and let me in.

*Wallenstein.* Aye—'tis Tertsky. 45  
What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

*Tertsky (from without).* Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.  
It suffers no delaying.

*Wallenstein.* Open, Seni!

[*While SENI opens the doors for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain over the figures.*]

*Tertsky (enters).* Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.  
Galas has given him up to the Emperor. 50

[*SENI draws off the black table, and exit.*]

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## LINENOTES:

[14] *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[26] *SOL . . . LUNA 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[687]

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## SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

*Wallenstein (to Tertsky).* Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

*Tertsky.* The man who knows our secrets, who knows every  
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,  
Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

*Wallenstein (drawing back).* Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee. 5

*Tertsky.* All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede  
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,  
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.  
There must have been found on him my whole packet  
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim: 10  
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight  
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

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## SCENE III

*To them enters ILLO.*

*Illo (to Tertsky).* Has he heard it?

*Tertsky.* He has heard it.

*Illo (to Wallenstein).* Thinkest thou still  
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain  
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish  
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know  
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press; 5

Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

*Tertsky.* They have documents against us, and in hands,  
Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—

*Wallenstein.* Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee  
I punish for thy lies.

*Illo.* And thou believest,  
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,  
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?  
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,  
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

[10](#)

*Tertsky.* In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,  
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth  
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?  
If he can save himself by yielding up  
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

15

[688]

*Illo.* Thyself dost not conceive it possible;  
And since they now have evidence authentic  
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,  
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer  
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue  
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

20

*Wallenstein.* In the army  
Lies my security. The army will not  
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,  
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—  
And substitute I caution for my fealty,  
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

25

*Illo.* The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—  
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,  
The quiet power of time. From open violence  
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee  
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,  
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love  
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,  
With wily theft will draw away from thee  
One after the other—

35

*Wallenstein.* 'Tis a curséd accident!

*Illo.* O, I will call it a most blessed one,  
If it work on thee as it ought to do,  
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.  
The Swedish General—

40

*Wallenstein.* He's arrived! Know'st thou  
What his commission is—

*Illo.* To thee alone  
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

45

*Wallenstein.* A curséd, curséd accident! Yes, yes,  
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

*Tertsky.* He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,  
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself  
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?  
And if they put him to the torture, will he,  
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough—

[50](#)

[689]

*Wallenstein.* Their confidence is lost—irreparably!  
And I may act what way I will, I shall  
Be and remain for ever in their thought  
A traitor to my country. How sincerely  
Soever I return back to my duty,  
It will no longer help me—

55

*Illo.* Ruin thee,  
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,  
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion—

[60](#)

*Wallenstein.* What! I must realize it now in earnest,  
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?  
Accurséd he who dallies with a devil!

And must I—I must realize it now—  
Now, while I have the power, it must take place?

65

*Illo.* Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

*Wallenstein (looking at the paper of signatures).* I have the Generals' word—a written  
promise!  
Max Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

*Tertsky.* It was—he fancied—

*Illo.* Mere self-willedness.  
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

70

*Wallenstein.* He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.  
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—  
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,  
And openly resist the Imperial orders.  
The first step to revolt's already taken.

75

*Illo.* Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy  
To lead them over to the enemy  
Than to the Spaniard.

*Wallenstein.* I will hear, however,  
What the Swede has to say to me.

*Illo (to Tertsky).* Go, call him!  
He stands without the door in waiting.

*Wallenstein.* Stay!  
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me  
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;  
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,  
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,  
Should force me on with it.

80

*Illo.* First hear him only,  
And after weigh it.

85

[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

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### LINENOTES:

[13] *His 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[31] *is 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[52] *he 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[53] *Before Wallenstein (lost in thought). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[61] *Before Wallenstein (pacing up and down in extreme agitation). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[64] *I must 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[65] *must 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[79] *Illo (eagerly to Tertsky). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[690]

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### SCENE IV

*Wallenstein.* Is it possible?  
Is't so? I can no longer what I would?  
No longer draw back at my liking? I  
Must do the deed, because I thought of it,  
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because  
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,  
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,  
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,  
And only kept the road, the access open?  
By the great God of Heaven! it was not  
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.  
I but amused myself with thinking of it.  
The free-will tempted me, the power to do  
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal  
To make the fancy minister to hope,  
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,

5

10

15

	And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me? Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not The road of duty close beside me—but One little step, and once more I was in it!	20
	Where am I? Whither have I been transported? No road, no track behind me, but a wall, Impenetrable, insurmountable, Rises obedient to the spells I muttered And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.	<a href="#">25</a>
	A punishable man I seem, the guilt, Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me; The equivocal demeanour of my life Bears witness on my prosecutor's party; And even my purest acts from purest motives	30
	Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss. Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor, A goodly outside I had sure reserved, Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me, Been calm and chary of my utterance.	<a href="#">35</a>
	But being conscious of the innocence Of my intent, my uncorrupted will, I gave way to my humours, to my passion: Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.	40
<a href="#">[691]</a>	Now every planless measure, chance event, The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph, And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing, Will they connect, and weave them all together Into one web of treason; all will be plan,	<a href="#">45</a>
	My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark, Step tracing step, each step a politic progress; And out of all they'll fabricate a charge So specious, that I must myself stand dumb. I am caught in my own net, and only force, Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.	<a href="#">50</a>
	How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct Impelled me to the daring deed, which now Necessity, self-preservation, orders. Stern is the On-look of Necessity, Not without shudder many a human hand	<a href="#">55</a>
	Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny. My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom, Once suffered to escape from its safe corner Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace, Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs	<a href="#">60</a>
	For ever to those sly malicious powers Whom never art of man conciliated. What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object? Hast honestly confessed it to thyself? Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,	65
	Power on an ancient consecrated throne, Strong in possession, founded in old custom; Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith. This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.	70
	That feared I not. I brave each combatant, Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye, Who full himself of courage kindles courage In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible, The which I fear—a fearful enemy,	75
	Which in the human heart opposes me, By its coward fear alone made fearful to me. Not that, which full of life, instinct with power, Makes known its present being, that is not The true, the perilously formidable.	80
<a href="#">[692]</a>	O no! it is the common, the quite common, The thing of an eternal yesterday, What ever was, and evermore returns, Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling! For of the wholly common is man made,	85
	And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them, Who lay irreverent hands upon his old House furniture, the dear inheritance From his forefathers. For time consecrates; And what is grey with age becomes religion.	90
	Be in possession, and thou hast the right, And sacred will the many guard it for thee!	



The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[*The Page exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*]

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come  
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is  
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

95

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### LINENOTES:

Before [1](#) *Wallenstein (in soliloquy). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[2](#)] *can . . . would 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[4](#)] *do . . . thought 1800, 1828, 1829.*

After [25](#) [*Pauses and remains in deep thought. 1800, 1828, 1829.*]

[[39](#)] *not 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[48](#)] *dumb 1800.*

[[50](#)] *rent 1800.*

After [50](#) [*Pauses again. 1800, 1828, 1829.*]

[[53](#)] *orders 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[55](#)] *many] may 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[56](#)] *Grasps] Grasp 1800, 1828, 1829.*

After [62](#) [*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy. 1800, 1828, 1829.*]

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### SCENE V

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

*Wallenstein.* Your name is Wrangel?

*Wrangel.* Gustave Wrangel, General  
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

*Wallenstein.* It was a Wrangel  
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,  
And by his brave resistance was the cause  
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

5

*Wrangel.* It was the doing of the element  
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.  
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,  
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve  
One and the same.

*Wallenstein (makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself).*  
And where are your credentials?  
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

[10](#)

*Wrangel.* There are so many scruples yet to solve—

[[693](#)] *Wallenstein (having read the credentials).* An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent,  
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!  
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils  
His late departed Sovereign's own idea  
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

15

*Wrangel.* He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,  
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's  
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;  
And always the commanding Intellect,  
He said, should have command, and be the King.

[20](#)

*Wallenstein.* Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel,

[*Taking his hand.*]

Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always  
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience  
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;  
I had you often in my power, and let you  
Always slip out by some back door or other.  
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,

25

Which drives me to this present step: and since  
Our interests so run in one direction,  
E'en let us have a thorough confidence  
Each in the other. 30

*Wrangel.* Confidence will come  
Has each but only first security.

*Wallenstein.* The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;  
And, I confess—the gain does not wholly lie  
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks  
If I can play false with the Emperor,  
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like  
With the enemy, and that the one too were  
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other. 35  
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General? 40

*Wrangel.* I have here an office merely, no opinion.

*Wallenstein.* The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.  
I can no longer honourably serve him. 45  
For my security, in self-defence,  
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

*Wrangel.* That I believe. So far would no one go  
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.]

[694] What may have impelled  
Your princely Highness in this wise to act 50  
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,  
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.  
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause.  
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,  
This opportunity, is in our favour, 55  
And all advantages in war are lawful.  
We take what offers without questioning;  
And if all have its due and just proportions—

*Wallenstein.* Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?  
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor, 60  
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,  
That I would instantly go over to them  
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

*Wrangel.* Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,  
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus. 65  
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,  
How some years past, beyond all human faith,  
You called an army forth, like a creation:  
But yet—

*Wallenstein.* But yet?

*Wrangel.* But still the Chancellor thinks,  
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing 70  
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,  
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—

*Wallenstein.* What now? Out with it, friend!

*Wrangel.* To break their oaths.

*Wallenstein.* And he thinks so?—He judges like a Swede,  
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans 75  
Fight for your Bible. You are interested  
About the cause; and with your hearts you follow  
Your banners.—Among you, whoe'er deserts  
To the enemy, hath broken covenant  
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies. 80

*Wrangel.* Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here  
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

[695] *Wallenstein.* I will explain that to you, how it stands—  
The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,  
And has good cause to love it—but this army, 85  
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses  
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;  
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,  
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs

*Wrangel.* But then the Nobles and the Officers?  
Such a desertion, such a felony,  
It is without example, my Lord Duke,  
In the world's history.

*Wallenstein.* They are all mine—  
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.  
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

95

[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.*]

So then?

Now comprehend you?

*Wrangel.* Comprehend who can!  
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!  
I've full powers for a final settlement.  
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here  
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits  
For orders to proceed and join your army.  
Those orders I give out, immediately  
We're compromised.

100

*Wallenstein.* What asks the Chancellor?

*Wrangel.* Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head  
The warranty—and all might prove at last  
Only false play—

105

*Wallenstein (starting).* Sir Swede!

*Wrangel.* Am therefore forced  
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,  
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,  
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

110

*Wallenstein.* Come, brief and open! What is the demand?

*Wrangel.* That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments  
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,  
And to the Swedes give up that city, with  
The strong pass Egra.

*Wallenstein.* That is much indeed!  
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—'Twon't do.  
I give you every security  
Which you may ask of me in common reason—  
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,  
I can myself protect.

115

[696]

*Wrangel.* We doubt it not.  
But 'tis not the protection that is now  
Our sole concern. We want security,  
That we shall not expend our men and money  
All to no purpose.

120

*Wallenstein.* 'Tis but reasonable.

*Wrangel.* And till we are indemnified, so long  
Stays Prague in pledge.

125

*Wallenstein.* Then trust you us so little?

*Wrangel (rising).* The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,  
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called  
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire  
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd  
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.  
But now already is the benefaction  
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—  
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,  
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,  
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum  
Of money, home again to our old forests.  
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was  
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,

130

135

That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.<sup>[696:1]</sup> 140  
No, not for gold and silver have there bled  
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither  
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,  
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens  
Will we remain upon the soil, the which 145  
Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.

*Wallenstein.* Help to keep down the common enemy,  
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

*Wrangel.* But when the common enemy lies vanquished,  
Who knits together our new friendship then? 150  
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede  
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on  
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.  
Who is our warranty, that we are not  
The sacrifices in those articles 155  
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

*Wallenstein (rises).* Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!  
Of Prague no more.

*Wrangel.* Here my commission ends.

*Wallenstein.* Surrender up to you my capital!  
Far liever would I face about, and step 160  
Back to my Emperor.

*Wrangel.* If time yet permits—

*Wallenstein.* That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

*Wrangel.* Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,  
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.  
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you 165  
At present do mean honourably by us.  
Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now  
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing  
Stands in the way of our full confidence.  
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor 170  
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace  
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,  
But Egra above all must open to us,  
Ere we can think of any junction.

*Wallenstein.* You,  
You therefore must I trust, and you not me? 175  
I will consider of your proposition.

*Wrangel.* I must entreat, that your consideration  
Occupy not too long a time. Already  
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!  
Crept on into the second year. If nothing 180  
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor  
Consider it as broken off for ever.

*Wallenstein.* Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,  
Ought to be thought of.

*Wrangel.* Ay! but think of this too,  
That sudden action only can procure it 185  
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit WRANGEL.]

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## FOOTNOTES:

[696:1] A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

## LINENOTES:

Before 1 *Wallenstein (after having fixed a searching look on him). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 10 *Wallenstein (makes the motion, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[23] *might 1800, 1828, 1829.*

After [23](#) [*Taking his hand affectionately. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[36\]](#) wholly lie] lie wholly 1828, 1829.

[\[40\]](#) the one 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[41\]](#) other 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[61\]](#) me 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[74\]](#) so 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[77\]](#) hearts 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[78\]](#) you 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[84\]](#) has 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[96\]](#) must] may 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[103\]](#) I 1800, 1828, 1829. out] you 1828, 1829.

Before [105](#) *Wrangel (considerately). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[107\]](#) *Wrangel (calmly proceeding). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[144\]](#) *Citizens 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[154\]](#) we 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[164\]](#) Sesina is] Sesina's been 1800, 1828, 1829.

After [164](#) [*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[167\]](#) yesterday 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[184\]](#) thought 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[698\]](#)

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## SCENE VI

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

*Illo.* Is't all right?

*Tertsky.* Are you compromised?

*Illo.* This Swede  
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

*Wallenstein.* As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)  
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

*Tertsky.* How? What is that?

*Wallenstein.* Come on me what will come,  
The doing evil to avoid an evil  
Cannot be good!

*Tertsky.* Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

*Wallenstein.* To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!  
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.

*Illo.* Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?  
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

5

[10](#)

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## LINENOTES:

[\[10\]](#) *Wallenstein (sarcastically). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[\[11\]](#) *Countess (to the others). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE VII

*To these enter the* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

*Wallenstein.* Who sent for you? There is no business here  
For women.

*Countess.* I am come to bid you joy.

*Wallenstein.* Use thy authority, Tertsy, bid her go.

*Countess.* Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

*Wallenstein.* Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.  
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.  
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.  
I cannot traffic in the trade of words  
With that unreasoning sex.

5

*Countess.* I had already  
Given the Bohemians a king.

*Wallenstein.* They have one,  
In consequence, no doubt.

[10](#)

*Countess.* Ha! what new scruple?

*Tertsy.* The Duke will not.

*Countess.* He will not what he must!

*Illo.* It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,  
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,  
And of fidelity.

*Countess.* How? then, when all  
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road  
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,  
Now that the dream is being realized,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?  
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;  
For all event is God's arbitrement.

15

[\[699\]](#)

20

[25](#)

*Servant (enters).* The Colonel Piccolomini.

*Countess.* —Must wait.

*Wallenstein.* I cannot see him now. Another time.

*Servant.* But for two minutes he entreats an audience.  
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

*Wallenstein.* Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

[30](#)

*Countess.* Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.

*Wallenstein.* What is it?

*Countess.* Thou shalt be informed hereafter.  
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Exit* Servant.]

*Wallenstein.* If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder  
Way of escape were possible—I still  
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

35

*Countess.* Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way  
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.  
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away  
All thy past life; determine to commence  
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,  
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—  
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;  
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,  
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;  
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

40

45

*Illo.* For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.  
He would but bear his own head to the block.

*Countess.* I fear not that. They have not evidence  
To attain him legally, and they avoid  
The avowal of an arbitrary power.  
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.  
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary

50

[700]	Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself Be understood, that then the Duke retires. There will not want a formal declaration. The young King will administer the oath To the whole army; and so all returns To the old position. On some morrow morning The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle Within his castles. He will hunt, and build, Superintend his horses' pedigrees; Creates himself a court, gives golden keys, And introduceth strictest ceremony In fine proportions, and nice etiquette; Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief, Commenceth mighty King—in miniature. And while he prudently demeans himself, And gives himself no actual importance, He will be let appear whate'er he likes; And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear A mighty Prince to his last dying hour? Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others, A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd, An over-night creation of court-favour, Which with an undistinguishable ease Makes Baron or makes Prince.	55 60 65 70 75
	<i>Wallenstein.</i> Take her away. Let in the young Count Piccolomini.	
	<i>Countess.</i> Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave, So ignominiously to be dried up? Thy life, that arrogated such a height To end in such a nothing! To be nothing, When one was always nothing, is an evil That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil, But to become a nothing, having been—	80 85
	<i>Wallenstein (starts up).</i> Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd, Ye Powers of Aidance! Shew me such a way As I am capable of going.—I Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler; I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say To the good luck that turns her back upon me, Magnanimously: 'Go! I need thee not.' Cease I to work, I am annihilated, Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun, If so I may avoid the last extreme; But ere I sink down into nothingness, Leave off so little, who began so great, Ere that the world confuses me with those Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles, This age and after-ages <sup>[701:1]</sup> speak my name With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption For each accurséd deed!	90 95 100
[701]	<i>Countess.</i> What is there here, then, So against nature? Help me to perceive it! O let not Superstition's nightly goblins Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid To murder?—with abhorr'd accurséd poniard, To violate the breasts that nourished thee? That were against our nature, that might aptly Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken. <sup>[701:2]</sup> Yet not a few, and for a meaner object, Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it. What is there in thy case so black and monstrous? Thou art accused of treason—whether with Or without justice is not now the question— Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! Duke! Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame, That doth not all his living faculties Put forth in preservation of his life? What deed so daring, which necessity And desperation will not sanctify?	105 110 115 120

	<i>Wallenstein.</i> Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:	
[702]	He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed The nearest to his heart. Full many a time We like familiar friends, both at one table, Have banquetted together. He and I— And the young kings themselves held me the bason Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?	125 130
	<i>Countess.</i> So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour, And hast no memory for contumelies? Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg This man repaid thy faithful services? All ranks and all conditions in the Empire Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee, On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world. No friend existed for thee in all Germany, And why? because thou hadst existed only For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropped thee! He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim To the Bavarian, to that insolent! Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity And power, amid the taunting of thy foes, Thou wert let drop into obscurity.— Say not, the restoration of thy honour Hath made atonement for that first injustice. No honest good-will was it that replaced thee, The law of hard necessity replaced thee, Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.	135 140 145 150
	<i>Wallenstein.</i> Not to their good wishes, that is certain, Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted For this high office; and if I abuse it, I shall therein abuse no confidence.	155
	<i>Countess.</i> Affection! confidence!—They needed thee. Necessity, impetuous remonstrant! Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy, Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol, Ever seeks out the greatest and the best, And at the rudder places him, e'en though She had been forced to take him from the rabble— She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee In this high office, it was she that gave thee Thy letters patent of inauguration. For, to the uttermost moment that they can. This race still help themselves at cheapest rate With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach Of extreme peril, when a hollow image Is found a hollow image and no more, Then falls the power into the mighty hands Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born, Who listens only to himself, knows nothing Of stipulations, duties, reverences And, like the emancipated force of fire, Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them, Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.	160 165 170 175
[703]	<i>Wallenstein.</i> 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am— Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain. I never held it worth my pains to hide The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.	180
	<i>Countess.</i> Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself A formidable man, without restraint; Hast exercised the full prerogatives Of thy impetuous nature, which had been Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou, Who hast still remained consistent with thyself, But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee, Entrusted such a power in hands they feared. For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right Is every individual character That acts in strict consistence with itself. Self-contradiction is the only wrong. Wert thou another being, then, when thou Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire	185 190 195



And sword, and desolation, through the Circles  
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,  
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,  
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst, 200  
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,  
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination?  
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb  
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.  
 But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience, 205  
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur  
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.  
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it  
 For him, to-day is all at once become  
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed 210  
 Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!

*Wallenstein (rising).* I never saw it in this light before.  
 'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated  
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.  
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear, 215  
 I owe to what were services to him,  
 But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

*Countess.* Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)  
 The point can be no more of right and duty,  
 Only of power and opportunity. 220  
 That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,  
 Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing  
 Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,  
 Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent  
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest 225  
 Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—  
 It is already here, when thou must write  
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,  
 The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions, 230  
 And tell thee, 'Now's the time!' The starry courses  
 Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose?  
 The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,  
 Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee 235  
 In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed  
 These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—  
 For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?  
 Is there no marrow in this hollow art,  
 That even to thyself it doth avail 240  
 Nothing, and has no influence over thee  
 In the great moment of decision?—

*Wallenstein (interrupting the Countess).* Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly  
 Dispatch three couriers—

[705] *Illo (hurrying out).* God in heaven be praised!

*Wallenstein.* It is his evil genius and mine. 245  
 Our evil genius! It chastises him  
 Through me, the instrument of his ambition;  
 And I expect no less, than that Revenge  
 E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard.  
 Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope 250  
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime  
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
 Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,  
 An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.  
 He can no longer trust me—Then no longer 255  
 Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—  
 Still destiny preserves its due relations,  
 The heart within us is its absolute  
 Vicegerent. [To TERTSKY.]

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel  
 To my state-cabinet. Myself will speak to 260  
 The couriers.—And dispatch immediately  
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini. [To the COUNTESS.]  
 No exultation—woman, triumph not!  
 For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.  
 Joy premature, and shouts ere victory, 265  
 Incroach upon their rights and privileges.

We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[ *While he is making his exit the curtain drops.* ]

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### FOOTNOTES:

[701:1] Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word 'after-world' for *posterity*, 'Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Nahmen' might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:

'Let world and after-world speak out my name,' &c.

1800, 1828, 1829.

[701:2] I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line:

'werth  
Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.'

1800, 1828, 1829.

### LINENOTES:

[12] *will not . . . must* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[26] *Countess (hastily).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 31 *Countess (laughs).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[78] *Wallenstein (in extreme agitation).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 88 *Wallenstein (starts up in violent agitation).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[90] *As I* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[110] *were* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[118] *Duke* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[137] *thee* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[149] *Hath] Has* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[157] *needed* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[163] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[187] *thou* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[189] *they* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[209] *For him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[211] *Against him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[220] *and opportunity] and th' opportunity* 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 242 *Wallenstein (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then, &c.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[245] *his . . . mine* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[246] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[249] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 262 [*To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## ACT V

### SCENE I

SCENE—*As in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

*Wallenstein (coming forward in conversation).* He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick; But I have sure intelligence, that he Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas. Secure them both, and send them to me hither. Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly Make preparation, and be never ready; And if they urge thee to draw out against me, Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.

I know, that it is doing thee a service 10  
 To keep thee out of action in this business.  
 Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;  
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,  
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.  
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me 15  
 By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune  
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know  
 What is to do.

*Enter* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.  
 This night must thou be off, take my own horses:  
 Him here I keep with me—make short farewell— 20  
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again  
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

*Octavio (to his son).* I shall see you  
 Yet ere I go.

### LINENOTES:

[3] Secretes] Secrets 1828, 1829, 1893.

[9] YES 1800, 1828, 1829.

### SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Max (advances to him).* My General!

*Wallenstein.* That am I no longer, if  
 Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

*Max.* Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

*Wallenstein.* I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

*Max.* And thou wilt leave the army?

*Wallenstein.* Rather hope I 5  
 To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

*[He seats himself.*

Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,  
 Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.  
 Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily  
 The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is 10  
 To exercise the single apprehension  
 Where the sums square in proof;

But where it happens, that of two sure evils  
 One must be taken, where the heart not wholly  
 Brings itself back from out the strife of duties, 15  
 There 'tis a blessing to have no election,  
 And blank necessity is grace and favour.

—This is now present: do not look behind thee.—  
 It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!  
 Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act! 20  
 The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,  
 Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.  
 We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,  
 And our good friends.

*[He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI's answer.*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not. 25  
 I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

*[He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.*

*Max.* My General, this day thou makest me  
 Of age to speak in my own right and person,  
 For till this day I have been spared the trouble

To find out my own road. Thee have I followed 30  
With most implicit unconditional faith,  
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.  
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer  
Me to myself, and forcest me to make  
Election between thee and my own heart. 35

*Wallenstein.* Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;  
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,  
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever  
With undivided heart. It can remain  
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads 40  
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.  
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war  
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him  
Who is thy Emperor.

*Max.* War! is that the name?  
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence. 45  
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.  
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor  
Thou wapest with the Emperor's own army?  
O God of heaven! what a change is this.  
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion 50  
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole  
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?  
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!  
The ingrained instinct of old reverence.  
The holy habit of obediency, 55  
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?  
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—  
It always was as a god looking at me!  
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:  
The senses still are in thy bonds, although, 60  
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

*Wallenstein.* Max, hear me.

*Max.* O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!  
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,  
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing. 65  
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only  
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,  
It will not let itself be driven away  
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,  
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce  
All human creatures to disloyalty 70  
Against the nobleness of their own nature.  
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,  
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,  
And trusts itself to impotence alone  
Made powerful only in an unknown power. 75

*Wallenstein.* The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.  
Already have I said to my own self  
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids  
The extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?  
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use 80  
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,  
There remains nothing possible but that.

*Max.* O that is never possible for thee!  
'Tis the last desperate resource of those  
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name 85  
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,  
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves  
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,  
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart  
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest! 90  
But he, who once hath acted infamy,  
Does nothing more in this world.

*Wallenstein (grasps his hand).* Calmly, Max!  
Much that is great and excellent will we  
Perform together yet. And if we only  
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon 95  
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.  
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,

[708]

[709]

That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.  
 To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,  
 Not to the good. All, that the powers divine 100  
 Send from above, are universal blessings:  
 Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,  
 But never yet was man enriched by them:  
 In their eternal realm no property  
 Is to be struggled for—all there is general. 105  
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win  
 From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,  
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.  
 Not without sacrifices are they rendered  
 Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth 110  
 That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

*Max.* Whate'er is human, to the human being  
 Do I allow—and to the vehement  
 And striving spirit readily I pardon  
 The excess of action; but to thee, my General! 115  
 Above all others make I large concession.  
 For thou must move a world, and be the master—

He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.  
 So be it then! maintain thee in thy post  
 By violence. Resist the Emperor, 120  
 And if it must be, force with force repel:  
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.  
 But not—not to the traitor—yes!—the word  
 Is spoken out—

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon. 125  
 That is no mere excess! that is no error  
 Of human nature—that is wholly different,  
 O that is black, black as the pit of hell!  
 Thou canst not hear it nam'd, and wilt thou do it?

O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst, 130  
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.  
 I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.

[710] He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He  
 Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,  
 And I bring back his confidence to thee. 135

*Wallenstein.* It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happened.

*Max.* Were it too late, and were things gone so far,  
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,  
 Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.  
 Lose the command. Go from the stage of war. 140  
 Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too  
 With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,  
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.  
 My destiny I never part from thine.

*Wallenstein.* It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing 145  
 Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones  
 Left fast behind by my post couriers,  
 Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.  
 Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.

I cannot give assent to my own shame 150  
 And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!  
 So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,  
 With a firm step. What am I doing worse  
 Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,

When he the legions led against his country, 155  
 The which his country had delivered to him?  
 Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,  
 As I were, if I but disarmed myself.

I trace out something in me of his spirit.  
 Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear. 160

[MAX quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered,  
 continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when  
 TERTSKY enters.

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### LINENOTES:

[86] *saving . . . Keep 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[104] *property 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[116] *all 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[123] *traitor 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 128 [WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[129] *nam'd . . . do 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 148 [MAX stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[150] *I 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[151] *Thou—no 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[160] *that other thing 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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### SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

*Tertsky.* Max Piccolomini just left you?

*Wallenstein.* Where is Wrangel?

*Tertsky.* He is already gone.

[711] *Wallenstein.* In such a hurry?

*Tertsky.* It is as if the earth had swallowed him.  
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.  
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.  
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,  
I half believe it was the devil himself;  
A human creature could not so at once  
Have vanished.

5

*Illo (enters).* Is it true that thou wilt send  
Octavio?

*Tertsky.* How, Octavio! Whither send him?

10

*Wallenstein.* He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither  
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

*Illo.* No!  
Nay, Heaven forbid!

*Wallenstein.* And why should Heaven forbid?

*Illo.* Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him  
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,  
Now, in the very instant that decides us—

15

*Tertsky.* Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

*Wallenstein.* Ye are whimsical.

*Illo.* O but for this time, Duke,  
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

*Wallenstein.* And why should I not trust him only this time,  
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,  
That I should lose my good opinion of him?  
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,  
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.  
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him  
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

20

25

*Tertsky.* Must it be he—he only? Send another.

*Wallenstein.* It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;  
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore  
I gave it him.

*Illo.* Because he's an Italian—  
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

30

*Wallenstein.* I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—  
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly

[712]

Esteem them, love them more than you and others,  
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,  
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,  
In what affect they me or my concerns?  
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?  
Love or hate one another as you will,  
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;  
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

35

40

*Illo.* Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always  
Lurking about with this Octavio.

*Wallenstein.* It happened with my knowledge and permission.

*Illo.* I know that secret messengers came to him  
From Galas—

45

*Wallenstein.* That's not true.

*Illo.* O thou art blind  
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

*Wallenstein.* Thou wilt not shake  
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself  
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,  
Then the whole science of the stars is false.  
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,  
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

50

*Illo.* Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

*Wallenstein.* There exist moments in the life of man,  
When he is nearer the great soul of the world  
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely  
The power of questioning his destiny:  
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night  
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,  
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,  
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.  
My whole life, past and future, in this moment  
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,  
And to the destiny of the next morning  
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,  
Did knit the most removed futurity.

55

60

65

Then said I also to myself, 'So many  
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,  
And as on some great number set their All  
Upon thy single head, and only man  
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day  
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter  
All these in many a several direction:  
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'  
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest

70

75

[713]

Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,  
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,  
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first  
To meet me with a token of his love:  
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.

80

Then midmost in the battle was I led  
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!  
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank:  
And over me away, all unconcernedly,  
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces  
I lay, and panted like a dying man.

85

Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm;  
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,  
'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.  
'My brother,' said he, 'do not ride to-day  
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse  
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!  
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.'  
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me  
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.  
My cousin rode the dapple on that day.  
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

90

95

*Illo.* That was a chance.

*Wallenstein.* There's no such thing as chance.

In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio  
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[*He is retiring.*]

*Tertsky.* This is my comfort—Max remains our hostage.

100

*Illo.* And he shall never stir from here alive.

*Wallenstein (stops and turns himself round).* Are ye not like the women, who for ever  
Only recur to their first word, although  
One had been talking reason by the hour?  
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds  
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.  
The inner world, his microcosmus, is  
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.  
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—  
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.  
Have I the human kernel first examined?  
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

105

[110](#)

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### LINENOTES:

[38] *me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[76] included] include 1800.

[89] *Octavio 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[98] *Wallenstein (significantly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[112] *kernel 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[714]

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### SCENE IV

SCENE—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-House.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI (*entering*).

*Isolani.* Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

*Octavio.* But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

*Isolani.* Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about  
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place  
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

5

*Octavio.* That may happen.

*Isolani.* Noble brother, I am  
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,  
And when it comes to action skulk away.  
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.  
God knows it is so; and I owe him all—  
He may rely on my fidelity.

10

*Octavio.* That will be seen hereafter.

*Isolani.* Be on your guard,  
All think not as I think; and there are many  
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say  
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

15

*Octavio.* I am rejoiced to hear it.

*Isolani.* You rejoice!

*Octavio.* That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants  
And loving friends.

*Isolani.* Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.  
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

*Octavio.* I am assured already. God forbid  
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest  
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause  
So strong.

20



*Isolani.* The Devil!—what!—why, what means this?  
Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here?

*Octavio.* That you may make full declaration, whether  
You will be called the friend or enemy  
Of the Emperor. 25

*Isolani.* That declaration, friend,  
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed  
To put that question to me.

*Octavio.* Whether, Count, 30  
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

[715] *Isolani.* Why,—why—what! This is the Emperor's hand and seal!

[*Reads.*

'Whereas the officers collectively  
Throughout our army will obey the orders  
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini 35  
As from ourselves.'—Hem!—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—  
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!

*Octavio.* And you submit you to the order?

*Isolani.* I—  
But you have taken me so by surprise—  
Time for reflection one must have—

*Octavio.* Two minutes. 40

*Isolani.* My God! But then the case is—

*Octavio.* Plain and simple.  
You must declare you, whether you determine  
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,  
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

*Isolani.* Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason? 45

*Octavio.* That is the case. The Prince-Duke is a traitor—  
Means to lead over to the enemy  
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—  
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?  
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you? 50

*Isolani.* What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,  
To his Imperial Majesty?  
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

*Octavio.* You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant  
I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it. 55

*Isolani.* Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself  
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

*Octavio.* And you renounce the Duke then?

*Isolani.* If he's planning  
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

*Octavio.* And are determined, too, to fight against him? 60

*Isolani.* He has done me service—but if he's a villain,  
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

*Octavio.* I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.  
This night break off in the utmost secrecy  
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear 65  
As came the order from the Duke himself.  
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;  
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

[716]

*Isolani.* It shall be done. But you'll remember me  
With the Emperor—how well disposed you found me. 70

*Octavio.* I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit ISOLANI. A Servant enters.*

What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.

*Isolani (returning).* Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!

Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great  
Person I had before me.

*Octavio.* No excuses!

75

*Isolani.* I am a merry lad, and if at time  
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court  
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

*Octavio.* You need not be uneasy on that score.  
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us  
With all the others only but as much!

80

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### LINENOTES:

Before [2](#) *Octavio* (with an air of mystery). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [3](#) *Isolani* (assuming the same air of mystery). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[[27](#)] *Isolani* (with an air of defiance). 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before [32](#) *Isolani* (stammering). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[[36](#)] *Hem* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[[40](#)] *must* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[[55](#)] *will* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE V

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

*Butler.* At your command, Lieutenant-General.

*Octavio.* Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

*Butler.* You do me too much honour.

*Octavio* (after both have seated themselves). You have not  
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—  
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms. 5  
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was  
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time  
In which the honest should unite most closely.

*Butler.* 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

*Octavio.* True! and I name all honest men like-minded. 10  
I never charge a man but with those acts  
To which his character deliberately  
Impels him; for alas! the violence  
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts  
The very best of us from the right track. 15  
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas  
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

*Butler.* His words were lost on me.

[[717](#)] *Octavio.* It grieves me sorely  
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.  
I had myself the like to offer.

*Butler.* Spare  
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment, 20  
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

*Octavio.* The time is precious—let us talk openly.  
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein  
Meditates treason—I can tell you further— 25  
He has committed treason; but few hours  
Have past, since he a covenant concluded  
With the enemy. The messengers are now  
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.  
To-morrow he intends to lead us over 30  
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;

For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still  
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand  
In closest union, mighty though unseen.  
This manifesto sentences the Duke— 35  
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,  
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,  
To join and recognize in me their leader.  
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?  
Or with the evil share an evil lot? 40

*Butler (rises).* His lot is mine.

*Octavio.* Is that your last resolve?

*Butler.* It is.

*Octavio.* Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!  
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast  
That rashly uttered word remains interred.  
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party: 45  
You have not chosen the right one.

*Butler (going).* Any other  
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?

*Octavio.* See your white hairs! Recall that word!

*Butler.* Farewell!

*Octavio.* What, would you draw this good and gallant sword  
In such a cause? Into a curse would you 50  
Transform the gratitude which you have earned  
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

*Butler (laughing with bitterness).* Gratitude from the House of Austria.

[*He is going.*]

*Octavio (permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him).*  
*Butler!*

[718] *Butler.* What wish you?

*Octavio.* How was't with the Count?

*Butler.* Count? what?

*Octavio.* The title that you wished, I mean. 55

*Butler (starts in sudden passion).* Hell and damnation!

*Octavio.* You petitioned for it—  
And your petition was repelled—Was it so?

*Butler.* Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.  
Draw!

*Octavio.* Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! [718:1] and tell me calmly,  
How all that happened. I will not refuse you 60  
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

*Butler.* Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness  
For which I never can forgive myself.  
Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.  
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt. 65  
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title  
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.  
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,  
So in an evil hour I let myself  
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly! 70  
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.  
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb  
And venom the refusal with contempt?  
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn  
The grey-haired man, the faithful veteran? 75  
Why to the baseness of his parentage  
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only  
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?  
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm  
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult. 80

*Octavio.* You must have been calumniated. Guess you  
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

*Butler.* Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,  
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,  
Some young squire of some ancient family,  
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,  
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

85

[719]

*Octavio.* But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

*Butler.* Himself impelled me to it, used his interest  
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

90

*Octavio.* Ay? Are you sure of that?

*Butler.* I read the letter.

*Octavio.* And so did I—but the contents were different.  
By chance I'm in possession of that letter—  
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

*[He gives him the letter.]*

*Butler.* Ha! what is this?

*Octavio.* I fear me, Colonel Butler,  
An infamous game have they been playing with you.  
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?  
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt  
Concerning you, counsels the Minister  
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,  
For so he calls it.

95

*[BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.]*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;  
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe  
The insult you received to the Duke only.  
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished  
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped  
To gain from your revenge what he well knew  
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)  
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.  
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt  
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.  
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded  
In luring you away from that good path  
On which you had been journeying forty years!

105

110

*Butler.* Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

115

*Octavio.* More than forgive you. He would fain compensate  
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance  
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.  
From his free impulse he confirms the present,  
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.  
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

120

[720]

*[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.]*

*Octavio.* What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

*Butler.* Take it.

*Octavio.* But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

*Butler.* O take it!  
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

*Octavio.* Receive it then anew from my hands—and  
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

125

*Butler.*—Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

*Octavio.* You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

*Butler.* Break off from him!

*Octavio.* What now? Bethink thyself.

*Butler (no longer governing his emotion).* Only break off from him?—He dies!—he dies! 130

*Octavio.* Come after me to Frauenberg, where now  
All who are loyal are assembling under  
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others  
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.  
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen. 135

*Butler.* Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak  
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth?

*Octavio.* He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

*Butler.* Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

*Octavio.* What's your design?

*Butler.* Leave me and my regiment. 140

*Octavio.* I have full confidence in you. But tell me  
What are you brooding?

*Butler.* That the deed will tell you.  
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.  
Ye may trust safely. By the living God  
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!  
Farewell. [Exit BUTLER. 145

*Servant (enters with a billet).* A stranger left it, and is gone.  
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.  
[Exit Servant.

*Octavio (reads).* 'Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan.'  
—O that I had but left this town behind me.  
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—  
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!  
Where can my son be tarrying? 150

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### FOOTNOTES:

[718:1] It probably did not suit Schiller's purposes to remark, what he doubtless knew, that Butler was of a noble Irish family, indeed one of the noblest. *MS. R.*

### LINENOTES:

[18] *me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[55] *Octavio (coldly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 92 [BUTLER is suddenly struck. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 115 Butler (his voice trembling). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 136 Butler (strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[721]

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### SCENE VI

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Octavio (advances to Max).* I am going off, my son.  
[Receiving no answer he takes his hand.  
My son, farewell.

*Max.* Farewell.

*Octavio.* Thou wilt soon follow me?

*Max.* I follow thee?  
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,  
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.  
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,  
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:  
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.

Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice  
Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey? 10  
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!  
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou  
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,  
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!  
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee! 15  
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!  
But thou hast acted not much better.

*Octavio.* Son!  
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

*Max.* Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,  
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths, 20  
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—  
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,  
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.  
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

*Octavio.* God in Heaven!

*Max.* O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature. 25  
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?  
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all  
Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured.  
No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,  
And she is true, and open as the Heavens! 30  
Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,  
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:  
The single holy spot is now our love,  
The only unprofaned in human nature.

*Octavio.* Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better. 35

*Max.* What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,  
The very last—no never!

*Octavio.* Spare thyself  
The pang of necessary separation.  
Come with me! Come, my son!

[Attempts to take him with him.]

*Max.* No! as sure as God lives, no! 40

*Octavio.* Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

*Max.* Command me what is human. I stay here.

*Octavio.* Max! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

*Max.* No Emperor has power to prescribe  
Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me 45  
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,  
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed  
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable  
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,  
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No! 50  
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,  
Hear the complaints of the parted soul,  
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race  
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.  
From the black deadly madness of despair 55  
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words  
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

*Octavio.* Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.  
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

*Max.* Squander not thou thy words in vain. 60  
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

*Octavio.* Max! Max! if that most damnéd thing could be,  
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it?)  
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous, 65  
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,  
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,  
And in unnatural combat shall the steel  
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

[722]

[723]

*Max.* O hadst thou always better thought of men,  
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!  
Unholy miserable doubt! To him  
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,  
Who has no faith.

70

*Octavio.* And if I trust thy heart,  
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

*Max.* The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpower'd—as little  
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

75

*Octavio.* O, Max! I see thee never more again!

*Max.* Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

*Octavio.* I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers  
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana  
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.  
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,  
And will far rather fall in gallant contest  
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

80

*Max.* Rely on this, I either leave my life  
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

85

*Octavio.* Farewell, my son!

*Max.* Farewell!

*Octavio.* How? not one look  
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?  
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,  
And the event uncertain and in darkness.  
So used we not to part—it was not so!  
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

90

[*MAX falls into his arms, they hold each [other] for a long time in a  
speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*

*The Curtain drops.*

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## LINENOTES:

Before 1 (*MAX enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 19 *Max (rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[28] what] that 1828, 1829.

[33] The single holy spot is our love 1800.

Before 41 *Octavio (more urgently).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 62 *Octavio (trembling, and losing all self-command).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[63] think 1800.

[75] thou 1800.

[724]

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# THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

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PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR

The two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. 5

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false notion both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it. 10 15 20

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their conception of that author from the *Robbers*, and the *Cabal* and *Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare yet, merely as illustration, I would say 25 30

[725] that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages the excellence of which will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. 35 40 45

If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the *Robbers*, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effect. 50 55 60

Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible. 65 70



## LINENOTES:

[Title] Part Second. The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. The Death of Wallenstein. Preface of the Translator. 1828, 1829.

[10] notion] idea 1800, 1828, 1829.

[21] conception] idea 1800, 1828, 1829.

[41] the excellence of which] whose excellence 1800, 1828, 1829.

[60] effect] effort 1834.

[66] sense] sense 1800, 1828, 1829.

[67] spirit] spirit 1800, 1828, 1829.

[68] compensation] compensation 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 72 S. T. Coleridge 1800, 1828, 1829.

[726]

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's confidant.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENI.

BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*

ANSPESSADE *of the Cuirassiers.*

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER,

A PAGE,

] *belonging to the Duke.*

CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.

## THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

### ACT I

#### SCENE I

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of the DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.*

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

*Countess (watching them from the opposite side).* So you have nothing, niece, to ask me?

Nothing?

I have been waiting for a word from you.

And could you then endure in all this time

Not once to speak his name?

[*The COUNTESS rises and advances to her.*

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,

And other ways exist, besides through me?

Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

*Thekla.* To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

*Countess.* And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

*Thekla.* No syllable.

[727]

*Countess.* And still you are so calm?

10

*Thekla.* I am.

*Countess.* May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

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## LINENOTES:

[4] [THEKLA *remaining silent, the, &c., 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE II

*The* COUNTESS, THEKLA.

*Countess.* It does not please me, Princess! that he holds  
Himself so still, exactly at this time.

*Thekla.* Exactly at this time?

*Countess.* He now knows all.  
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

*Thekla.* If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

5

*Countess.* 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.  
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart  
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,  
And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved.  
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's  
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you  
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

10

*Thekla.* Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.  
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,  
It is not possible that it should torture me  
More than this introduction. What have you  
To say to me? Tell me the whole and briefly!

15

*Countess.* You'll not be frightened—

*Thekla.* Name it, I entreat you.

*Countess.* It lies within your power to do your father  
A weighty service—

*Thekla.* Lies within my power?

20

*Countess.* Max Piccolomini loves you. You can link him  
Indissolubly to your father.

*Thekla.* I?  
What need of me for that? And is he not  
Already linked to him?

*Countess.* He was.

*Thekla.* And wherefore  
Should he not be so now—not be so always?

25

*Countess.* He cleaves to the Emperor too.

*Thekla.* Not more than duty  
And honour may demand of him.

*Countess.* We ask  
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.  
Duty and honour!  
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.  
You should interpret them for him: his love  
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

[728]

30

*Thekla.* How?

*Countess.* The Emperor or you must he renounce.

*Thekla.* He will accompany my father gladly  
In his retirement. From himself you heard, 35  
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

*Countess.* He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;  
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

*Thekla.* He'll spend with gladness and alacrity  
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause, 40  
If shame or injury be intended him.

*Countess.* You will not understand me. Well, hear then!  
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,  
And is about to join the enemy  
With the whole soldiery—

*Thekla.* Alas, my mother! 45

*Countess.* There needs a great example to draw on  
The army after him. The Piccolomini  
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;  
They govern all opinions, and wherever 50  
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.  
The son secures the father to our interests—  
You've much in your hands at this moment.

*Thekla.* Ah,  
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke  
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.

*Countess.* She will accommodate her soul to that 55  
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.  
The far-off future weights upon her heart  
With torture of anxiety; but is it  
Unalterably, actually present, 60  
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

*Thekla.* O my fore-boding bosom! Even now,  
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!  
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;  
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered, 65  
A heavy ominous presentiment  
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering  
Over my happy fortune. But why think I  
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

[729] *Countess.* Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!  
Preserve you for your father the firm friend, 70  
And for yourself the lover, all will yet  
Prove good and fortunate.

*Thekla.* Prove good? What good?  
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

*Countess.* He parts not from you! He can not part from you.

*Thekla.* Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend 75  
His heart asunder.

*Countess.* If indeed he loves you,  
His resolution will be speedily taken.

*Thekla.* His resolution will be speedily taken—  
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!  
Does there remain one to be taken?

*Countess.* Hush! 80  
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

*Thekla.* How shall I bear to see her?

*Countess.* Collect yourself.

---

## LINENOTES:

[2] *still . . . this 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[3] *this 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[9] *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[20] *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[31] *You 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[37] *not 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[72] *Prove good 1800.*

[74] *can 1800.*

[80] *taken 1800.*

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### SCENE III

*To them enter the* DUCHESS.

*Duchess (to the Countess).* Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,  
And passionately too.

*Countess.* Nay! There was no one.

*Duchess.* I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise  
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me  
The footstep of some messenger of evil. 5  
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?  
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,  
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?  
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg  
With a favourable answer?

*Countess.* No, he has not. 10

*Duchess.* Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,  
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;  
The accurséd business of the Regenspurg diet  
Will all be acted o'er again!

*Countess.* No! never!  
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that. 15

[THEKLA *throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*

[730]

*Duchess.* Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother  
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man!  
In this unhappy marriage what have I  
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if 20  
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire  
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,  
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,  
And ever to the brink of some abyss  
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me. 25  
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings  
Presignify unhappiness to thee,  
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.  
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,  
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny. 30

*Thekla.* O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!  
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.  
Here every coming hour broods into life  
Some new affrightful monster.

*Duchess.* Thou wilt share  
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too, 35  
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.  
Still think I with delight of those first years,  
When he was making progress with glad effort,  
When his ambition was a genial fire,  
Not that consuming flame which now it is. 40  
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all  
He undertook could not but be successful.

But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,  
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,  
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit, 45  
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.  
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer  
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith  
To his old luck, and individual power;  
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections 50  
All to those cloudy sciences, which never  
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

*Countess.* You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you.  
But surely this is not the conversation 55  
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.  
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him  
Find her in this condition?

[731]

*Duchess.* Come, my child!  
Come, wipe away thy tears, and shew thy father  
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here  
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled. 60  
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform  
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?  
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini  
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

*Countess.* That is he, sister!

*Thekla (to the Countess).* Aunt, you will excuse me? 65  
[*Is going.*]

*Countess.* But whither? See, your father comes.

*Thekla.* I cannot see him now.

*Countess.* Nay, but bethink you.

*Thekla.* Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

*Countess.* But he will miss you, will ask after you.

*Duchess.* What now? Why is she going? 70

*Countess.* She's not well.

*Duchess.* What ails then my beloved child?

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain her. During this  
WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.*]

---

## LINENOTES:

Between 14, 15 [THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[28] fate 1800.

[40] flame 1800.

[53] your 1800.

[56] be soon] soon be 1828, 1829.

[57] her 1800, 1828, 1829.

[65] *Thekla (to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 72 *Duchess (anxiously). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

---

## SCENE IV

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

*Wallenstein.* All quiet in the camp?

*Illo.* It is all quiet.

*Wallenstein.* In a few hours may couriers come from Prague  
With tidings, that this capital is ours.

Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops  
Assembled in this town make known the measure 5  
And its result together. In such cases  
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost  
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature  
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,  
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through 10  
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen  
They shall swear fealty to us, because  
The example has been given them by Prague.  
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

[732] *Illo.* At his own bidding, unsolicited, 15  
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

*Wallenstein.* I find we must not give implicit credence  
To every warning voice that makes itself  
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,  
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit 20  
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,  
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I  
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly  
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,  
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which 25  
I am not master (fear I would not call it),  
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,  
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.  
And this same man, against whom I am warned,  
This honest man is he, who reaches to me 30  
The first pledge of my fortune.

*Illo.* And doubt not  
That his example will win over to you  
The best men in the army.

*Wallenstein.* Go and send  
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.  
He is under recent obligations to me. 35  
With him will I commence the trial. Go. [ILLO *exit.*

*Wallenstein (turns himself round to the females).* Lo, there the mother with the darling  
daughter!  
For once we'll have an interval of rest—  
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour  
In the beloved circle of my family. 40

*Countess.* 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

*Wallenstein (to the Countess aside).* Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

*Countess.* Not yet.

*Wallenstein.* Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,  
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.  
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill: 45  
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,  
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice  
Will drive away from me the evil demon  
That beats his black wings close above my head.

*Duchess.* Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father 50  
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

*Thekla.* My mother!  
I—

[733] *Duchess.* Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer  
Thy father.

*Thekla.* O my mother! I—I cannot.

*Countess.* How, what is that, niece?

*Thekla (to the Countess).* O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety, 55  
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,  
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong  
Into her grave!

*Duchess.* How, Thekla? Humoursome?  
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish

In vain?

*Countess.* Here is the lute.

*Thekla.* My God! how can I—

60

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

*Duchess.* My child! O she is ill—

*Wallenstein.* What ails the maiden?  
Say, is she often so?

*Countess.* Since then herself  
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer  
Conceal it.

*Wallenstein.* What?

*Countess.* She loves him!

*Wallenstein.* Loves him! Whom?

*Countess.* Max does she love! Max Piccolomini.  
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

65

*Duchess.* Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?  
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest  
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

*Countess.* This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it  
To thine own self. Thou shouldest have chosen another  
To have attended her.

70

*Wallenstein.* And does he know it?

*Countess.* Yes, and he hopes to win her.

*Wallenstein.* Hopes to win her!  
Is the boy mad?

*Countess.* Well—hear it from themselves.

*Wallenstein.* He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!  
Aye?—The thought pleases me.  
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

75

[734]

*Countess.* Since  
Such and such constant favour you have shewn him—

*Wallenstein.* He chooses finally to be my heir.  
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.  
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!  
Is it daughters only? Is it only children  
That we must shew our favour by?

80

*Duchess.* His noble disposition and his manners—

*Wallenstein.* Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

*Duchess.* Then  
His rank, his ancestors—

85

*Wallenstein.* Ancestors! What?  
He is a subject, and my son-in-law  
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

*Duchess.* O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high.  
Lest we should fall too low.

*Wallenstein.* What? have I paid  
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,  
And jut out high above the common herd,  
Only to close the mighty part I play  
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?  
Have I for this— [*pause.*] She is the only thing  
That will remain behind of me on earth;

90

95

And I will see a crown around her head,  
Or die in the attempt to place it there.  
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,  
To lift her into greatness— 100  
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking— [pause.  
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,  
Couple together in good peasant fashion  
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—  
And I must do it now, even now, when I 105  
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine  
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,  
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,  
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me  
For less than a king's sceptre.

*Duchess.* O my husband! 110  
You're ever building, building to the clouds,  
Still building higher, and still higher building,  
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis  
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

*Wallenstein (to the Countess).* Have you announced the place of residence 115  
Which I have destined for her?

*Countess.* No! not yet.  
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

*Duchess.* How? Do we not return to Karn then?

*Wallenstein.* No.

*Duchess.* And to no other of your lands or seats?

*Wallenstein.* You would not be secure there.

*Duchess.* Not secure 120  
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's  
Protection?

*Wallenstein.* Friedland's wife may be permitted  
No longer to hope that.

*Duchess.* O God in heaven!  
And have you brought it even to this?

*Wallenstein.* In Holland  
You'll find protection.

*Duchess.* In a Lutheran country? 125  
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

*Wallenstein.* Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

*Duchess.* Duke Franz of Lauenburg?  
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

*Wallenstein.* The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer. 130

*Duchess (casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess).* Is it then true? It is. You are  
degraded?  
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

*Countess (aside to the Duke).* Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot  
Support the real truth.

---

### LINENOTES:

[26] *fear* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[48] from] *for* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[56] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[95] Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.

1800, 1828, 1829.

After 101 [He recollects himself. 1800, 1828, 1829.



[118] Kärn 1800.

[123] that 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE V

*To them enter* COUNT TERTSKY.

*Countess.* —Tertsy!  
What ails him? What an image of affright!  
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

*Tertsy (leading Wallenstein aside).* Is it thy command that all the Croats—

*Wallenstein.* Mine! 5

[736] *Tertsy.* We are betrayed.

*Wallenstein.* What?

*Tertsy.* They are off! This night  
The Jägers likewise—all the villages  
In the whole round are empty.

*Wallenstein.* Isolani?

*Tertsy.* Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

*Wallenstein.* I?

*Tertsy.* No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate? 10  
They are vanished both of them.

---

## SCENE VI

*To them enter* ILLO.

*Illo.* Has Tertsy told thee?

*Tertsy.* He knows all.

*Illo.* And likewise  
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,  
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?

*Tertsy.* Damnation!

*Wallenstein (winks at them).* Hush!

*Countess (who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them).* Tertsy! Heaven! What is it? What has happened? 5

*Wallenstein (scarcely suppressing his emotions).* Nothing! let us be gone!

*Tertsy (following him).* Theresa, it is nothing.

*Countess (holding him back).* Nothing? Do I not see, that all the lifeblood  
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?  
That even my brother but affects a calmness? 10

*Page (enters).* An Aid-de-Camp enquires for the Count Tertsy.

[TERTSKY follows the Page.]

*Wallenstein.* Go, hear his business.

[To ILLO.]

This could not have happened  
So unsuspected without mutiny.  
Who was on guard at the gates?

*Illo.* 'Twas Tiefenbach. 15

*Wallenstein.* Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,  
And Tertsy's grenadiers relieve him.

[ILLO is going.]

Stop!  
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

*Illo.* Him I met.  
He will be here himself immediately.  
Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO *exit.* WALLENSTEIN *is following him.*

*Countess.* Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!  
There's some misfortune. 20

*Duchess (clinging to him).* Gracious heaven! What is it?

*Wallenstein.* Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!  
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;  
Here storm and sunshine follow one another  
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits 25  
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet  
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.  
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women  
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going:* TERTSKY *returns.*

*Tertsky.* Remain here. From this window must we see it. 30

*Wallenstein (to the Countess).* Sister, retire!

*Countess.* No—never.

*Wallenstein.* 'Tis my will.

*Tertsky (leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess).*  
Theresa!

*Duchess.* Sister, come! since he commands it.

## LINENOTES:

[4] *Wallenstein (winks to them).* 1800.

## SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

*Wallenstein (stepping to the window).* What now, then?

*Tertsky.* There are strange movements among all the troops,  
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,  
With gloomy silentness, the several corps  
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners. 5  
Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only  
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof  
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

*Wallenstein.* Does Piccolomini appear among them?

*Tertsky.* We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with. 10

*Wallenstein.* What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you?

*Tertsky.* My regiments had dispatched him; yet once more  
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait  
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

*Wallenstein.* But whence arose this larum in the camp? 15  
It should have been kept secret from the army,  
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

*Tertsky.* O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening  
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,  
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen. 20  
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

*Wallenstein.* The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more  
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

*Tertsky.* Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;  
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee. 25

*Wallenstein.* It was but yesterday I rescued him  
 From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.  
 I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.  
 And wherein doth he wrong in going from me? 30  
 He follows still the god whom all his life  
 He has worshipped at the gaming table. With  
 My Fortune, and my seeming destiny,  
 He made the bond, and broke it not with me.  
 I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed, 35  
 And with the which well-pleased and confident  
 He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it  
 In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,  
 And hurries to preserve his wares. As light  
 As the free bird from the hospitable twig  
 Where it had nested, he flies off from me: 40  
 No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.  
 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, 45  
 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.

*Tertsky.* Yet, would I rather 50  
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

### LINENOTES:

- [6] makes] make 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 [11] Aid-de-Camp] Aide-de-Camp 1800.  
 [32] FORTUNE 1800, 1828, 1829.

### SCENE VIII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

*Illo.* Treason and mutiny!

*Tertsky.* And what further now?

*Illo.* Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders  
 To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

*Tertsky.* Well!

[739] *Wallenstein.* What followed?

*Illo.* They refused obedience to them. 5

*Tertsky.* Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

*Wallenstein.* Gently! what cause did they assign?

*Illo.* No other,  
 They said, had right to issue orders but  
 Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

*Wallenstein.* What? How is that? 10

*Illo.* He takes that office on him by commission,  
 Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

*Tertsky.* From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

*Illo.* At his incitement  
 The Generals made that stealthy flight—

*Tertsky.* Duke! hearest thou?

*Illo.* Caraffa too, and Montecuculi, 15  
 Are missing, with six other Generals,

All whom he had induced to follow him.  
This plot he has long had in writing by him  
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded  
With all the detail of the operation  
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

20

[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*

*Tertsky.* O hadst thou but believed me!

---

### LINENOTES:

Before [1](#) *Illo* (who enters agitated with rage). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[9\]](#) *Piccolomini* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[\[10\]](#) *Wallenstein* (in a convulsion of agony). 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE IX

*To them enter the* COUNTESS.

*Countess.* This suspense,  
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.  
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.

*Illo.* The regiments are all falling off from us.

*Tertsky.* Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

5

*Countess.* O my foreboding!

[*Rushes out of the room.*

*Tertsky.* Hadst thou but believed me!  
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

*Wallenstein.* The stars lie not; but we have here a work  
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.  
The science is still honest: this false heart  
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.

10

On a divine law divination rests;  
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles  
Out of her limits, there all science errs.

[\[740\]](#)

True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition  
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted  
The human form, O may that time ne'er come  
In which I shame me of the infirmity.

15

The wildest savage drinks not with the victim  
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.

20

This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:  
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;  
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.  
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest  
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—  
Against such weapons I am but a child.

25

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### SCENE X

*To these enter* BUTLER.

*Tertsky* (*meeting him*). O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

*Wallenstein* (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth*). Come to my  
heart, old comrade! Not the sun  
Looks out upon us more revivingly  
In the earliest month of spring,  
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

5

*Butler.* My General: I come—

*Wallenstein* (*leaning on Butler's shoulders*). Know'st thou already?  
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.  
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together

Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship. 10  
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,  
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,  
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.  
And now in the very moment, when, all love,  
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,  
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife 15  
Slowly into my heart.

[*He hides his face on BUTLER'S breast.*]

*Butler.* Forget the false one.  
What is your present purpose?

[741]

*Wallenstein.* Well remembered!  
Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,  
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment, 20  
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,  
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.  
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss  
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason  
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!  
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both, 25  
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,  
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,  
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.  
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague  
I expect him every moment: and whatever 30  
He may bring with him, we must take good care  
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!  
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on  
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[*ILLO is going.*]

*Butler (detaining him).* My General, whom expect you then?

*Wallenstein.* The Courier 35  
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

*Butler (hesitating).* Hem!

*Wallenstein.* And what now?

*Butler.* You do not know it?

*Wallenstein.* Well?

*Butler.* From what that larum in the camp arose?

*Wallenstein.* From what?

*Butler.* That Courier.

*Wallenstein.* Well?

*Butler.* Is already here.

*Tertsky and Illo (at the same time).* Already here?

*Wallenstein.* My Courier?

*Butler.* For some hours. 40

*Wallenstein.* And I not know it?

*Butler.* The centinels detain him  
In custody.

*Illo.* Damnation!

*Butler.* And his letter  
Was broken open, and is circulated  
Through the whole camp.

*Wallenstein.* You know what it contains?

*Butler.* Question me not.

[742]

*Tertsky.* Illo! alas for us. 45

*Wallenstein.* Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.  
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

*Butler.* Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments  
 At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,  
 At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you, 50  
 And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew  
 To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsy,  
 And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY *and* ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WALLENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*

*Wallenstein.* 'Tis decided!  
 'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure  
 From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream 55  
 Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!  
 In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.  
 Lingerirg irresolute, with fitful fears  
 I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,  
 While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife 60  
 Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!  
 I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

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### LINENOTES:

- [11] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 [12] *thy* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 [21] *faithful* 1800.  
 [26] *did* 1800.  
 [39] *Wallenstein (with eager expectation), Well?* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 [42] *Illo (stamping with his foot). Damnation!* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
 [48] *is* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE XI

*Countess Tertsy (enters from a side room).* I can endure no  
 longer. No! [Looks around her.]

Where are they?  
 No one is here. They leave me all alone,  
 Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.  
 And I must wear the outward shew of calmness  
 Before my sister, and shut in within me 5  
 The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.  
 It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;  
 If—if he must go over to the Swedes,  
 An empty-handed fugitive, and not  
 As an ally, a covenanted equal, 10  
 A proud commander with his army following;  
 If we must wander on from land to land,  
 Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness  
 An ignominious monument—But no!  
 That day I will not see! And could himself 15  
 Endure to sink so low, I would not bear  
 To see him so low sunken.

[743]

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### SCENE XII

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

*Thekla (endeavouring to hold back the Duchess).* Dear mother,  
 do stay here!

*Duchess.* No! Here is yet  
 Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.  
 Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her  
 Full of suspense and anguish roam about  
 From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror? 5  
 And what import these silent nods and gestures  
 Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

*Thekla.*  
Nothing, dear Mother!

Nothing:

*Duchess (to the Countess).* Sister, I will know.

*Countess.* What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner  
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it. 10  
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,  
Courage beseems us now, a heart collected,  
And exercise and previous discipline  
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!  
Sister, you are deluded. You believe, 15  
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not  
Deposed—he is——

*Thekla (going to the Countess).* What? do you wish to kill her?

*Countess.* The Duke is——

*Thekla (throwing her arms round her mother).* O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

*Countess.* Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing 20  
To join the enemy, the army leave him,  
And all has failed.

---

## LINENOTES:

[10] *must 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[12] *collected] collect 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 22 [During these words the DUCHESS totters, and falls in a fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While THEKLA is calling for help, the curtain drops. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## ACT II

### SCENE I

SCENE—*A spacious Room in the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S Palace.*

*Wallenstein (in armour).* Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I  
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.  
There I had nothing left me, but myself—  
But what one man can do, you have now experience. 5  
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand  
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within  
Lives the creating power, and a new world  
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I  
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!  
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted; 10  
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;  
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,  
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna  
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.  
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude 15  
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,  
Their helper in distress; the Emperor's pride  
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.  
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word  
Assemble forces in the desolate camps. 20  
I did it. Like a god of war, my name  
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!  
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all  
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;  
And as the wood-choir rich in melody 25  
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,  
When first his throat swells with his magic song,  
So did the warlike youth of Germany  
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.  
I feel myself the being that I was. 30  
It is the soul that builds itself a body,  
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.  
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!

They are accustomed under me to conquer,  
But not against me. If the head and limbs  
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon  
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

35

(ILLO *and* TERTSKY *enter*.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;  
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsy,  
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;  
And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.  
I was not stronger, when nine years ago  
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,  
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

40

[745]

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### LINENOTES:

[11] sank] sunk 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERTSKY  
aside, and talks with him.*)

*Tertsy.* What do they want?

*Wallenstein.* What now?

*Tertsy.* Ten Cuirassiers  
From Pappenheim request leave to address you  
In the name of the regiment.

*Wallenstein (hastily to Neumann).* Let them enter.

[*Exit* NEUMANN.]

This  
May end in something. Mark you. They are still  
Doubtful, and may be won.

5

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### SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *Ten Cuirassiers (led by an Anspessade,  
[745:1] march up and arrange themselves, after the word of  
command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance.  
He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again).*

*Anspessade.* Halt! Front! Present!

*Wallenstein (after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade).* I know thee  
well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:  
Thy name is Mercy.

*Anspessade.* Henry Mercy.

*Wallenstein.* Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded  
by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and  
eighty men through their thousand.

5

*Anspessade.* 'Twas even so, General!

*Wallenstein.* What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

*Anspessade.* That which I asked for: the honour to serve  
in this corps.

10

*Wallenstein (turning to a second).* Thou wert among the  
volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery  
at Altenburg.

[746]

*Second Cuirassier.* Yes, General!

*Wallenstein.* I forget no one with whom I have exchanged  
words. (*A pause*). Who sends you?

15



*Anspessade.* Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

*Wallenstein.* Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service? 20

*Anspessade.* Because we would first know whom we serve.

*Wallenstein.* Begin your address.

*Anspessade (giving the word of command).* Shoulder your arms!

*Wallenstein (turning to a third).* Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birthplace. 25

*Third Cuirassier.* Risbeck of Cologne.

*Wallenstein.* It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

*Third Cuirassier.* It was not I, General!

*Wallenstein.* Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay? 30

*Third Cuirassier.* He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

*Wallenstein (to the Anspessade).* Now then—begin.

*Anspessade.* There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us— 35

*Wallenstein.* Who chose you?

*Anspessade.* Every company  
Drew its own man by lot.

*Wallenstein.* Now! to the business.

*Anspessade.* There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us collectively, from thee All duties of obedience to withdraw, Because thou wert an enemy and traitor. 40

*Wallenstein.* And what did you determine?

*Anspessade.* All our comrades  
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have  
Obeyed already, and the regiments here, 45  
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly  
Did follow their example. But—but we  
Do not believe that thou art an enemy  
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely  
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story! 50  
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,  
For we have found thee still sincere and true:  
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt  
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

*Wallenstein.* Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers. 55

*Anspessade.* And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:  
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve  
In thy own hands this military sceptre,  
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor  
Made over to thee by a covenant? 60

Is it thy purpose merely to remain  
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—  
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee  
Thy honest rights against all opposition.

And should it chance, that all the other regiments  
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth 65

Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,  
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,  
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be  
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true, 70

That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over  
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!  
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey  
That letter—

*Wallenstein.* Hear me, children!

*Anspessade.* Yes, or no!  
There needs no other answer.

*Wallenstein.* Yield attention. 75  
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;  
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:  
And therefore have I always shewn you honour  
Above all others, suffered you to reason;  
Have treated you as free men, and my orders 80  
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

*Anspessade.* Most fair and noble has thy conduct been  
To us, my General! With thy confidence  
Thou hast honoured us, and shewn us grace and favour  
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest 85  
We follow not the common herd. We will  
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—  
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not  
A treason which thou meditatest—that  
Thou meanest not to lead the army over 90  
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

[748]

*Wallenstein.* Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor  
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,  
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops  
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you. 95  
And be your hearts my strong hold! At this breast  
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.  
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our  
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!  
For this we threw the naked breast against 100  
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth  
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream  
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:  
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield  
Through all the turns and windings of his flight; 105  
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;  
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled  
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,  
That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,  
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons, 110  
With faithful indefatigable arm  
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,  
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away  
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!  
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks 115  
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament  
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

*Anspessade.* That shall he not, while we can hinder it!  
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it  
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war. 120  
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field  
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,  
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace—  
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

*Wallenstein.* What? Think you then at length in late old age 125  
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.  
Never, no never, will you see the end  
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,  
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,  
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I 130  
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.  
For what cares Austria, how long the war  
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?  
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,  
And still win new domains.

[749]

[*The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*]  
Ye're moved—I see 135  
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!  
Oh that my spirit might possess you now  
Daring as once it led you to the battle!  
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,  
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble! 140  
But think not that you can accomplish it,  
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you  
Have sacrificed you for your General.

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;  
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us 145  
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,  
And use them for your profit, till we both  
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,  
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world  
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head! 150

*Anspessade.* 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou  
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray  
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?  
This is the only thing which we desire  
To learn from thee.

*Wallenstein.* What care I for the Swedes? 155  
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,  
And under Providence I trust right soon  
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.

My cares are only for the whole: I have 160  
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries  
And piteous groaning of my fellow-Germans.

Ye are but common men, but yet ye think 165  
With minds not common; ye appear to me  
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye  
A little word or two in confidence!

See now! already for full fifteen years 170  
The war-torch has continued burning, yet  
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,  
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way

[750] To the other, every hand's against the other. 170  
Each one is party and no one a judge.

Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel 175  
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.  
It must be cut asunder.

I feel that I am the man of destiny, 175  
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [745:1] *Anspessade*, in German, *Gefreiter*, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels.  
The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

### LINENOTES:

[21] *whom* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[36] *Wallenstein* (*interrupting him*). Who chose you? 1800, 1828, 1829.

[46] Toscana] Toscano 1828, 1829.

After 50: (*With warmth*.) 1800, 1828, 1829.

[141] *you* 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 143 [*Confidentially*]. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[147] *your*] *our* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE IV

*To these enter* BUTLER.

*Butler* (*passionately*). General! This is not right!

*Wallenstein.* What is not right?

*Butler.* It must needs injure us with all honest men.

*Wallenstein.* But what?

*Butler.* It is an open proclamation  
Of insurrection.

*Wallenstein.* Well, well—but what is it?

*Butler.* Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle

From off the banners, and instead of it,  
Have reared aloft thy arms.

*Anspessade (abruptly to the Cuirassiers).* Right about! March!

*Wallenstein.* Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!  
[*To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*]

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;  
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop! 10  
They do not hear. (*To ILLO.*) Go after them, assure them,  
And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [*ILLO hurries out.*]  
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!  
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you  
Announce it in their presence? It was all 15  
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen  
With their improvident over-readiness—  
A cruel game is fortune playing with me.  
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,  
And not the hate of enemies. 20

---

## SCENE V

*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber. THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.*

*Duchess.* O Albrecht!  
What hast thou done?

[751] *Wallenstein.* And now comes this beside.

*Countess.* Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.  
They know all.

*Duchess.* What hast thou done?

*Countess (to Tertsky).* Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly? 5

*Tertsky.* All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,  
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

*Countess.* That lurking hypocrite. Octavio!  
Count Max is off too?

*Tertsky.* Where can he be? He's  
Gone over to the Emperor with his father. 10

[*THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*]

*Duchess (enfolding her in her arms).* Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

*Wallenstein (aside to Tertsky).* Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness  
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg  
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;  
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow. [*To ILLO, who returns.*] 15  
Thou hast not brought them back?

*Illo.* Hear'st thou the uproar?  
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is  
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,  
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,  
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner; 20  
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,  
They will find means to free him with the sword.

*Tertsky.* What shall we make of this?

*Wallenstein.* Said I not so?  
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.  
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me. 25  
I never doubted of it.

*Countess.* If he be  
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what  
Will keep him here for ever. [*Embracing THEKLA.*]

*Tertsky.* It can't be.  
His father has betrayed us, is gone over

*Thekla* (her eye fixed on the door). There he is!

---

**LINENOTES:**

[9] *he* 1800.

After 22 [All stand amazed. 1800, 1828, 1829.]

[752]

**SCENE VI**

*To these enter* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*Max.* Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer  
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk  
In ambush for a favourable moment.  
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to* THEKLA.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!  
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one,  
Let who will hear that we both love each other.  
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy  
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,  
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns  
It dares act openly.

5

[*He observes the* COUNTESS *looking on* THEKLA *with expressions of triumph.*

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come  
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.  
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!  
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred  
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me  
One look of sympathy, only one look.  
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

15

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!  
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!  
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced  
That I cannot act otherwise.

20

[THEKLA, *avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.* MAX  
*turns round to the* DUKE, *whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.  
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.  
My business is with her alone. Here will I  
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—  
For any other I am no more concerned.

25

*Wallenstein.* Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,  
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?  
Thy father is become a villain to me;  
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:  
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given  
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour  
That ancient love, which so remorselessly  
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours  
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance  
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw  
All feelings of the man aside—can prove  
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

30

35

*Max.* Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.  
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.  
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.

40

[*Taking* THEKLA *by the hand.*

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,  
Would have received from thy paternal hand  
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou  
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.  
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust

45

[753]

Their happiness, who most are thine. The god  
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.  
Like as the blind irreconcilable  
Fierce element, incapable of compact,  
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow. [\[753:1\]](#) 50

[\[754\]](#) *Wallenstein.* Thou art describing thy own father's heart.  
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.  
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul  
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!  
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven  
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I  
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been  
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me, [60](#)  
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,  
I never could have done it. The Emperor was  
My austere master only, not my friend.  
There was already war 'twixt him and me  
When he delivered the Commander's Staff [65](#)  
Into my hands; for there's a natural  
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;  
Peace exists only betwixt confidence  
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders  
The future generations.

*Max.* I will not [70](#)  
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!  
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime  
Drags after it the other in close link.  
[\[755\]](#) But we are innocent: how have we fallen [75](#)  
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?  
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must  
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal  
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?  
Why must our fathers'  
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,  
Who love each other?

*Wallenstein.* Max, remain with me. [80](#)  
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—  
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou  
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,  
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;  
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours; [85](#)  
Thou would'st not let them go.—  
At that time did I take thee in my arms,  
And with my mantle did I cover thee;  
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been  
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed [90](#)  
To do for thee all little offices,  
However strange to me; I tended thee  
Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,  
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I  
Altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands [95](#)  
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;  
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;  
Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave  
To thee! They all were aliens: thou wert  
Our child and inmate. [\[755:1\]](#) Max! Thou canst not leave me; [100](#)  
It cannot be; I may not, will not think  
That Max can leave me.

*Max.* O my God!

*Wallenstein.* I have  
Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.  
What holy bond is there of natural love?  
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me? [105](#)  
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,  
[\[756\]](#) Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?  
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;  
He will reward thee with a pretty chain  
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee; [110](#)  
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,  
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,  
Was nothing worth to thee.

*Max.* O God! how can I

Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?  
My oath—my duty—honour—

*Wallenstein.* How? Thy duty? 115  
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee  
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting  
A criminal part toward the Emperor,  
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong  
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander? 120  
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,  
That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?  
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;  
To obey me, to belong to me, this is  
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee! 125  
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st  
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,  
It is not in thy choice, whether or no  
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward  
Together with his ring and all his moons. 130  
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,  
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,  
For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee  
Than names and influences more removed.  
For justice is the virtue of the ruler, 135  
Affection and fidelity the subject's.  
Not every one doth it beseem to question  
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely  
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let  
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star. 140

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### FOOTNOTES:

[753:1] I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation.

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an Dich  
Die sichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,  
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt.  
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile  
Gährt's in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet  
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg  
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen  
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's  
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,  
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlersbrust gestaltet.  
O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte  
Der Abgrund den verstecktesten der Geister,  
Den Lügekundigsten herauf, und stell' ihn  
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag  
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog  
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,  
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt' ich ihn, er sog  
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten.  
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,  
Weit offen Hess ich des Gedankens Thore,  
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,  
Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller. 1800, 1828, 1829. I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written. 1834.

[755:1] This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst  
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia!*

## LINENOTES:

After 4 [*Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[14] *must leave 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 40 *Max (calmly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[60] *Ferdinand . . . me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[98] *lov'd 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[117] *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[124] *me . . . belong 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE VII

*To these enter NEUMANN.*

*Wallenstein.* What now?

[757]

*Neumann.* The Pappenheimers are dismantled,  
And are advancing now on foot, determined  
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free  
The Count, their colonel.

*Wallenstein (to Tertsky).* Have the cannon planted.  
I will receive them with chain-shot.  
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!  
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,  
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*Exit TERTSKY.*

5

[*NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window.*

*Countess.* Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

*Illo (at the window).* Hell and perdition!

*Wallenstein.* What is it?

10

*Illo.* They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.  
They level at this house the cannon—

*Max.* Madmen!

*Illo.* They are making preparations now to fire on us.

*Duchess and Countess.* Merciful Heaven!

*Max (to Wallenstein).* Let me go to them!

*Wallenstein.* Not a step!

*Max (pointing to Thekla and the Duchess).* But their life! Thine!

15

*Wallenstein.* What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

---

## SCENE VIII

*To these TERTSKY (returning).*

*Tertsky.* Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.  
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.  
They intreat permission to commence the attack,  
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,  
They could now charge the enemy in rear,  
Into the city wedge them, and with ease  
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

5

*Illo.* O come!  
Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery



Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;  
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,  
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt. 10

[758] *Wallenstein.* What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,  
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,  
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?  
Shall the decision be delivered over 15  
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?  
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.  
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,  
So let it burst then! [Turns to MAX.]

Well, how is it with thee?  
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away! 20  
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,  
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;  
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,  
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,  
And never had'st thou fairer opportunity 25  
To pay me for thy schooling.

*Countess.* Is it then,  
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin!  
Have you the heart?

*Max.* The regiments that are trusted to my care  
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen 30  
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I  
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty  
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,  
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,  
Thy head is holy to me still. 35

[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the window.]

*Wallenstein.* What's that?

*Tertsky.* He falls.

*Wallenstein.* Falls! Who?

*Illo.* Tiefenbach's corps  
Discharged the ordnance.

*Wallenstein.* Upon whom?

*Illo.* On Neumann,  
Your messenger.

*Wallenstein (starting up).* Ha! Death and hell! I will—

*Tertsky.* Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

*Duchess and Countess.* No!  
For God's sake, no!

*Illo.* Not yet, my General! 40

*Countess.* O, hold him! hold him!

*Wallenstein.* Leave me——

*Max.* Do it not  
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them  
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

[759] *Wallenstein.* Away! too long already have I loitered. 45  
They are emboldened to these outrages,  
Beholding not my face. They shall behold  
My countenance, shall hear my voice——  
Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,  
And their long-feared commander? Let me see,  
Whether indeed they do no longer know 50  
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!  
From the balcony (mark!) I shew myself  
To these rebellious forces, and at once  
Revolt is wounded, and the high-swoln current  
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience. 55

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, and BUTLER follow.]

## LINENOTES:

[48] *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

### SCENE IX

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX, *and* THEKLA.

*Countess (to the Duchess).* Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

*Duchess.* Hope! I have none!

*Max (who during the last scene has been standing at a distance, advances).* This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither,  
My purposed action seemed unblameable  
To my own conscience—and I must stand here 5  
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;  
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!  
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,  
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!  
My heart revolts within me, and two voices 10  
Make themselves audible within my bosom.  
My soul's benighted; I no longer can  
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly  
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much  
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro— 15  
I know not what to do.

*Countess.* What! you know not?  
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I  
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,  
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted 20  
Against our General's life, has plunged us all  
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours  
To make the amends—Make you the son's fidelity  
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name  
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb  
Of infamy, a common form of cursing 25  
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

*Max.* Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?  
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all  
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:  
O that an angel would descend from Heaven, 30  
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,  
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

[*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*

What other angel seek I? To this heart,  
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,  
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless 35  
The happy man alone, averted ever  
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou  
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,  
And I am the Duke's—

*Countess.* Think, niece—

*Max.* Think nothing, Thekla!  
Speak what thou feelest.

*Countess.* Think upon your father. 40

*Max.* I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.  
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god  
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?  
Not whether diadem of royalty  
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou think on. 45  
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;  
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,  
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear  
My oath and duty to the Emperor?  
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp 50  
The parricidal ball? For when the ball

Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,  
 It is no longer a dead instrument!  
 It lives, a spirit passes into it,  
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,  
 And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

*Thekla.* O! Max——

*Max.* Nay, not precipitately either, *Thekla.*  
 I understand thee. To thy noble heart  
 The hardest duty might appear the highest.  
 The human, not the great part, would I act. 60  
 Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,  
 Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,  
 And think too, how my father has repaid him.  
 O likewise the free lovely impulses  
 Of hospitality, the pious friend's 65  
 Faithful attachment, these too are a holy  
 Religion to the heart; and heavily  
 The shudderings of nature do avenge  
 Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.  
 Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak, 70  
 And let thy heart decide it.

*Thekla.* O, thy own  
 Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
 Thy heart's first feeling——

*Countess.* Oh! ill-fated woman!

*Thekla.* Is it possible, that that can be the right,  
 The which thy tender heart did not at first 75  
 Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,  
 Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.  
 Whate'er thou had'st chosen, thou would'st still have acted  
 Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance  
 Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

*Max.* Then I 80  
 Must leave thee, must part from thee!

*Thekla.* Being faithful  
 To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:  
 If our fates part, our hearts remain united.  
 A bloody hatred will divide for ever  
 The houses Piccolomini and Friedland; 85  
 But we belong not to our houses—Go!  
 Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause  
 From our unholy and unblessed one!  
 The curse of heaven lies upon our head:  
 'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me 90  
 My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.  
 Mourn not for me:  
 My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX clasps her in his arms. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry, 'Vivat Ferdinandus,' accompanied by warlike instruments.]

## LINENOTES:

Before 3 *Max* (who . . . distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances). 1800, 1828, 1829.

[22] *amends* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[23] *Outweigh* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[28] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[37] *can't* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[40] *feelest* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[45] *think* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[46] *his* 1800.

[57] *Max* (interrupting her). *Nay, &c.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 92 [MAX . . . in extreme emotion. There is . . . instruments. MAX and THEKLA remain

---

**SCENE X**

*To these enter TERTSKY.*

*Countess (meeting him).* What meant that cry? What was it?

*Tertsky.* All is lost!

*Countess.* What! they regarded not his countenance?

*Tertsky.* 'Twas all in vain.

*Duchess.* They shouted Vivat!

*Tertsky.* To the Emperor.

*Countess.* The traitors!

*Tertsky.* Nay! he was not once permitted  
Even to address them. Soon as he began,  
With deafening noise of warlike instruments  
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

5

---

**SCENE XI**

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.*

*Wallenstein (as he enters).* Tertsky!

*Tertsky.* My General?

*Wallenstein.* Let our regiments hold themselves  
In readiness to march; for we shall leave  
Pilsen ere evening.

[*Exit TERTSKY.*]

Butler!

*Butler.* Yes, my General.

*Wallenstein.* The Governor at Egra is your friend  
And countryman. Write to him instantly  
By a Post Courier. He must be advised,  
That we are with him early on the morrow.  
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

5

*Butler.* It shall be done, my General!

*Wallenstein (steps between Max and Thekla).* Part!

*Max.* O God!

[10](#)

[763] [Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.]

*Wallenstein (to the Cuirassiers).* Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him  
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that MAX cannot pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.*]

*Max.* Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live  
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,  
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn  
Thine eyes away from me! O once more shew me  
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

15

[MAX attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the COUNTESS.  
Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns to the DUCHESS.  
My mother!

*Duchess.* Go where duty calls you. Haply  
The time may come, when you may prove to us  
A true friend, a good angel at the throne

20

Of the Emperor.

*Max.* You give me hope; you would not  
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!  
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to heaven  
That offers me a means of ending it. 25

*[The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men. MAX sees BUTLER, and addresses him.]*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you  
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful  
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself  
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,  
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be 30  
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.  
He is attainted, and his princely head  
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.  
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,  
And those whom here I see—

*[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.]*

*Illo.* Go—seek for traitors 35  
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here  
Is only one. Away! away! and free us  
From his detested sight! Away!

[764]

*[MAX attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.]*

*Max.* Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,  
And all the naked swords, which I see here, 40  
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?  
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,  
Ye drive me not in desperation.—Do it not!  
Ye may repent it!

*[The stage is entirely filled with armed men.]*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down! 45  
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done  
To choose a man despairing for your leader;  
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,  
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!  
For your own ruin you have chosen me: 50  
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

*[He turns to the background, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.]*

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## LINENOTES:

[10] *Wallenstein (steps between Max and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each others arms). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## ACT III

### SCENE I

*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*

BUTLER.

*Butler.* Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.  
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia  
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,  
And here upon the borders of Bohemia  
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours, 5  
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.  
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,  
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens  
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—  
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee— 10  
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

[765]

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### LINENOTES:

Before 1 *Butler (just arrived). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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### SCENE II

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

*Gordon.* Is it you?  
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!  
His princely head attainted! O my God!

*Butler.* You have received the letter which I sent you  
By a post-courier?

*Gordon.* Yes! and in obedience to it 5  
Opened the strong hold to him without scruple.  
For an imperial letter orders me  
To follow your commands implicitly.  
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw  
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced. 10  
For truly, not like an attainted man,  
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;  
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,  
And calm, as in the days when all was right,  
Did he receive from me the accounts of office; 15  
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:  
But sparing and with dignity the Duke  
Weighed every syllable of approbation,  
As masters praise a servant who has done  
His duty, and no more.

*Butler.* 'Tis all precisely 20  
As I related in my letter. Friedland  
Has sold the army to the enemy,  
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.  
On this report the regiments all forsook him,  
The five excepted that belong to Tertsy, 25  
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.  
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,  
And every loyal subject is required  
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

*Gordon.* A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble! 30  
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!  
I often said, this can't end happily.  
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power  
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being 35  
May not be trusted to self-government.  
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks  
Of ancient custom, are all necessary  
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.  
The authority entrusted to this man  
Was unexampled and unnatural 40  
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,  
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Wo is me;  
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem  
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,  
We in our lucky mediocrity 45  
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,  
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed  
In the heart of such a man.

[766]

*Butler.* Spare your laments  
Till he need sympathy; for at this present

He is still mighty, and still formidable. 50  
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,  
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.  
This must not be! The Duke must never leave  
This strong hold on free footing; for I have  
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner, 55  
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

*Gordon.* O that I had not lived to see this day!  
From his hand I received this dignity,  
He did himself entrust this strong hold to me,  
Which I am now required to make his dungeon. 60  
We subalterns have no will of our own:  
The free, the mighty man alone may listen  
To the fair impulse of his human nature.  
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,  
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at! 65

*Butler.* Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power  
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!  
The narrow path of duty is securest.

*Gordon.* And all then have deserted him, you say?  
He has built up the luck of many thousands; 70  
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand  
Was ever open! Many a one from dust  
Hath he selected, from the very dust  
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.  
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased, 75  
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

[767]

*Butler.* Here's one, I see.

*Gordon.* I have enjoyed from him  
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,  
If ever in his greatness he once thought on  
An old friend of his youth. For still my office 80  
Kept me at distance from him; and when first  
He to this citadel appointed me,  
He was sincere and serious in his duty.  
I do not then abuse his confidence,  
If I preserve my fealty in that 85  
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

*Butler.* Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

*Gordon.* If it be so—if all be as you say—  
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,  
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver 90  
The strong holds of the country to the enemy—  
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!  
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine  
To be the instrument of his perdition;  
For we were pages at the court of Bergau 95  
At the same period; but I was the senior.

*Butler.* I have heard so——

*Gordon.* 'Tis full thirty years since then.  
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year  
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:  
Yet even then he had a daring soul: 100  
His frame of mind was serious and severe  
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.  
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,  
Communing with himself: yet I have known him  
Transported on a sudden into utterance 105  
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour  
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so  
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,  
Not knowing whether it were craziness,  
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him. 110

*Butler.* But was it where he fell two story high  
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep;  
And rose up free from injury? From this day  
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks  
Of a distempered fancy.

[768]

*Gordon.* He became 115  
 Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;  
 He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously  
 His marvellous preservation had transformed him.  
 Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted  
 And privileged being, and, as if he were 120  
 Incapable of dizziness or fall,  
 He ran along the unsteady rope of life.  
 But now our destinies drove us asunder:  
 He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,  
 Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator. 125  
 And now is all, all this too little for him;  
 He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,  
 And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

*Butler.* No more, he comes.

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### LINENOTES:

After 72 [*With a sly glance on BUTLER.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 88 *Gordon (pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE III

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the Burgomaster of Egra.*

*Wallenstein.* You were at one time a free town. I see,  
 Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.  
 Why the half eagle only?

*Burgomaster.* We were free,  
 But for these last two hundred years has Egra 5  
 Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,  
 Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half  
 Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,  
 If ever that should be.

*Wallenstein.* Ye merit freedom.  
 Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears 10  
 To no designing whispering court-minions.  
 What may your imposts be?

*Burgomaster.* So heavy that  
 We totter under them. The garrison  
 Lives at our costs.

*Wallenstein.* I will relieve you. Tell me,  
 There are some Protestants among you still?

[*The Burgomaster hesitates.*

[769] Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed 15  
 Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—  
 Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.  
 Could my will have determined it, they had  
 Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—  
 Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me. 20  
 Of that the world has had sufficient proof.  
 I built a church for the reformed in Glogan  
 At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!  
 What is your name?

*Burgomaster.* Pachhälbel, may it please you.

*Wallenstein.* Hark'e!— 25  
 But let it go no further, what I now  
 Disclose to you in confidence.

[*Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder.*

The times  
 Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!  
 The high will fall, the low will be exalted.  
 Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end 30  
 Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—  
 A new arrangement is at hand. You saw  
 The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.



*Burgomaster.* With wonder and affright!

*Wallenstein.* Whereof did two  
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers. 35  
And only one, the middle moon, remained  
Steady and clear.

*Burgomaster.* We applied it to the Turks.

*Wallenstein.* The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires  
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,  
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[*Observing* GORDON *and* BUTLER.

I'faith,  
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard 40  
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;  
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

*Gordon.* Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

*Butler.* It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt. 45

*Wallenstein.* Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.  
How strong is the garrison?

[770]

*Gordon.* Not quite two hundred  
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

*Wallenstein.* Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

*Gordon.* Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither 50  
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

*Wallenstein.* Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too  
You have done somewhat?

*Gordon.* Two additional batteries  
I caused to be run up. They were needless. 55  
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

*Wallenstein.* You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.  
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.  
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim  
With all the stations in the enemy's route.  
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave  
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I  
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival  
Of letters, to take leave of you, together  
With all the regiments.

[*To* BUTLER.

[*To* GORDON.

60

---

## LINENOTES:

[2] *half 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*After 16* [*Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[27] Disclose to you in confidence.

[*Laying . . . shoulder with a certain solemnity.*

*1800, 1828, 1829.*

---

## SCENE IV

*To these enter* COUNT TERTSKY.

*Tertsky.* Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

*Wallenstein.* And what may they be?

*Tertsky.* There has been an engagement  
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

*Wallenstein.* From whence did you receive the intelligence?

*Tertsky.* A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.  
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!

5

A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau  
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;  
The cannonade continued full two hours;  
There were left dead upon the field a thousand  
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;  
Further than this he did not know. 10

*Wallenstein.* How came  
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,  
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.  
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,  
And have not the full complement. Is it possible, 15  
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?  
It cannot be.

[771]

*Tertsky.* We shall soon know the whole,  
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

---

## SCENE V

*To these enter ILLO.*

*Illo (to Wallenstein).* A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

*Tertsky.* Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

*Wallenstein.* What does he bring? Whence comes he?

*Illo.* From the Rhinegrave.  
And what he brings I can announce to you  
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes; 5  
At Neustadt did Max Piccolomini  
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;  
A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers  
The Pappenheimers all, with Max their leader,  
Were left dead on the field. 10

*Wallenstein (after a pause).* Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going*, when LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room*.  
*Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*

*Neubrunn.* Help! Help!

*Illo and Tertsky (at the same time).* What now?

*Neubrunn.* The Princess!

*Wallenstein and Tertsky.* Does she know it?

*Neubrunn.* She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY follow her.*

---

## LINENOTES:

Before 2 *Tertsky (eagerly).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 3 *Wallenstein (at the same time).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

After 9 [WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Before 11 *Wallenstein (after a pause, in a low voice).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

[13] *Neubrunn (at the same time with them).* She is dying! 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE VI

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

*Gordon.* What's this?

*Butler.* She has lost the man she lov'd—  
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

*Gordon.* Unfortunate Lady!

*Butler.* You have heard what Illo  
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,  
And marching hitherward.

*Gordon.* Too well I heard it.

5

*Butler.* They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five  
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have  
Only my single regiment; and the garrison  
Is not two hundred strong.

*Gordon.* 'Tis even so.

*Butler.* It is not possible with such small force  
To hold in custody a man like him.

10

*Gordon.* I grant it.

*Butler.* Soon the numbers would disarm us.  
And liberate him.

*Gordon.* It were to be feared.

*Butler (after a pause).* Know, I am warranty for the event;  
With my head have I pledged myself for his,  
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,  
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,  
Why—death makes all things certain!

15

*Gordon.* Butler! What?  
Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—

*Butler.* He must not live.

*Gordon.* And you can do the deed!

20

*Butler.* Either you or I. This morning was his last.

*Gordon.* You would assassinate him.

*Butler.* 'Tis my purpose.

*Gordon.* Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

*Butler.* Such is his evil destiny!

*Gordon.* Your General!  
The sacred person of your General!

25

*Butler.* My General he has been.

*Gordon.* That 'tis only  
A '*has been*' washes out no villainy.  
And without judgment passed?

*Butler.* The execution  
Is here instead of judgment.

*Gordon.* This were murder,  
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

30

*Butler.* His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,  
And we but execute his will.

*Gordon.* We should not  
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.  
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

*Butler.* Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.

35

*Gordon.* No honest man's ambitious to press forward  
To the hangman's service.

*Butler.* And no brave man loses  
His colour at a daring enterprize.

*Gordon.* A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

*Butler.* What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle  
The unextinguishable flame of war?

40

*Gordon.* Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him.

*Butler.* Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,  
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

*Gordon.* O, wherefore opened I the strong hold to him!

45

*Butler.* His destiny and not the place destroys him.

*Gordon.* Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,  
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

*Butler.* Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

*Gordon.* Doing their duty—that adorns the man!  
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

50

*Butler (brings out a paper).* Here is the manifesto which commands us  
To gain possession of his person. See—  
It is addressed to you as well as me.  
Are you content to take the consequences,  
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

55

*Gordon.* I?—Gracious God!

*Butler.* Take it on yourself.  
Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.

*Gordon.* O God in heaven!

*Butler.* Can you advise aught else  
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?  
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,  
Not his destruction.

60

*Gordon.* Merciful heaven! what must be  
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart  
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

*Butler.* Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity  
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo  
And Tertsy likewise, they must not survive him.

65

[774]

*Gordon.* I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts  
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.  
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions  
In his calm breast, and with officious villainy  
Watered and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they  
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

70

*Butler.* And their death shall precede his!  
We meant to have taken them alive this evening  
Amid the merry-making of a feast,  
And kept them prisoners in the citadels.  
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant  
To give the necessary orders.

75

---

## LINENOTES:

[19] *You 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[20] *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[26] *has been 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[58] *Come of it what it may, on you I lay it. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[77] *kept] keep 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE VII

*To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.*

*Tertsy.* Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come  
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!  
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!

What! meet such news with such a moody face?

*Illo.* It lies with us at present to prescribe  
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,  
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;  
One has already done his bitter penance  
The Piccolomini, be his the fate  
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure  
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long  
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house  
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;  
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

*Butler.* 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic  
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,  
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

*Illo.* Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point  
That never pleased me in our General—  
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.  
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!  
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,  
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

*Tertsky.* Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business  
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—  
Your regiment, *Illo!* gives the entertainment.  
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—  
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses  
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.

[775]

*Illo.* Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,  
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword  
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt  
In Austrian blood.

*Gordon.* Shame, shame! what talk is this,  
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so  
Against your Emperor?

*Butler.* Hope not too much  
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!  
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;  
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

*Illo.* The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,  
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary  
Is but a tyro. Galas? He's no luck,  
And was of old the ruiner of armies.  
And then this viper, this Octavio,  
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,  
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

*Tertsky.* Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;  
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!  
And only under Wallenstein can Austria  
Be conqueror.

*Illo.* The Duke will soon assemble  
A mighty army, all come crowding, streaming  
To banners dedicate by destiny  
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold  
Old times come back again, he will become  
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.  
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,  
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,  
For lands will he present to all his friends,  
And like a King and Emperor reward  
True services; but we've the nearest claims.  
You will not be forgotten, Governor!  
He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine  
In higher station: your fidelity  
Well merits it.

[To GORDON.]

*Gordon.* I am content already,  
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is  
The fall must needs be great. 'Great height, great depth.'

[776]

*Illo.* Here you have no more business for to-morrow;

The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.  
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?  
Say, shall we have the State illuminated  
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses  
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

70

*Tertsky.* Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

*Illo.* What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare  
Avow himself imperial where we've rule.  
Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take  
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols  
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered  
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys  
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever  
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow  
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

75

80

*Tertsky (as he is going, to Butler).* You come though to the castle.

*Butler.*

At the right time.

[*Exeunt* TERTSKY and ILLO.]

---

### LINENOTES:

[50] come] comes 1800, 1828, 1829.

[74] Avow himself imperial where we've the rule. 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE VIII

GORDON and BUTLER.

*Gordon (looking after them).* Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!  
They rush into the outspread net of murder,  
In the blind drunkenness of victory;  
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,  
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain  
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

5

*Butler.* Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols.  
Take measures for the citadel's security;  
When they are within I close the castle gate  
That nothing may transpire.

*Gordon.* Oh! haste not so!  
Nay, stop; first tell me—

10

*Butler.* You have heard already,  
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night  
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.  
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

[777]

*Gordon.* Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,  
I pray you, promise me!

15

*Butler.* The sun has set;  
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,  
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars  
Deliver them unarmed into our hands.  
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes  
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,  
The Duke was ever a great calculator;  
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,  
To move and station, as his game required.  
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,  
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:  
Still calculating, calculating still;  
And yet at last his calculation proves  
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!  
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

20

25

30

*Gordon.* O think not of his errors now; remember  
His greatness, his munificence, think on all

The lovely features of his character,  
On all the noble exploits of his life,  
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen  
Arrest the lifted sword.

35

*Butler.* It is too late.  
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,  
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:

[*Grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*

Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not  
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)  
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me  
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.  
Hostile concurrences of many events  
Control and subjugate me to the office.  
In vain the human being meditates  
Free action. He is but the wire-worked<sup>[777:1]</sup> puppet  
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice  
Creates for him a dread necessity.  
What too would it avail him, if there were  
A something pleading for him in my heart—  
Still I must kill him.

40

45

[778]

50

*Gordon.* If your heart speak to you,  
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.  
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous  
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

*Butler.* You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,  
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten  
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I  
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!  
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom  
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—  
And he must die, or—

55

[*Passionately grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*

Listen then, and know!  
I am dishonoured if the Duke escape us.

*Gordon.* O! to save such a man—

*Butler.* What!

*Gordon.* It is worth  
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!  
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,  
Forms our true honour.

65

*Butler.* He is a great Lord,  
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.  
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it  
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,  
Whether the man of low extraction keeps  
Or blemishes his honour—  
So that the man of princely rank be saved.  
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.  
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.  
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,  
That I despise myself compared with him.  
Man is made great or little by his own will;  
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

70

75

*Gordon.* I am endeavouring to move a rock.  
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.  
I cannot hinder you, but may some God  
Rescue him from you!

80

[*Exit* GORDON.]

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[777:1] We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character.—T[RANSLATOR]. 1800, 1828, 1829.

### LINENOTES:

[10] *Gordon (with earnest anxiety).* Oh! &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[38] *duty 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[62] *dishonour'd 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[66] *Butler (with a cold and haughty air). He is, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[779]

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## SCENE IX

*Butler (alone).* I treasured my good name all my life long;  
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,  
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!  
He prizes above all his fealty;  
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing; 5  
In opposition to his own soft heart  
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.  
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;  
I stand beside him, and must feel myself  
The worst man of the two. What though the world 10  
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet  
One man does know it, and can prove it too—  
High-minded Piccolomini!  
There lives the man who can dishonour me!  
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse! 15  
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands  
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

*(The curtain drops.)*

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## LINENOTES:

[12] *One 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## ACT IV

### SCENE I

SCENE—BUTLER'S *Chamber.*

BUTLER, *and* MAJOR GERALDIN.

*Butler.* Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,  
For there must be no firing—  
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,  
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in  
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor? 5  
I will overturn the table—while you attack  
Illo and Tertsy, and dispatch them both.  
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,  
That no intelligence of this proceeding  
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly; 10  
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux  
And the Macdonald?—

*Geraldin.* They'll be here anon.

[*Exit* GERALDIN.]

[780]

*Butler.* Here's no room for delay. The citizens  
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit  
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke 15  
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages  
And golden times. Arms too have been given out  
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens  
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.  
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies 20  
Threaten us from without and from within.

---

## SCENE II



*Macdonald.* Here we are, General.

*Devereux.* What's to be the watchword?

*Butler.* Long live the Emperor!

*Both (recoiling).* How?

*Butler.* Live the House of Austria!

*Devereux.* Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

*Macdonald.* Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

*Butler.* Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy! 5

*Devereux.* Why, yes! in his name you administered  
Our oath.

*Macdonald.* And followed him yourself to Egra.

*Butler.* I did it the more surely to destroy him.

*Devereux.* So then!

*Macdonald.* An altered case!

*Butler (to Devereux).* Thou wretched man!  
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours? 10

*Devereux.* The devil!—I but followed your example,  
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

*Macdonald.* We've nought to do with thinking—that's your business.  
You are our General, and give out the orders;  
We follow you, though the track lead to hell. 15

*Butler.* Good then! we know each other.

*Macdonald.* I should hope so.

*Devereux.* Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,  
He has us.

*Macdonald.* 'Tis e'en so!

*Butler.* Well, for the present  
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

[781] *Devereux.* We wish no other.

*Butler.* Ay, and make your fortunes. 20

*Macdonald.* That is still better.

*Butler.* Listen!

*Both.* We attend.

*Butler.* It is the Emperor's will and ordinance  
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,  
Alive or dead.

*Devereux.* It runs so in the letter.

*Macdonald.* Alive or dead—these were the very words. 25

*Butler.* And he shall be rewarded from the State  
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

*Devereux.* Ay? That sounds well. The words sound always well  
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!  
We know already what Court-words import. 30  
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,  
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,  
And such like.—The Prince-duke pays better.

*Macdonald.* Yes,  
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

*Butler.* All over  
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set. 35

*Macdonald.* And is that certain?

*Butler.* You have my word for it.

*Devereux.* His lucky fortunes all past by?

*Butler.* For ever.  
He is as poor as we.

*Macdonald.* As poor as we?

*Devereux.* Macdonald, we'll desert him.

*Butler.* We'll desert him?  
Full twenty thousand have done that already; 40  
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—  
We—we must kill him.

*Both.* Kill him!

*Butler.* Yes! must kill him.  
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

*Both.* Us!

*Butler.* You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald. 45

*Devereux (after a pause).* Choose you some other.

*Butler.* What? art dastardly?  
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—  
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

[782]

*Devereux.* Nay,  
To assassinate our Lord and General—

*Macdonald.* To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

*Butler.* The oath 50  
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

*Devereux.* No, no! It is too bad!

*Macdonald.* Yes, by my soul!  
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

*Devereux.* If it were not our chieftain, who so long  
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty. 55

*Butler.* Is that the objection?

*Devereux.* Were it my own father,  
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,  
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,  
And to assassinate our chief commander,  
That is a sin, a foul abomination, 60  
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

*Butler.* I am your Pope, and give you absolution.  
Determine quickly!

*Devereux.* 'Twill not do!

*Macdonald.* 'Twon't do!

*Butler.* Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

*Devereux.* The Pestalutz—

*Macdonald.* What may you want with him? 65

*Butler.* If you reject it, we can find enough—

*Devereux.* Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty  
As well as any other. What think you,  
Brother Macdonald?

*Macdonald.* Why if he must fall,  
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise, 70

One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

*Devereux.* When do you purpose he should fall?

*Butler.* This night.  
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

*Devereux.* You take upon you all the consequences!

*Butler.* I take the whole upon me.

*Devereux.* And it is  
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?  
For we have instances, that folks may like  
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

75

[783]

*Butler.* The manifesto says—alive or dead.  
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.

80

*Devereux.* Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?  
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.

*Macdonald.* Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

*Butler.* With these you shall begin—you understand me?

*Devereux.* How? And must they too perish?

*Butler.* They the first.

85

*Macdonald.* Hear, Devereux? A bloody evening this.

*Devereux.* Have you a man for that? Commission me—

*Butler.* 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;  
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast  
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,  
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley  
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—

90

*Devereux.* Hear, General! It will be all one to you.  
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.

*Butler.* 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

95

*Devereux.* Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?  
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

*Butler.* What can his eye do to thee?

*Devereux.* Death and hell!  
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!  
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me  
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat  
Which I have on! and then for him to see me  
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,  
That eye of his looking upon this coat—  
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

100

105

*Butler.* The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,  
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience  
To run him through the body in return.  
A coat that is far better and far warmer  
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.  
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,  
And treason.

110

*Devereux.* That is true. The devil take  
Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.

*Butler.* And would'st quiet  
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply  
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed  
With light heart and good spirits.

115

[784]

*Devereux.* You are right.  
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—  
So there's an end of it.

*Macdonald.* Yes, but there's another  
Point to be thought of.

*Butler.* And what's that, Macdonald?

*Macdonald.* What avails sword or dagger against him?  
He is not to be wounded—he is— 120

*Butler.* What?

*Macdonald.* Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,  
Secured, and warranted by the black art!  
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

*Devereux.* In Inglestadt there was just such another— 125  
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last  
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

*Macdonald.* Hear what I'll do.

*Devereux.* Well?

*Macdonald.* In the cloister here 130  
There's a Dominican, my countryman.  
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me  
In holy water, and say over them  
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!  
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

*Butler.* So do, Macdonald! 135  
But now go and select from out the regiment  
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,  
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.  
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds  
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be  
To the house—I will myself be not far off.

*Devereux.* But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon, 140  
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

*Butler.* I have made myself acquainted with the place. 145  
I lead you through a back-door that's defended  
By one man only. Me my rank and office  
Give access to the Duke at every hour.  
I'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke  
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.

[785]

*Devereux.* And when we are there, by what means shall we gain 150  
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming  
The servants of the Court; for he has here  
A numerous company of followers?

*Butler.* The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,  
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

*Devereux.* Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I 155  
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

*Macdonald.* And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.  
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

*Butler.* In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely  
Laugh at the people's babble.

*Devereux.* If the business 160  
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

*Butler.* Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand  
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be  
No small one.

*Devereux.* And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

*Butler.* Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life. 165

*Devereux.* And he must fall by the executioner's hands,  
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor  
Alive?

*Butler.* It were his certain destiny.

*Devereux.* Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not 170  
Lie long in pain.

**LINENOTES:**

- [13] *thinking* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
Before 16 Butler (*appeased*). 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [28] *words* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [42] *Both (starting back)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [45] *thee, Macdonald*] *the Macdonald* 1800.
- [65] *Devereux (hesitates)*. *The Pestalutz—* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [69] *must* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [70] *will* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
Before 72 *Devereux (after some reflection)*. 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [120] *him* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [121] *Butler (starting up)*. *What?* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- [122] *flash*] *slash* 1800, 1828, 1829.

**SCENE III**

SCENE—*A Gothic Apartment at the DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

*Wallenstein*. How knew she it so soon?

*Countess*. She seems to have  
Foreboded some misfortune. The report  
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen  
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.  
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet  
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,  
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.  
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,  
We found her lying in his arms, all pale  
And in a swoon.

[786]

5

*Wallenstein*. A heavy, heavy blow!  
And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?

10

[*Turning to the DUCHESS.*

Is she coming to herself?

*Duchess*. Her eyes are opening.

*Countess*. She lives.

*Thekla (looking around her)*. Where am I?

*Wallenstein (steps to her, raising her up in his arms)*. Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own  
brave girl!  
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in  
Thy father's arms.

15

*Thekla (standing up)*. Where is he? Is he gone?

*Duchess*. Who gone, my daughter?

*Thekla*. He—the man who uttered  
That word of misery.

*Duchess*. O! think not of it,  
My Thekla!

*Wallenstein*. Give her sorrow leave to talk!  
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,  
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but  
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla  
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

20

*Thekla*. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.

Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her? 25

It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*]

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.

You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

*Duchess.* No, never shall this messenger of evil  
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla! 30

*Thekla.* My father—

*Wallenstein.* Dearest daughter!

*Thekla.* I'm not weak—  
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.  
You'll grant me one request?

*Wallenstein.* Name it, my daughter.

*Thekla.* Permit the stranger to be called to me,  
And grant me leave, that by myself I may  
Hear his report and question him. 35

*Duchess.* No, never!

*Countess.* 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

[787] *Wallenstein.* Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter?

*Thekla.* Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;  
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes  
Only to spare me. I will not be spared. 40  
The worst is said already: I can hear  
Nothing of deeper anguish!

*Countess and Duchess.* Do it not.

*Thekla.* The horror overpowered me by surprise.  
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;  
He was a witness of my weakness, yea, 45  
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.  
I must replace myself in his esteem,  
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,  
The stranger, may not think ungently of me. 50

*Wallenstein.* I see she is in the right, and am inclined  
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[LADY NEUBRUNN *goes to call him.*]

*Duchess.* But I, thy mother, will be present—

*Thekla.* 'Twere  
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:  
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more  
Collectedly. 55

*Wallenstein.* Permit her her own will.  
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,  
Where of necessity the soul must be  
Its own support. A strong heart will rely  
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom, 60  
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect  
The strength to rise superior to this blow.  
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated  
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [Going.]

*Countess (detaining him).* Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say  
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence  
To-morrow early, but to leave us here. 65

*Wallenstein.* Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection  
Of gallant men.

*Countess.* O take us with you, brother.  
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude  
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt  
Magnify evils to a shape of horror. 70

[788]

*Wallenstein.* Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,  
Use words of better omen.

*Countess.* Then take us with you. 75  
O leave us not behind you in a place  
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy  
And sick within me is my heart—  
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.  
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place  
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you. 80  
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,  
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

*Wallenstein.* The place's evil omens will I change,  
Making it that which shields and shelters for me  
My best beloved.

*Lady Neubrunn (returning).* The Swedish officer. 85

*Wallenstein.* Leave her alone with him. [Exit.

*Duchess (to Thekla who starts and shivers).* There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible  
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.

*Thekla.* The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me. [Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

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### LINENOTES:

[SCENE](#)—A Gothic and gloomy, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.

[66] thy 1800, 1828, 1829.

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### SCENE IV

THEKLA, *the* Swedish Captain, LADY NEUBRUNN.

*Captain.* Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—  
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

*Thekla.* You did behold me in my agony.  
A most distressful accident occasioned  
You from a stranger to become at once  
My confidant. 5

*Captain.* I fear you hate my presence,  
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

*Thekla.* The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.  
The horror which came o'er me interrupted  
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you, 10  
Continue it to the end.

*Captain.* Princess, 'twill  
Renew your anguish.

[789] *Thekla.* I am firm.—  
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

*Captain.* We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,  
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp, 15  
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust  
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled  
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.

Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,  
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines, 20  
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage  
Had borne them onward far before the others—  
The infantry were still at distance, only  
The Pappenheimers followed daringly  
Their daring leader—

[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she  
makes a sign to him to proceed.

*Captain.* Both in van and flanks 25  
With our whole cavalry we now received them;

Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot  
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.  
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;  
And as they stood on every side wedged in, 30  
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,  
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,  
Young Piccolomini—

[THEKLA, *as giddy, grasps a chair.*

Known by his plume,  
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;  
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after. 35  
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,  
Flung him with violence off, and over him  
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,—

[THEKLA, *who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

*Neubrunn.* My dearest lady—

*Captain.* I retire.

*Thekla.* 'Tis over.  
Proceed to the conclusion.

*Captain.* Wild despair 40  
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw  
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue  
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their  
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;  
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest 45  
Finish'd before their last man fell.

[790]

*Thekla.* And where—  
Where is—You have not told me all.

*Captain (after a pause).* This morning  
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth  
Did bear him to interment; the whole army  
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin; 50  
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,  
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.  
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us  
Many, who had themselves experienced  
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners; 55  
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave  
Would willingly have saved him; but himself  
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

*Neubrunn (to Thekla who has hidden her countenance).* Look up,  
my dearest lady—

*Thekla.* Where is his grave?

*Captain.* At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church 60  
Are his remains deposited, until  
We can receive directions from his father.

*Thekla.* What is the cloister's name?

*Captain.* Saint Catharine's.

*Thekla.* And how far is it thither?

*Captain.* Near twelve leagues.

*Thekla.* And which the way?

*Captain.* You go by Tirschenreit 65  
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

*Thekla.* Who  
Is their commander?

*Captain.* Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

*Thekla.* You have beheld me in my agony,



And shewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept

[*Giving him the ring.*]

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

70

*Captain.* Princess——

[*THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.*]

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### LINENOTES:

Before [1](#) *Captain (respectfully approaching her). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before [3](#) *Thekla (with dignity). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[3](#)] *did behold] have beheld 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[13](#)] *will 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[46](#)] *Thekla (faltering). And where— 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before [71](#) *Captain (confused). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[[791](#)]

### SCENE V

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

*Thekla (falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck).* Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection  
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself  
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.  
This night we must away!

*Neubrunn.* Away! and whither?

*Thekla.* Whither! There is but one place in the world.  
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

5

*Neubrunn.* What would you do there?

*Thekla.* What do there?  
That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.  
There, there is all that still remains of him.  
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

10

*Neubrunn.* That place of death——

*Thekla.* Is now the only place,  
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!  
Come and make preparations: let us think  
Of means to fly from hence.

*Neubrunn.* Your father's rage——

*Thekla.* That time is past——  
And now I fear no human being's rage.

15

*Neubrunn.* The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

*Thekla.* Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.  
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!  
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

[20](#)

*Neubrunn.* And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

*Thekla.* We will take weapons: my arms shall protect thee.

*Neubrunn.* In the dark night-time?

*Thekla.* Darkness will conceal us.

*Neubrunn.* This rough tempestuous night——

*Thekla.* Had he a soft bed  
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

*Neubrunn.* Heaven!  
And then the many posts of the enemy!—

25

*Thekla.* They are human beings. Misery travels free  
Through the whole earth.

*Neubrunn.* The journey's weary length—

*Thekla.* The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine  
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

30

[792]

*Neubrunn.* How can we pass the gates?

*Thekla.* Gold opens them.  
Go, do but go.

*Neubrunn.* Should we be recognized—

*Thekla.* In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,  
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

*Neubrunn.* And where procure we horses for our flight?

35

*Thekla.* My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

*Neubrunn.* Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

*Thekla.* He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

*Neubrunn.* Dear lady! and your mother?

*Thekla.* Oh! my mother!

*Neubrunn.* So much as she has suffered too already;  
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared  
For this last anguish!

40

*Thekla.* Woe is me! my mother!  
Go instantly.

[*Pauses.*]

*Neubrunn.* But think what you are doing!

*Thekla.* What can be thought, already has been thought.

*Neubrunn.* And being there, what purpose you to do?

45

*Thekla.* There a divinity will prompt my soul.

*Neubrunn.* Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!  
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

*Thekla.* To a deep quiet, such as he has found.  
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,  
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.  
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.  
O hasten, make no further questioning!

50

There is no rest for me till I have left  
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power  
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!  
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,  
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!  
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!  
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—  
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

55

60

*Neubrunn.* You frighten me so, lady, that no longer  
I dare stay here myself. I go and call  
Rosenberg instantly.

[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

---

### LINENOTES:

[22] arms] arm 1800, 1828, 1829.

[44] can 1800, 1828, 1829.

[793]

### SCENE VI

*Thekla.* His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop  
Of his true followers, who offered up

Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me  
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not  
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for him!  
And shall I live?—  
For me too was that laurel-garland twined  
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:  
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—  
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—  
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [793:1]

5

10

[Exit THEKLA.]

(The curtain drops.)

## FOOTNOTES:

[793:1] The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play. 1800, 1828, 1829.

## LINENOTES:

[4] they 1800, 1828, 1829.

[5] they 1800, 1828, 1829.

[6] I 1800, 1828, 1829.

## ACT V

### SCENE I

SCENE—A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground. WALLENSTEIN sitting at a table. The Swedish Captain standing before him.

Wallenstein. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize  
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me  
Deficient in the expressions of that joy  
Which such a victory might well demand,  
Attribute it to no lack of good will,  
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,  
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow  
The citadel shall be surrendered to you  
On your arrival.

5

[The Swedish Captain retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.]

[794]

Wallenstein. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

10

Countess. My sister tells me, she was more collected  
After her conversation with the Swede.  
She has now retired to rest.

Wallenstein. The pang will soften,  
She will shed tears.

Countess. I find thee altered too,  
My brother! After such a victory  
I had expected to have found in thee  
A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm!  
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,  
Our sun.

15

Wallenstein. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's  
Thy husband?

Countess. At a banquet—he and Illo.

20

Wallenstein (rises). The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Countess. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

	<i>Wallenstein (moves to the window).</i> There is a busy motion in the Heaven, The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower, Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle <sup>[794:1]</sup> of the moon, Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light. No form of star is visible! That one White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder, Is from Cassiopeia, and therein Is Jupiter. ( <i>A pause.</i> ) But now The blackness of the troubled element hides him! <i>[He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.</i>	25
[795]	<i>Countess (looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand).</i> What art thou brooding on?  <i>Wallenstein.</i> Methinks, If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me. He, is the star of my nativity, And often marvellously hath his aspect Shot strength into my heart.  <i>Countess.</i> Thou'lt see him again.  <i>Wallenstein.</i> See him again? O never, never again.  <i>Countess.</i> How?  <i>Wallenstein.</i> He is gone—is dust.  <i>Countess.</i> Whom meanest thou then?  <i>Wallenstein.</i> He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished! For him there is no longer any future, His life is bright—bright without spot it was, And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap. Far off is he, above desire and fear; No more submitted to the change and chance Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well With him! but who knows what the coming hour Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!  <i>Countess.</i> Thou speakest Of Piccolomini. What was his death? The courier had just left thee as I came. <i>[WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.</i> Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view, Let us look forward into sunny days, Welcome with joyous heart the victory, Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day, For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead; To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.	30
		35
		40
		45
		50
		55
[796]	<i>Wallenstein.</i> I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious. What does not man grieve down? From the highest, As from the vilest thing of every day He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost In him. The bloom is vanished from my life. For O! he stood beside me, like my youth, Transformed for me the real to a dream, Clothing the palpable and familiar With golden exhalations of the dawn. Whatever fortunes wait my future toils, The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.  <i>Countess.</i> O be not treacherous to thy own power. Thy heart is rich enough to vivify Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him, The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.  <i>Wallenstein (stepping to the door).</i> Who interrupts us now at this late hour? It is the Governor. He brings the keys Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!	60
		65
		70
		75
	<i>Countess.</i> O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee— A boding fear possesses me!  <i>Wallenstein.</i> Fear? Wherefore?	

*Countess.* Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking  
Never more find thee!

*Wallenstein.* Fancies!

*Countess.* O my soul  
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings. 80  
And if I combat and repel them waking,  
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams,  
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife  
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

[797] *Wallenstein.* This was a dream of favourable omen,  
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes. 85

*Countess.* To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee  
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!  
It was no more a chamber; the Chartreuse  
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded, 90  
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be  
Interred.

*Wallenstein.* Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

*Countess.* What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams  
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

*Wallenstein.* There is no doubt that there exist such voices. 95  
Yet I would not call them  
Voices of warning that announce to us  
Only the inevitable. As the sun,  
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits 100  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.  
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death  
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale  
Of my own future destiny. The King 105  
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,  
Long ere Ravailiac arm'd himself therewith.  
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma  
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air: like funeral knells 110  
Sounded that coronation festival;  
And still with boding sense he heard the tread  
Of those feet that ev'n then were seeking him  
Throughout the streets of Paris.

*Countess.* And to thee  
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

*Wallenstein.* Nothing. 115  
Be wholly tranquil.

*Countess.* And another time  
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me  
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,  
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;  
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee; 120  
When on a sudden did I feel myself  
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—  
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seemed  
A crimson covering to envelop us.

[798] *Wallenstein.* That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber. 125

*Countess (gazing on him).* If it should come to that—if I should see thee,  
Who standest now before me in the fulness  
Of life— [She falls on his breast and weeps.]

*Wallenstein.* The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—  
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands. 130

*Countess.* If he should find them, my resolve is taken—  
I bear about me my support and refuge. [Exit COUNTESS.]

[794:1] These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

'Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,  
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht  
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondessichel wankt*,  
Und durch die Nacht zeucht ungewisse Helle.'

The word 'moon-sickle' reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word 'falcated'. 'The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*.'

The words 'wanken' and 'schweben' are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So 'der Wolken Zug'—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.

### LINENOTES:

[17] *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.*

*Before 21 Wallenstein (rises and strides across the saloon). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[25] sweep] fly 1800: sail *MS. R.*

*Before 37 Wallenstein (remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[41] *was 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[47] *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[57, 58] This anguish will be wearied down, I know;  
What pang is permanent with man?

A very inadequate translation of the original.

'Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,  
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!'

*Literally—*

I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious:  
What does not man grieve down?

*1800, 1828, 1829.*

NOTE. In 1834 the *literal* translation of ll. 57, 58 was substituted for the text of the variant and the footnote was omitted.

[65] Clothing the palpable and the familiar *1800, 1828, 1829.*

[68] *beautiful 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[96] *them 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[114] *thee 1800, 1828, 1829.*

[131] *should 1800, 1828, 1829.*

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## SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

*Wallenstein.* All quiet in the town?

*Gordon.* The town is quiet.

*Wallenstein.* I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle  
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

*Gordon.* There is a banquet given at the Castle  
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

5

*Wallenstein.* In honour of the victory.—This tribe  
Can shew their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.

So we are guarded from all enemies,  
And shut in with sure friends.  
For all must cheat me, or a face like this

10

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.

[The Groom of the Chamber *takes off his mantle, collar and scarf.*

*Wallenstein.* Take care—what is that?

*Groom of the Chamber.* The golden chain is snapped in two.

*Wallenstein.* Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the Emperor. 15

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,  
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it  
Till now from habit—

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life long

The volatile fortune whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me; for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved. 20

[Groom of the Chamber *retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN  
*rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before*  
GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the Court together.

We oftentimes disputed: thy intention

Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play

The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me

That I strove after things too high for me,

Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,

And still extol to me the golden mean.

—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend

To thy own self. See, it has made thee early

A superannuated man, and (but

That my munificent stars will intervene)

Would let thee in some miserable corner

Go out like an untended lamp. 30

*Gordon.* My Prince!

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,

And watches from the shore the lofty ship

Stranded amid the storm.

*Wallenstein.* Art thou already

In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.

The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;

My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.

Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;

And while we stand thus front to front almost,

I might presume to say, that the swift years

Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side over*  
*against* GORDON.] 45

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?

To me she has proved faithful, with fond love

Took me from out the common ranks of men,

And like a mother goddess, with strong arm

Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.

Nothing is common in my destiny,

Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares

Interpret then my life for me as 'twere

One of the undistinguishable many?

True in this present moment I appear

Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.

The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;

The fountain of my fortune, which now stops

Repressed and bound by some malicious star,

Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes. 55

*Gordon.* And yet remember I the good old proverb,

'Let the night come before we praise the day.'

I would be slow from long-continued fortune

To gather hope: for hope is the companion

Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.

Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men, 70

[799]

[800]

For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

*Wallenstein (smiling).* I hear the very Gordon that of old  
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching; 75  
I know well, that all sublunary things  
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.  
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.  
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:  
And therefore of their own accord they offered 80  
To themselves injuries, so to atone  
The jealousy of their divinities:  
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*]

I too have sacrific'd to him—For me  
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault 85  
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune  
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.  
The envy of my destiny is gluttet:  
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning  
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me. 90

---

### SCENE III

*To these enter SENI.*

*Wallenstein.* Is not that Seni? and beside himself,  
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither  
At this late hour, Baptista?

*Seni.* Terror, Duke!  
On thy account.

*Wallenstein.* What now?

*Seni.* Flee ere the day-break!  
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

*Wallenstein.* What now 5  
Is in thy thoughts?

*Seni (with louder voice).* Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

*Wallenstein.* What is it then?

*Seni (still more urgently).* O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!  
An evil near at hand is threatening thee  
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror! 10  
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—  
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

*Wallenstein.* Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

*Seni.* Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.  
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;  
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee 15  
From false friends!

*Wallenstein.* From the falseness of my friends  
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.  
The warning should have come before! At present  
I need no revelation from the stars 20  
To know that.

*Seni.* Come and see! trust thine own eyes!  
A fearful sign stands in the house of life;  
An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind  
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!  
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens 25  
To wage a war against our holy church.

*Wallenstein (laughing gently).* The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now  
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes  
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,  
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear. 30

*Gordon (who during the whole of this dialogue has shewn marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein).* My Duke and General! May I dare presume?



Wallenstein. Speak freely.

Gordon. What if 'twere no mere creation  
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsaf'd  
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,  
And made that mouth its organ.

[802]

Wallenstein. Ye're both feverish! 35  
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?  
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gordon (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*). But what if the arrival of these Swedes—  
What if this were the very thing that winged  
The ruin that is flying to your temples? 40

[*Flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my Prince.

Seni. O hear him! hear him!

Gordon (*rises*). The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,  
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.  
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.  
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction 45  
With his whole force before the ramparts, sooner  
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.  
He shall experience what a band of heroes,  
Inspirited by an heroic leader,  
Is able to perform. And if indeed 50  
It be thy serious wish to make amends  
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this  
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,  
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,  
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him, 55  
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,  
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wallenstein (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent  
awhile, betraying strong emotion*). Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.  
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.  
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never 60  
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,  
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.  
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,  
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,  
My first death-offering: and had the heart 65  
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,  
It may be, I might have bethought myself.  
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,  
Is now an idle question. All too seriously  
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon! 70  
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*]  
All dark and silent—at the castle too  
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!

[803]

[*The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last  
dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it  
with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in  
extreme agitation, and throws himself at the DUKE'S feet.*]

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish  
My reconcilment with the Emperor. 75  
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,  
And fears it will be forfeited because  
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,  
That I no longer can indemnify  
My servants? Well! To no one I employ 80  
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief  
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.  
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,  
And then go over to thy Emperor.  
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long 85  
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil  
Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!  
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. SENI  
follows. GORDON remains on the darkened stage, following the  
DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the*]

gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.

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## LINENOTES:

[51] amends] amend 1800, 1828, 1829.

[87] were] was 1800, 1828, 1829.

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## SCENE IV

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

*Butler* (*not yet come into view of the stage*). Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

*Gordon* (*starts up*). 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

*Butler*. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

*Gordon*. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?  
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

5

*Butler* (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*). A light gleams hither from the corridor. It leads directly to the Duke's bedchamber.

[804]

*Gordon*. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;  
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,  
Do I not hereby call down on my head  
All the dread consequences?

10

*Butler* (*stepping forward*). Hark! Who speaks there?

*Gordon*. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands  
Of providence. For what am I, that I  
Should take upon myself so great a deed?  
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered:  
But all his rescue were my act and deed;  
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,  
I must sustain them.

15

*Butler* (*advances*). I should know that voice.

*Gordon*. Butler!

*Butler*. 'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?  
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismissed you?

20

*Gordon*. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

*Butler*. 'Tis wounded.  
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till  
At last we threw him on the ground.

*Gordon*. Both dead?

*Butler*. Is he in bed?

*Gordon*. Ah, Butler!

*Butler*. Is he? speak.

*Gordon*. He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven  
Refuses your arm. See—'tis wounded!—

25

*Butler*. There is no need of my arm.

*Gordon*. The most guilty  
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery with his finger on his mouth, commanding silence.*]

*Gordon*. He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

*Butler*. No! he shall die awake.

[*Is going.*]

*Gordon.* His heart still cleaves  
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step  
Into the presence of his God!

*Butler (going).* God's merciful!

*Gordon (holds him).* Grant him but this night's respite.

*Butler (hurrying off).* The next moment  
May ruin all.

*Gordon (holds him still).* One hour!—

*Butler.* Unhold me! What  
Can that short respite profit him?

*Gordon.* O—Time  
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands  
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,  
Thought follows thought within the human soul.  
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,  
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings  
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,  
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what  
May not one hour achieve!

*Butler.* You but remind me,  
How precious every minute is!

*(He stamps on the floor.)*

[805]

35

40

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### LINENOTES:

- [13] that *I* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[15] *I* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[16] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[17] *Mine* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[19] *you* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[23] *Gordon (shuddering).* Both dead? 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[25] *not* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[26] *your* 1800, 1828.  
[27] *my* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[39] *Your* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[40] *His* 1800, 1828, 1829.
- 

### SCENE V

*To these enter* MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX, *with the* Halberdiers.

*Gordon (throwing himself between him and them).* No, monster!  
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.  
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

*Butler (forcing him out of the way).* Weak-hearted dotard!

*[Trumpets are heard in the distance.]*

*Devereux and Macdonald.* Hark! The Swedish trumpets!  
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

5

*Gordon (rushes out).* O, God of Mercy!

*Butler (calling after him).* Governor, to your post!

*Groom of the Chamber (hurries in).* Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

*Devereux (with loud harsh voice).* Friend, it is time now to make larum.

*Groom of the Chamber.* Help!  
Murder!

*Butler.* Down with him!

*Groom of the Chamber (run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery).* Jesus Maria!

*Butler.* Burst the doors open!

10

[*They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.*]

[806]

## SCENE VI

*Countess Tertsky (with a light).* Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself  
Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too,  
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should  
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up  
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke  
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O  
If that my husband now were but returned  
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether  
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard  
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go  
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?  
'Tis hastening up the steps!

5

10

## SCENE VII

COUNTESS, GORDON.

*Gordon (rushes in out of breath).* 'Tis a mistake,  
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—  
Butler! O God! Where is he?

[*Then observing the* COUNTESS.

Countess! Say—

*Countess.* You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

*Gordon.* Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke—

5

*Countess.* Not till  
You have discovered to me—

*Gordon.* On this moment  
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.  
While we are speaking—

[*Calling loudly.*

Butler! Butler! God!

*Countess.* Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[*BUTLER comes from the gallery.*

*Gordon.* 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is  
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General  
Has sent me hither, will be here himself  
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

10

*Butler.* He comes  
Too late.

[*GORDON dashes himself against the wall.*

*Gordon.* O God of mercy!

*Countess.* What too late?  
Who will be here himself? Octavio  
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?

15

[*She rushes to the gallery.*

## LINENOTES:

Before 5 *Gordon (in an agony of affright). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

## SCENE VIII

*Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

*Seni (from the gallery).* O bloody frightful deed!

*Countess.* What is it, Seni?

*Page (from the gallery).* O piteous sight!

*[Other Servants hasten in with torches.*

*Countess.* What is it? For God's sake!

*Seni.* And do you ask?  
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband  
Assassinated at the Castle.

*[The COUNTESS stands motionless.*

*Female Servant (rushing across the stage).* Help! Help! the Duchess!

5

*Burgomaster (enters).* What mean these confused  
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

*Gordon.* Your house is cursed to all eternity.  
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

*Burgomaster (rushing out).* Heaven forbid!

*First Servant.* Fly! fly! they murder us all!

*Second Servant (carrying silver plate).* That way! The lower  
Passages are blocked up.

10

*Voice (from behind the Scene).* Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

*[At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*

*Voice (from behind the Scene).* Keep back the people! Guard the door.

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## LINENOTES:

[3] you 1800, 1828, 1829.

[808]

## SCENE IX

*To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN's dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

*Octavio (entering abruptly).* It must not be! It is not possible!  
Butler! Gordon!  
I'll not believe it. Say no!

*[GORDON without answering points with his hand to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

*Devereux (to Butler).* Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

*Macdonald.* Is it your order—

*Butler (pointing to Octavio).* Here stands he who now  
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

5

*[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on the stage.*

*Octavio (turning to Butler).* Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?  
O God of Justice!  
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty  
Of this foul deed.

	<i>Butler.</i> Your hand is pure. You have Availed yourself of mine.	<a href="#">10</a>
	<i>Octavio.</i> Merciless man! Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord— And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder, With bloody, most accursed assassination!	
	<i>Butler.</i> I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.	<a href="#">15</a>
	<i>Octavio.</i> O curse of Kings, Infusing a dread life into their words, And linking to the sudden transient thought The unchangeable irrevocable deed. Was there necessity for such an eager Despatch? Could'st thou not grant the merciful A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel. To leave no interval between the sentence, And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem God only, the immutable!	20
<a href="#">[809]</a>	<i>Butler.</i> For what Rail you against me? What is my offence? The Empire from a fearful enemy Have I delivered, and expect reward. The single difference betwixt you and me Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow; I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand Astonished that blood is come up. I always Knew what I did, and therefore no result Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit. Have you aught else to order?—for this instant I make my best speed to Vienna; place My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne, And hope to gain the applause which undelaying And punctual obedience may demand From a just judge.	25 30 35
	[Exit BUTLER.]	40

### LINENOTES:

- [\[10\]](#) *hand 1800, 1828, 1829.*  
Before [15](#): *Butler (calmly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

### SCENE X

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

*Octavio (meeting her).* O Countess Tertsky! These are the results  
Of luckless unblest deeds.

*Countess.* They are the fruits  
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,  
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles  
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared. 5  
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,  
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants  
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last  
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver  
The keys.

*Octavio.* O Countess! my house too is desolate. [10](#)

*Countess.* Who next is to be murdered? Who is next  
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.  
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!  
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity  
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime— 15  
The evil destiny surprised my brother  
Too suddenly; he could not think on them.

*Octavio.* Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!  
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault

Hath heavily been expiated—nothing  
Descended from the father to the daughter,  
Except his glory and his services.  
The Empress honours your adversity,  
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you  
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!  
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence  
To the Imperial Grace!

*Countess.* To the grace and mercy of a greater Master  
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body  
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?  
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found,  
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein;  
And by her side, to whom he was indebted  
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished  
He might sometime repose in death! O let him  
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's  
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor  
Is now proprietor of all our castles.  
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre  
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

*Octavio.* Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

*Countess.* You think  
More worthily of me, than to believe  
I would survive the downfall of my house.  
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp  
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate  
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit  
That to the crown belong! We deem a  
Courageous death more worthy of our free station  
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

*Octavio.* Help! Help! Support her!

*Countess.* Nay, it is too late.  
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[811]

[Exit COUNTESS.]

*Gordon.* O house of death and horrors!

[An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.]

*Gordon (steps forward and meets him).* What is this?  
It is the Imperial Seal.

[He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look  
of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.]

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises  
his eyes to heaven.]

(The curtain drops.)

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### LINENOTES:

- [10] *Octavio (with a deep anguish).* O Countess! 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[27] *Countess (with her eye raised to heaven).* 1800, 1828, 1829.  
[41] *Countess (reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity).* You think 1800,  
1828, 1829.  
[54] *Prince* 1800, 1828, 1829.

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The following mistranslations, which were noted in the *Westminster Review*, Art. 3, July 1850, are recorded in the Notes affixed to *The Dramatic Works* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1852, pp. 426-7.

### THE PICCOLOMINI.

Act I, Scene 2, line 106. 'Der Posten' is rendered 'travelling-bills' instead of an 'item' or 'article in an account'.

Act I, Scene 4, line 27. 'Geschmeidig' is rendered 'hammered out' instead of 'pliant'.

Act I, Scene 8, line 28. 'Das holde Kind' is rendered 'The voice of my child' instead of 'The charming child'.

Act I, Scene 9, line 13. 'Jagdzug' is rendered 'hunting dress' instead of 'hunting stud'.

Act II, Scene 7, line 9. 'Was denn?' is rendered 'What then?' instead of 'What?'

Act II, Scene 12, lines 94, 95. 'Ist unser Glaub' eine Kanzel und Altar' is rendered 'Our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar' instead of 'is without pulpit and altar'.

Act II, Scene 12, line 104. 'Taboriten' is rendered 'minstrels' instead of 'a branch of the Hussites'. [Pointed out by Ferd. Freiligrath, *Athenaeum*, Aug. 31, 1861.]

Act IV, Scene 7, line 103. 'Losung' is rendered 'redemption' instead of 'watchword'.

## THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Act II, Scene 6, *Note*. 'Verstecktesten' is rendered 'most spotted' instead of 'most secret'.

[812]

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## REMORSE<sup>[812:1]</sup>

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## PREFACE

This Tragedy was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797; at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the Recommender, let me be permitted to relate: that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer nor the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the Work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

<sup>[812:2]</sup>[As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of<sup>[812:3]</sup> the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the Person<sup>[812:4]</sup> who by a twice conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy<sup>[812:5]</sup>: who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all Stage-tactics had promised that *he* would himself make the necessary alterations, if the Piece should be at all representable; who together with the copy of the Play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full development<sup>[812:6]</sup> of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport, '*that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the Play; but that if beyond his hopes Mr. — found in it any capability of being adapted to the Stage, it was delivered to him as if it had been his own Manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion; and that (if it were rejected) the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his Experience, which he should receive, if Mr.*

[813]

*— would point out<sup>[812:7]</sup> to him the nature of its unfitness for public Representation';—that this very Person returned<sup>[813:1]</sup> me no answer, and<sup>[813:2]</sup> spite of repeated applications, retained my Manuscript when I was not conscious of any other Copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident); that he<sup>[813:3]</sup> suffered this Manuscript to wander about the Town from his house, so that but ten days ago I saw<sup>[813:4]</sup> the song in the third Act *printed* and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted<sup>[813:5]</sup> (as I have been assured) that the Play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally<sup>[813:6]</sup> in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the<sup>[813:7]</sup> Tragedy, as 'a *fair specimen*', of the *whole* of which he adduced a line:*

*'Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping.'*

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore *had* commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words:

'Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops,<sup>[813:8],[813:9]</sup>

[814]

as far as I can at present recollect: for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate *tenacity*, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre, and every Actor and Actress, whom I have recently met in the Green Room, will repel the accusation: perhaps not without surprise.]

I thought it right to record these circumstances,<sup>[814:1]</sup> but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the



Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My Letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a Tale of Thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the goodness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgements. Not merely as an *acting Play*, but as a dramatic *Poem*, the 'REMORSE' has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the 'REMORSE' been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—had I been his brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

[815] As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors; yet how can I abstain, feeling, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER'S<sup>[814:2]</sup> powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances<sup>[814:3]</sup> under which she consented to act Alhadra? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal, though different acknowledgement to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for her have hung heavy on the ears of a Theatrical Audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which (I fear) my hurry will hardly excuse, and which, as unworthy of her name, is here [1828, 1829, 1834] omitted, she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of Tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP'S judgement and full conception of Isidore; to Mr. POPE'S accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON'S energy in the character of ALVAR, and who in more than one instance *gave* it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprised me; and to Mr. RAE<sup>[815:1]</sup>, to whose zeal, and unwearied study of his part, I am not less indebted as a *Man*, than to his impassioned realization of ORDONIO, as an *Author*;—to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—THANKS!—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the Public, a public acknowledgement becomes appropriate, and a duty.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present State of the Metropolitan Theatres.

From the necessity of hastening the Publication I was obliged to send the Manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in italics.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [812:1] Preface, Prologue, and Epilogue do not appear in the 1834 edition.
- [812:2] The long passage here placed within square brackets [ ] appeared in the first edition only.
- [812:3] of] for *MS. R.* (For *MS. R* see p. 819.)
- [812:4] Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
- [812:5] Tragedy for his theatre *MS. R.*
- [812:6] I need not say to Authors, that as to the *essentials* of a Poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition. [Note by *S. T. C.*, first edition.]
- [812:7] would condescend to point out *MS. R.*
- [813:1] not only returned *MS. R.*
- [813:2] and] not only *MS. R.*
- [813:3] that he] not only *MS. R.*
- [813:4] I for the first time saw *MS. R.*
- [813:5] likewise . . . assured] not only asserted *MS. R.*
- [813:6] but finally (and it is this last fact alone, which was malice for which no excuse of indolence self-made is adduced which determined me to refer to what I had already forgiven and almost forgotten) in the year 1806 *MS. R.*
- [813:7] the] this *MS. R.*
- [813:8] (Private.) Had the Piece been really silly (and I have proof positive that Sheridan did not think it so) yet 10 years afterwards to have committed a breach of confidence in order to injure the otherwise . . . that on the ground of an indiscretion into which he had himself seduced the writer, and the writer, too, a man whose reputation was his Bread—a man who had devoted the firstlings of his talents to the celebration of Sheridan's genius—and who after he met treatment not only never spoke unkindly or resentfully of it, but actually was zealous and frequent in defending and praising his public principles of conduct in the *Morning Post*—and all this in the presence of men of Rank previously disposed to think highly . . . I am sure you will not be surprised that *this* did provoke me, and that it justifies to my heart the detail here printed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—I never spoke severely of R. B. S. but once and then I confess, I *did* say that Sheridan

was Sheridan. *MS. R.*

[813:9] The fourth act of the play in its original shape, and, presumably, as sent to Sheridan, opened with the following lines:—

'Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this  
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!  
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.'

In *MS. III* the opening lines are erased and the fourth Act opens thus:—

This ceaseless dreary sound of [ ~~water-drops~~  
dropping water

I would they had not fallen upon my Torch!

After the lapse of sixteen years Coleridge may have confused the corrected version with the original. There is no *MS.* authority for the line as quoted in the Preface.

[814:1] 'This circumstance.' Second edition.

[814:2] The caste was as follows:—*Marquis Valdez*, Mr. Pope; *Don Alvar*, Mr. Elliston; *Don Ordonio*, Mr. Rae; *Monviedro*, Mr. Powell; *Zulimez*, Mr. Crooke; *Isidore*, Mr. De Camp; *Naomi*, Mr. Wallack; *Donna Teresa*, Miss Smith; *Alhadra*, Mrs. Glover.

[814:3] Mrs. G.'s eldest child was buried on the Thursday—two others were ill, and one, with croup given over (tho' it has since recovered) and spite of her's, the physician's and my most passionate remonstrances, she was forced to act Alhadra on the Saturday!!!

Mrs. Glover (I do not much like her, in some respects) was duped into a marriage with a worthless Sharper, who passed himself off on her as a man of rank and fortune and who now lives and feeds himself and his vices on her salary—and hence all her affections flow in the channel of her maternal feelings. She is a passionately fond mother, and to act Alhadra on the Saturday after the Thursday's Burial! *MS. H.* (For *MS. H* see p. 819.)

[815:1] Poor Rae! a good man as Friend, Husband, Father. He did his best! but his person is so insignificant, tho' a handsome man off the stage—and, worse than that, the thinness and an insufficiency of his voice—yet Ordonio has done him service. *MS. H.*

[816]

## PROLOGUE

BY C. LAMB [816:1]

*Spoken by Mr. CARR*

There are, I am told, who sharply criticise  
Our modern theatres' unwieldy size.  
We players shall scarce plead guilty to that charge,  
Who think a house can never be too large: 5  
Griev'd when a rant, that's worth a nation's ear,  
Shakes some prescrib'd Lyceum's petty sphere;  
And pleased to mark the grin from space to space  
Spread epidemic o'er a town's broad face.—  
O might old Betterton or Booth return 10  
To view our structures from their silent urn,  
Could Quin come stalking from Elysian glades,  
Or Garrick get a day-rule from the shades—  
Where now, perhaps, in mirth which Spirits approve,  
He imitates the ways of men above, 15  
And apes the actions of our upper coast,  
As in his days of flesh he play'd the ghost:—  
How might they bless our ampler scope to please,  
And hate their own old shrunk up audiences.—  
Their houses yet were palaces to those, 20  
Which Ben and Fletcher for their triumphs chose,  
Shakspeare, who wish'd a kingdom for a stage,  
Like giant pent in disproportion'd cage,  
Mourn'd his contracted strengths and crippled rage.  
He who could tame his vast ambition down 25  
To please some scatter'd gleanings of a town,  
And, if some hundred auditors supplied  
Their meagre meed of claps, was satisfied,  
How had he felt, when that dread curse of Lear's  
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears, 30  
While deep-struck wonder from applauding bands  
Return'd the tribute of as many hands!  
Rude were his guests; he never made his bow  
To such an audience as salutes us now.  
He lack'd the balm of labour, female praise.  
Few Ladies in his time frequented plays, 35  
Or came to see a youth with awkward art

[817]

And shrill sharp pipe burlesque the woman's part.  
 The very use, since so essential grown,  
 Of painted scenes, was to his stage unknown. 40  
 The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest,  
 The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—  
 The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,  
 Where Jaques fed his solitary vein—  
 No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply, 45  
 Seen only by the intellectual eye.  
 Those scenic helps, denied to Shakspeare's page,  
 Our Author owes to a more liberal age.  
 Nor pomp nor circumstance are wanting here;  
 'Tis for himself alone that he must fear.  
 Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride, 50  
 That (be the laurel granted or denied)  
 He first essay'd in this distinguished fane,  
 Severer muses and a tragic strain.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[816:1] A rejected address—which poor Charles was restless to have used. I fitted him with an Epilogue of the same calibre with his Prologue, but I thought it would be going a little too far to publish mine. *MS. H.*

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### EPILOGUE

*Written by the Author, and spoken by Miss SMITH in the character of TERESA.*

[As printed in *The Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 28, 1813.]

Oh! the procrastinating idle rogue,  
 The Poet has just sent his Epilogue;  
 Ay, 'tis just like him!—and the *hand!*

[*Poring over the manuscript.*

The stick!

I could as soon decipher Arabic!  
 But, hark! my wizard's own poetic elf 5  
 Bids me take courage, and make one myself!

An heiress, and with sighing swains in plenty  
 From blooming nineteen to full-blown five-and-twenty,  
 Life beating high, and youth upon the wing,  
 'A six years' absence was a heavy thing!' 10  
 Heavy!—nay, let's describe things as they are,  
 With sense and nature 'twas at open war—  
 Mere affectation to be singular.

Yet ere you overflow in condemnation,  
 Think first of poor Teresa's education; 15

[818]

'Mid mountains wild, near billow-beaten rocks,  
 Where sea-gales play'd with her dishevel'd locks,  
 Bred in the spot where first to light she sprung,  
 With no Academies for ladies young—  
 Academies—(sweet phrase!) that well may claim 20  
 From Plato's sacred grove th' appropriate name!

No morning visits, no sweet waltzing dances—  
 And then for reading—what but huge romances,  
 With as stiff morals, leaving earth behind 'em,  
 As the brass-clasp'd, brass-corner'd boards that bind 'em. 25

Knights, chaste as brave, who strange adventures seek,  
 And faithful loves of ladies, fair as meek;  
 Or saintly hermits' wonder-raising acts,  
 Instead of—novels founded upon facts!  
 Which, decently immoral, have the art 30  
 To spare the blush, and undersap the heart!

Oh, think of these, and hundreds worse than these,  
 Dire disimproving disadvantages,  
 And grounds for pity, not for blame, you'll see,  
 E'en in Teresa's six years' constancy. 35

[*Looking at the manuscript.*

But stop! what's this?—Our Poet bids me say,  
 That he has woo'd your feelings in this Play  
 By no too real woes, that make you groan,  
 Recalling kindred griefs, perhaps your own,

Yet with no image compensate the mind,  
Nor leave one joy for memory behind.  
He'd wish no loud laugh, from the sly, shrewd sneer,  
To unsettle from your eyes the quiet tear  
That Pity had brought, and Wisdom would leave there.  
Now calm he waits your judgment! (win or miss),  
By no loud plaudits saved, damn'd by no factious hiss.

40

45

[S. T. C.]

[819]

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**REMORSE**<sup>[819:1]</sup>**A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS**<sup>[819:2]</sup>

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**DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

1797.	1813-1834.
VELEZ	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, <i>Father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's Guardian.</i>
ALBERT	= DON ALVAR, <i>the eldest son.</i>
OSORIO	= DON ORDONIO, <i>the youngest son.</i>
FRANCESCO	= MONVIEDRO, <i>a Dominican and Inquisitor.</i>
MAURICE	= ZULIMEZ, <i>the faithful attendant on Alvar.</i>
FERDINAND	= ISIDORE, <i>a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.</i>
NAOMI	= NAOMI. MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.
MARIA	= DOÑA TERESA, <i>an Orphan Heiress.</i>
ALHADRA, <i>wife of</i> FERDINAND	= ALHADRA, <i>Wife of Isidore.</i>
FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION. MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.	

*Time.* The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[819:1] *Remorse*, a recast of *Osorio*, was first played at Drury Lane Theatre, January 23, 1813, and had a run of twenty nights. It was first published as a pamphlet of seventy-two pages in 1813, and ran through three editions. The Second Edition, which numbered seventy-eight pages, was enlarged by an Appendix consisting of a passage which formed part of Act IV, Scene 2 of *Osorio*, and had been published in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798, 1800, 1802, and 1805) as a separate poem entitled 'The Foster-Mother's Tale' (*vide ante*, pp. 182-4, 571-4), and of a second passage numbering twenty-eight lines, which was afterwards printed as a footnote to *Remorse*, Act II, Scene 2, line 42 (*vide post*, p. 842) 'You are a painter, &c.' The Third Edition was a reissue of the Second. In the *Athenæum*, April 1, 1896, J. D. Campbell points out that there were three issues of the First Edition, of which he had only seen the first; viz. (1) the normal text [Edition I]; (2) a second issue [Edition I (b)] quoted by the Editor (R. H. Shepherd) of *Osorio*, 1877, as a variant of Act V, line 252; (3) a third issue quoted by the same writer in his edition of *P. W.*, 1877-80, iii. 154, 155 [Edition I (c)]. There is a copy of Edition I (b) in the British Museum: save in respect of Act V, line 252, it does not vary from Edition I. I have not seen a copy of Edition I (c). Two copies of *Remorse* annotated by S. T. Coleridge have passed through my hands, (1) a copy of the First Edition presented to the Manager of the Theatre, J. G. Raymond (*MS. R.*), and (2) a copy of the Second Edition presented to Miss Sarah Hutchinson (*MS. H.*). *Remorse* is included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[819:2] This Tragedy has a particular advantage—it has the *first* scene, in which Prologue plays Dialogue with Dumbly. (*MS. H.*)

[820]

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**ACT I****SCENE I**

*The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.*

*Zulimez.* No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

*Alvar.* My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment  
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.  
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,  
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,  
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,  
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.  
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press  
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

5

*Zulimez.* Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,  
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.  
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,  
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

10

*Alvar.* Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,  
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet  
Ordonio's brother.

[15](#)

*Zulimez.* Nobly-minded Alvar!  
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

*Alvar.* The more behoves it I should rouse within him  
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.

*Zulimez.* Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:  
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,  
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost  
Weeps only tears of poison!

[20](#)

*Alvar.* And of a brother,  
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort  
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,  
That this same life, which he conspired to take,  
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,  
And at the imminent hazard of his own.  
Add too my oath—

25

*Zulimez.* You have thrice told already  
The years of absence and of secrecy,  
To which a forced oath bound you; if in truth  
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate  
A binding oath—

[30](#)

*Alvar.* My long captivity  
Left me no choice: the very wish too languished  
With the fond hope that nursed it; the sick babe  
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.  
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;  
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,  
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:  
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,  
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose  
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,  
Fell from his palsied hand—

[35](#)

40

*Zulimez.* Heavy presumption!

*Alvar.* It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all;  
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base  
Of yonder cliff—

45

*Zulimez.* That rocky seat you mean,  
Shaped by the billows?—

*Alvar.* There Teresa met me  
The morning of the day of my departure.  
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn  
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,  
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,  
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.  
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa  
The angel of the vision![\[821:1\]](#)

50

Had'st thou seen

[55](#)

How in each motion her most innocent soul  
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,  
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!  
She must be innocent!

*Zulimez.* Proceed, my lord!

[822] *Alvar.* A portrait which she had procured by stealth, 60  
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded  
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)  
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand  
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,  
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred 65  
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,  
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,  
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it  
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,  
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed. 70

*Zulimez.* A damning proof!

*Alvar.* My own life wearied me!  
And but for the imperative voice within,  
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.  
That voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I sought 75  
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;  
And there too fought as one that courted death!  
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,  
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment followed.  
The fulness of my anguish by degrees 80  
Waned to a meditative melancholy;  
And still the more I mused, my soul became  
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa,  
Night after night, she visited my sleep,  
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,  
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me! 85  
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,  
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!  
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here  
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—  
The Moorish robes?—

*Zulimez.* All, all are in the sea-cave, 90  
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners  
Secrete the boat there.

*Alvar.* Above all, the picture  
Of the assassination—

*Zulimez.* Be assured  
That it remains uninjured.

*Alvar.* Thus disguised 95  
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife!  
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,  
And this the hour; her words, her very looks  
Will acquit her or convict.

[823] *Zulimez.* Will they not know you?

*Alvar.* With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly 100  
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,  
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,  
This scar—and toil beneath a burning sun,  
Have done already half the business for us.  
Add too my youth, since last we saw each other. 105  
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice  
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:  
And what the mind believes impossible,  
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

*Zulimez.* 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey. 110  
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,  
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,  
I'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk  
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell  
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived. 115

*Alvar.* I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [\[821:1\]](#) May not a man, without breach of the 8th Commandment, take out of his left pocket and put into his right? *MS. H.* (*Vide ante*, p. [406](#), *To William Wordsworth*, l. 43.)
- [\[823:1\]](#) Till the Play was printed off, I never remembered or, rather, never recollected that this phrase was taken from Mr. Wordsworth's Poems. Thank God it was not from his MSS. Poems; and at the 2nd Edition I was afraid to point it out lest it should appear a trick to introduce his name. *MS. H.* [Coleridge is thinking of a line in *The Brothers*, 'It is the loneliest place in all these hills.']

**LINENOTES:**

- [\[19\]](#) Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[20\]](#) Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[31\]](#) years] year *Editions 1, 2, 3.*
- [\[35\]](#) wish] *Wish Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[36\]](#) hope] *Hope Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[55\]](#) After vision! [*Then with agitation Editions 1, 2, 3.*
- [\[56-9\]](#) Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 174-6, p. 137.
- [\[59\]](#) After Zulimez (*with a sigh*), *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[86\]](#) Yes] And *Edition 1.*
- [\[95\]](#) wife] *wife Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[105\]](#) since] when *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[113\]](#) I'll] I will *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [\[115\]](#) Alpujarras] Alpujarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

**SCENE II**

*Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.*

*Teresa.* I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son  
And Alvar's brother.

*Valdez.* Love him for himself,  
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

*Teresa.* I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,  
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain  
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living. 5

*Valdez.* Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,  
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee  
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!  
Thy dying father comes upon my soul 10  
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;  
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,  
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty  
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,  
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom, 15  
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,  
The victim of a useless constancy.  
I must not see thee wretched.

[\[824\]](#)

*Teresa.* There are woes  
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!  
If it be wretched with an untired eye 20  
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;  
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,  
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,  
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again  
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched 25  
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,  
To go through each minutest circumstance

Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures  
 Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them,<sup>[824:1]</sup> 30  
 (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid  
 Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,  
 And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft  
 Hung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune  
 He used to play, and listened to the shadow  
 Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness, 35  
 And if indeed it be a wretched thing  
 To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine  
 That I had died, died just ere his return!  
 Then see him listening to my constancy,  
 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft 40  
 Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;  
 Or haply in some more fantastic mood,  
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers  
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,  
 And there to wait his coming! O my sire! 45  
 My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness  
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,  
 If in a most assured reality  
 He should return, and see a brother's infant  
 Smile at him from my arms? 50  
 Oh what a thought!

*Valdez.* A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.  
 The very week he promised his return—

*Teresa.* Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,  
 After those three years' travels! we had no fears— 55  
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter.  
 Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,  
 The tumult of our joy! What then if now—

*Valdez.* O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,  
 Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless! 60  
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—  
 Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

*Teresa.* My father!

*Valdez.* The sober truth is all too much for me!  
 I see no sail which brings not to my mind 65  
 The home-bound bark in which my son was captured  
 By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

*Teresa.* Oh no! he did not!

*Valdez.* Captured in sight of land!  
 From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower  
 We might have seen—

*Teresa.* His capture, not his death.

*Valdez.* Alas! how aptly thou forget'st a tale 70  
 Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio  
 Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,  
 In the same storm that baffled his own valour,  
 And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:  
 Gallant Ordonio! O beloved Teresa, 75  
 Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,  
 And most delight his spirit, go, make thou  
 His brother happy, make his aged father  
 Sink to the grave in joy.

*Teresa.* For mercy's sake  
 Press me no more! I have no power to love him. 80  
 His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,  
 Chill me like dew-damps of the unwholesome night:  
 My love, a timorous and tender flower,  
 Closes beneath his touch.

*Valdez.* You wrong him, maiden!  
 You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well 85  
 To character by such unkindly phrases  
 The stir and workings of that love for you  
 Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,  
 Nor is it grateful in you to forget  
 His wounds and perilous voyages, and how 90



With an heroic fearlessness of danger  
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.  
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

*Teresa.* Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!  
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech, 95  
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried  
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one  
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not  
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?  
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father! 100  
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,  
Yet still the hope survives—

*Valdez (looking forward).* Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

*Teresa.* The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

*Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.*

*Monviedro.* Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord, 105  
My present need is with your son.  
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

*[Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.]*

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman  
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

*Ordonio.* Hail, reverend father! what may be the business? 110

[827]

*Monviedro.* My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse  
To his false creed, so recently abjured,  
The secret servants of the Inquisition  
Have seized her husband, and at my command  
To the supreme tribunal would have led him, 115  
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,  
As surety for his soundness in the faith.  
Though lessoned by experience what small trust  
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,  
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name, 120  
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour  
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,  
Thus far prevailed with me that—

*Ordonio.* Reverend father,  
I am much beholden to your high opinion,  
Which so o'erprizes my light services. [Then to ALHADRA. 125  
I would that I could serve you; but in truth  
Your face is new to me.

*Monviedro.* My mind foretold me  
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,  
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,  
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely 130  
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,  
Should prove the patron of this infidel!  
The warranter of a Moresco's faith!  
Now I return.

*Alhadra.* My Lord, my husband's name 135  
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO starts.) You may remember it:  
Three years ago, three years this very week,  
You left him at Almeria.

*Monviedro.* Palpably false!  
This very week, three years ago, my lord,  
(You needs must recollect it by your wound) 140  
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,  
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!  
What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!

[828]

*Valdez.* You pressed upon him too abruptly, father!  
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted. 145

*Ordonio.* O Heavens! I?—I doted?  
Yes! I doted on him.

*[ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage, VALDEZ follows.]*

*Teresa.* I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?  
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought

Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

150

*Monviedro.* The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!  
I will return. In very truth, I grieve  
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

*Alhadra (to Teresa).* O gentle lady! make the father stay,  
Until my lord recover. I am sure,  
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

155

*Teresa.* Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.

*Ordonio (as they return, to Valdez).* Strange, that this Monviedro  
Should have the power so to distemper me!

*Valdez.* Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

[160](#)

*Monviedro.* My lord, I truly grieve—

*Ordonio.* Tut! name it not.  
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.  
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.  
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

*Monviedro.* I hope, my lord, your merely human pity  
Doth not prevail—

[165](#)

*Ordonio.* 'Tis certain that he was a catholic;  
What changes may have happened in three years,  
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:  
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,  
You'll grant me your authority and name  
To liberate his house.

170

*Monviedro.* Your zeal, my lord,  
And your late merits in this holy warfare  
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

*Ordonio.* I will attend you home within an hour.

175

*Valdez.* Meantime return with us and take refreshment.

*Alhadra.* Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.  
I will stay here.

[\[829\]](#)

*Teresa (aside).* Who is this Isidore?

*Valdez.* Daughter!

*Teresa.* With your permission, my dear lord,  
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.

[180](#)

[*Exeunt VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO and ORDONIO.*]

*Alhadra.* Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,  
A scathing curse!  
You hate him, don't you, lady?

*Teresa.* Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.

[185](#)

*Alhadra.* These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!  
As I came on, his face so maddened me,  
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger  
And half unsheathed it—

*Teresa.* Be more calm, I pray you.

*Alhadra.* And as he walked along the narrow path  
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;  
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember  
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.  
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,  
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,  
O, it had been most sweet!

190

[195](#)

*Teresa.* Hush! hush for shame!  
Where is your woman's heart?

*Alhadra.* O gentle lady!  
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,  
Many and strange! Besides, I am a Christian,

*Teresa.* Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!

*Alhadra.* I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.  
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),  
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

*Teresa.* What might your crime be?

*Alhadra.* I was a Moresco!  
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,  
Into a dungeon of their prison house,  
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,  
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,  
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,  
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed  
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame  
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down.  
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see  
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread  
Brought daily; for the little wretch was sickly—  
My rage had dried away its natural food.  
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,  
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun  
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,  
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers  
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,  
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises  
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain  
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

*Teresa.* O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

*Alhadra.* What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right  
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,  
What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?  
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,  
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

*Teresa.* You were at length released?

*Alhadra.* Yes, at length  
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!  
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—  
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,  
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again  
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,  
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,  
That you would start and shudder!

*Teresa.* But your husband—

*Alhadra.* A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

*Teresa.* Alas, poor man!

*Alhadra.* He hath a lion's courage,  
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;  
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart  
He worships nature in the hill and valley,  
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

*Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.*

*Teresa.* Know you that stately Moor?

*Alhadra.* I know him not:  
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,  
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

*Teresa.* The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,  
So near this seat?

*Alhadra.* He wears the Moorish robes too,  
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage,  
near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.]

[830]

[831]

205

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*Alhadra.* Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,  
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

*Alvar.* You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

*Alhadra.* He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:  
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear you speak,  
And not believe you innocent of guile.

*Teresa.* If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—

*Alhadra.* He trembles strangely.

[*ALVAR sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*

*Teresa.* See, we have disturbed him.

[*Approaches nearer to him.*

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,  
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing.  
I pray you, think us friends!

260

*Alvar (raising his head).* Calm, very calm!  
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!  
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,  
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!

265

*Teresa.* Let us retire (*haughtily to Alhadra*).

*Alhadra.* He is indeed a Christian.

*Alvar (aside).* She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!  
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

270

[*To TERESA.*

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:  
I had just started from a frightful dream.

[832]

*Teresa.* Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,  
They prophesy—

*Alvar.* The Past lives o'er again  
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit  
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

275

*Teresa.* Traitor!  
What sudden spell o'ermasters me?  
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?

(*Then aside.*)

*Alvar.* I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant  
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,  
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:  
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.  
This maid so idolized, that trusted friend  
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body!  
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,  
And murderers were suborned against my life.  
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,  
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,  
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,  
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

280

285

290

*Alhadra.* You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!

*Teresa.* From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,  
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!  
Well sir, what happened then?

*Alvar.* On a rude rock,  
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,  
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale  
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,  
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,  
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—  
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—  
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,  
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour  
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,  
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.  
The second flash of lightning shewed a tree  
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:  
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,

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305

And with loud voice and clamorous agony,  
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,  
Prayed, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,  
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable  
As the gored lion's bite!

*Teresa.* A fearful curse!

*Alhadra.* But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?  
Dreamt you of no revenge?

*Alvar.* She would have died  
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!  
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,  
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,  
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!  
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:  
For still I loved her!

*Alhadra.* And you dreamt all this?

*Teresa.* My soul is full of visions all as wild!

*Alhadra.* There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.

*Teresa (lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar).* Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,  
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.

Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me,  
With obscure memory of something past,  
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented  
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.  
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,  
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,  
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—  
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!  
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,  
And you need strength to drag them into light,  
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,  
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,  
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading. [\[833:1\]](#)

[*Exeunt TERESA and ALHADRA.*]

*Alvar (alone).* 'Tis strange! It cannot be! my Lord Ordonio!

Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!  
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!  
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—  
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!  
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,  
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?  
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?  
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour;  
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie  
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it him,  
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.  
Yet why one lie? all else, I know, was truth.  
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!  
And she referred to me—fondly, methought!  
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?  
Here where we played together in our childhood?  
Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek  
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings  
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!  
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,  
That I shall meet her where no evil is,  
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.  
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!  
Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel  
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,  
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

[*Exit.*]

## FOOTNOTES:

[824:1] [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.] *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Here Valdez bends back, with a smile of *wonder* at the witness of the Fancy, which Teresa noting, she checks her enthusiasm, and in a persuasive half-pleading tone and action exemplifies her meaning in the little Tale included in the Parenthesis. *MS. Note to First Edition.*

[830:1] 218-20. Compare [Fragment](#).

[830:2] 229. Compare line 13 of the lines 'Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune', p. 157.

[833:1] (*then an half-pause and dropping the voice as hinted by the relaxation of the metre*—'Nor shall you,' &c.).—I mention this because it is one of the lines for which Mr. Gifford (whose §§ in the *Quarterly Rev.* drove M. L. *mad* with a severer fit than she had ever had before) declared me at Murray's shop fit to be whipt as an idle Schoolboy—and, alas, I had conceited it to be a little beauty! *MS. H.*

### LINENOTES:

[29] him] *him* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[50] my] *my* Editions 2, 3, 1829.

[51] *After*

thought

[*Clasping her forehead.*

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[54] *Teresa (abruptly).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[61] *fancies] dreams* Edition 1.

[62] *Teresa (with great tenderness).* My, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[75] *Gallant Ordonio! (Pauses, then tenderly.)* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[77] *And most delight his spirit, go, thou make* Edition 1.

[94] *Lord Valdez] my father* Edition 1.

[103] *forward] forwards* Editions 1, 2, 3.

[104] *what] some* Edition 1.

[105] *Monviedro (having first made his obeisance to Valdez and Teresa).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

*After 106 [Looking forward* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[112] *his] their* Edition 1.

[118] *lessoned] lessened* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829, 1834.

[133] *warranter] guarantee* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[136] *Stage-direction om.* Edition 1.

[142] *murderers] murderers* Editions 2, 3, 1829.

*After 142 [TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror. ORDONIO'S appearance to be collected from what follows.*

[143] *Mon. (to VALDEZ, and pointing at ORDONIO).* What, is he ill, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[144] *Valdez (angrily).* You, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

*pressed upon] started on* Edition 1.

[146] *Ordonio (starting as in sudden agitation).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829. I?—I] *I?—I* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

*After 146 [Then recovering himself.* Editions 1, 2, 3.

[147] *doted] doted* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

*After 147 . . . follows soothing him.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[148] *Teresa (her eye following Ordonio).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[163] *do] do* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[164] *is] is* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[167] *was] was* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[183] A scathing curse!

[*Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look.*

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 184 Teresa (perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[185] *my] my* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[188] *my] my* Editions 2, 3, 1829.

[199] *Many and strange! Besides, (ironically) I, &c.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[218-20] In darkness I remained—counting the bell  
Which haply told me, that the blessed Sun

Was rising on my garden.

*Edition 1.*

[248] Alpujarras] Alpuxarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[249] Alpujarras] Alpuxarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[254] *Alvar (interrupting her). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[256] you] *you Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 267 [They advance to the front of the Stage. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[268] *Alhadra (with scorn). He is, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 278 [TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[310] Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[312] As the gored lion's *bite!*

*Teresa (shuddering). A fearful curse!*

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[313] *Alhadra (fiercely). But dreamt, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[314] *Alvar (his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress). She would, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[331] wildness] kindness *Editions 1, 2, 3.*

[338] my] *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[339] Her] *Her Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[348] him] *him Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[350] know] *know Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[352] me] *me Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[362] husband] *husband Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 364 End of the Act First. Editions 1, 2, 3.*

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## ACT II

### SCENE I

*A wild and mountainous country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.*

*Ordonio.* Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,  
Yet we secured from listeners.

[835] *Isidore.* Now indeed  
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters  
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,  
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver! 5  
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle  
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide  
When for my follies I was made to wander,  
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:  
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones 10  
Had been my bed and pillow.

*Ordonio.* Good Isidore!  
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.

*Isidore.* A common trick of gratitude, my lord,  
Seeking to ease her own full heart—

*Ordonio.* Enough!  
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt. 15  
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

*Isidore.* And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.  
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice  
To pluck a weed you fancied!

*Ordonio.* Why—that—Lady—

*Isidore.* 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you: 20

Have you a son, my lord?

*Ordonio.* O miserable—  
Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.  
I told you what I wished—now for the truth—  
She loved the man you kill'd.

[*Aside.*

*Isidore.* You jest, my lord?

*Ordonio.* And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

25

*Isidore.* You sport with me, my lord?

*Ordonio.* Come, come! this foolery  
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

*Isidore.* I can bear this, and any thing more grievous  
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

*Ordonio.* Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture  
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,  
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

30

*Isidore.* I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

*Ordonio.* In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.  
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true:

[35](#)

Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense!  
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.

She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,  
Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye:

40

And such do love the marvellous too well  
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy

With a strange music, that she knows not of—  
With fumes of frankincense, and mummary,

Then leave, as one sure token of his death,  
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck  
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

45

*Isidore.* Will that be a sure sign?

*Ordonio.* Beyond suspicion.  
Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,  
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)  
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,  
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.  
And as she coyly bound it round his neck  
She made him promise silence; and now holds  
The secret of the existence of this portrait  
Known only to her lover and herself.  
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,  
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

50

55

*Isidore.* But now I should have cursed the man who told me  
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—  
But this I can not do.

*Ordonio.* Where lies your scruple?

[60](#)

*Isidore.* Why—why, my lord!  
You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,  
Had loved you with incautious tenderness;  
That if the young man, her betrothéd husband,  
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both  
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples  
Than those which being native to the heart,  
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

[65](#)

*Ordonio.* This fellow is a Man—he killed for hire  
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

70

[*Then turning to ISIDORE.*

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—  
Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,  
Spelling thy villainy.

*Isidore.* My lord—my lord,  
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!  
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness:  
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—  
My gratitude—

[75](#)

[\[836\]](#)

[\[837\]](#)



*Ordonio.* O aye—your gratitude!  
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

*Isidore.* Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

*Ordonio.* Virtue—

*Isidore.* Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,  
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.  
I knew not 'twas your brother!

[80](#)

*Ordonio.* And who told you?

*Isidore.* He himself told me.

*Ordonio.* Ha! you talk'd with him!  
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?

*Isidore.* Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

85

*Ordonio (in a low voice).* My brother—

*Isidore.* Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!  
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.  
But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

*Ordonio.* Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

*Isidore.* My lord, it much imports your future safety  
That you should hear it.

[90](#)

*Ordonio (turning off from Isidore).* Am not I a man!  
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself  
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!

*Isidore.* We met him in the very place you mentioned.  
Hard by a grove of firs—

*Ordonio.* Enough—enough—

[95](#)

*Isidore.* He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;  
In fine, compelled a parley.

*Ordonio.* Alvar! brother!

*Isidore.* He offered me his purse—

*Ordonio.* Yes?

[838]

*Isidore.* Yes—I spurned it.—  
He promised us I know not what—in vain!

Then with a look and voice that overawed me,  
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear:

100

I have a brother and a promised wife,  
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,  
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.

There was a likeness in his face to yours;  
I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,  
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.

[105](#)

At length I said (if that indeed I said it,  
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)

That woman is dishonoured by that brother,  
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.

110

He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him  
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd  
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—

Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!  
At length recovering from his trance, he threw

115

His sword away, and bade us take his life,  
It was not worth his keeping.

*Ordonio.* And you kill'd him?  
Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's Image undefac'd!

[120](#)

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!  
What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!  
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

*Isidore (aside).* Were he alive he had returned ere now.

The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

[125](#)

*Ordonio.* O this unutterable dying away—here—  
This sickness of the heart!

What if I went  
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?  
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!  
What have I done but that which nature destined,  
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?  
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?  
And if not meant—

[130](#)

[839]

*Isidore.* You are disturbed, my lord!

*Ordonio (starts).* A gust of the soul! i'faith it overset me.  
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!  
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

135

*Isidore (in a low voice).* I'll perish first!

*Ordonio.* What dost thou mutter of?

*Isidore.* Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

*Ordonio.* There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

*Isidore.* They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched  
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,  
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.  
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale  
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance  
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,  
That mid the chequer work of light and shade  
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,  
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once  
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—  
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

140

[145](#)

150

*Ordonio.* Doubtless you question'd him?

*Isidore.* 'Twas my intention,  
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.  
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies  
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)  
Had given commission to his apt familiar  
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,  
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.  
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him  
In that lone place, again concealed myself:  
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,  
And in your name, as lord of this domain,  
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio,  
He that can bring the dead to life again!'

155

[160](#)

*Ordonio.* A strange reply!

*Isidore.* Aye, all of him is strange.  
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears  
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

165

*Ordonio.* Where does this wizard live?

[840]

*Isidore (pointing to the distance).* You see that brooklet?  
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening  
It leads you to the place.

*Ordonio.* How shall I know it?

*Isidore.* You cannot err. It is a small green dell  
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,  
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it  
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,  
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,  
And makes a kind of faery forest grow  
Down in the water. At the further end  
A puny cataract falls on the lake;  
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow  
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,  
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.  
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

170

175

[180](#)

*Ordonio (in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to Isidore).* Ha!—Who lurks there! Have we been overheard?  
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters—

*Isidore.* 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,  
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch? 185  
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,  
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,  
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.  
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,  
And staring at his bough from morn to sun-set, 190  
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

*Ordonio.* 'Tis well, and now for this same wizard's lair.

*Isidore.* Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash  
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters  
O'er the old thatch.

*Ordonio.* I shall not fail to find it. 195

[*Exeunt* ORDONIO and ISIDORE.]

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### LINENOTES:

- [3] My] *My Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [17] And how, my lord? I pray you name the thing. *Editions 1, 2, 3.*
- [19] *Ordonio (with embarrassment and hesitation). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [23] truth] *truth Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
- [24] *Isidore (looking as suddenly alarmed). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [37] upon] on *Edition 1.*
- [61] *Isidore (with stammering). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [63] incautious] *incautious Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [67] native] *native Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [69] *Ordonio (aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [79] *Ordonio (with bitter scorn). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [83] *Ordonio (alarmed). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [84] those] these *Edition 1.*
- [91] Am I not a *man?* *Edition 1.] I] I Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [97] *Ordonio (sighing as if lost in thought). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [98] *Ordonio (with eager suspicion). Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
- [98] *Isidore (indignantly). Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
- [108] I] *I Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [109] its] his *Edition 1.*
- [120] He was the image of the Deity. *Edition 1.*  
After 120 [A pause. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*  
After 122 [A pause. *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
- [127] This sickness of the heart [A pause.  
*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829, &c.*  
After 129 [A pause. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*  
Before 134 *Ordonio (starts, looking at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [145] Stole] *Stoln Editions 1, 2, 3.*
- [161] your] *your Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*  
After 181

Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash  
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters  
O'er the old thatch.

*Ord.* I shall not fail to find it.

Edition 1.

[182-95] om. Edition 1.

[841]

## SCENE II

*The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA, as on the point of leaving.*

*Alhadra (addressing Alvar).* Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,  
Aught evil or ignoble never can I  
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,  
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need  
Of such a leader.

*Alvar.* Nobly-minded woman! 5  
Long time against oppression have I fought,  
And for the native liberty of faith  
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:  
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls 10  
The volume of concealment. In the future,  
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,  
The indistinguishable blots and colours  
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,  
Upstarting in their own completed image  
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty, 15  
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear  
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form  
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose  
To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid, 20  
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:  
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.  
Once more, farewell. [Exit ALHADRA.]

Yes, to the Belgic states  
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,  
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit. 25  
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice  
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance  
Of our past services.

*Zulimez.* And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,  
You let a murderer hold?

*Alvar.* O faithful Zulimez! 30  
That my return involved Ordonio's death,  
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,  
Yet bearable: but when I see my father [842]  
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,  
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa— 35  
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants  
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,  
All perish—all! and I (nay bear with me)  
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

*Zulimez.* Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know, 40  
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome!  
You are a painter, [842:1] one of many fancies!  
You can call up past deeds, and make them live [843]  
On the blank canvas! and each little herb,  
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest, 45  
You have learnt to name—

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

*Alvar.* What if it were my brother coming onwards?  
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

*Enter ORDONIO*

*Alvar.* It is he!

*Ordonio (to himself as he enters).* If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature, 50

It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,  
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,  
In the night air, doth not more naturally  
Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror  
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

55

[Addressing ALVAR.]

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.  
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

*Alvar.* The Son of Valdez!

[ORDONIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*]

*Zulimez (to Alvar).* Why, what ails you now?  
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

*Alvar.* To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

60

*Ordonio (returning, and aloud).* Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—  
Those only, which the pale rays visited!  
O the unintelligible power of weeds,  
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:  
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,  
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks  
Some serviceable imp.

65

There's one of you  
Hath sent me a strange message.

*Alvar.* I am he.

*Ordonio.* With you, then, I am to speak:

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*]

And mark you, alone.

[*Exit ZULIMEZ.*]

70

[844]

'He that can bring the dead to life again!'—  
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,  
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

*Alvar.* 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,  
That are all dust and rottenness within.  
Would'st thou I should strip such?

75

*Ordonio.* Thou quibbling fool,  
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither  
To sport with thee?

*Alvar.* O no, my lord! to sport  
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

*Ordonio (aside).* O what a thing is man! the wisest heart  
A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,  
Yet still a fool!

80

[*Looks round the cottage.*]

You are poor!

*Alvar.* What follows thence?

*Ordonio.* That you would fain be richer.  
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?  
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,  
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:  
And for the boon I ask of you but this,  
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

85

*Alvar.* Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven  
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

90

*Ordonio.* The slave begins to soften.

[*Aside.*]

You are my friend,  
'He that can bring the dead to life again,'  
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren  
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.  
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

95

*Alvar (aside).* Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

*Ordonio.* I love a lady, and she would love me  
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.  
Have you no servants here, no listeners?

[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*]

*Alvar.* What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?

100

To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,  
Ill-starr'd Teresa!—Wretch! my softer soul  
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!

*Ordonio.* In truth this lady lov'd another man,  
But he has perish'd.

[845] *Alvar.* What! you kill'd him? hey? 105

*Ordonio.* I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!  
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

*[Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,  
And wear a fool's cap—

*Alvar.* Fare thee well—[845:1]  
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

*[ALVAR is retiring.*

*Ordonio.* Ho!

*[Calling to ALVAR. 110*

*Alvar.* Be brief, what wish you?

*Ordonio.* You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself  
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

*Alvar.* I listen to you.

*Ordonio.* In a sudden tempest  
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—  
The fellow—

115

*Alvar.* Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart  
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?  
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

*Ordonio.* Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

*Alvar.* Are you not wedded, then? Merciful Heaven!  
Not wedded to Teresa?

120

*Ordonio.* Why, what ails thee?  
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?  
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

*Alvar.* Proceed. I shall be silent.

*Ordonio.* To Teresa?  
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,  
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient  
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied  
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—  
Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.

125

[846]

*Alvar.* Well! and this lady!

130

*Ordonio.* If we could make her certain of his death,  
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,  
She tied a little portrait round his neck,  
Entreating him to wear it.

*Alvar.* Yes! he did so!

*Ordonio.* Why no: he was afraid of accidents,  
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.  
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,  
Till his return.

135

*Alvar.* What! he was your friend then?

*Ordonio.* I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,  
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—  
Can call the dead man up—he will not come.—  
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.  
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you  
Something he wore about him when he died.  
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar  
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.  
What say you now?

140

145

*Alvar.* Ordonio, I will do it.

*Ordonio.* We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,  
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez. 150  
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,  
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)  
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,  
And here, what you will value more, a purse.  
Come early for your magic ceremonies. 155

*Alvar.* I will not fail to meet you.

*Ordonio.* Till next we meet, farewell! [Exit ORDONIO.]

*Alvar (alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes passionately at the portrait).* And I did curse thee!

At midnight! on my knees! and I believed  
Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! thee dishonour'd!  
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly! 160  
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,  
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows

[847]

Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image  
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,  
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble— 165  
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,  
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life  
This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow  
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa, 170  
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,  
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—  
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,  
I will not now profane thee, holy image, 175  
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find  
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,  
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

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## FOOTNOTES:

[842:1] The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one [842:A], who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

*Zulimez (speaking of Alvar in the third person).* Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.

He told me, too, how in his early youth,  
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance  
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;  
There won the love of that divine old man,  
Courted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!  
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,  
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours  
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,  
That made the absent present; and to shadows  
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.  
He loved the old man, and revered his art:  
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,  
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn  
But this inalienable ornament,  
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal  
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,  
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.  
The art, he honoured thus, requited him:  
And in the following and calamitous years  
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

*Alhadra.* And then he framed this picture? and unaided  
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!

*Alvar.* A potent spell, a mighty talisman!  
The imperishable memory of the deed,  
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!  
So vivid were the forms within his brain,  
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

[Note in Appendix to the second and later editions of *Remorse*.]

[842:A] Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.] *Editions 1828, 1829.*

[845:1] The line should run thus:

And wear a fool's cap.

*Alvar.* Fare thee well!

(Oh! Brother!) (*aside*)

*Then aloud]*

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

*MS. H.*

### LINENOTES:

[9] Time] TIME *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[10] future] FUTURE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[13] past] PAST *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[36] her] *her* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[37] His] *His* *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[40] *Zulimez (much affected).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[49] *Alvar (starting).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[58] *Alvar (with deep emotion).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[66] lurks] works *Edition 1.*

[68] Hath] Who *Edition 1.*

[89] *Alvar (solemnly).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 94 [Then with great bitterness. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[109] *Alvar (watching his agitation).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 110 [Alvar retires to the back of the stage. Edition 1.*

[111] *Ordonio (having recovered himself).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[119] *Ordonio (hesitating).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[120] *Alvar (with eager vehemence).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[121] Teresa] TERESA *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[124] *Alvar (recollecting himself).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*Teresa] Teresa Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

*After 124 [ALVAR sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[130] *Alvar (lifting up his head).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[134] *Alvar (sighing).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[140] *Ordonio (wounded and embarrassed).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[147] will] can *Edition 1.*

[148] *Alvar (after a pause).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[159] *Thee perjurd, thee a traitress Edition 1. Thee perjurd, thee a traitress! Thee dishonoured Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[161] inarticulate] *inarticulate Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[162] infant . . . maiden] *Infant . . . Maiden Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[167-9] barter . . . Death-pang *om. Edition 1.*

[168] which with] with which *Editions 2, 3.*

[174] portrait] Image *Edition 1.*

*After 178 End of the Second Act. Editions 1, 2, 3.*

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## ACT III

### SCENE I

*A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an instrument of Glass or Steel.*

*VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

*Ordonio.* This was too melancholy, Father.

*Valdez.*

*Nay,*



My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.  
Once he was lost; and after weary search  
We found him in an open place in the wood.  
To which spot he had followed a blind boy, 5  
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore  
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,  
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw  
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:  
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep, 10  
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me  
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe  
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.  
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—  
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress, 15  
Yet still he wore it.

[848]

*Alvar (aside).* My tears must not flow!  
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

*Enter TERESA and Attendants.*

*Teresa.* Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,  
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)  
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery. 20

*Ordonio.* Believe you then no preternatural influence:  
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

*Teresa.* Say rather that I have imagined it  
A possible thing: and it has sooth'd my soul  
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me 25  
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope  
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.  
Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,  
On such employment! With far other thoughts  
I left you. 30

[To ALVAR.]

*Ordonio (aside).* Ha! he has been tampering with her?

*Alvar.* O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me  
Than suits the stranger's name!—  
I swear to thee  
I will uncover all conceal'd guilt. 35  
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.]

*Alvar.* With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm  
I call up the departed!  
Soul of Alvar!  
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:  
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,  
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one 40  
Of that innumerable company  
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,  
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,  
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:  
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless, 45  
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,  
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against  
The rushing of your congregated wings?  
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!  
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands, 50  
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,  
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion  
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!  
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves  
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven 55  
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split  
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge  
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs  
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!  
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance, 60  
Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,  
And joins your mighty army.

[849]

[Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, Sweet Spirit.'

Soul of Alvar!  
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!

By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang  
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,  
Pass visible before our mortal sense!  
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,  
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

65

SONG

*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
Lest a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

70

And at evening evermore,  
In a chapel on the shore,  
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,  
Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,  
Miserere Domine!

75

Hark! the cadence dies away  
On the quiet moonlight sea:  
The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
Miserere Domine!

80

[A long pause.]

[850] *Ordonio.* The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!  
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,  
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!  
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,  
O 'twere a joy to me!

85

*Alvar.* A joy to thee!  
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit  
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee  
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?  
What if (his stedfast eye still beaming pity  
And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,  
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look  
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

90

*Valdez.* These are unholy fancies!

*Ordonio.* Yes, my father,  
He is in Heaven!

95

*Alvar (still to Ordonio).* But what if he had a brother,  
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,  
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,  
More than the death-pang?

*Valdez.* Idly prating man!  
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother  
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!  
He is most virtuous.

100

*Alvar (still to Ordonio).* What, if his very virtues  
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?  
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?  
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,  
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;  
And one that at his mother's looking-glass  
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?  
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings—  
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,  
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,  
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,  
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!  
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

105

[Music again.]

*Teresa.* 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!  
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer  
Be present at these lawless mysteries,  
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!  
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—  
Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal  
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence  
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek

115

[851] 120

That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,  
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

*Alvar (to Teresa).* O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit  
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt  
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent! 125

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant. Music as before.*]

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering shape,  
Who own'st no master in a human eye,  
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul, 130  
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee  
That which he grasp'd in death! But if he live,  
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music dashes into a Chorus.*]

### CHORUS

Wandering demons, hear the spell!  
Lest a blacker charm compel— 135

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated  
picture of ALVAR'S assassination is discovered, and having  
remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*]

*Ordonio (starting).* Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the  
Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, &c., enter and fill the  
stage.*]

*Monviedro.* First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!  
The holy judges of the Inquisition  
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?  
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery. 140  
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,  
And as you hope for mild interpretation,  
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

*Ordonio (recovering himself as from stupor, to Servants).* Why  
haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*All rush out in tumult.*]

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### LINENOTES:

- [16] *Alvar (aside).* Stage-direction *om.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [33] stranger's] *Stranger's Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
- [35] Doubt, but decide not! Stand from off the altar. *Edition 1.*  
*After 49* [Music expressive of the movements and images that follow. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [54] upbuild] build up Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [62] Stage-direction [*Here behind, &c. om.* Edition 1.
- [75] chaunter] Chaunters Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [80] quiet] yellow Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [95] *Ordonio (struggling with his feelings).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [122] bend] kneel Edition 1.
- [125] *Alvar (to Teresa anxiously).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [129] a human eye] an eye of flesh Edition 1.
- [134] demons] demon Edition 1.
- [136] *Ordonio (starting in great agitation).* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [141] this] the Edition 1.

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### SCENE II

*Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.*

*Enter TERESA.*

*Teresa.* When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings  
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,  
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,  
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,  
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear 5  
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm  
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,  
While sweetest melodies are warbling—

*Enter VALDEZ.*

*Valdez.* Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,  
And extricate us from this net of peril! 10

*Teresa.* Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

*Valdez.* O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!  
This was no feat of mortal agency!  
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!  
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished, 15  
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy life,  
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,  
Alvar! My son! My son!—The Inquisitor—

*Teresa.* Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

*Valdez.* How often would he plead for these Morescoes!  
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers! 20

*Teresa.* So? so?—I comprehend you—He is—

*Valdez.* He is no more!

*Teresa.* O sorrow! that a father's voice should say this,  
A Father's Heart believe it!

*Valdez.* A worse sorrow  
Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing! 25

*Teresa.* These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,  
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,  
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!  
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied 30  
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,  
Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!

[853]

*Valdez.* Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,  
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!  
My child, we must not give religious faith  
To every voice which makes the heart a listener 35  
To its own wish.

*Teresa.* I breath'd to the Unerring  
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,  
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune  
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

*Valdez.* O not to-day, not now for the first time  
Was Alvar lost to thee— 40

Accurst assassins!  
Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,  
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relique  
More dear than was his life—

*Teresa.* O Heavens! my portrait!  
And he did grasp it in his death pang!  
Off, false demon, 45

That beat'st thy black wings close above my head! [853:1]

[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*

Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!  
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us  
From wicked thoughts—

[VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet ORDONIO, and during the concluding lines of TERESA'S speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*

Is Alvar dead? what then?  
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one! 50

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—  
Away! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar!  
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,  
One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—  
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.

[Retires out of sight.]

55

[854]

*Ordonio (as he advances with Valdez).* These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,  
That I too had received the wizard's message,  
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'  
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme  
To work a full conviction on the culprit,  
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

60

*Valdez.* 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered  
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—  
Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?  
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,  
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—  
Why—why, what ails you now?—

65

*Ordonio.* Me? what ails me?  
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd  
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

*Valdez.* His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,  
Bore reference to the assassins—

70

*Ordonio.* Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!  
The traitor, Isidore!  
I tell thee, my dear father!  
I am most glad of this.

[A pause, then wildly.]

*Valdez.* True—sorcery  
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us  
To the discovery of the murderers.  
I have their statures and their several faces  
So present to me, that but once to meet them  
Would be to recognize.

75

*Ordonio.* Yes! yes! we recognize them.  
I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down  
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!  
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled  
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,  
And the blood dances freely through its channels!

80

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!

[Then mimicking ISIDORE'S manner and voice.]

'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!  
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect  
His 'own full heart'—'twere good to see its colour.

85

[855]

*Valdez.* These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded  
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,  
But that in spite of your own seeming faith  
I held it for some innocent stratagem,  
Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts  
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

90

*Ordonio.* Love! love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?  
Hatred and love! fancies opposed by fancies!  
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?  
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature  
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.  
Are we not all predestined transiency,  
And cold dishonour? Grant it, that this hand  
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms  
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?  
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy  
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

95

100

*Valdez.* Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling—  
Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.

105

*Ordonio (Teresa reappears and advances slowly).* Say, I had laid a body in the sun!  
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse  
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings  
In place of that one man.—Say, I had kill'd him!

110

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all  
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,  
As that one life, which being push'd aside,  
Made room for these unnumbered—

Valdez. O mere madness!

[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before ORDONIO.]

Ordonio. Teresa? or the phantom of Teresa? 115

[856]

Teresa. Alas! the phantom only, if in truth  
The substance of her being, her life's life,  
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound— [A pause.  
Where—

(Even coward murder grants the dead a grave)  
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio! 120  
Where lies the corpse of my betrothéd husband?

Ordonio. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!  
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!<sup>[856:1]</sup>  
For while we live— 125  
An inward day that never, never sets,  
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs  
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with him.  
[Strides off towards the altar, but returns as VALDEZ is speaking.]

Teresa. The rock! the fir-grove! [To VALDEZ.]  
Did'st thou hear him say it?  
Hush! I will ask him!

Valdez. Urge him not—not now! 130  
This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,  
Than what the magic imagery revealed.  
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three—

Ordonio. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,  
Whom I will strangle!

Valdez. While his two companions— 135

Ordonio. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

[857]

Valdez (to Teresa). Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!  
These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,  
And this too fond affection, which still broods 140  
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—  
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,  
Distemper him, and give reality  
To the creatures of his fancy.

Ordonio. Is it so?  
Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly  
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep 145  
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

Father!  
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,  
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,  
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,  
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar? 150

Valdez. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,  
He was their advocate; but you had march'd  
With fire and desolation through their villages.—  
Yet he by chance was captured.

Ordonio. Unknown, perhaps, 155  
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.  
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?

Valdez. What seek you now?

Teresa. A better, surer light  
To guide me—

Both Valdez and Ordonio. Whither?

*Teresa.* To the only place  
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.  
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!  
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,  
And that will be my guide. 160

*Valdez.* To find a lover!  
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?  
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, *Teresa!*

*Teresa.* Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage. 165  
And am I hastening to the arms—O Heaven!  
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

[Exit, VALDEZ following after her.]

[858] *Ordonio.* This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?  
Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!  
By the deep feelings of revenge and hate 170  
I will still love her—woo her—win her too! [A pause.  
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait  
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd  
To escape the crueller flames—My soul shouts triumph!

The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood! 175  
They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, *Ordonio!* [A pause.  
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood  
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek  
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye  
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch! 180

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,  
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!  
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,  
Whence he shall never, never more return!

[Looks through the side window.]

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea, 185  
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. [Exit.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [853:1] 45-6. Compare *The Death of Wallenstein*, Act I, Sc. iv, ll. 48-9. See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 650.
- [856:1] It was pleasing to observe, during the Rehearsal all the Actors and Actresses and even the Mechanics on the stage clustering round while these lines were repeating just as if it had been a favourite strain of Music. But from want of depth and volume of voice in Rae, they did not produce an equal effect on the Public till after the Publication—and *then* they (I understand) were applauded. I have never seen the Piece since the first Night. *S. T. C.*

## LINENOTES:

[SCENE II] SCENE III. *Interior of a Chapel. Edition 1.*

[20] would he] wouldst thou *Edition 1.*

[22] *Teresa (wildly). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

*Valdez (with averted countenance). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[24] A worse sorrow] And how painful *Edition 1.*

[41] Was Alvar lost to thee—

[Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.]

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[44] *Teresa (with faint shriek). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

my] *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[45] He grasp'd it in his death-pang! *Edition 1. did] did Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[49] Is] *Is Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[52] Thou] *Thou Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

After 55 Stage-direction *om. Edition 1.*

[67] *Ordonio (confused). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[73] *Valdez (confused). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

After 83 [Turns off abruptly; then to himself. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[84] grateful] *grateful Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

- [94] Ordonio (in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [101] Had] *Had* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 105 [Averting himself. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [107] Ordonio (now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father; and just after the speech has commenced, Teresa, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [110] kill'd] *kill'd* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 110 [TERESA starts and stops listening. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 Before 115 Ordonio (checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [124] live] LIVE Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [128] him] HIM Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 128 [Strides off in agitation towards the altar, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [129] Teresa (recoiling with the expression appropriate to the passion). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 thou] *thou* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [131] beheld . . . he] *beheld . . . He* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [134] grateful] *grateful* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [135] Valdez (looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [146] Starts up bewildered and talks idly.  
[Then mysteriously.  
 Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [158] Both. Whither Edition 1.
- [168] must] *must* Editions 1, 2, 3.
- [171] win] *win* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [176] thy] *thy* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 186 end of the Third Act. Editions 1, 2, 3.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

*A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. ISIDORE alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

*Isidore.* Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!  
 'His life in danger, no place safe but this!  
 'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.'  
 And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.  
 It can not be!

Thanks to that little crevice,  
 Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.  
 To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,  
 Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—  
 Any thing but this crash of water drops!  
 These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence  
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition!  
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[859]

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: and returns.*

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!  
 I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice  
 Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it mov'd.

5

10

15

[ISIDORE *stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time* ORDONIO *enters with a torch, and halloes to* ISIDORE.

*Isidore.* I swear that I saw something moving there!  
 The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—  
 I swear, I saw it move.

*Ordonio (goes into the recess, then returns).*  
 A jutting clay stone  
 Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:  
 And the weed nods and drips. [859:1]



*Isidore.* A jest to laugh at! 20  
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

*Ordonio.* What scar'd you, then?

*Isidore.* You see that little rift?  
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO'S, and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand  
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath  
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours 25  
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)  
You see that crevice there?  
My torch extinguished by these water-drops,  
And marking that the moonlight came from thence, 30  
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;  
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—  
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced  
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink  
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine 35  
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,  
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.  
Was it my own fear?

[860]

Fear too hath its instincts! [\[860:1\]](#)  
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,  
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye) 40  
An arm of frost above and from behind me  
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!  
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!  
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

*Ordonio.* It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

*Isidore.* If every atom of a dead man's flesh 45  
Should creep, each one with a particular life,  
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!  
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost  
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

*Ordonio.* Why, Isidore, 50  
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,  
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—  
But such a panic—

*Isidore.* When a boy, my lord!  
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,  
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle 55  
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head  
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments  
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,  
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never  
A living thing came near—unless, perchance, 60  
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould  
Close at its edge.

*Ordonio.* Art thou more coward now?

[861]

*Isidore.* Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward!  
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern, 65  
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.  
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,  
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted  
By what had passed between us in the morning.  
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at  
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance— 70  
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,  
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!  
While every goodly or familiar form  
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me! [\[861:1\]](#)  
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;  
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me, 75  
In my last dream—

*Ordonio.* Well?

*Isidore.* I was in the act  
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra  
Wak'd me: she heard my heart beat.

*Ordonio.* Strange enough!  
Had you been here before?

*Isidore.* Never, my lord!  
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,  
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm. 80

*Ordonio (after a pause).* I know not why it should be! yet it is—

*Isidore.* What is, my lord?

*Ordonio.* Abhorrent from our nature  
To kill a man.—

*Isidore.* Except in self-defence.

*Ordonio.* Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—  
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,  
Have sterner feelings? 85

*Isidore.* Something troubles you.  
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,  
By all that makes that life of value to me,  
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,  
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing, 90  
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!  
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,  
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,  
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight, 95  
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.  
It must be innocent.

*Ordonio.* Thyself be judge.  
One of our family knew this place well.

*Isidore.* Who? when? my lord?

*Ordonio.* What boots it, who or when?  
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee. 100

*[They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.]*

He was a man different from other men,  
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

*Isidore (aside).* He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!  
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

*[Then to ORDONIO.]*

What, he was mad?

*Ordonio.* All men seemed mad to him!  
Nature had made him for some other planet,  
And pressed his soul into a human shape  
By accident or malice. In this world  
He found no fit companion. 105

*Isidore.* Of himself he speaks. *[Aside.]*  
Alas! poor wretch!  
Mad men are mostly proud. 110

*Ordonio.* He walked alone,  
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.  
Something within would still be shadowing out  
All possibilities; and with these shadows  
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened, 115  
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:  
To this in moody murmur and low voice  
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:  
The man who heard him.—  
Why did'st thou look round?

*Isidore.* I have a prattler three years old, my lord!  
In truth he is my darling. As I went 120  
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—  
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!  
And what did this man?

*Ordonio.* With this human hand 125  
He gave a substance and reality  
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—  
Well it was done!  
Why babblest thou of guilt?

The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.  
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

*Isidore.* I would, my lord, you were by my fire-side, 130  
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,  
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,  
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

*Ordonio.* Where was I?

*Isidore.* He of whom you tell the tale—

*Ordonio.* Surveying all things with a quiet scorn, 135  
Tamed himself down to living purposes,  
The occupations and the semblances  
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!  
But that same over ready agent—he—

*Isidore.* Ah! what of him, my lord?

*Ordonio.* He proved a traitor, 140  
Betrayed the mystery to a brother-traitor,  
And they between them hatch'd a damnéd plot  
To hunt him down to infamy and death.  
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name  
Since he dared do it.—

[ORDONIO *grasps his sword, and turns off from ISIDORE, then after a pause returns.* 145  
Our links burn dimly.

*Isidore.* A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!  
Tell what he did.

*Ordonio.* That which his wisdom prompted—  
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,  
And here he kill'd the traitor.

*Isidore.* No! the fool! 150  
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.  
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen  
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie  
To murder his own brother, would not scruple 155  
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,  
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

*Ordonio.* Thou would'st not then have come, if—

*Isidore.* Oh yes, my lord!  
I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.  
[ISIDORE *throws off his robe; shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*

*Ordonio.* Now this is excellent and warms the blood! 160  
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back  
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance  
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,  
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—  
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it 165  
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

*Isidore.* And all my little ones fatherless—  
Die thou first.

[*They fight, ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.*

*Ordonio.* I have hurl'd him down the chasm! treason for treason.  
He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,  
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him. 170  
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit ORDONIO.*

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## FOOTNOTES:

[859:1] 18-20. Compare *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, ll. 17-20, p. 179. See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 651.

[860:1] 38-9. These two lines uttered in an under-voice, and timidly, as anticipating Ordonio's sneer, and yet not able to disguise his own superstition. (*Marginal Note to First Edition.*)

What trouble had I not, and at last almost fruitless, to teach De Camp the hurried under-voice with which Isidore should utter these two lines, as anticipating Ordonio's scorn, and yet unable to suppress his own superstition—and yet De Camp, spite of voice, person, and inappropriate protrusion of the chest, understood and realised his part better than all the rest—to the man of sense, I mean. *MS. H.*

[861:1] 72-3. In the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, ii. 73 Coleridge puts these lines into another shape:  
—

The simplest and the most familiar things  
Gain a strange power of spreading awe around them.

See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 651.

## LINENOTES:

After 12 [*He goes . . . moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an extasy of fear. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*]

[13] pit] *pit Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[18] Ordonio (*goes . . . returns, and with great scorn.*) Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[20] Isidore (*forcing a laugh faintly.*) Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[47] ever] *eve Edition 1.*

[49] Ordonio (*interrupting him.*) Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

[51] brave] *brave Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[60] battens] *fattens Edition 1.*

[68-73] *om. Edition 1.*

[71] afraid] *afraid Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[82] Ordonio (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause.*) Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

is] *is Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[97] It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*]

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[103] He? He] *He? He Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[124] this] *his Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[127] Well it was done! [Then very wildly.]

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[140] him . . . He] *him . . . He, Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[155] thee] *thee Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

After 167

[*They fight . . . standing.* (The rest of the stage-direction is here omitted.)]

*Isid.* (*springing wildly towards Ordonio.*) Still I can strangle thee!

*Ord.* Nay fool, stand off!

I'll kill thee, but not so. Go fetch thy sword.

[ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him . . . returns alone.*]

*Edition 1.*

[169] dreamt] *dreamt Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[171] dream] *dream Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

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## SCENE II

*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.*

*Teresa.* Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze  
Ev'n pity's eye with her own frozen tear.  
In vain I urge the tortures that await him;  
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,  
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!

Well, I have won from her what most imports  
The present need, this secret of the dungeon  
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!  
No, I have faith, that Nature ne'er permitted  
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True, 10  
I doubt not that Ordonio had suborned him  
To act some part in some unholy fraud;  
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose  
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,  
And that Ordonio meditates revenge! 15  
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,  
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

*Enter VALDEZ.*

*Valdez.* Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door  
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,  
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it 20  
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.  
Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!  
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—  
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs  
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans— 25

*Teresa.* The horror of their ghastly punishments  
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,  
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,  
If it were possible I could feel more,  
Even though the dearest inmates of our household 30  
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

*Valdez.* Hush, thoughtless woman!

*Teresa.* Nay, it wakes within me  
More than a woman's spirit.

*Valdez.* No more of this—  
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!  
I dare not listen to you.

*Teresa.* My honoured lord, 35  
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er  
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,  
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

[866] *Valdez.* —We have mourned for Alvar.  
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt. 40  
Have I no other son?

*Teresa.* Speak not of him!  
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!  
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?  
And if not madness, there is mystery,  
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

*Valdez.* Is this well? 45

*Teresa.* Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?  
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear  
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?  
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—  
I would call up before thine eyes the image 50  
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!<sup>[866:1]</sup>  
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,  
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!  
That spiritual and almost heavenly light  
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic, 55  
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man  
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.  
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread  
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,  
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd 60  
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,  
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,  
Or gaze upon enamour'd!

O my father!  
Recall that morning when we knelt together,  
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now, 65  
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,

As at that moment he rose up before thee,  
 Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him  
 Ordonio's dark perturbéd countenance!  
 Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn 70  
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!  
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who never  
 Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

*Valdez.* Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle  
 An old man's passion! was it not enough, 75  
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,  
 Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason;  
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion?  
 And toil to blast his honour? I am old,  
 A comfortless old man!

[867]

*Teresa.* O grief! to hear 80  
 Hateful entreaties from a voice we love!

*Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ.*

*Valdez (reading it).* 'He dares not venture hither!' Why, what can this mean?  
 'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,  
 That watch around my gates, should intercept him;  
 But he conjures me, that without delay 85  
 I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me  
 To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—  
 He will reveal a secret, the joy of which  
 Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be?  
 Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem, 90  
 To have in me a hostage for his safety.  
 Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!  
 I will go thither—let them arm themselves. *[Exit VALDEZ.*

*Teresa (alone).* The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.  
 Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear 95  
 A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,  
 As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.  
 O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return,  
 Those blessed days that imitated heaven,  
 When we two wont to walk at eventide; 100  
 When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard  
 The voice of that Almighty One who loved us  
 In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!  
 O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure  
 Hath half assumed the countenance of grief, 105  
 And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight  
 Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. *[A pause.*  
 And this majestic Moor, seems he not one  
 Who oft and long communing with my Alvar  
 Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence, 110  
 And guides me to him with reflected light?  
 What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery  
 Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—  
 Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—  
 I'll free him. *[Exit TERESA.*

## FOOTNOTES:

[866:1] 52-63. Compare Fragment No. 39, p. 1005.

## LINENOTES:

*Before 1* stage-direction *om.* Scene II is headed '*The Sea-Coast*' *Edition 1.*

*The interior . . . of Dungeon visible. Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

[17] know] knew *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[18] *Valdez.* Still sad, Teresa! This same wizard haunts you *Edition 1.*

[19-22] *om. Edition 1.*

*After 23* [*With a sneer. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[26] *Teresa (with solemn indignation). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[33] woman's] woman *Edition 1.*

[868]

## SCENE III

*The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.*

*Alhadra.* Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem  
 As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold  
 The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,  
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands.  
 Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl, 5  
 (Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!  
 Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!  
 Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song  
 To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.  
 Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men? 10  
 I need the sympathy of human faces,  
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,  
 Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,  
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed  
 To bring me food! or rather that my soul 15  
 Could drink in life from the universal air!  
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff  
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,  
 To float for ever with a careless course.  
 And think myself the only being alive! 20

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,  
 This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!  
 To stupify a woman's heart with anguish  
 Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

*[She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till NAOMI enters.*

[869]

*Naomi.* Woman! May Alla and the Prophet bless thee! 25  
 We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?  
 And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

*Alhadra (raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle).* Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in  
 the battle!  
 My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work  
 An honourable deed? And would ye work it 30  
 In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!  
 They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,  
 His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,  
 And his bones soften.

*Naomi.* Where is Isidore?

*Alhadra.* This night I went from forth my house, and left 35  
 His children all asleep: and he was living!  
 And I return'd and found them still asleep,  
 But he had perished—

*All Morescoes.* Perished?

*Alhadra.* He had perished!  
 Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know  
 That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan! 40  
 Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm  
 Revenge his murder?

*One Moresco (to another).* Did she say his murder?

*Naomi.* Murder? Not murdered?

*Alhadra.* Murdered by a Christian!

*[They all at once draw their sabres.*

*Alhadra (to Naomi, who advances from the circle).* Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword;  
 This is thy chieftain's! *[He steps forward to take it.*

	Dost thou dare receive it?	45
	For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet, No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [ <i>A pause.</i> Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!	<a href="#">50</a>
	<i>Naomi.</i> He dies, by Alla!	
	<i>All (kneeling).</i> By Alla!	
	<i>Alhadra.</i> This night your chieftain armed himself, And hurried from me. But I followed him At distance, till I saw him enter—there!	
<a href="#">[870]</a>	<i>Naomi.</i> The cavern?	
	<i>Alhadra.</i> Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern After a while I saw the son of Valdez Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered. There was another and a longer pause; And once, methought I heard the clash of swords! And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared: He flung his torch towards the moon in sport, And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening, Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!	55 60
	<i>Naomi.</i> Thou called'st him?	
	<i>Alhadra.</i> I crept into the cavern— 'Twas dark and very silent. What said'st thou?	<a href="#">65</a>
	No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore, Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while, Belike, I lost all thought and memory Of that for which I came! After that pause, O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it: And yet another groan, which guided me Into a strange recess—and there was light, A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground; Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink: I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!	<a href="#">70</a> <a href="#">75</a>
	<i>Naomi.</i> Comfort her, Alla!	
	<i>Alhadra.</i> I stood in unimaginable trance And agony that cannot be remembered, Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan! But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!	80
	<i>Naomi.</i> Haste! let us onward.	
	<i>Alhadra.</i> I looked far down the pit— My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment: And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked, My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire, And all the hanging drops of the wet roof Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood! And I was leaping wildly down the chasm, When on the farther brink I saw his sword, And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue! The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here, And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore! Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives! Away! away!	85 90
<a href="#">[871]</a>	<i>All.</i> Away! away!	
	<i>[She rushes off, all following her.]</i>	

## LINENOTES:

[Scene III.](#) 1-24 *om.* Edition 1.

Before [25](#)

*The mountains by moonlight.* ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress;



her eye fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA.

*A Moresco, NAOMI, advances from out the circle.*

*Naomi. Woman! may Alla, &c.*

*Edition 1.*

Stage-direction after 24 [*She fixes . . . and remain silent till the Second in Command, NAOMI, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors. Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Before 28 *Alhadra (lifting up eyes, and looking, &c.). Edition 1.*

[35] *Alhadra (in a deep low voice). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[54] *there Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[65] 'Twas dark and very silent.

[*Then wildly.*

*Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

[72] *light Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

After 77 *All. Haste, let us seek the murderer. Edition 1.*

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## ACT V

### SCENE I

*A Dungeon.*

*ALVAR (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

*Alvar.* And this place my forefathers made for man!

This is the process of our love and wisdom

To each poor brother who offends against us—

Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?

Is this the only cure? Merciful God!

Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up

By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart,

And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,

They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!

Then we call in our pampered mountebanks:

And this is their best cure! uncomforted

And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,

And savage faces, at the clanking hour,

Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon

By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies

Circled with evil, till his very soul

Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed

By sights of evermore deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!

Healest thy wandering and distempered child:

Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,

Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;

Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!

Till he relent, and can no more endure

To be a jarring and a dissonant thing

Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;

But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,

His angry spirit healed and harmonized

By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,

In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!

But the self-approving mind is its own light

And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart

Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[*Retires out of sight.*

*Enter TERESA with a taper.*

*Teresa.* It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me;

Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose

The substance of my being—my strongest grasp

Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.

[872]

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds  
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—  
O for one human face here—but to see  
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!  
It is but my own fear! The life within me,  
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,  
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!  
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be  
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[Looking round.

40

[Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the recess.

*Alvar (rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling).* O gracious heaven! it is, it is  
Teresa!

Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock  
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,  
And joy complete what terror has begun.  
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!  
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!  
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

50

55

*Teresa (recovering).* I heard a voice; but often in my dreams  
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—  
To hear it waking! but I never could—  
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—  
Murdered perhaps! and I am faint, and feel  
As if it were no painful thing to die!

[873]

60

*Alvar.* Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,  
Belovéd woman! 'Twas a low imposture  
Framed by a guilty wretch.

*Teresa.* Ha! Who art thou?

*Alvar.* Suborned by his brother—

*Teresa.* Didst thou murder him?  
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,  
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

65

*Alvar.* Ordonio—he—

*Teresa.* If thou didst murder him—  
His spirit ever at the throne of God  
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,  
With tears in Heaven!

70

*Alvar.* Alvar was not murdered.  
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

*Teresa.* Nay, nay, but tell me!  
O 'tis lost again!

[A pause.

This dull confuséd pain—  
Mysterious man!

[A pause.

Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye  
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—  
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,  
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,  
As many as the drops twice counted o'er  
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

75

80

*Alvar.* I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer  
Exists but in the stain upon his face.  
That picture—

*Teresa.* Ha! speak on!

*Alvar.* Beloved Teresa!  
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait  
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!  
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[874]

85

[Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.

*Teresa (receiving the portrait).* The same—it is the same! Ah! Who art thou?  
Nay, I will call thee, Alvar!

[She falls on his neck.

*Alvar.* O joy unutterable!  
But hark! a sound as of removing bars  
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while  
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.

90

For the honour of our race, for our dear father;  
O for himself too (he is still my brother)  
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,  
That he may wake as from a dream of murder! 95  
O let me reconcile him to himself,  
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,  
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

*Teresa.* O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee  
With that obdurate man.

*Alvar.* Thou dost not leave me! 100  
But a brief while retire into the darkness:  
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

*Teresa.* The sound of thy voice shall be my music!  
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?  
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [Exit. 105

[A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and ORDONIO enters, with a  
goblet in his hand.

*Ordonio.* Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood  
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,  
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.  
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,  
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not. 110  
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,  
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,  
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,  
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;  
And when one bubble runs foul of another, 115  
The weaker needs must break.

[875] *Alvar.* I see thy heart!  
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye  
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,  
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,  
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt, 120  
And quell each human feeling.

*Ordonio.* Feeling! feeling!  
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—  
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;  
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me  
If willingly I e'er inflicted them! 125  
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.

[ORDONIO proffers the goblet.

*Alvar.* Yon insect on the wall,  
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,  
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,  
It were an infinitely curious thing! 130  
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!  
And by the power of its miraculous will  
Wields all the complex movements of its frame  
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!  
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim 135  
I would remove it with an anxious pity!

*Ordonio.* What meanest thou?

*Alvar.* There's poison in the wine.

*Ordonio.* Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.  
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?  
For one of us must die!

*Alvar.* Whom dost thou think me? 140

*Ordonio.* The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

*Alvar.* I know him not.  
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.  
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?  
Isidore? Isidore? 145

*Ordonio.* Good! good! that lie! by heaven it has restored me.  
Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,

Or die a bitterer death.

*Alvar.* What strange solution  
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,  
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.*

My master!

[150](#)

[876]

*Ordonio.* Thou mountebank!

*Alvar.* Mountebank and villain!  
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!  
What boots a weapon in a withered arm?  
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!  
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,  
And turn it to a motionless distraction!  
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,  
Thy faith in universal villainy,  
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn  
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!  
What have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?  
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made  
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?  
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself  
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?  
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved—

155

160

[165](#)

*Ordonio.* Saved? saved?

*Alvar.* One pang!  
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

*Ordonio.* He told me of the babes that prattled to him.  
His fatherless little ones! remorse! remorse!  
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse!  
Can it give up the dead, or recompact  
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!  
Not all the blessings of a host of angels  
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!  
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,  
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

170

[175](#)

*Alvar.* But Alvar—

*Ordonio.* Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,  
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.  
Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!  
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,  
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

180

*Alvar.* Alas!  
That day when thou didst leap from off the rock  
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,  
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,  
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!  
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,  
And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows  
How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him!  
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,  
And weep forgiveness!

185

[877]

*Ordonio.* Spirit of the dead!  
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild  
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

[190](#)

*Alvar.* I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

*Ordonio.* Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—  
I fear thee, man!

*Teresa (rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck).* Ordonio!  
'tis thy brother!

[195](#)

[ORDONIO *runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself on  
ORDONIO and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop!

*Alvar.* Does then this thin disguise impenetrably  
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds

And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,  
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament 200  
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,  
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—Brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

*Ordonio (drawing back, and gazing at Alvar).* Touch me not!  
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, ALVAR and TERESA prevent him.*]

*Alvar.* We will find means to save your honour. Live, 205  
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!  
Spare his grey hairs!

*Teresa.* And you may yet be happy.

*Ordonio.* O horror! not a thousand years in heaven  
Could recompose this miserable heart,  
Or make it capable of one brief joy! 210  
Live! live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:  
For is it fit a villain should be proud?  
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother! [*Kneeling.*]  
Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

[878] *Alvar.* Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee! 215  
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

*Teresa.* O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

*Ordonio.* Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!  
Thou said'st thou did'st not know him—That is he!  
He comes upon me!

*Alvar.* Heal, O heal him, heaven! 220

*Ordonio.* Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!  
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?  
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—  
A husband and a father!—

*Teresa.* Some secret poison  
Drinks up his spirits!

*Ordonio.* Let the eternal justice 225  
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—  
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!  
And be myself alone my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush ALHADRA,  
and the band of Morescoes.*]

*Alhadra.* Seize first that man!

[*ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.*]

*Ordonio.* Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword. 230  
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!  
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,  
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength  
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

*Alhadra.* My husband—

*Ordonio.* Yes, I murdered him most foully. 235

*Alvar and Teresa.* O horrible!

*Alhadra.* Why did'st thou leave his children?  
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell  
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened  
My soul in misery, and have had comfort. 240  
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,  
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning  
For a deep horror of desolation,  
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!  
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee. 245  
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish, 245  
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour  
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,

[879]

Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!  
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

*Teresa.* He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee! 250  
O let him live! That agéd man, his father—

*Alhadra.* Why had he such a son?  
[*Shouts from the distance of Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! and the voice of VALDEZ heard.*  
Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—  
The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.  
Now take my life!

*Ordonio (staggering from the wound).* Atonement!

[880] *Alvar (while with Teresa supporting Ordonio).* Arm of avenging Heaven 255  
Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—  
But go! my word was pledged to thee.

*Ordonio.* Away!  
Brave not my Father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—  
[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!  
I stood in silence like a slave before her 260  
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,  
And satiate this self-accusing heart  
With bitterer agonies than death can give.  
Forgive me, Alvar!  
Oh!—could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*

[ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.]

*Alhadra (to the Moors).* I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely, 265  
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point  
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man  
Regardless of his own life, makes him too  
Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men 270  
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,  
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;  
The deep foundations of iniquity  
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;  
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,  
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall; 275  
Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,  
And all that were and had the spirit of life,  
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,  
Conquering and still to conquer!

[ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed  
Peasants, and Servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ  
rushes into ALVAR'S arms.]

*Alvar.* Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide, 280  
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy  
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[*Both kneel to* VALDEZ.]

*Valdez.* My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

[881] *Teresa.* Me too, my Father?

*Valdez.* Bless, Oh bless my children! [*Both rise.*

*Alvar.* Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief, 285  
Were ominous. In these strange dread events  
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,  
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.  
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,  
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn, 290  
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,  
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!  
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!  
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

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## LINENOTES:

[30] touch] torch *Edition 1.*

- [36] life] life-blood *Edition 1.*  
 After 41 As in a dream I ask; if it be a dream *Edition 1.*
- [46] Beyond which I scarce dare to look! (*shudders*) *Edition 1.*  
 After 46 [*Shuddering.* Editions 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 48 [*Faintly . . . recess, and moves hastily towards her.* *Edition 1.*  
 After 55 Teresa (*recovering, looks round wildly*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [62] Alvar (*eagerly*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [64] Teresa (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon*).  
 Ha! who art thou?  
 Alvar (*exceedingly affected*). Suborned, &c.  
 Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [65] thou Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [72] Teresa (*wildly*). Nay, nay, but tell me! [A pause, then presses her forehead.  
 O 'tis lost again!  
 This dull confused pain. [A pause, she gazes at ALVAR.  
 Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [77] he Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [83] Teresa (*advances towards him*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [98] own *om.* *Edition 1.*  
 After 103 [*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing ALVAR.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 Before 106 Ordonio (*with affected gravity*). *Edition 1 (c) (?)*.
- [107] old Pluto] oblivion *Edition 1.*  
 After 115 [*Waving his hand to ALVAR.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [150] [ALVAR . . . and throws it to the ground with stern contempt. *Edition 1.* [ALVAR . . . and  
 throwing it to the ground, &c. Editions 2, 3, 1829.
- [166] Ordonio (*vacantly repeating the words*). Saved? Saved? Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [177] Alvar (*almost overcome by his feelings*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [193] Alvar (*seizing his hand*). *Edition 1.*  
 After 195 [ORDONIO with frantic wildness runs, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [203] Ordonio (*drawing back and gazing at Alvar with a countenance of at once awe and terror*).  
 Touch me not! Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [207] And] Oh *Edition 1.*
- [214] Curse Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [218] Ordonio (*pointing at vacancy*). *Edition 1.* (*pointing at the vacancy*). Editions 2, 3, 1829.
- [225] Ordonio (*fiercely recollecting himself*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.  
 After 229 (*Alvar presses on as if to defend Ordonio.*) *Edition 1.*
- [243] one] one's 1829.  
 After 244 [*Struggling to suppress her feelings.* Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [246] his Editions 2, 3, 1829.
- [252] Alhadra (*sternly*). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [254] my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.
- [254-9] The deed be mine! (*Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*) Now take *my* life!  
 Alv. (*while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO*). Arm of avenging Heaven!  
 Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd hope  
 But go! my word was pledged to thee. Away!  
 Brave not my Father's vengeance!  
 [The Moors hurry off ALHADRA.  
 Ord. She hath aveng'd the blood of Isidore.  
 Edition 1.
- [255] Ordonio (*with great majesty*). 'Tis well thou hast avenged thyself, O Woman! *Edition 1 (b).*

[*Note.*—In his collation of *Remorse* with *Osorio*, the Editor of *P. W.* 1877-1880, iv. 154 affixes to lines 289-303 of the Fifth Act of *Osorio* the following variant, said to be derived from the First Edition of *Remorse*:—After the cry of 'No mercy' (*Osorio*, Act V, l. 300), 'NAOMI advances with the sword and ALHADRA snatches it from him and suddenly stabs ORDONIO. ALVAR rushes through the Moors and catches him in his arms.' After Ordonio's dying speech [ll. 304-307], there are '*shouts of Alvar! Alvar! behind the scenes. A Moor*

rushes in'—

*Moor.* We are surprised! away! away! this instant!  
The country is in arms! Lord Valdez heads them,  
And still cries out, 'My son! my Alvar lives!'  
Haste to the shore! they come the opposite road.  
Your wives and children are already safe.  
The boat is on the shore—the vessel waits.

*Alhadra.* Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety  
Thy word stands pledged.

*Alvar.* Arm of avenging Heaven!  
I had two cherish'd hopes—the one remains,  
The other thou hast snatch'd from me: but my word  
Is pledged to thee; nor shall it be retracted—

*Edition 1 (c) (?)*.

[For MS. version of this variant see note on p. 597.]]

[257] But go!] Yet, yet *MS. H.*

After 259 (*ORDONIO follows ALHADRA with his eye which then raising languidly to ALVAR he compleats his meaning, but substituting 'the' for 'Thee'.* Marginal stage-direction inserted in *MS. R.*

Stage-direction preceding 265 and 265-79: *om. Edition 1.*

Before 280 [*The stage fills with armed peasants . . . ALVAR's arms. Edition 1.*

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## APPENDIX

The following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken from the tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. [1798, pp. 28-31: *vide ante*, pp. 182-4.]

*Enter Teresa and Selma.*

*Teresa.* 'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,  
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

*Selma.* Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be  
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,  
As often as I think of those dear times, 5  
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! 10

*Teresa.* But that entrance, Selma?

*Selma.* Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

*Teresa.* No one.

*Selma.* My husband's father told it me,  
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;  
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw  
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam 15  
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, 20  
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.  
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,  
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—  
And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,  
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes, 25  
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 gathered simples in the wood, 30  
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 rare and learned youth: 35

[882]



But O! 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, nor in a holy place. 40  
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,  
The late Lord Valdez 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, 45  
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, 50  
And cast into that hole. My husband's father  
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:  
And once he was working near this dungeon,  
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,  
Who sung a doleful song about green fields, 55  
How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna  
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, 60  
He made that cunning entrance I described,  
And the young man escaped.

*Teresa.* '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?

[883]

*Selma.* He went on shipboard 65  
With those bold voyagers who made discovery  
Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother  
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,  
He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,  
Soon after they arrived in that new world, 70  
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. 75

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## ZAPOLYA<sup>[883:1]</sup>

### A CHRISTMAS TALE IN TWO PARTS<sup>[883:2]</sup>

Πὰρ πρὸ χρόνι τοιαῦτα λέγειν χεῖμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENAEUM.

### ADVERTISEMENT

The form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylean Trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and the *Eumenides*. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the Time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (*i. e.* render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[883:1] First published in 1817: included in 1828, 1829 and 1834. *Zapolya* was written at Calne, in Wiltshire, in 1815. It was offered to the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, and rejected, in March, 1816.

LINENOTES:

[Orestes](#)] *Choephoroe MS. S. T. C.*

[884]

PART I

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FORTUNE'

CHARACTERS

EMERICK, *Usurping King of Illyria.*

RAAB KIUPRILI, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*

CASIMIR, *Son of KIUPRILI.*

CHEF RAGOZZI, *a Military Commander.*

ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

SCENE I

*Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

*Chef Ragozzi.* My eyes deceive me not, it must be he.  
Who but our chief, my more than father, who  
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?  
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste  
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.  
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!  
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

5

*[Drums beat, &c., the Guard turns out.*

*Enter RAAB KIUPRILI.*

*Raab Kiuprili (making a signal to stop the drums, &c.).* Silence! enough! This is no time,  
young friend,  
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,  
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,  
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.  
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,  
His loyal fellow-warriors.

10

*[Guards retire.*

*Chef Ragozzi.* Pardon my surprise.  
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!  
What may these wonders prophesy?

*Raab Kiuprili.* Tell me first,  
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

15

*Chef Ragozzi.* We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends  
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,  
And as a child I have reared thee. Whence this air  
Of mystery? That face was wont to open  
Clear as the morning to me, shewing all things.  
Hide nothing from me.

[885]

[20](#)

*Chef Ragozzi.* O most loved, most honoured,  
The mystery that struggles in my looks  
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee  
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.  
And mystery is contagious. All things here  
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:  
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

25

*Raab Kiuprili.* I have trembling proof within how true thou speakest.

[30](#)

*Chef Ragozzi.* That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,

Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts,  
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises  
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard  
All—  
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

35

*Raab Kiuprili.* Ha!—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.  
This letter written by the trembling hand  
Of royal Andreas calls me from the camp  
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,  
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,  
And of the royal infant. Day by day,  
Robbed of Zapolya's soothing cares, the king  
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,  
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

40

45

*Chef Ragozzi.* Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech  
Whose face so much distempered you?

*Raab Kiuprili.* Barzoni?  
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing  
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself),  
I sent him from the camp.

*Chef Ragozzi.* To him, in chief,  
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

50

*Raab Kiuprili.* Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?

[886]

*Chef Ragozzi.* With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,  
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers!  
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints  
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal  
To rob a dying man of any hope,  
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,  
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

55

*Raab Kiuprili.* The venomous snake! My heel was on its head,  
And (fool!) I did not crush it!

60

*Chef Ragozzi.* Nay, he fears  
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Manifest treason! Even this brief delay  
Half makes me an accomplice—(If he live,)

[*Is moving toward the palace.*

If he but live and know me, all may—

*Chef Ragozzi.* Halt!  
On pain of death, my Lord! am I commanded  
To stop all ingress to the palace.

[*Stops him.*

65

*Raab Kiuprili.* Thou!

*Chef Ragozzi.* No place, no name, no rank excepted—

*Raab Kiuprili.* Thou!

*Chef Ragozzi.* This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili!  
I give it as a weapon to thy hands,  
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,  
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.  
Thou art the framer of my nobler being;  
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,  
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.  
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace  
Is guarded from within, that each access  
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by ruffians  
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil  
Which that false promiser still trails before them.  
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life  
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!

70

75

80

*Raab Kiuprili.* My heart is rent asunder. O my country,  
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound?  
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?  
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?  
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt? And now  
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?

85

Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up  
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I  
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak  
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?

*Chef Ragozzi.* Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith  
To the royal line of Andreas.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Hark, Ragozzi!  
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:  
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.  
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,  
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer  
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.  
Ha! what is this?

[*Black flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace: a death-bell tolls, &c.*  
Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

*Chef Ragozzi.* At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,  
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.

*Raab Kiuprili.* A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!  
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes  
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

*Chef Ragozzi.* Precise and faithful in their villainy  
Even to the moment, that the master traitor  
Had pre-ordained them.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Was it over-haste,  
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason  
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth  
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense?

*Chef Ragozzi.* Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's justice  
Bought like themselves!

Being equal all in crime,  
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!  
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,  
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

*Raab Kiuprili.* The bad man's cunning still prepares the way  
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!

Ragozzi! I applaud,  
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward  
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action  
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.  
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:  
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.  
Mine is an easier part—to brave the usurper.

[*Enter a procession of EMERICK'S Adherents, Nobles, Chieftains, and  
Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the stage.  
KIUPRILI makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*

*Leader of the Procession.* The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,  
In good time come ye hither, if ye come  
As loyal men with honourable purpose  
To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly  
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas  
And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making  
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

*Leader.* Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;  
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

*Raab Kiuprili.* This patent written by your lawful king,  
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)  
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,  
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of Live KING EMERICK! an EMERICK! an EMERICK!*  
What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued  
To infamize the name of the king's brother  
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,  
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason?

What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here

[*Murmurs.*

	Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?	145
	One that has taken from you your sworn faith, And given you in return a Judas' bribe, Infamy now, oppression in reversion, And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?	
	<i>[Loud murmurs, followed by cries—EMERICK! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!</i>	
[889]	Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour? Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points With gore from wounds I felt not? Did the blast Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed, Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior? And have I brought home with me Victory, And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace, Her countenance twice lighted up with glory, As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven? But these will flee abhorrent from the throne Of usurpation!	150
	<i>[Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward! Onward!</i>	
	Have you then thrown off shame, And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject, Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe, Love's natural offerings to a rightful king, Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor, This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes Of gold plucked from the images of gods Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.	165
	<i>[Enter LORD CASIMIR.</i>	
	<i>Casimir.</i> Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand The elected King, our chosen Emerick? My father!	
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> Casimir! He, he a traitor! Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it.	175
		<i>[Aside.</i>
	<i>Casimir.</i> My father and my lord!	
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> I know thee not!	
	<i>Leader.</i> Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.	
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> A holy name and words of natural duty Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.	180
	<i>Casimir.</i> O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp. The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles, The king, inheriting his brother's heart, Hath honoured us the most. Your rank, my lord! Already eminent, is—all it can be— Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed Chief of his council and the lord high steward.	185
[890]		
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still less.	
	<i>Casimir.</i> So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here, That no power, save that holy name of father, Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.	
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave, Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot, School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles. And scream, Long live King Emerick!	195
	<i>Leaders.</i> Aye, King Emerick! Stand back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.	
	<i>Soldier.</i> Nay, let the general speak!	
	<i>Soldiers.</i> Hear him! hear him!	
	<i>Raab Kiuprili.</i> Hear me,	200

Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,  
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I  
Stood in your presence, honoured by the king:  
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you  
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe? 205  
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?  
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights  
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?  
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,  
A bought, bribed wretch, who, being called my son, 210  
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant  
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?  
The underling accomplice of a robber,  
That from a widow and a widow's offspring  
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel, 215  
And to the common father of his country  
A recreant ingrate!

[891] *Casimir.* Sire! your words grow dangerous.  
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem  
Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,  
To guard his country's safety by what means 220  
It best may be protected—come what will  
Of these monk's morals!

*Raab Kiuprili (aside).* Ha! the elder Brutus  
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented.  
They boasted not their baseness. [Draws his sword.  
Infamous changeling!  
Recant this instant, and swear loyalty, 225  
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;  
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,  
Thou diest—  
[Chiefs, &c., rush to interpose; during the tumult enter EMERICK, alarmed.

*Emerick.* Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.—  
Kiuprili? Ha!— [Making signs to the guard to retire. 230  
Pass on, friends! to the palace. 230  
[Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.

*Emerick.* What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword  
Against his own son's breast?

*Raab Kiuprili.* 'Twould best excuse him,  
Were he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

*Emerick.* This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced  
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles 235  
Hath called me, and the people, by regards  
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

*Raab Kiuprili.* What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them?

*Emerick.* By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

*Raab Kiuprili.* By a right common to all loyal subjects— 240  
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent,  
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,  
Writ by himself.— [Grasping the Patent.

*Emerick.* Aye!—Writ in a delirium!

[892] *Raab Kiuprili.* I likewise ask, by whose authority  
The access to the sovereign was refused me? 245

*Emerick.* By whose authority dared the general leave  
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

*Raab Kiuprili.* A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,  
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!  
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements 250  
To be belated in a loyal purpose—  
At the command, Prince! of my king and thine,  
Hither I came; and now again require  
Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States  
Forthwith convened) that thou dost shew at large, 255  
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul  
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared

Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,  
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

*Emerick.* A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning! 260  
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because  
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief  
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee  
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover 265  
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,  
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light  
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,  
I still had placed thee foremost.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Prince! I listen.

*Emerick.* Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya, 270  
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

*Casimir.* Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her fraud detected!

*Emerick.* According to the sworn attests in council  
Of her physician—

*Raab Kiuprili (aside).* Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

*Emerick.* Under the imminent risk of death she lies, 275  
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,  
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

*Casimir (to Kiuprili).* Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—  
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas. 280  
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly  
For her recovery, that (the States convened)  
She may take counsel of her friends.

[893]

*Emerick.* Right, Casimir! 285  
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand  
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;  
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)  
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,  
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honours,  
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Prince Emerick! you speak fairly, and your pledge too  
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

*Casimir.* My lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness. 290  
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,  
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,  
Her relative, the venerable abbess,  
Hath, at his grace's urgency, wooed and won for me.

*Emerick.* Long may the race, and long may that name flourish, 295  
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered  
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

*Raab Kiuprili.* The longest line that ever tracing herald  
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul 300  
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:  
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval,  
Yea, the soul's essence.

*Emerick.* Conscience, good my lord, 305  
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,  
That a free nation should be handed down,  
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance  
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,  
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,  
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance  
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out 310  
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,  
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?  
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang  
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling  
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

*Casimir.* What better claim can sovereign wish or need 315  
Than the free voice of men who love their country?  
Those chiefly who have fought for't? Who by right,

Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,  
 So hath best learnt to govern; who, having suffered,  
 Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him? 320  
 Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not  
 By Nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,  
 'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice  
 Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit  
 Possess the station of command!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Prince Emerick, 325  
 Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

*Emerick (aside to Casimir).* Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!  
 Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace! [Then aloud.  
 Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,  
 Whom you have not yet seen since his return, 330  
 Commands the guard to-day.

[CASIMIR retires to the Guard-house; and after a time appears before  
 it with CHEF RAGOZZI.]

We are alone.  
 What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?  
 Then, with your assent—

*Raab Kiuprili.* Mistake not for assent  
 The unquiet silence of a stern resolve  
 Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince! 335  
 And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in  
 A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[EMERICK turns as about to call for the Guard.]

In the next moment I am in thy power,  
 In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,  
 Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword, 340  
 Thou diest that instant.

*Emerick.* Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.

*Raab Kiuprili.* A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded  
 Against all means of proof, detects itself. 345  
 The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care  
 And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth  
 With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee  
 Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,  
 Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes  
 Its sting in its own head!

*Emerick.* Aye! to the mark! 350

*Raab Kiuprili.* Had'st thou believed thine own tale, had'st thou fancied  
 Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,  
 Would'st thou have pilfered from our school-boys' themes  
 These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?  
 What people? How convened? or, if convened, 355  
 Must not the magic power that charms together  
 Millions of men in council, needs have power  
 To win or wield them? Better, O far better  
 Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,  
 And with a thousand-fold reverberation 360  
 Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,  
 Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!  
 By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,  
 To deepen by restraint, and by prevention  
 Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood 365  
 In its majestic channel, is man's task  
 And the true patriot's glory! In all else  
 Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves  
 When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds  
 Where folly is contagious, and too oft 370  
 Even wise men leave their better sense at home  
 To chide and wonder at them when returned.

*Emerick (aloud).* Is't thus thou scoff'st the people? most of all,  
 The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

*Raab Kiuprili.* O most of all, most miserable nation, 375  
 For whom the imperial power, enormous bubble!  
 Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered  
 By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!



Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,  
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors) 380  
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer  
City and Court, a venom'd thorn i'the side  
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,  
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such  
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits 385  
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,  
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured  
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,  
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,  
Made honest by the aggression of the foe, 390  
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;  
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland  
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling  
Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!  
Give the true title to the throne, not thou— 395  
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy  
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,  
I were the rightful sovereign!

*Emerick.* I have faith  
That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,  
A provident lady—

*Raab Kiuprili.* Wretch beneath all answer! 400

*Emerick.* Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

*Raab Kiuprili.* To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,  
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,  
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage  
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho! [To the Guard. 405

*Emerick.* Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!  
Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the Palace.

[The Guard post from the Guard-house with CHEF RAGOZZI at their  
head, and then a number from the Palace—CHEF RAGOZZI demands  
KIUPRILI'S sword, and apprehends him.

*Casimir.* O agony! [To EMERICK.  
Sire, hear me!

[To KIUPRILI, who turns from him.

Hear me, father!

*Emerick.* Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!  
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's. 410

*Raab Kiuprili.* As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand  
Amenable to none save to the States  
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,  
Yet witness ye that before God and man  
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason, 415  
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion  
Of murder—

*Emerick.* Hence with the madman!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Your Queen's murder,  
The royal orphan's murder: and to the death  
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[Hurried off by RAGOZZI and the Guard.

*Emerick.* Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre  
This insolence shall be avenged. 420

*Casimir.* O banish him!  
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,  
Banish him, my liege lord!

*Emerick.* What? to the army?  
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.  
The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence 425  
I must take counsel for us both. Retire. [Exit CASIMIR.

*Emerick (alone, looks at a Calendar).* The changeful planet, now in her decay,  
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.  
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,

[896]

[897]

Cursed by the last look of the waning moon:  
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,  
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

430

[Exit.

*Scene changes to the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and  
Mountains. Enter ZAPOLYA, with an infant in arms.*

*Zapolya.* Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!  
Thou, the protector of the helpless! Thou,  
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,  
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down  
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,  
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!  
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring; thou art  
The rightful heir of an anointed king!  
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chaunt  
Of labouring men returning to their home!  
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!  
And let this darkness—  
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings  
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?  
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!  
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee  
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe  
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

435

440

445

450

[898]

[Enter CHEF RAGOZZI.

*Chef Ragozzi.* Sure Heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped!  
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises  
That can enchant the serpent treachery  
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. 'Ragozzi!  
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?'  
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!  
Merely to play the underling in the murder  
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!  
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour  
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too  
A serviceable villain. Could I now  
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:  
Heaven bless and guard her!

455

460

*Zapolya (coming forward).* Art thou not Ragozzi?

*Chef Ragozzi.* The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!  
I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match  
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

465

*Zapolya.* Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!  
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,  
And be not treacherous!

[Kneeling.

*Chef Ragozzi (raising her).* Madam! For mercy's sake!

470

*Zapolya.* But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!

*Chef Ragozzi.* Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible,  
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—  
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

*Zapolya.* Kiuprili! How?

*Chef Ragozzi.* There is not time to tell it,—  
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal—  
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning  
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,  
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers  
With letters to the army. The thought at once  
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

475

480

*Zapolya.* What, Raab Kiuprili?

*Chef Ragozzi.* Yes! my noble general!  
I sent him off, with Emerick's own pacquet,  
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him—

[899]

*Zapolya.* Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—

485

*Chef Ragozzi (supporting her).* Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,  
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,

One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,  
 Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains. 490  
 The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,  
 Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road  
 The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop  
 To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds  
 The treasure which I convoy!

*Zapolya.* One brief moment,  
 That praying for strength I may have strength. This babe, 495  
 Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence  
 Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!  
 Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought possessed me,  
 When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace  
 Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!) 500  
 Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way

To the deserted chamber of my lord.— [Then to the infant.  
 And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,  
 And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!  
 Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty. 505  
 As I removed the seal, the heavy arm  
 Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger  
 Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!

Lo, I was standing on the secret door,  
 Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes, 510  
 Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it—  
 But Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!

*Chef Ragozzi.* Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden!  
 [He kneels as he takes the child.

*Zapolya.* Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,  
 Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king! 515  
 [Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.

Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!  
 The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven  
 Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee  
 A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse. 520  
 Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion

[900]

Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,  
 Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:  
 And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,  
 False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine, 525  
 (Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)

Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers  
 Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,  
 And when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!  
 The mother shall make answer with a groan. 530  
 For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,

Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.  
 Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,  
 They shall be mocked with sounds of liberty,  
 And liberty shall be proclaimed alone 535  
 To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!

Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,  
 Poor friendless fugitive! with mother's wailing,  
 Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return,  
 With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout,  
 In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [Exeunt.

### LINENOTES:

[3] such 1817, 1828, 1829.

[20] And as a child have reared thee 1817. And as a child I, &c. 1828, 1829.

[22] to] on 1817.

Before 30 Raab Kiuprili (his hand to his heart). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[32] commanders'] commander's 1817, 1828, 1829.

[35] All— [Then, in a subdued and saddened voice.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.

[39] ANDREAS 1817, 1828, 1829.

[43] ZAPOLYA 1817, 1828, 1829.

- [70] *thy* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 103 Raab Kiuprili (*looking forwards anxiously*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [113] Bought like themselves!  
 [During this conversation music is heard, first solemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [118] . . . I applaud, Ragozzi!  
 [Musing to himself—then—  
 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [135] *lawful* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [159] VICTORY 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [160] PEACE 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 172 [During the last four lines, enter LORD CASIMIR, with expressions of anger and alarm. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 174 [Starts—then approaching with timid respect. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [175] My father! Raab Kiuprili (*turning away*). 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 177 Casimir (*with reverence*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [187] Your 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 192 Casimir (*struggling with his passion*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [210] *my* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [223] *his* 1817.
- [224] They BOASTED not *their* baseness.  
 [Starts, and draws his sword.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [230.] Kiuprili? Ha!—  
 [With lowered voice, at the same time with one hand making, &c.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 230 [Music . . . Palace.—During which time EMERICK and KIUPRILI regard each other stedfastly. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [233] *thy*—I 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [234] thanks] thank 1817.
- [240] *me* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [243] Emerick (*with a contemptuous sneer*). Aye!—Writ, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [252] *my* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [268] *thee* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [271] fraud] *frauds* 1817: fraud's 1828, 1829.
- [288] *speak* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 298 Raab Kiuprili (*sternly*). 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 343 Raab Kiuprili (*in a somewhat suppressed voice*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [349] Coils round its perplexity 1817.  
 Before 351 Raab Kiuprili (*aloud: he and Emerick standing at equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-house*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [351] *fancied* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [354] *popular choice* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 375 Raab Kiuprili (*aloud*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [395] *thou* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [410] *his* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [423] Emerick (*scornfully*). What? &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 426 [Exit CASIMIR in agitation. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 433 Scene changes to another view, namely the back, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [447] Thou 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 451 [She starts back—and enter, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [454-5] 'Ragozzi . . . What not?'] Ragozzi . . . What not? 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [460] *me* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 Before 464 Zapolya (*coming fearfully forward*). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[483] *him 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[495] *have 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[512] *Andreas: He 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[524] *rapine] ravine 1817.*

[528] *Lo! . . . borne! 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[533] *sounds 1817, 1828, 1829.*

*After 536 [Again to the infant. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

*After 540 END OF THE PRELUDE. 1817.*

[901]

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## PART II

### THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FATE'

#### ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*

BETHLEN BATHORY, *the young Prince Andreas, supposed son of Old BATHORY.*

LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*

LASKA, *Steward to CASIMIR, betrothed to GLYCINE.*

PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in EMERICK'S employ.*

LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of LORD CASIMIR.*

GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of CHEF RAGOZZI.*

*Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which EMERICK remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.*

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## USURPATION ENDED; OR, SHE COMES AGAIN

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### ACT I

#### SCENE I

*A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S Dwelling at the end of the Stage.  
Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.*

*Glycine.* Well then! our round of charity is finished.  
Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.

*Sarolta.* What, tired, Glycine?  
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer  
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use  
The good strength Nature gave me.

*Glycine.* That last cottage  
Is built as if an eagle or a raven  
Had chosen it for her nest.

*Sarolta.* So many are  
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,  
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet  
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

*Glycine.* There?

[*Pointing to BATHORY'S dwelling.*

*Sarolta.* Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir  
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge  
I lost the misty image which so long  
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

*Glycine.* And what if even now, on that same ridge,  
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,

[902]

5

10

15

As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last  
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,  
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned  
From his high embassy?

*Sarolta.* Thou hast hit my thought! 20  
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,  
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.  
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less  
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;  
And little more than nothing is enough 25  
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I  
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier  
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

*Glycine.* But our best sports belike, and gay processions 30  
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights  
Compared with those the royal court affords.

*Sarolta.* I have small wish to see them. A spring morning  
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds  
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops  
(Each orbéd drop an orb of glory in it) 35  
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement  
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:  
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy  
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

*Glycine.* And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta, 40  
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,  
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

*Sarolta.* Hush! Innocent flatterer!

*Glycine.* Nay! to my poor fancy  
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,  
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious. 45

*Sarolta.* So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!  
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,  
In its mere self cold, drear, colourless void,  
Seen from below and in the large, becomes  
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods! 50  
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?  
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

*Glycine.* Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole,  
For we danced round it.

*Sarolta.* Ah, Glycine! why,  
Why did you then betroth yourself?

[903]

*Glycine.* Because 55  
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas you asked me!

*Sarolta.* Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,  
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.  
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

*Glycine.* Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam! 60  
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,  
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska  
But I shall tremble.

*Sarolta.* Not with fear, I think,  
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.

[Exit GLYCINE into the cottage, SAROLTA continues her speech looking after her.]  
Something above thy rank there hangs about thee, 65  
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,  
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,  
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel  
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!  
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage, 70  
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give  
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!  
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,  
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[Angry voices and clamour within.]

*Glycine.* Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,  
 And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,  
 Have come to search for old Bathory's son,  
 Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,  
 That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,  
 And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him  
 With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.  
 Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!  
 Lady Sarolta's here.—

[ *Calling without.*

*Sarolta.* Be calm, Glycine.

*Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.*

*Laska (to Bathory).* We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

*Old Bathory.* What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy  
 To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,  
 And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—  
 To tell its own tale?

[904]

85

[*LASKA and Servants bow to Lady SAROLTA.*

*Sarolta.* Laska! What may this mean?

*Laska.* Madam! and may it please your ladyship!  
 This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,  
 Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,  
 On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,  
 Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:  
 The lord high steward of the realm, moreover—

90

*Sarolta.* Be brief! We know his titles!

*Laska.* And moreover  
 Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.  
 And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,  
 Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;  
 Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,  
 His badge of livery of your noble house,  
 And trampled it in scorn.

95

100

*Sarolta (to the Servants who offer to speak).* You have had your spokesman!  
 Where is the young man thus accused?

*Old Bathory.* I know not:  
 But if no ill betide him on the mountains,  
 He will not long be absent!

*Sarolta.* Thou art his father? 105

*Old Bathory.* None ever with more reason prized a son;  
 Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.  
 But more than one, now in my lady's presence,  
 Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice;  
 And if I swerve from truth—

*Glycine.* Yes! good old man!  
 My lady! pray believe him! 110

*Sarolta.* Hush, Glycine  
 Be silent, I command you. [ *Then to BATHORY.*  
 Speak! we hear you!

*Old Bathory.* My tale is brief. During our festive dance,  
 Your servants, the accusers of my son,  
 Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,  
 To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)  
 Rose in defence of outraged modesty,  
 And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,  
 (Your hectoring sparks so over-brave to women  
 Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,  
 And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,  
 Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words  
 Which their own threats provoked.

[905]

115

120

*Sarolta.* Old man! you talk  
 Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect  
 To the livery of our house?

*Old Bathory.* Even such respect 125  
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf  
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!

*Laska.* Old insolent ruffian!

*Glycine.* Pardon! pardon, madam!  
I saw the whole affray. The good old man  
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself, 130  
*Laska!* know well, that these men were the ruffians!  
Shame on you!

*Sarolta.* What! Glycine? Go, retire! [Exit GLYCINE.  
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,  
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,  
Might have complained to us. Was ever access 135  
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we  
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

*Old Bathory.* So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!  
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,  
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine 140  
While he goes ask their master, if perchance  
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

*Laska.* Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!  
I will report her further will!

*Sarolta.* Wait then,  
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man! 145  
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on  
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!

[Then speaks to the Servants.

Hence! leave my presence! and you, *Laska!* mark me!  
Those rioters are no longer of my household!  
If we but shake a dewdrop from a rose 150  
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly  
Restore the tear of wounded modesty  
To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—  
But these men, *Laska!*—

[906]

*Laska (aside).* Yes, now 'tis coming.

*Sarolta.* Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards, 155  
That they have sought to piece out their revenge  
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger  
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want  
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need  
Their services. Discharge them! You, *Bathory!* 160  
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you  
Near my own person. When your son returns,  
Present him to us!

*Old Bathory.* Ha! what strangers here!  
[906:1]What business have they in an old man's eye?  
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden— 165  
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.  
I have yet another tale, but—  
not for all ears! [Then to SAROLTA aside.

*Sarolta.* I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised  
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms  
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch. 170  
Come, you shall show it me! And, while you bid it  
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness  
The oil of gladness glittering on the water  
Of an ebbing grief.

[BATHORY shows her into his cottage.

*Laska (alone).* Vexation! baffled! school'd!  
Ho! *Laska!* wake! why? what can all this mean? 175  
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!  
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.  
And now, the old man near my lady's person,  
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[LASKA flings himself into the seat. GLYCINE peeps in.

*Glycine.* Laska! Laska!  
Is my lady gone?



	<i>Laska.</i> Gone.	
[907]	<i>Glycine.</i> Have you yet seen him? Is he returned? Has the seat stung you, <i>Laska</i> ?	[ <i>LASKA starts up.</i> 180
	<i>Laska.</i> No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you! What! you would cling to him again?	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Whom?	
	<i>Laska.</i> Bethlen! Bethlen! Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him! Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday! Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams, And your pretended fears!	185
	<i>Glycine.</i> Your fears, at least, Were real, <i>Laska</i> ! or your trembling limbs And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!	190
	<i>Laska.</i> I fear! whom? what?	
	<i>Glycine.</i> I know what I should fear, Were I in <i>Laska</i> 's place.	
	<i>Laska.</i> What?	
	<i>Glycine.</i> My own conscience, For having fed my jealousy and envy With a plot, made out of other men's revenges, Against a brave and innocent young man's life! Yet, yet, pray tell me!	195
	<i>Laska.</i> You will know too soon.	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Would I could find my lady! though she chid me— Yet this suspense—	[ <i>Going.</i>
	<i>Laska.</i> Stop! stop! one question only— I am quite calm—	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Ay, as the old song says, Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove. Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one question—	200
	<i>Laska.</i> Are you not bound to me by your own promise? And is it not as plain—	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Halt! that's two questions.	
	<i>Laska.</i> Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence, That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar, Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused, Why pressed you forward? Why did you defend him?	205
[908]	<i>Glycine.</i> Question meet question: that's a woman's privilege, Why, <i>Laska</i> , did you urge Lord Casimir To make my lady force that promise from me?	210
	<i>Laska.</i> So then, you say, Lady Sarolta, forced you?	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Could I look up to her dear countenance, And say her nay? As far back as I wot of All her commands were gracious, sweet requests. How could it be then, but that her requests Must needs have sounded to me as commands? And as for love, had I a score of loves, I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.	215
	<i>Laska.</i> Not one for Bethlen?	
	<i>Glycine.</i> Oh! that's a different thing. To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious To his good old father. But for loving him— Nay, there, indeed you are mistaken, <i>Laska</i> ! Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him; For I sigh so deeply when I think of him! And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes, And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt	220 225

That the war-wolf<sup>[908:1]</sup> had gored him as he hunted  
In the haunted forest!

*Laska.* You dare own all this?  
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.  
Mine, pampered Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you  
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers  
Tingle already!

230

[*Makes threatening signs.*]

*Glycine (aside).* Ha! Bethlen coming this way!  
Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

[*GLYCINE then cries out.*]

*Enter BETHLEN in a Hunting Dress.*

*Bethlen.* What, beat a woman!

*Laska (to Glycine).* O you cockatrice!

*Bethlen.* Unmanly dastard, hold!

*Laska.* Do you chance to know  
Who—I—am, Sir?—('Sdeath! how black he looks!)

235

[909]

*Bethlen.* I have started many strange beasts in my time,  
But none less like a man, than this before me  
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

*Laska.* Bold youth! she's mine.

*Glycine.* No, not my master yet,  
But only is to be; and all, because  
Two years ago my lady asked me, and  
I promised her, not him; and if she'll let me,  
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.

240

*Bethlen.* Hush, Glycine!

*Glycine.* Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought  
False witnesses to swear away your life:  
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

245

*Bethlen.* Bathory's!  
Where is my father? Answer, or—Ha! gone!

[*LASKA during this time retires from the Stage.*]

*Glycine.* Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing onward,  
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,  
It is your life they seek!

250

*Bethlen.* My life?

*Glycine.* Alas,  
Lady Sarolta even—

*Bethlen.* She does not know me!

*Glycine.* Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken  
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,  
I will kneel, Bethlen—

*Bethlen.* Not for me, Glycine!  
What have I done? or whom have I offended?

255

*Glycine.* Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.

[*BETHLEN mutters to himself.*]

*Glycine (aside).* So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,  
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

*Bethlen.* King!

*Glycine.* Ah, often have I wished you were a king.  
You would protect the helpless every where,  
As you did us. And I, too, should not then  
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have  
The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams  
That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska  
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say

260

[910]

265

(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

*Bethlen.* Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—  
But in good truth I know not what I speak.  
This luckless morning I have been so haunted  
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,  
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream  
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

270

*Glycine.* Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!

[*BETHLEN retires.*]

*Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.*

*Sarolta.* Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—  
You here, Glycine?

[*Exit BATHORY.*]

[275](#)

*Glycine.* Pardon, pardon, Madam!  
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,  
You could not have him harmed.

*Sarolta.* Be calm, Glycine!

*Glycine.* No, I shall break my heart.

*Sarolta.* Ha! is it so?  
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,  
That of—like fates, though all unknown to each,  
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's  
Drawing by dim disquiet!

280

*Glycine.* Old Bathory—

*Sarolta.* Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.  
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen  
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

285

*Glycine.* My lady does not mock me?

*Sarolta.* Where is Laska?  
Has he not told thee?

*Glycine.* Nothing. In his fear—  
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—  
Left me abruptly—

*Sarolta.* His shame excuses him!  
He is somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging  
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.  
Bathory and the youth henceforward live  
Safe in my lord's protection.

290

*Glycine.* The saints bless you!  
Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,  
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?

[911]

[295](#)

*Sarolta.* Come,  
Be yourself, girl!

*Glycine.* O, 'tis so full here!  
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,  
That the old man's son—

*Sarolta.* Is not that old man's son!  
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.  
For all I know of thee is, that thou art  
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine [\[911:1\]](#)  
Shook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria.  
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,  
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,  
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.  
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father—  
Hear'st thou?

[300](#)

[305](#)

*Glycine.* O tell—

*Bethlen (rushing out).* Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!  
Who is my father?

*Sarolta (gazing with surprise).* Thine? Thy father? Rise!

*Glycine.* Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady! 310

*Sarolta.* His countenance, not his act!

*Glycine.* Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

*Bethlen.* No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue  
Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth  
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!  
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes 315  
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,  
And bring it back, and make it plead for me  
In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me  
A name in the world!

[912]

*Sarolta.* By that blest Heaven I gazed at,  
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,  
Dared I—But rise! 320

*Bethlen.* Blest spirits of my parents,  
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!  
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,  
I feel and seek the light I can not see!

*Sarolta.* Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge, 325  
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such  
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,  
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

*Bethlen.* Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,  
And it shall be my birth-right!

*Sarolta (aside).* That look again!— 330  
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts  
The highest track that leads across the mountains—  
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?

*Bethlen.* Lady, 'twas my wont 335  
To roam there in my childhood oft alone  
And mutter to myself the name of father.  
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)  
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing  
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

*Glycine.* Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,  
Vampires, and monstrous—

*Sarolta.* Moon-calves, credulous girl! 340  
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest  
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.  
After that last great battle, (O young man!  
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that  
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory 345  
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,  
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,  
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.  
The robe that wrapt thee was a widow's mantle.

*Bethlen.* An infant's weakness doth relax my frame. 350  
O say—I fear to ask—

*Sarolta.* And I to tell thee.

[913]

*Bethlen.* Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.  
I am stone, cold stone.

*Sarolta.* Hid in a brake hard by,  
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,  
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning 355  
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,  
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm  
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,  
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom  
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated 360

Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,  
And kneeling spake: 'If aught of this world's comfort  
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,  
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!'  
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing 365

A loud voice, but it died upon her lips  
In a faint whisper, 'Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!'

*Bethlen.* And did he leave her? What! had I a mother?  
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life  
With the desertion of a dying mother? 370  
Oh agony!

*Glycine.* Alas! thou art bewildered,  
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant!

*Bethlen.* What else can I remember, but a mother  
Mangled and left to perish?

*Sarolta.* Hush, Glycine!  
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct: 375  
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,  
And it will find a mirror in the waters  
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

*Bethlen.* O that I were diffused among the waters  
That pierce into the secret depths of earth, 380  
And find their way in darkness! Would that I  
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!  
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!  
She can not die! O pardon, gracious lady!  
You were about to say, that he returned— 385

*Sarolta.* Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes  
Its objects as immortal as itself!

*Bethlen.* And found her still—

[914]

*Sarolta.* Alas! he did return,  
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest, 390  
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)  
Had been borne off.

*Bethlen.* O whither?

*Glycine.* Dearest Bethlen!  
I would that you could weep like me! O do not  
Gaze so upon the air!

*Sarolta.* While he was absent,  
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,  
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

*Bethlen.* Emerick. 395  
Oh hell!

*Glycine.* Bethlen!

*Bethlen.* Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!  
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.  
She hath not yet the glory round her head,  
Nor those strong eagle wings, which make swift way  
To that appointed place, which I must seek; 400  
Or else she were my mother!

*Sarolta.* Noble youth!  
From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed  
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds  
Long past that weigh me down, though innocent!  
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee, 405  
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,  
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!

Vain was his care! Thou'st made thyself suspected  
E'en where suspicion reigns, and asks no proof  
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee 410  
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive  
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!  
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise

Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth my soldier!  
And whatso'er betide thee, still believe 415  
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,  
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!  
And may the light that streams from thine own honour  
Guide thee to that thou seekest!

*Glycine.* Must he leave us?

[915] *Bethlen.* And for such goodness can I return nothing 420  
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs  
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?  
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,  
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof  
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate 425  
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,  
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,  
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!  
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom  
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine 430  
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,  
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;  
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,  
Have been talked to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed  
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name! 435  
O, at how dear a price have I been loved  
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!  
Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,  
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding  
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine 440  
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!  
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,  
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,  
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood  
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood! 445

[*Exit Bethlen.*]

*Sarolta.* Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this  
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory  
Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,  
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel  
Bound on his infant arm.

*Glycine.* Oh, let me fly 450  
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered  
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.  
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows  
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard  
Power to put on the fell hyæna's shape. 455

*Sarolta.* What idle tongue hath bewitched thee, *Glycine*?  
I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

[916] *Glycine.* O chide me not, dear lady; question *Laska*,  
Or the old man.

*Sarolta.* Forgive me, I spake harshly. 460  
It is indeed a mighty sorcery  
That doth enthral thy young heart, my poor girl,  
And what hath *Laska* told thee?

*Glycine.* Three days past 465  
A courier from the king did cross that wood;  
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:  
And never hath been heard of from that time!

[*Sound of horns without.*]

*Sarolta.* Hark! dost thou hear it!

*Glycine.* 'Tis the sound of horns!  
Our huntsmen are not out!

*Sarolta.* Lord *Casimir*  
Would not come thus!

[*Horns again.*]

*Glycine.* Still louder!

*Sarolta.* Haste we hence!  
For I believe in part thy tale of terror!  
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed: 470  
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[*SAROLTA and GLYCINE exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder. Enter EMERICK,  
LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and Huntsmen and Attendants.*]

*Rudolph.* A gallant chase, sire.

*Emerick.* Aye, but this new quarry  
That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[*then to Laska.*]

And you—excuse me—what's your name?

*Laska.* Whatever  
Your majesty may please.

*Emerick.* Nay, that's too late, man. 475  
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather  
Were pleased to call thee.

*Laska.* Laska, my liege sovereign.

*Emerick.* Well, my liege subject, Laska! And you are  
Lord Casimir's steward?

*Laska.* And your majesty's creature.

*Emerick.* Two gentle dames made off at our approach. 480  
Which was your lady?

*Laska.* My liege lord, the taller.  
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,  
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—  
Yet would your grace but speak—

[917]

*Emerick.* Hum, master steward!  
I am honoured with this sudden confidence. 485  
Lead on.

[*to Laska, then to Rudolph.*]

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.  
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her  
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add  
How much we grieve, that business of the state  
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return. 490

*Lord Rudolph (aside).* Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

*Emerick.* Now onward all.

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

A fair one, by my faith!  
If her face rival but her gait and stature,  
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.  
'Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,  
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—'  
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.  
Well! If the mountain move not to the prophet,  
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska  
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt. 500  
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,  
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)  
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.  
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition  
Won me the husband. Now let vanity 505  
And the resentment for a forced seclusion  
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor  
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[*Exit.*]

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## FOOTNOTES:

[906:1] This line was borrowed unconsciously from the *Excursion*. ['Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' *Excursion*, Bk. I, l. 598 (1814).]

Refers (i. e. 'strangers' in l. 163) to the tears which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[908:1] For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, vol. iv, p. 133.

[911:1] In the English dramatic Iambic pentameter, a  $\bar{\quad}$  and hypera-catalectic, [*sic*] the arsis strengthened by the emphasis (in which our blank verse differs from the Greek Prosody, which acknowledges no influence from emphasis) and assisted by the following caesura, permits the licence of an amphimacer  $\bar{\quad}\bar{\quad}\bar{\quad}$  for a spondee  $\bar{\quad}\bar{\quad}$ : the intermediate  $\bar{\quad}$  being sucked up. Thus,

$\bar{\quad}\bar{\quad}\bar{\quad}$   
orphan: left:—





- [340] *Sarolta (with a smile)*. Moon-calves, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 342 [Then speaking again to BETHLEN. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 352 [Striking his breast. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [384] *can not* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [393] *Sarolta (continuing the story)*. While, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [396] *Glycine (to silence him)*. Bethlen! 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [401] *she* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [414] *my* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [456] *thee* 1817, 1828, 1847.
- [467] *Our* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [480] *Two* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [492] *Emerick (solus)*. A fair, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [494] *his* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [495-6] '*Her tender . . . pledged—*' 1817, 1828, 1829.  
 After 508 END OF ACT I 1817.

## ACT II

### SCENE I

*A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

*Raab Kiuprili.* Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

*Zapolya.* Nothing.

[918]

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!  
 Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

*Raab Kiuprili.* O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!  
 I dream'd I had met with food beneath a tree, 5  
 And I was seeking you, when all at once  
 My feet became entangled in a net:  
 Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.  
 At length I freed myself, had sight of you,  
 But as I hastened eagerly, again 10  
 I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent  
 Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

*Zapolya.* Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger chokes!

*Raab Kiuprili.* And now I saw you by a shrivelled child  
 Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither 15  
 Touched you the ground, methought, but close above it  
 Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,  
 And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.

*Zapolya.* I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,  
 Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense craved 20  
 To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.  
 For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!  
 Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me  
 Shrivelled with toil and penury!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Nay! what ails you?

*Zapolya.* A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me. 25  
 Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,  
 Life's setting sun behind him?

*Raab Kiuprili.* Cheerly! The dusk  
 Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,  
 Trust me I'll bring thee food!

*Zapolya.* Hunger's tooth has  
 Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well 30  
 O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.  
 But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore

Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,  
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?  
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth! 35  
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,  
And not a tear is left me to repent with!  
Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not  
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

[919] *Raab Kiuprili.* Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou faith 40  
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light  
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,  
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,  
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned  
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams, 45  
Which after such long interval of hopeless  
And silent resignation all at once  
Night after night commanded thy return  
Hither? and still presented in clear vision  
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern? 50  
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand  
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance  
Is on the stroke:—for misery can not add  
Grief to thy griefs, or patience to thy sufferance!

*Zapolya.* Can not! Oh, what if thou wert taken from me? 55  
Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.  
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard  
Necessity of this inhuman state  
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.  
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages, 60  
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—  
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night!  
At once for food and safety to affrighten  
The traveller from his road—

[GLYCINE is heard singing without.

*Raab Kiuprili.* Hark! heard you not  
A distant chaunt? 65

### SONG

By GLYCINE

A sunny shaft did I behold,  
From sky to earth it slanted:  
And poised therein a bird so bold—  
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!  
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled 70  
Within that shaft of sunny mist;  
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
All else of amethyst!  
And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!  
Love's dreams prove seldom true. 75  
The blossoms, they make no delay:  
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.  
Sweet month of May,  
We must away;  
Far, far away!  
To-day! to-day!' 80

[920]

*Zapolya.* Sure 'tis some blest spirit!  
For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary  
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear  
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer 85  
And starves the poor besieged.

[Song again.

*Raab Kiuprili.* It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

*Zapolya.* Hark! her voice falters! [Exit ZAPOLYA.

*Raab Kiuprili.* She must not enter  
The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

[KIUPRILI retires to one side of the stage. GLYCINE enters singing.

*Glycine.* A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!  
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again! 90  
If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy  
Voices in all chance sounds! [Sings again.  
[Starts.

'Twas some dry branch  
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,  
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!  
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,  
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

95

*Raab Kiuprili (unseen).* Leave them and flee!

*Glycine (shrieks, then recovering.)* Where are you?

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen.)* Leave them!

*Glycine.* 'Tis Glycine!  
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!  
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!  
'Twas not his voice!—

[100](#)

[GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit.* KIUPRILI *comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern.* GLYCINE *returns.*

[921]

*Glycine.* Shame! Nothing hurt me!  
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs  
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!  
Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St—No—Bethlen!  
If I turn back and he should be found dead here,

105

[*She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*

I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!  
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,  
Than break with shame and anguish!

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern, KIUPRILI stops her.* GLYCINE *shrieks.*  
Saints protect me!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

110

*Glycine.* Save me!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Swear secrecy and silence!

*Glycine.* I swear!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

*Glycine.* Only  
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

*Raab Kiuprili.* Wherefore in this wood?

*Glycine.* Alas! it was his purpose—

*Raab Kiuprili.* With what intention came he? Would'st thou save him,  
Hide nothing!

[115](#)

*Glycine.* Save him! O forgive his rashness!  
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

*Raab Kiuprili.* Human?  
With what design?

*Glycine.* To kill thee, or  
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee  
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,  
To make disclosure of his parentage.  
But most of all—

120

*Zapolya (rushing out from the cavern).* Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!

*Glycine.* Whether his mother live, or perished here!

*Zapolya.* Angel of mercy, I was perishing  
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st  
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation  
To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet maiden!

125

[922]

*Glycine.* E'en till this morning we were wont to name him  
Bethlen Bathory!

*Zapolya.* Even till this morning?  
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!  
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,  
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!  
Say on!

130

*Glycine.* The false ones charged the valiant youth  
With treasonous words of Emerick—

*Zapolya.* Ha! my son!

*Glycine.* And of Lord Casimir—

*Raab Kiuprili (aside).* O agony! my son!

[135](#)

*Glycine.* But my dear lady—

*Zapolya and Raab Kiuprili.* Who?

*Glycine.* Lady Sarolta  
Frowned and discharged these bad men.

*Raab Kiuprili (to himself).* Righteous Heaven  
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined  
That it was not a son. A son was given me.  
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:  
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

140

*Zapolya (embraces Glycine).* Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,  
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

*Glycine.* Not much!  
My own dear lady, when I was a child,  
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.  
For I too am an orphan, motherless!

145

*Raab Kiuprili (to Zapolya).* O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen  
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!  
In that last conflict, following our escape,  
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight  
With many a babe and many a childing mother.  
This maid herself is one of numberless  
Planks from the same vast wreck.

150

Well! Casimir's wife—

[*Then to GLYCINE again.*]

*Glycine.* She is always gracious, and so praised the old man  
That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery  
That in this wood—

[923]

[155](#)

*Zapolya.* O speak!

*Glycine.* A wounded lady—

[*ZAPOLYA faints—they both support her.*]

*Glycine.* Is this his mother?

*Raab Kiuprili.* She would fain believe it,  
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself  
The flame with which it kindles.

[*Horn heard without.*]

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

*Glycine.* Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

160

*Raab Kiuprili.* Emerick?

*Glycine.* He came this morning—

[*They retire to the cavern, bearing ZAPOLYA. Then enter BETHLEN,  
armed with a boar-spear.*]

*Bethlen.* I had a glimpse  
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often  
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves  
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it  
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!  
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!  
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!  
The secret cypher of my destiny

165

[*Looking at his signet.*]

Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!  
Ha!—Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis yonder!  
Thou yawning den, I well remember thee!  
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!

[170](#)

Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,  
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!

[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*

Another blast! and with another swell  
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!  
If haply I have come, the rightful heir  
Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits  
Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!

175

[*Blows again louder.*

Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!  
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.

[180](#)

[*As BETHLEN is about to enter, KIUPRILI speaks from the cavern unseen.*

[[924](#)]

*Raab Kiuprili.* Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear,  
And wait obedient!

*Bethlen.* Ha! What art thou? speak!

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen).* Avengers!

*Bethlen.* By a dying mother's pangs  
E'en such am I. Receive me!

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen).* Wait! Beware!  
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,  
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!

185

*Bethlen.* Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—  
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—  
Those piléd thoughts, built up in solitude,  
Year following year, that pressed upon my heart  
As on the altar of some unknown God,  
Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending.  
Blazed up within me at a father's name—  
Do they desert me now?—at my last trial?  
Voice of command! and thou, O hidden Light!  
I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name  
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice  
Will make you gracious.

190

[195](#)

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen).* Patience! Truth! Obedience!  
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,  
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!  
Thy name?

200

*Bethlen.* Ask rather the poor roaming savage,  
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,  
To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,  
In chase or battle won, have given a name.  
I have none—but like a dog have answered  
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.

205

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen).* Thy birth-place?

*Bethlen.* Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?  
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?  
Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,  
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!  
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,  
And in it the wolf litters!—I invoke you,  
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me  
As I stood there, like one who having delved  
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,  
O tell! what rights, what offices of duty  
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits  
Owe homage to its Lord?

210

215

[[925](#)]

*Raab Kiuprili (still unseen).* More, guiltier, mightier,  
Than thou mayest summon! Wait the destined hour!

220

*Bethlen.* O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,  
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!  
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this  
Enwrap one fatherless!

*Zapolya (unseen).* One fatherless!

*Bethlen.* A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!  
Was it the softened echo of mine own?

[225](#)

Sad echo! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,  
 And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!  
 One other hope yet lives within my soul:  
 Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,  
 This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these  
 The sole remains of her that gave me life?  
 Have I a mother?  
 Ha!

[ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.*

*Zapolya.* My son! my son!  
 A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!

[*They embrace. KIUPRILI and GLYCINE come forward and the curtain drops.*

## LINENOTES:

- [21] *hear* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [57] *Life's* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [59] *Hath* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [70] sank] *sank* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [75-6] *om.* 1817.  
*Before* 90 *Glycine* (*fearfully*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [102] [GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.* . . . GLYCINE *returns, having recovered herself.* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* 118 *Raab Kiuprili* (*repeats the word*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [118] Human? [Then sternly.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [135] *my* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Glycine.* And of Lord Casimir—  
*Raab Kiuprili* (*aside*). O agony! *my* son.  
*Erased* [? by S. T. C. in copy of 1817.]
- [137] *Raab Kiuprili* (*turning off and to himself*). 1817, 1828, 1839.
- [137-41] *Raab Kiuprili* (*turning off, &c.*) . . . *infamy.* *Erased* [? by S. T. C. in copy of 1817].
- [156] *Zapolya* (*in agitation*). O speak. 1817, 1838, 1829.
- [170] Ha!— (*observing the cave*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [183] *Bethlen* (*in amazement*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [196] VOICE: LIGHT 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* 225 *Bethlen* (*starting*). 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [233] [ZAPOLYA . . . *him.*  
 BETHLEN *starts.* Ha!  
*Zapolya* (*embracing him*). My son, &c.  
 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* 234 *and stage directions.* END OF ACT II. 1817.

## ACT III

### SCENE I

*A stately room in LORD CASIMIR'S castle. Enter EMERICK and LASKA.*

*Emerick.* I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,  
 Laska, in all things that concern thine own  
 Interest or safety.

*Laska.* In this sovereign presence  
 I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

*Emerick.* Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I of all men  
 Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,

*Laska.* Far be it from me!  
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

*Emerick.* Perchance, thou hast heard that Casimir is my friend,  
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought 10  
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

*Laska (aside).* Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!  
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord  
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

*Emerick.* 'Tis your talk,  
Is it, good statesman Laska?

*Laska.* No, not mine, 15  
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are  
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—  
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,  
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

*Emerick.* Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us 20  
Of traitors! But art sure the youth's devoured?

*Laska.* Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!  
And that unhappy girl—

*Emerick.* Thou followed'st her  
Into the wood?

[LASKA bows assent.]

Henceforth then I'll believe 25  
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

*Laska.* Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,  
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves  
Of the wood shake—

*Emerick.* Made thee shake like a leaf!

*Laska.* The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he seized her;  
Forward I rushed!

*Emerick.* Most marvellous!

*Laska.* Hurl'd my javelin; 30  
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

*Emerick.* Enough!  
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,  
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,  
And leave untouched your common talk aforesaid,  
What your Lord did, or should have done.

*Laska.* My talk? 35  
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,  
'Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?  
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did  
'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.'

*Emerick.* And this then was thy talk? While knave and coward, 40  
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,  
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.  
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.

He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion. 45  
All these were set upon a father's head:  
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!

For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze  
The head that bore it: so with steady eye  
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even 50  
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick  
Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonour.

He winked not then, for love of me forsooth!  
For love of me now let him wink! Or if  
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,  
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth. 55

[Passing his hand across his brow.]

*Laska.* Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

*Emerick.* Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith  
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

[LASKA *bows*.

And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

*Laska*. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

60

*Emerick*. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,  
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,  
Hark you!—the wolf that shall drag thee to his den  
Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other*.

*Laska*. Well then! here I stand,  
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.  
Call this (*looking at the purse*)

65

Preferment; this (*holding up the key*) Fidelity!

And first my golden goddess: what bids she?  
Only:—'This way, your Majesty! hush! The household  
Are all safe lodged.'—Then, put Fidelity  
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—  
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,  
'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this  
And—'I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes.'  
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!

70

[*Putting the key to his ear*].

All very true!—but, good Fidelity!  
If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,  
And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,  
And save me from the hangman? Aye! you're silent!  
What, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!  
Now for one look to see that all are lodged  
At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road  
For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick!

75

80

[*Exit* LASKA. *Then enter* BATHORY *and* BETHLEN.

*Bethlen*. He looked as if he were some God disguised  
In an old warrior's venerable shape  
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not  
Chapel or oratory in this mansion?

85

*Old Bathory*. Even so.

*Bethlen*. From that place then am I to take  
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,  
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

*Old Bathory*. Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—  
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

90

*Bethlen*. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,  
To break the first command a mother's will  
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!  
'Ask not, my son,' said she, 'our names or thine.  
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off  
The full orb of thy destiny! Already  
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds  
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.  
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven  
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit  
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!  
Thus spake she, and she looked as she were then  
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

95

100

[929]

[*Re-enter* LASKA, *not perceiving them*].

*Laska*. All asleep!

[*Then observing* BETHLEN, *stands in idiot-affright*].

I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!  
I'll confess all!

105

[*Stammering with fear*].

*Old Bathory*. Laska! what ails thee, man?

*Laska* (*pointing to Bethlen*). There!

*Old Bathory*. I see nothing! where?

*Laska*.

He does not see it!



Bethlen, torment me not!

*Bethlen.* Soft! Rouse him gently!  
He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,  
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

[110](#)

*Old Bathory.* Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory  
And Bethlen!

*Laska.* Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.  
Afraid? Nay, no offence! But I must laugh.  
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself?

*Bethlen.* Would'st be convinced?

*Laska.* No nearer, pray! consider!  
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me  
To a tombstone. No nearer!

[115](#)

*Bethlen.* The fool is drunk!

*Laska.* Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.  
I myself braved the monster, and would fain  
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

[120](#)

*Old Bathory.* You, Laska?

*Bethlen (to Bathory).* Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!  
Glycine?

*Laska.* She! I traced her by the voice.  
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard  
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:  
As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf  
At once with music and a meal!

[125](#)

*Bethlen (to Bathory).* Mark that!

*Laska.* At the next moment I beheld her running,  
Wringing her hands with, 'Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!'  
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,  
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.  
She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran  
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream  
I heard. There was no second—I—

[\[930\]](#)

[130](#)

*Bethlen.* Stop there!  
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honour  
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

[135](#)

*Laska.* You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound!  
You played the hero at a cautious distance!  
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward  
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly  
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!

[140](#)

*Old Bathory.* Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!  
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!  
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy!

*Laska.* What then! you swell upon my lady's favour,  
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth!  
But other judges now sit on the bench!  
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,  
Where to defend the treason of a son  
Might end in lifting up both son and father  
Still higher; to a height from which indeed  
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,  
Will be secured from falling to the ground.  
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,  
At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry  
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

[145](#)

[150](#)

[155](#)

*Bethlen.* Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,  
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,  
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

*Laska.* 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear  
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.  
First we demand the manner of her death?

[160](#)

*Bethlen.* Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,  
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,  
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date. 165  
After the fate, from which your valour strove  
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

*Laska.* Glycine?

[931]

*Bethlen.* Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,  
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,  
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been 170  
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply  
I come too late? It has itself delivered  
Its own commission to you?

*Old Bathory.* 'Tis most likely!  
And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered  
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!

*Laska.* 'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them, 175  
With all due honour, to his Majesty!  
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,  
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,  
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!  
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost! 180

*Bethlen.* Listen! for thus it spake: 'Say thou to Laska,  
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed  
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,  
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand  
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her, 185  
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it  
From Bethlen's cudgel'—thus.  
Off! scoundrel! off!

[*Beats him off.*

[*LASKA runs away.*

*Old Bathory.* The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard  
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption  
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us. 190

*Bethlen.* E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies  
The oratory?

*Old Bathory.* Ascend yon flight of stairs!  
Midway the corridor a silver lamp  
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,  
And facing it, the low arched oratory! 195  
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:  
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard  
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly  
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

*Bethlen.* There I will meet you! And till then good-night!  
Dear good old man, good-night! 200

*Old Bathory.* O yet one moment!  
What I repelled, when it did seem my own,  
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!  
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,  
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name, 205  
Bethlen!—say 'Father' to me!

[932]

*Bethlen.* Now, and for ever  
My father! other sire than thou, on earth  
I never had, a dearer could not have!  
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,  
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling, 210  
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

*Bathory.* Go! Go! [Exit BETHLEN.  
May every star now shining over us,  
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him! [Exit BATHORY.

*Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry.*

SAROLTA and an Attendant.

*Attendant.* We all did love her, madam!

*Sarolta.* She deserved it!  
Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!  
'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me. 215

*Attendant.* She was in love, and had she not died thus,  
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,  
She would have pined herself to death at home.

*Sarolta.* Has the youth's father come back from his search? 220

*Attendant.* He never will, I fear me. O dear lady!  
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—  
It was quite cruel—'You'll be sure,' said he,  
'To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,  
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!  
Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!' 225

*Sarolta.* Inhuman wretch!

*Attendant.* And old Bathory answered  
With a sad smile, 'It is a witch's prayer,  
And may Heaven read it backwards.' Though she was rash,  
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment! 230

*Sarolta.* Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.  
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my poor girl!  
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*

[933] O they were innocent, and yet have perished  
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph. 235  
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds  
Life's closing gate?—

Still passing thence petitionary Hours  
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?  
Or would this dullness tell me, that there is 240  
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,  
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil  
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,  
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,  
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant 245  
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!  
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!  
Make our food bitter with despised tears!  
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!  
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate, 250  
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!  
With all the heaviest worldly visitations  
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us  
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit  
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only, 255  
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not  
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!  
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him  
To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!

[*During the latter part of this speech EMERICK comes forward from  
his hiding-place. SAROLTA seeing him, without recognising him.*

In such a shape a father's curse should come. 260

*Emerick (advancing).* Fear not.

*Sarolta.* Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

*Emerick.* Friend!  
Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,  
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose  
Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:  
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead. 265

*Sarolta.* Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid! [Aside.  
The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.  
What seeks your Majesty?

*Emerick.* Sarolta's love;  
And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

[934] *Sarolta.* Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!  
Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance 270

On the base villain, on the faithless slave  
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!  
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?  
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven  
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick! 275

*Emerick.* Chiefly from me.  
Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court  
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?  
First then on him I will administer justice—  
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. 280

[*Seizes her.*]

*Sarolta.* Help! Treason! Help!

*Emerick.* Call louder! Scream again!  
Here's none can hear you!

*Sarolta.* Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

*Emerick.* Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,  
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave  
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick 285  
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.  
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live  
This month a widow, and the next a queen!

*Sarolta.* Yet, yet for one brief moment  
Unhand me, I conjure you. [*Struggling.*]

[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet. EMERICK follows,  
and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.*]

*Emerick.* Ha! Ha! a dagger;  
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket! 290  
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,  
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,  
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

[*During this speech BETHLEN enters armed.*]

*Bethlen.* Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword! 295

*Emerick.* Pish! who is this?

*Sarolta.* O sleepless eye of Heaven!  
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?  
May I still call thee Bethlen?

*Bethlen.* Ever, lady,  
Your faithful soldier!

[935]

*Emerick.* Insolent slave! Depart  
Know'st thou not me?

*Bethlen.* I know thou art a villain 300  
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!  
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

*Sarolta.* Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!  
This is the hour that fiends and damnéd spirits  
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list! 305  
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

*Bethlen.* Usurped it!

*Emerick.* The king will play the devil with thee indeed!  
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,  
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate  
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth 310  
Stained with adulterous blood, and—  
—mark you, traitress!

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!  
Thou prayed'st for't too.

*Sarolta.* Thou art so fiendish wicked,  
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

*Bethlen.* Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!  
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet! 315

That from some vagrant actor's tiring-room,  
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

*Emerick.* Ah! treason!  
Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!  
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant  
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,  
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!

320

[BETHLEN *seizes* EMERICK'S *hand and eagerly observes the signet.*

*Bethlen.* It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!  
But with a foul usurping cypher on it!  
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must follow it!  
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!  
That mad'st a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!  
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself  
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!  
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!  
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point  
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,  
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

325

[936]

330

[*They fight, and just as EMERICK is disarmed, in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and Attendants. CASIMIR runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle BETHLEN'S sword is thrown down.*

*Casimir.* The king! disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!  
What may this mean?

*Emerick.* Deceived, dishonored lord!  
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee  
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,  
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!  
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases:  
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.  
Of half thy vengeance I perforce must rob thee,  
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance  
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

335

340

[*Then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,  
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

345

*Bethlen.* Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

*Emerick.* Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced  
His king, must not pollute the breathing air,  
Even with a word!

*Casimir (to Bathory).* Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit BETHLEN, hurried off by BATHORY and Attendants.*

*Emerick.* We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:  
Thou (*to Casimir*) wilt attend us: and wilt then explain  
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

350

[*Exit EMERICK; Manent CASIMIR and SAROLTA.*

*Sarolta.* My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!  
It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!  
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,  
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

355

[937]

*Casimir.* Hush! hush!  
I had detected ere I left the city  
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damnéd ingrate!  
For him did I bring down a father's curse!  
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun  
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!  
No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,  
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail  
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!

360

365

[*Exeunt.*

- [5] *I* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [34] *common-talk* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [35] *My* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [37-9] '*Was not the . . . Majesty.*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [40] *thy* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [51] *him* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [52] *me* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [56] *Emerick (with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn).* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [63] *thee* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [68-9] '*This way . . . safe lodged.*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [73] '*I'm . . . fortunes.*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [95-102] '*Ask not my son,*' said she, '*our . . . in silence!*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [112] *Laska (recovering himself).* Good now. 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* [115](#) *Bethlen (holding up his hand as if to strike him).* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [116] *should* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* [118](#) *Laska (still more recovering).* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [121] *You* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [128] '*Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [151] *may* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*Before* [161](#) [*Then very pompously.* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [174] *brave* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [181-7] '*Say thou . . . cudgel!*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [212] *Bathory.* Go! Go!  
[BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATHORY *looks affectionately after him.*  
1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* [213](#)
- Scene changes . . . tapestry.*
- SAROLTA *in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.*  
1817, 1828, 1829.
- [223-6] '*You'll be sure,*' said he, '*To meet with PART . . . pray you!*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [228-9] '*It is . . . backwards.*' 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [234] *they* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [257] *soul* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [272] villain] *ingrate* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [300] *me* 1817.
- [311] *Stained with adulterous blood, and—*  
[*Then to Sarolta.*  
1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* [322](#) [EMERICK *points his hand haughtily towards BETHLEN, who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [339] *now* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [341] *half* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [342] *that* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* [353](#) [*Pointing to the sword which BETHLEN had been disarmed of by the Attendants.* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- [357] *Casimir.* Hush! Hush!  
[*In an under voice.*  
1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* [362](#) [*Embracing her.* 1817, 1828, 1829.  
*After* [365](#) [*Exeunt consulting.* 1817, 1828, 1829.
- END OF ACT III. 1817.
-

# ACT IV

## SCENE I

*A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.*

*Casimir.* This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

*Enter LORD RUDOLPH.*

Well met, Lord Rudolph!—  
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,  
And I dare trust—

*Lord Rudolph.* Enough! the time is precious!  
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?  
And sojourned there some hours?

5

*Casimir.* I did so!

*Lord Rudolph.* Heard you  
Aught of a hunt preparing?

*Casimir.* Yes; and met  
The assembled huntsmen!

*Lord Rudolph.* Was there no word given?

*Casimir.* The word for me was this:—The royal Leopard  
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.

10

*Lord Rudolph.* Your answer?

*Casimir.* As the word proves false or true  
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!

*Lord Rudolph.* The event redeemed their pledge?

*Casimir.* It did, and therefore  
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.  
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,  
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

15

*[They take hands.]*

[938]

*Lord Rudolph.* But Emerick! how when you reported to him  
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight  
Of Bethlen with his guards?

*Casimir.* O he received it  
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,  
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.

20

*Lord Rudolph.* I entered as the door was closing on you:  
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you,—  
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,  
As if he had you in the toils already,  
And were then choosing where to stab you first.  
But hush! draw back!

25

*Casimir.* This nook is at the furthest  
From any beaten track.

*Lord Rudolph.* There! mark them!

*[Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross the Stage.]*

*Casimir.* Laska!

*Lord Rudolph.* One of the two I recognized this morning;  
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian  
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.  
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,  
Dispart you from your servants.

30

*Casimir (aside).* I deserve it.  
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant:  
The one I trusted most and most preferred.  
But we must part. What makes the king so late?  
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

35

*Lord Rudolph.* And his main policy.  
To enthral the sluggard nature in ourselves  
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret  
To enthral the world: for the will governs all. 40  
See, the sky lowers! the cross-winds waywardly  
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds  
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt!

*Casimir.* Mark yonder mass! I make it wear the shape  
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed. 45

[939] *Lord Rudolph (smiling).* Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,  
Which, if bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,  
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it  
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.

*Casimir.* Mark too the edges of the lurid mass— 50  
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,  
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand  
Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.  
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,  
And elemental war!

[A single trumpet heard at some distance.

*Lord Rudolph.* That single blast 55  
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser  
Neighs at the gate. [Trumpets.

Hark! now the king comes forth!  
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions  
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end  
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd, 60  
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship!  
I must away! my absence may be noticed.

*Casimir.* Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt  
Hard by the forest-skirts; and ere high noon  
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar. 65  
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,  
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease  
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili! [Exit RUDOLPH.

The traitor, Laska!— 70  
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,  
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.  
Whence learned she this?—O she was innocent!  
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom!  
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air, 75  
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.  
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,  
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.  
O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes  
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart, 80  
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,  
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!

[940] O fool! O parricide! through yon wood did'st thou,  
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,  
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then  
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise 85  
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?  
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!  
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,  
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!  
O strengthen him to nobler compensation 90  
In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[Exit CASIMIR.

*Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern, as in Act II. ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.*

*Zapolya.* Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:  
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!  
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,  
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares. 95

*Glycine.* I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,  
And the same moment I descry him, lady,  
I will return to you. [Exit GLYCINE.

[Enter OLD BATHORY, speaking as he enters.



*Old Bathory.* Who hears? A friend!  
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

*Zapolya.* He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not Bathory? 100

*Old Bathory.* O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[BATHORY *kneels.*

*Zapolya.* Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,  
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven  
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me  
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not, 105  
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams  
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel  
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

*Old Bathory.* O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds  
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve. 110  
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted  
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

[941]

*Zapolya.* Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

*Old Bathory.* She is safe.  
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,  
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him. 115  
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!  
Your son—

*Zapolya.* Hark! Is it he?

*Old Bathory.* I hear a voice  
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,  
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest,  
To have led you hence.—Retire.

*Zapolya.* O life of terrors! 120

*Old Bathory.* In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground  
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt ZAPOLYA and BATHORY into the cave.*

*Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.*

*Laska.* Not a step further!

*Pestalutz.* Dastard! was this your promise to the king?

*Laska.* I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you  
As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir: 125  
And now I leave you to take care of him.  
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

*Pestalutz.* Be on your guard, man!

*Laska.* Ha! what now?

*Pestalutz.* Behind you!  
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you  
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master! 130

*Laska.* Pshaw! What! you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?

*Pestalutz.* Is't not enough to play the knave to others,  
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

*Laska.* Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,  
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest. 135  
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,  
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

*Pestalutz.* What! the girl  
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

[942]

*Laska.* Well! Take my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail you,  
These points are tipt with venom.

[*Seeing GLYCINE without.*

By Heaven! Glycine!  
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her! 140

[*They run out after GLYCINE. Enter BATHORY from the cavern.*

*Old Bathory.* Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew  
A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?  
The shriek came thence.

[*Enter* GLYCINE.

*Glycine.* Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine  
Will die with thee or save thee!

[145](#)

[*She seizes them and rushes out. BATHORY following. Music, and  
Peasants with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!  
To the meadows trip away.  
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,  
And scare the small birds from the corn.  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shepherds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

150

Leave the hearth and leave the house  
To the cricket and the mouse:  
Find grannam out a sunny seat,  
With babe and lambkin at her feet.  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shepherds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

155

[*Exeunt* Huntsmen.

[\[943\]](#)

*Re-enter* BATHORY, BETHLEN, and GLYCINE.

*Glycine.* And now once more a woman—

*Bethlen.* Was it then  
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands  
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?

[165](#)

*Old Bathory.* 'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud  
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme  
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,  
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;  
The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him.  
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant  
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

170

[*Enter* ZAPOLYA.

*Zapolya.* Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

*Bethlen.* Mother! Queen.  
Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!  
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet  
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.  
So do the gods who launch the thunderbolt!

175

*Zapolya.* O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!  
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,  
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense—

[180](#)

*Bethlen.* And that majestic form that stood beside thee  
Was Raab Kiuprili!

*Zapolya.* It was Raab Kiuprili;  
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

*Old Bathory.* Hail Andreas! hail my king!

*Andreas.* Stop, thou revered one,  
Lest we offend the jealous destinies  
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty  
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

185

*Glycine.* Accept thine hand-maid's service!

[*Kneeling.*

*Zapolya.* Raise her, son!  
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,



For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili.

*Kiuprili.* And are they safe?

[*Noise without.*

*Old Bathory.* Conceal yourself, my lord!  
I will mislead them!

*Kiuprili.* Is Zapolya safe?

*Old Bathory.* I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!

[245](#)

[*Enter CASIMIR.*

*Casimir.* Monster!  
Thou shalt not now escape me!

*Old Bathory.* Stop, lord Casimir!  
It is no monster.

[946]

*Casimir.* Art thou too a traitor?  
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?  
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,  
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?  
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

[250](#)

*Old Bathory.* There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword  
That was descending on his curst employer,  
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

[255](#)

*Casimir.* Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?  
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!  
Would thy hand point me?

*Old Bathory.* Casimir, to thy father.

*Casimir.* The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,  
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

[260](#)

*Old Bathory.* Speak, speak, my lord!

*Kiuprili.* Bid him fulfil his work!

*Casimir.* Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!  
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,  
And save me from perdition and despair!

*Old Bathory.* He lives!

*Casimir.* Lives! A father's curse can never die!

[265](#)

*Kiuprili.* O Casimir! Casimir!

*Old Bathory.* Look! he doth forgive you!  
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[*EMERICK'S voice without.*

*Casimir.* I kneel, I kneel!  
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,  
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!  
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,  
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,  
Permitting me again to call thee father!

[270](#)

*Kiuprili.* Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;  
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,  
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

[275](#)

[*Enter EMERICK.*

[947]

*Emerick.* Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you  
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all  
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded  
As gods or wood-nymphs!—

Ha! 'tis done then!  
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,  
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!  
Well!—Aye, well!—

[280](#)

And is it not well? For though grafted on us,  
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power  
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:  
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:

[285](#)

The old enemy looked at me in his face,  
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

*Enter CASIMIR and BATHORY.*

*Old Bathory (aside).* This way they come!

*Casimir (aside).* Hold them in check awhile,  
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee. 290

*Emerick (aside).* And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,  
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here  
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!  
Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

*Casimir (coming forward).* Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!  
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer! 295  
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

*Emerick.* Curses on it and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen  
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?  
Ho! Treason! Treason!

*Casimir.* Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight. EMERICK falls.*]

*Emerick.* Betrayed and baffled 300  
By mine own tool!—Oh! [*Dies.*]

*Casimir.* Hear, hear, my Father!  
Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O Father,  
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!  
Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it 305  
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;  
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me  
And lighted on the tyrant!

*Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants.*

*Rudolph and Bathory.* Friends! friends to Casimir!

*Casimir.* Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

*Rudolph.* So perish tyrants! so end usurpation! 310

*Casimir.* Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!  
One moment—  
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,  
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen  
With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven— 315  
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*CASIMIR enters the Cavern.*]

**SCENE.**—*Chamber in CASIMIR'S Castle. Confederates discovered.*

*First Confederate.* It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace  
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted  
With such short interspace, that fast as sound 320  
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

*Enter another Confederate.*

What tidings from Temeswar?

*Second Confederate.* With one voice  
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant:  
He is proclaimed the public enemy,  
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

*First Confederate.* Just doom for him, who governs without law! 325  
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

*Second Confederate.* Nothing is yet decided: but report  
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory  
Of his renownéd father—

*Enter SAROLTA.*

Hail to Sarolta!

*Sarolta.* Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy  
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,  
And from his obscure exile, hath returned  
To bless our country. More and greater tidings  
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice  
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,  
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;  
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

330

[949]

335

[*Shouts of 'Kiuprili, Kiuprili,' and 'The Tyrant's fallen,' without.*  
*Enter KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants.*

*Raab Kiuprili.* Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you:  
Behold, your Queen!

[*Enter ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

*Confederate.* Comes she from heaven to bless us?

*Other Confederates.* It is! it is!

*Zapolya.* Heaven's work of grace is full!  
Kiuprili, thou art safe!

340

*Raab Kiuprili.* Royal Zapolya!  
To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first;  
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee  
And for our country, the one precious branch  
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,  
Behold your King! And thank our country's genius,  
That the same means which have preserved our sovereign,  
Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne  
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs  
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,  
(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)  
We haste to lay before the assembled council.

345

350

*All.* Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!

*Andreas.* Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice  
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink  
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait  
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,  
In this brief while, O let me feel myself  
The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!—  
But what can breath add to that sacred name?  
Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us  
That loyalty is but the public form  
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth  
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm:  
Thou my support and I thy faithful fruitage.  
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,  
They are but an art to check its over-swelling.  
Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!  
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me  
To call thee father! And dare I forget  
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,  
Lady Sarolta? Still acknowledge me  
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation  
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?  
Thou sword that leap'dst forth from a bed of roses:  
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

355

360

[950]

365

370

375

*Zapolya.* Hear that from me, son!  
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,  
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

*Casimir.* Chef Ragozzi!  
O shame upon my head! I would have given her  
To a base slave!

*Zapolya.* Heaven overruled thy purpose,  
And sent an angel to thy house to guard her!  
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!  
The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,  
How many may claim salvage in thee! Take her, son!  
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry  
Than orient kings can give!

380

385

*Sarolta.* A banquet waits!—  
 On this auspicious day, for some few hours  
 I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful  
 With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!  
 E'en women at the distaff hence may see,  
 That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;  
 May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,  
 None love their country, but who love their home:  
 For freedom can with those alone abide,  
 Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,  
 Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:  
 While mad ambition ever doth caress  
 Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

390

[395](#)

END OF ZAPOLYA.

### LINENOTES:

After [16](#) [*They take hands, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*]

[[37](#)] *Lord Rudolph.* And his main policy too. 1817.

[[44-55](#)] *Casimir.* Mark too, the edges of yon lurid mass!  
 Restless and vexed, as if some angering hand,  
 With fitful, tetchy snatch, unrolled and pluck'd  
 The jetting ringlets of the vaporous fleece!  
 These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,  
 And elemental war!

1817-1851.

[Note.—The text of 1829, 1831 is inscribed in *Notebook 20 (1808-1825).*]

[[47](#)] Which, as Poets tell us, the Sea-Shepherds tend, *Notebook 20.*

[[48](#)] *my 1828, 1829.*

[[57](#)] Neighs at the gate.

[*A volley of Trumpets.*]

1817, 1828, 1829.

After [68](#) [*Exit RUDOLPH and manet CASIMIR.*]

[[95-6](#)] That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares me.  
 You will ken Bethlen?

*Glycine.* O at farthest distance,  
 Yea, oft where Light's own courier-beam exhausted  
 Drops at the threshold, and forgets its message,  
 A something round me of a wider reach  
 Feels his approach, and trembles back to tell me.

MS. correction (in the *margin* of *Zapolya 1817*) inserted in text of *P. and D. W.* 1877, iv. pp. 270-71.

After [99](#) [*ZAPOLYA, who had been gazing affectionately after GLYCINE, starts at BATHORY'S voice. 1817, 1828, 1829.*]

Before [128](#) *Pestalutz (affecting to start). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[[128](#)] *Laska (in affright). Ha, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Before [134](#) *Laska (pompously). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[[137](#)] *Pestalutz (with a sneer). What! &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Before [139](#) *Laska (throwing down a bow and arrows). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[[139](#)] Take] there's 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[140](#)] These points are tipt with venom.

[*Starts and sees GLYCINE without.*]

1817, 1828, 1829.

After [141](#) [*They run . . . GLYCINE, and she shrieks without: then enter, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*]

[[144](#)] The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords, and BETHLEN'S voice heard from behind the scenes; GLYCINE enters alarmed; then, as seeing LASKA'S bow and arrows.*]

1817, 1828, 1829.

After [146](#) [*She seizes . . . following her. Lively and irregular music, and Peasants with hunting spears, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*]

After [162](#) *Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Before [163](#) *Glycine (leaning on Bethlen). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Before [166](#) *Bathory (to Bethlen exultingly). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Before [181](#) *Bethlen (hastily). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[[184](#)] Bathory. Hail . . . my king! [Triumphantly.  
1817, 1828, 1829.

[[205](#)] Has scattered them! [Horns heard as from different places at a distance.  
1817, 1828, 1829.

[[207](#)] thee 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [209](#) [Thunder again. 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [211](#) [Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[213](#)] Lo] Low 1828, 1829.

After [215](#) [Exeunt . . . GLYCINE, ANDREAS, having in haste dropt his sword. Manet BATHORY.  
1817, 1828, 1829.

[[216](#)] Yon bleeding corse (pointing to Pestalutz's body) 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[219](#)] I'll drag it hither.

[Exit BATHORY. After awhile several Hunters cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[[221](#)] Shall be my trust. [Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA in the Cavern.  
Haste! . . . flee! [He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[[225](#)] Thou art parcel of my native land. [Then observing the sword.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[[226](#)] my 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[230](#)] arm] arms 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[232](#)] bitter] bitterer 1817.

[[233](#)] his 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [239](#) [Then observing KIUPRILI. 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [245](#) [As he retires, in rushes CASIMIR. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[246](#)] Casimir (entering). Monster! 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[253](#)] Bathory. There (pointing to the body of PESTALUTZ) 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [256](#) [BATHORY points to the Cavern, whence KIUPRILI advances. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [259](#) Casimir (discovering Kiuprili). 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [261](#) Bathory (to Kiuprili). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[261](#)] Kiuprili (holds out the sword to Bathory). Bid him, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [266](#) Kiuprili (in a tone of pity). 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [275](#) [KIUPRILI and CASIMIR embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting KIUPRILI. CASIMIR as by accident drops his robe, and BATHORY throws it over the body of PESTALUTZ. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [276](#) Emerick (entering). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[279](#)] As gods or wood-nymphs!— [Then sees the body of PESTALUTZ, covered by CASIMIR's cloak.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[[281](#)] last 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[283](#)] not 1817, 1828, 1829.

After [288](#) [As EMERICK moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern CASIMIR and BATHORY. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [289](#) Bathory (pointing to where the noise is, and aside to Casimir). 1817, 1828, 1829.

[[289](#)] Casimir (aside to Bathory). Hold, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before [291](#) Emerick (aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory, and looking at the dead



body). 1817, 1828, 1829.

After 293 [Uncovers the face, and starts. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[301] Casimir (triumphantly). Hear, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before 308 Rudolph and Bathory (entering). 1817, 1828, 1829.

After 316 [Exeunt CASIMIR into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side. 1817, 1828, 1829.

Before 317 Scene changes to a splendid Chamber, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

After 337 [Shouts . . . without. Then enter KIUPRILI . . . Attendants, after the clamour has subsided. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[339] Behold, your Queen!

[Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA, &c.

1817, 1828, 1829.

[365] my . . . I 1817, 1828, 1829.

[377] thy 1817, 1828, 1829.

[381] And sent an angel (pointing to SAROLTA) to thy, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

After 382 [To ANDREAS. 1817, 1828, 1829.

[384] How many may claim salvage in thee! (Pointing to GLYCINE.) Take, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.

After 398 FINIS. 1817.

[951]

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## EPIGRAMS<sup>[951:1]</sup>

### 1

#### EPIGRAM

##### AN APOLOGY FOR SPENCERS

Said William to Edmund I can't guess the reason  
Why Spencers abound in this bleak wintry season.  
Quoth Edmund to William, I perceive you're no Solon—  
Men may purchase a half-coat when they cannot a whole-one.

BRISTOLIENSIS.

March 21, 1796. First published in *The Watchman*, No. IV. March 25, 1796. First collected *Poems*, 1907.

[952]

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### 2

#### EPIGRAM

##### ON A LATE MARRIAGE BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND FRENCH PETIT MAÎTRE

Tho' Miss —'s match is a subject of mirth,  
She considered the matter full well,  
And wisely preferred leading one ape on earth  
To perhaps a whole dozen in hell.

First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796. Included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 45. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

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### 3

#### EPIGRAM

##### ON AN AMOROUS DOCTOR

From Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart  
And left it sticking in Sangrado's heart.  
No quiet from that moment has he known,  
And peaceful sleep has from his eyelids flown.  
And opium's force, and what is more, alack!

His own orations cannot bring it back.  
In short, unless she pities his afflictions,  
Despair will make him take his *own prescriptions*.

First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796. Included in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 45. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

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4

**EPIGRAM**

Of smart pretty Fellows in Bristol are numbers, some  
Who so modish are grown, that they think plain sense cumbersome;  
And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,  
They affect to believe neither God or *old Nicholas*!

First published in article 'To Caius Gracchus' (signed S. T. Coleridge) in *The Watchman*, No. V, p. 159. Reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, i. 164. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

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[953]

5

**ON DEPUTY —**

By many a booby's vengeance bit  
I leave your haunts, ye sons of wit!  
And swear, by Heaven's blessed light,  
That Epigrams no more I'll write.  
Now hang that \*\*\*\*\* for an ass,  
Thus to thrust in his idiot face,  
Which spite of oaths, if e'er I spy,  
I'll write an Epigram—or die.

LABERIUS.

First published in *Morning Post*, Jan. 2, 1798. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 369.

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6

**[EPIGRAM]**

To be ruled like a Frenchman the Briton is loth,  
Yet in truth a *direct-tory* governs them both.

1798. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 166.

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7

**ON MR. ROSS, USUALLY COGNOMINATED NOSY**<sup>[953:1]</sup>

I fancy whenever I spy Nosy  
  Ross,  
More great than a Lion is Rhy nose  
  ros.

1799. Now first published from an MS.

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8

**[EPIGRAM]**

Bob now resolves on marriage schemes to trample,  
And now he'll have a wife all in a trice.  
Must I advise—Pursue thy dad's example  
And marry not.—There, heed now my advice.

[954]

9

[EPIGRAM]

Say what you will, Ingenious Youth!  
You'll find me neither Dupe nor Dunce:  
Once you deceived me—only once,  
'Twas then when you told me the Truth.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 45. *An einen Lügner*. 'Du magst so oft, so fein, als dir nur möglich, lügen.'

---

10

[ANOTHER VERSION]

If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit,  
Lie on—'tis your duty, sweet youth!  
For believe me, then only we find you a cheat  
When you cunningly tell us the truth.

1800. First published in *Annual Anthology*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 163.

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11

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT<sup>[954:1]</sup>

No doleful faces here, no sighing—  
Here rots a thing that *won* by dying:  
'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust—  
Whom Death *created* into dust.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. The two last lines were printed for the first time in 1834. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 52. *Grabschrift des Nitulus*.

'Hier modert Nitulus, jungfräuliches Gesichts,  
Der durch den Tod gewann: er wurde Staub aus Nichts.'

---

12

[EPIGRAM]

There comes from old Avaro's grave  
A deadly stench—why, sure they have  
Immured his *soul* within his grave?

1799. First published in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122. Included in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 46. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 27. *Auf Lukrins Grab*. 'Welch tötender Gestank hier, wo Lukrin begraben.'

---

[955]

13

ON A SLANDERER

From yonder tomb of recent date,  
There comes a strange mephitic blast.  
Here lies—Ha! Backbite, you at last—  
'Tis he indeed: and sure as fate,  
They buried him in overhaste—  
Into the earth he has been cast,  
And in this grave,

Before the man had breathed his last.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. An expansion of [Epigram] No. 12.

---

14

LINES IN A GERMAN STUDENT'S ALBUM

We both attended the same College,  
Where sheets of paper we did blur many,  
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,  
In England I, and you in Germany.

First published in Carlyon's *Early Years, &c.*, 1856, i. 68. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 374.

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15

[HIPONA]

Hippona lets no silly flush  
Disturb her cheek, nought makes her blush.  
Whate'er obscenities you say,  
She nods and titters frank and gay.  
Oh Shame, awake one honest flush  
For this,—that nothing makes her blush.

First published in *Morning Post*, (?) Aug. 29, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800, and in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 971. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 10. *Auf Lucinden*. 'Sie hat viel Welt, die muntere Lucinde.'

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16

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES

Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse  
To all and at all times,  
And deems them both divinely smooth,  
His voice as well as rhymes.

[956]

But folks say, Mævius is no ass!  
But Mævius makes it clear  
That he's a monster of an ass,  
An ass without an ear.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 7, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800; *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122; *Lit. Rem.*, i. 49. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams*, Bk. IX, No. 42. *An einen gewissen Pritschmeister*. 'Umsonst dass jedermann, dieweil du manches Blatt.'

---

17

ON A REPORT OF A MINISTER'S DEATH WRITTEN IN GERMANY

Last Monday all the Papers said  
That Mr. — was dead;  
Why, then, what said the City?  
The tenth part sadly shook their head,  
And shaking sigh'd and sighing said,  
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'

But when the said report was found  
A rumour wholly without ground,  
Why, then, what said the city?  
The other *nine* parts shook their head,  
Repeating what the tenth had said,  
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 18, 1799. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122; *Lit. Rem.*, i. 46.

### LINENOTES:

- [2] That Mr. — was surely dead *M. P.*  
[3] Why] Ah *M. P.*  
[4] their] the *M. P.*  
[9] Why] Ah *M. P.*  
[10] their] the *M. P.*
- 

## 18

### [DEAR BROTHER JEM]

Jem writes his verses with more speed  
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;  
Quite as fast as we can read,  
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800; *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 974. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164.

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[957]

## 19

### JOB'S LUCK

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions  
To try Job's constancy and patience;  
He took his honours, took his health,  
He took his children, took his wealth,  
His camels, horses, asses, cows—  
And the *sly* Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,  
And loves to disappoint the Devil,  
Had predetermined to restore  
*Twofold* all Job had before,  
His children, camels, horses, cows,—  
*Short-sighted* Devil, not to take his *spouse!*

1799. First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 26, 1801. Included in *Annual Register*, 1827, and *Keepsake*, 1829. First collected 1834.

The first stanza of 'Job's Luck' is adapted from Fr. v. Logan's *Sinngedicht, Hiob's Weib*. Lessing's edition, Bk. III, No. 90:—

'Als der Satan ging von Hiob, ist sein Anwalt dennoch blieben,  
Hiob's Weib; er hätte nimmer einen bessern aufgetrieben.'

The second stanza is adapted from Fr. v. Logan's *Sinngedicht, Auf den Hornutus, ibid.* Bk. I, No. 68:  
—

'Hornutus las, was Gott Job habe weggenommen,  
Sei doppelt ihm hernach zu Hause wiederkommen:  
Wie gut, sprach er, war dies, dass Gott sein Weib nicht nahm,  
Auf dass Job ihrer zwei für eine nicht bekam!'

The original source is a Latin epigram by John Owen (*Audoenus Oxoniensis*), Bk. III, No. 198. See *N. and Q.*, 1st Series, ii. 516.

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### LINENOTES:

- Title] The Devil Outwitted *M. P.*  
[3] honours] honour *M. P.*

**ON THE SICKNESS OF A GREAT MINISTER**

Pluto commanded death to take away  
 Billy—Death made pretences to obey,  
 And only made pretences, for he shot  
 A headless dart that struck nor wounded not.  
 The ghaunt Economist who (tho' my grandam  
 Thinks otherwise) ne'er shoots his darts at random  
 Mutter'd, 'What? put my Billy in arrest?  
 Upon my life that were a pretty jest!  
 So flat a thing of Death shall ne'er be said or sung—  
 No! Ministers and Quacks, them take I not so young.'

[958]

First, published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 1, 1799. Now reprinted for the first time. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 119. *Auf die Genesung einer Buhlerin*. 'Dem Tode wurde jüngst von Pluto anbefohlen.'

**[TO A VIRTUOUS OECONOMIST]**

WERNICKE

You're careful o'er your wealth 'tis true:  
 Yet so that of your plenteous store  
 The needy takes and blesses you,  
 For you hate Poverty, but not the Poor.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 28, 1799. Now reprinted for the first time. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. I, No. 49). *An den sparsamen Celidon*.

'Du liebst zwar Geld und Gut, doch so dass dein Erbarmen  
 Der Arme fühlt.'

**[L'ENFANT PRODIGUE]**

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,  
 But prithee where lies Jack's estate?  
 In Algebra for there I found of late  
 A quantity call'd less than nothing.

First published in *Morning Post*, Nov. 16, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 163.

**ON SIR RUBICUND NASO**

**A COURT ALDERMAN AND WHISPERER OF SECRETS**

Speak out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose  
 That, talk where you will, 'tis all *under the Rose*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 7, 1799. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 975. First collected *Poems*, 1907. Compare Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 35. *Auf eine lange Nase*.

[959]

**TO MR. PYE**

On his *Carmen Seculare* (a title which has by various persons who have heard it, been thus translated, 'A Poem *an age long*').

Your poem must *eternal* be,  
*Eternal!* it can't fail,  
For 'tis *incomprehensible*,  
And without head or tail!

First published in *Morning Post*, Jan. 24, 1800. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 277. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 161.

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25

[NINETY-EIGHT]

O would the Baptist come again  
And preach aloud with might and main  
Repentance to our viperous race!  
But should this miracle take place,  
I hope, ere Irish ground he treads,  
He'll lay in a good stock of heads!

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162. Adapted from Friedrich von Logau's *Sinngedicht, Johannes der Täufer*, Lessing's edition, Bk. I, No. 30:—

'Nicht recht! nicht recht! würd' immer schrein  
Johannes, sollt' er wieder sein.  
Doch käm er, riet' ich, dass er dächte,  
Wie viel er Köpf' in Vorrat brächte.'

---

26

OCCASIONED BY THE FORMER

I hold of all our viperous race  
The greedy creeping things in place  
Most vile, most venomous; and then  
The United Irishmen!  
To come on earth should John determine,  
Imprimis, we'll excuse his sermon.  
Without a word the good old Dervis  
Might work incalculable service,  
At once from tyranny and riot  
Save laws, lives, liberties and moneys,  
If sticking to his ancient diet  
He'd but eat up our locusts and *wild honeys!*

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162.

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LINENOTES:

After 4 Now by miraculous deeds to stir them *MS.*

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[960]

27

[A LIAR BY PROFESSION]

As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking,  
Whom should we see on t'other side pass by  
But Informator with a stranger talking,  
So I exclaim'd, 'Lord, what a lie!  
Quoth Dick—'What, can you hear him?'  
'Hear him! stuff!  
I saw him open his mouth—an't that enough?'

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 163. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 142. *Auf den Ley*. 'Der gute Mann, den Ley beiseite dort gezogen!'

## TO A PROUD PARENT

Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name;  
 'My Lud!' they lisp. Now whence can this arise?  
 Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame  
 And will not teach her infant to tell lies.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800, included in *Essays, &c.*, ii. 997. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 17. *An den Doktor Sp \*\**: 'Dein Söhnchen lässt dich nie den Namen Vater hören.'

## RUFA

Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast,  
 It don't surprise me in the least  
 To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.  
 But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,  
 Yes—that surprises me.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 66. *An die Dorilis*. 'Dein Hündchen, Dorilis, ist zärtlich, tändelnd, rein.'

## ON A VOLUNTEER SINGER

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing  
 Should certain persons die before they sing.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 277; *Essays, &c.*, 1850, ii. 988. First collected in 1834.

[961]

## OCCASIONED BY THE LAST

A JOKE (cries Jack) without a sting—  
*Post obitum* can no man sing.  
 And true, if Jack don't mend his manners  
 And quit the atheistic banners,  
*Post obitum* will Jack run foul  
 Of such *folks* as can only *howl*.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 988. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 165.

## LINENOTES:

[1] joke] jest *Essays, &c.*

[5] *folks*] sparks *Essays, &c.*

## EPITAPH ON MAJOR DIEMAN

Know thou who walks't by, Man! that wrapp'd up in lead, man,  
 What once was a Dieman, now lies here a dead man.



Alive a proud MAJOR! but ah me! of our poor all,  
The soul having gone, he is now merely Corporal.

? 1800. Now first published from MS.

---

33

ON THE ABOVE

As long as ere the life-blood's running,  
Say, what can stop a Punster's punning?  
He dares bepun even thee, O Death!  
To *punish* him, Stop thou his breath.

? 1800. Now first published from MS.

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34

EPITAPH

ON A BAD MAN

Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie,  
This sad brief tale is all that Truth can give—  
He lived like one who never thought to die,  
He died like one who dared not hope to live![\[961:1\]](#)

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 22, 1801. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 168.

[\[962\]](#)

ANOTHER VERSION

Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie,  
Who valued nought that God or man could give;  
He lived as if he never thought to die;  
He died as if he dared not hope to live![\[962:1\]](#)

[The name Walter Harcourt has been supplied by the editor.—S. C.]

**OBITU SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1830.**

W. H. EHEU!

Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie,  
Thankless of all that God or man could give.  
He lived like one who never thought to die,  
He died like one who dared not hope to live.

---

35

TO A CERTAIN MODERN NARCISSUS

Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come;  
My looking-glass will always be at home.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 16, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978. First collected in 1893.

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36

TO A CRITIC

WHO EXTRACTED A PASSAGE FROM A POEM WITHOUT ADDING  
A WORD RESPECTING THE CONTEXT, AND THEN DERIDED IT AS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

Most candid critic, what if I,

By way of joke, pull out your eye,  
And holding up the fragment, cry,  
'Ha! ha! that men such fools should be!  
Behold this shapeless Dab!—and he  
Who own'd it, fancied it could *see!*'  
The joke were mighty analytic,  
But should you like it, candid critic?

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 16, 1801: included in *Keepsake*, 1829, and in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 977-8. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 167.

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[963]

### 37

#### ALWAYS AUDIBLE

Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night  
You'll hear him still—he's roaring!  
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at noon,  
You'll hear him still—he's snoring!

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 19, 1801. First collected 1893.

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### 38

#### PONDERE NON NUMERO

Friends should be *weigh'd*, not *told*; who boasts to have won  
A *multitude* of friends, he ne'er had *one*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 26, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978. First collected in 1893. Adapted from Friedrich von Logan's *Sinngedicht* (Lessing's edition, Bk. II, No. 65).

'Freunde muss man sich erwählen  
Nur nach Wägen, nicht nach Zählen.'

Cf. also Logan, Book II, No. 30.

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### 39

#### THE COMPLIMENT QUALIFIED

To wed a fool, I really cannot see  
Why thou, Eliza, art so very loth;  
Still on a par with other pairs you'd be,  
Since thou hast wit and sense enough for both.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 26, 1801. First collected 1893. The title referred to an epigram published in *M. P.* Dec. 24, 1801.

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### 40

[The twenty-one 'Original Epigrams' following were printed in the *Morning Post*, in September and October, 1802, over the signature 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ'. They were included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978-86, and were first collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 171-8.]

What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *Poetical Register*, 1802 (1803), ii. 253; and in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809. Cf. Wernicke's *Beschaffenheit der Überschriften* (i. e. The Nature of the epigram), Bk. I, No. 1.

'Dann lässt die Überschrift kein Leser aus der Acht,  
Wenn in der Kürz' ihr Leib, die Seel' in Witz besteht.'

---

Charles, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,  
 And taught at length his memory the same trick.  
 Believing thus what he so oft repeats,  
 He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth,  
 That now himself and no one else he cheats,  
 Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 317, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

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## 42

An evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late!  
 Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy Estate.  
 Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,  
 Th' estate hath prov'd to thee a most complete *possession*.  
 Shame, shame, old friend! would'st thou be truly best,  
 Be thy wealth's Lord, not slave! *possessor* not *possess'd*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 317, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

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## 43

Here lies the Devil—ask no other name.  
 Well—but you mean Lord—? Hush! we mean the same.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 363, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

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## 44

**TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED<sup>[964:1]</sup> IN PRINT**

**WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY MY FIRESIDE**

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation,  
 My secrets and my want of penetration:  
 For O! far more than all which thou hast penn'd  
 It shames me to have call'd a wretch, like thee, my friend!

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. I, No. 12), *An einen falschen Freund*. 'Weil ich mich dir vertraut, eh' ich dich recht gekennet.'

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## 45

'*Obscuri sub luce maligna.*'—VIRG.

Scarce any scandal, but has a handle;  
 In truth most falsehoods have their rise;  
 Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,  
 And out there fly a host of lies.  
 Malignant light, by cloudy night,  
 To precipices it decoys one!  
 One nectar-drop from Jove's own shop  
 Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802.

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## 46

Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air,

And thanks his stars, whenever Edmund speaks,  
That such a dupe as that is not his heir—  
But know, old Harpy! that these fancy freaks,  
Though vain and light, as floating gossamer,  
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:  
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,  
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart  
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.*, 1802, ii. 868. Adapted from Wernicke, Bk. VII, No. 40, *An einen Geizhals*.

'Steht's einem Geizhals an auf Aelius zu schmähn  
Weil er vergebens hofft auf was nicht kann geschehn?'

---

47

**TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY**

Didst thou think less of thy dear self  
Far more would others think of thee!  
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth  
Reduces thee to poverty.  
Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,  
On thee as on her darling pitching;  
Couldst thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd  
That moment would'st thou become rich in!  
And wert thou not so self-bewitch'd,  
Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23 1802. Included in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

[966]

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48

**A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST CONSULS**

**FROM AN OLD TRAGEDY, VIZ. AGATHA TO KING ARCHELAUS**

Three truths should make thee often think and pause;  
The first is, that thou govern'st over men;  
The second, that thy power is from the laws;  
And this the third, that thou must die!—and then?—

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 27, 1802. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 992. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162.

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49

From me, Aurelia! you desired  
Your proper praise to know;  
Well! you're the FAIR by all admired—  
Some twenty years ago.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802.

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50

**FOR A HOUSE-DOG'S COLLAR**

When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still—  
So perform both my Master's and Mistress's will.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802. Included in *The Friend* (title, 'For a French House-Dog's Collar'), No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

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In vain I praise thee, Zoilus!  
 In vain thou rail'st at me!  
 Me no one credits, Zoilus!  
 And no one credits thee!

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802. Adapted from a Latin Epigram 'In Zoilum,' by George Buchanan:

'Frustra ego te laudo, frustra  
 Me, Zoile, laedis;  
 Nemo mihi credit,  
 Zoile, nemo, tibi.'

[967]

### EPITAPH ON A MERCENARY MISER

A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd  
 One night at SELL-ALL'S door,  
 The same who saved old SELL-ALL'S life—  
 'Twas but the year before!  
 And Sell-all rose and let him in,  
 Not utterly unwilling,  
 But first he bargain'd with the man,  
 And took his only shilling!  
 That night he dreamt he'd given away his pelf,  
 Walk'd in his sleep, and sleeping hung himself!  
 And now his soul and body rest below;  
 And here they say his punishment and fate is  
 To lie awake and every hour to know  
 How many people read his tombstone GRATIS.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 9, 1802.

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

*Author.* Come; your opinion of my manuscript!

*Friend.* Dear Joe! I would almost as soon be whipt.

*Author.* But I *will* have it!

*Friend.* If it must be had—(*hesitating*)  
 You write so ill, I scarce could read the hand—

*Author.* A mere evasion!

*Friend.* And you spell so bad,  
 That what I read I could not understand.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

### Μωροσοφία OR WISDOM IN FOLLY

Tom Slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems,  
 What he shall shortly gain and what be doing,  
 Then drops asleep, and so prolongs his dreams  
 And thus *enjoys* at once what half the world are *wooing*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

Each Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf!  
 He shews his *clothes*! Alas! he shews *himself*.  
 O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,  
 What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

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## 56

## FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET

That France has put us oft to rout  
 With *powder*, which ourselves found out;  
 And laughs at us for fools in *print*,  
 Of which our genius was the Mint;  
 All this I easily admit,  
 For we have genius, France has wit.  
 But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad  
 To Frenchmen's wives each travelling German goes,  
 Expands his manly vigour by *their* sides,  
 Becomes the father of his country's foes  
 And turns *their warriors* oft to parricides.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. VIII, No. 4), *Auf die Buhlerey der Deutschen in Frankreich*.

'Dass Frankreich uns pflegt zu verwunden  
 Durch Pulver, welches wir erfunden.'

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## 57

## ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE,

THAT IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE THE SUN IS FEMININE, AND  
 THE MOON IS MASCULINE

Our English poets, bad and good, agree  
 To make the Sun a male, the Moon a she.  
 He drives HIS dazzling diligence on high,  
 In verse, as constantly as in the sky;  
 And cheap as blackberries our sonnets shew  
 The Moon, Heaven's huntress, with HER silver bow;  
 By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,  
 Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.  
 In Germany, they just reverse the thing;  
 The Sun becomes a queen, the Moon a king.  
 Now, that the Sun should represent the women,  
 The Moon the men, to me seem'd mighty humming;  
 And when I first read German, made me stare.  
 Surely it is not that the wives are there  
 As *common* as the Sun, to lord and loon,  
 And all their husbands *hornéd* as the Moon.

[969]

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. VII, No. 15), *Die Sonne und der Mond*.

'Die Sonn' heisst die, der Mond heisst der  
 In unsrer Sprach', und kommt daher,  
 Weil meist die Fraun wie die *gemein*,  
 Wie der *gehört* wir Männer sein.'

---

## 58

## SPOTS IN THE SUN

My father confessor is strict and holy,  
*Mi Fili*, still he cries, *peccare noli*.

And yet how oft I find the pious man  
At Annette's door, the lovely courtesan!  
Her soul's deformity the good man wins  
And not her charms! he comes to hear her sins!  
Good father! I would fain not do thee wrong;  
But ah! I fear that they who oft and long  
Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot,  
*Must* sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

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**59**

When Surface talks of other people's worth  
He has the weakest memory on earth!  
And when his own good deeds he deigns to mention,  
His *memory* still is no whit better grown;  
But then he makes up for it, all will own,  
By a prodigious talent of *invention*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

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**60**

**TO MY CANDLE**

**THE FAREWELL EPIGRAM**

Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire,  
Art my best friend and comforter at night,  
Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire  
That I on thee an epigram should write.

[970]

Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger-joint,  
Thy own flame is an epigram of sight;  
'Tis *short*, and *pointed*, and *all over* light,  
Yet gives *most* light and burns the keenest at the point.

*Valete et Plaudite.*

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

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**61**

**EPITAPH**

**ON HIMSELF**

Here sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming—  
Who died as he had always lived, a-dreaming:  
Shot dead, while sleeping, by the Gout within—  
Alone, and all unknown, at E'nbro' in an Inn.

'Composed in my sleep for myself while dreaming that I was dying' . . . at the Black Bull, Edinburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1803. Sent in a letter to Thomas Wedgwood, Sept. 16, 1803. First published Cottle's *Reminiscences*, 1848, p. 467. First collected in 1893.

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**62**

**THE TASTE OF THE TIMES**

Some whim or fancy pleases every eye;  
For talents premature 'tis now the rage:  
In Music how great Handel would have smil'd  
T' have seen what crowds are raptur'd with a child!  
A Garrick we have had in little Betty—

And now we're told we have a Pitt in Petty!  
All must allow, since thus it is decreed,  
He is a very *petty* Pitt indeed!

? 1806.

First printed (from an autograph MS.) by Mr. Bertram Dobell in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 9, 1904. Now collected for the first time.

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63

ON PITT AND FOX

Britannia's boast, her glory and her pride,  
Pitt in his Country's service lived and died:  
At length resolv'd, like Pitt had done, to do,  
For once to serve his Country, Fox died too!

[971] First published by Mr. B. Dobell in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 6, 1904. This epigram belongs to the same MS. source as the preceding, 'On the Taste of the Times,' and may have been the composition of S. T. C.

In *Fugitive Pieces* (1806) (see *P. W.*, 1898, i. 34) Byron published a reply 'for insertion in the *Morning Chronicle* to the following illiberal impromptu on the death of Mr. Fox, which appeared in the *Morning Post* [Sept. 26, 1806]:—

"Our Nation's Foes lament on Fox's death,  
But bless the hour when Pitt resigned his breath:  
These feelings wide let Sense and Truth unclue,  
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

I have little doubt that this 'illiberal impromptu' was published by S. T. C., who had just returned from Italy and was once more writing for the press. It is possible that he veiled his initials in the line, 'Let Sense and Truth unClue.'

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64

An excellent adage commands that we should  
Relate of the dead that alone which is good;  
But of the great Lord who here lies in lead  
We know nothing good but that he is dead.

First published in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 986. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 178.

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65

COMPARATIVE BREVITY OF GREEK AND ENGLISH

χρυσὸν ἀνήρ εὐρώων ἔλιπε βρόχον, αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν  
ὄν λίπευ οὐχ εὐρώων ἤψεν ὅν εὔρε βρόχον.

Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground:  
Bill missing his gold used the rope which he found.

First published in *Omniana*, 1812, ii. 123. First collected in *P. and D. W.* 1877, ii. 374.

---

66

EPIGRAM ON THE SECRECY OF A CERTAIN LADY

'She's secret as the grave, allow!'  
'I do; I cannot doubt it.  
But 'tis a grave with tombstone on,  
That tells you all about it.'

First published in *The Courier*, Jan. 3, 1814. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 986. Now collected for the first time.



## MOTTO

FOR A TRANSPARENCY DESIGNED BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON AND EXHIBITED AT  
BRISTOL ON 'PROCLAMATION DAY'—*June 29, 1814.*

We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last,  
The rav'ning vulture's leg seems fetter'd fast!  
Britons, rejoice! and yet be wary too:  
The chain may break, the clipt wing sprout anew.

First published in Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1836, ii. 145. First collected 1890.

## ANOTHER VERSION

We've conquered us a Peace, like lads true metall'd:  
And Bankrupt *Nap's* accounts seem all now settled.

*Ibid.* ii. 145. First collected 1893.

Money, I've heard a wise man say,  
Makes herself wings and flies away—  
Ah! would she take it in her head  
To make a pair for me instead.

First published (from an MS.) in 1893.

## MODERN CRITICS

No private grudge they need, no personal spite,  
The *viva sectio* is its own delight!  
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,  
Disinterested thieves of our good name—  
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbours' fame!

First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 118. First collected in *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 363.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Parry seeks the Polar ridge,  
Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,  
Author of Works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—  
The public little knows—the publisher too much.

First published in 1834.

TO A LADY WHO REQUESTED ME TO WRITE  
A POEM UPON NOTHING

On nothing, Fanny, shall I write?  
Shall I not one charm of thee indite?  
The Muse is most unruly,  
And vows to sing of what's more free,  
More soft, more beautiful than thee;—

And that is *Nothing*, truly!

First published in the *Gazette of Fashion*, Feb. 22, 1822. Reprinted (by Mr. Bertram Dobell) in *N. and Q.*, 10th Series, vol. vi, p. 145. Now collected for the first time.

---

72

SENTIMENTAL

The rose that blushes like the morn,  
Bedecks the valleys low;  
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,  
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn  
That breeds disastrous woe;  
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,  
On Angelina's toe.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 59. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 366.

---

73

So Mr. Baker heart did pluck—  
And did a-courting go!  
And Mr. Baker is a buck;  
For why? he *needs* the *doe*.

First published in *Letters, Conversations, &c.*, 1836, ii. 21. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 373.

---

74

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

'A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,'  
So sung Dan Pope; but 'pon my word,  
    He was a story-teller,  
Or else the times have altered quite;  
For wits, or heavy, now, or light  
    Hang each by a bookseller.

S. T. C.

First published in *News of Literature*, Dec. 10, 1825. See *Arch. Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, 1873, iii. 482. First collected in 1893.

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[974]

75

THE ALTERNATIVE

This way or that, ye Powers above me!  
I of my grief were rid—  
Did Enna either really love me,  
Or cease to think she did.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 59. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 987. First collected in *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 364.

---

76

In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes,  
The thing called Wine doth come from grapes,  
But on the noble River Rhine,

The thing called Gripes doth come from Wine!

First published in *Memoirs of C. M. Young*, 1871, p. 221. First collected in 1893.

---

77

**INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE**

Now! It is gone—Our brief hours travel post,  
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—  
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost  
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 60. First collected in 1844.

---

78

**ON THE MOST VERACIOUS ANECDOTIST, AND  
SMALL-TALK MAN, THOMAS HILL, ESQ.**<sup>[974:1]</sup>

Tom Hill, who laughs at Cares and Woes,  
As nauci—nili—pili—  
What is *he* like, as I suppose?  
Why, to be sure, a Rose—a Rose.  
At least, no soul that Tom Hill knows  
Could e'er recall a *Li-ly*.

Now first published from an MS.

---

[975]

79

Nothing speaks our mind so well  
As to speak Nothing. Come then, tell  
Thy Mind in Tears, whoe'er thou be  
That ow'st a name to Misery:  
None can *fluency* deny  
To Tears, the Language of the Eye.

Now first published from an MS. in the British Museum.

---

80

**EPITAPH OF THE PRESENT YEAR ON THE  
MONUMENT OF THOMAS FULLER**

A Lutheran stout, I hold for Goose-and-Gaundry  
Both the Pope's Limbo and his fiery Laundry:  
No wit e'er saw I in Original Sin,  
And no Sin find I in Original Wit;  
But if I'm all in the wrong, and, Grin for Grin,  
Scorch'd Souls must pay for each too lucky hit,—  
Oh, Fuller! much I fear, so vast thy debt,  
Thou art not out of Purgatory yet;  
Tho' one, eight, three and three this year is reckon'd,  
And thou, I think, didst die *sub* Charles the Second.

Nov. 28, 1833.

Now first published from an MS.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[951:1] A great, perhaps the greater, number of Coleridge's Epigrams are adaptations from the German of Wernicke, Lessing, and other less known epigrammatists. They were sent to the

*Morning Post* and other periodicals to supply the needs of the moment, and with the rarest exceptions they were deliberately excluded from the collected editions of his poetical works which received his own sanction, and were published in his lifetime. Collected for the first time by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge and reprinted in the third volume of *Essays on His Own Times* (1850), they have been included, with additions and omissions, in *P. and D. W.*, 1877-1880, *P. W.*, 1885, *P. W.*, 1890, and the Illustrated Edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, issued in 1907. The adaptations from the German were written and first published between 1799 and 1802. Of the earlier and later epigrams the greater number are original. Four epigrams were published anonymously in *The Watchman*, in April, 1796. Seventeen epigrams, of which twelve are by Coleridge, two by Southey, and three by Tobin, were published anonymously in the *Annual Anthology* of 1800. Between January 2, 1798, and October 11, 1802 Coleridge contributed at least thirty-eight epigrams to the *Morning Post*. Most of these epigrams appeared under the well-known signature ΕΣΤΗΣΕ. Six epigrams, of which five had been published in the *Morning Post*, were included in *The Friend* (No. 11, Oct. 26, 1809). Finally, Coleridge contributed six epigrams to the *Keepsake*, of which four had been published in the *Morning Post*, and one in the *Annual Anthology*. Epigrams were altogether excluded from *Sibylline Leaves* and from the three-volume editions of 1828 and 1829; but in 1834 the rule was relaxed and six epigrams were allowed to appear. Two of these, *In An Album* ('Parry seeks the Polar Ridge') and *On an Insignificant* ('Tis Cypher lies beneath this Crust') were published for the first time.

For the discovery of the German originals of some twenty epigrams, now for the first time noted and verified, I am indebted to the generous assistance of Dr. Hermann Georg Fiedler, Taylorian Professor of the German Language and Literature at Oxford, and of my friend Miss Katharine Schlesinger.

- [953:1] N.B. Bad in itself, and, as Bob Allen used to say of his puns, looks damned ugly upon paper.
- [954:1] Lines 3, 4, with the heading 'On an Insignificant,' were written by S. T. C. in Southey's copy of the *Omniana* of 1812 [see nos. 9, 11]. See *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 402, *Note*.
- [961:1] The antithesis was, perhaps, borrowed from an Epigram entitled 'Posthumous Fame', included in *Elegant Extracts*, ii. 260.

If on his spacious marble we rely,  
Pity a worth like his should ever die!  
If credit to his real life we give,  
Pity a wretch like him should ever live.

- [962:1] The first and second versions are included in *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 976: the third version was first published in 1893.

In 1830 Coleridge re-wrote (he did not publish) the second version as an Epitaph on Hazlitt. The following apologetic note was affixed:—

'With a sadness at heart, and an earnest hope grounded on his misanthropic sadness, when I first knew him in his twentieth or twenty-first year, that a something existed in his bodily organism that in the sight of the All-Merciful lessened his responsibility, and the moral imputation of his acts and feelings.' *MS*.

- [964:1] The 'One who published' was, perhaps, Charles Lloyd, in his novel, *Edmund Oliver*, 2 vols. 1798. Compare the following Epigram of Prior's:—

To John I ow'd great obligation,  
But John unhappily thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation:  
Sure John and I are more than quit.

- [974:1] Extempore, in reply to a question of Mr. Theodore Hook's—'Look at him, and say what you think: Is not he like a Rose?'

[976]

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## JEUX D'ESPRIT

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### 1

#### MY GODMOTHER'S BEARD [\[976:1\]](#)

So great the charms of Mrs. Mundy,  
That men grew rude, a kiss to gain:  
This so provok'd the dame that one day  
To Pallas chaste she did complain:

Nor vainly she address'd her prayer,  
Nor vainly to that power applied;  
The goddess bade a length of hair  
In deep recess her muzzle hide:

Still persevere! to love be callous!  
For I have your petition heard!  
To snatch a kiss were vain (cried Pallas)

Unless you first should shave your beard.

? 1791

First published in *Table Talk and Omniana*, 1888, p. 392. The lines were inscribed by Coleridge in Gillman's copy of the *Omniana* of 1812. An apologetic note is attached. J. P. Collier (*Old Man's Diary*, 1871, March 5, 1832, Part I, p. 34) says that Coleridge 'recited the following not very good epigram by him on his godmother's beard; the consequence of which was that he was struck out of her will'. Most probably the lines, as inscribed on the margin of *Omniana*, were written about 1830 or 1831. First collected in *Coleridge's Poems*, 1907.

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### LINENOTES:

[4] Pallas chaste] Wisdom's Power *S. T. C.*

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## 2

### LINES TO THOMAS POOLE

[Quoted in a letter from Coleridge to John Thelwall, dated Dec. 17, 1796.]

. . . . Joking apart, I would to God we could sit by a fire-side and joke *vivâ voce*, face to face—Stella [Mrs. Thelwall] and Sara [Mrs. S. T. Coleridge], Jack Thelwall and I!—as I once wrote to my dear friend T. Poole,—

[977]

Repeating

Such verse as Bowles, heart honour'd Poet sang,  
That wakes the Tear, yet steals away the Pang,  
Then, or with Berkeley, or with Hobbes romance it,  
Dissecting Truth with metaphysic lancet.  
Or, drawn from up these dark unfathom'd wells,  
In wiser folly chink the Cap and Bells.  
How many tales we told! what jokes we made,  
Conundrum, Crambo, Rebus, or Charade;  
Ænigmas that had driven the Theban mad,  
And Puns, these best when exquisitely bad;  
And I, if aught of archer vein I hit,  
With my own laughter stifled my own wit.

1796. First published in 1893.

---

## 3

### TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL CRITIC, REMARKABLE FOR HIS EARS STICKING THROUGH HIS HAIR.

O ——! O ——! of you we complain  
For exposing those ears to the wind and the rain.  
Thy face, a huge whitlow just come to a head,  
Ill agrees with those ears so raw and so red.

A Musical Critic of old fell a-pouting  
When he saw how his asinine honours were sprouting;  
But he hid 'em quite snug, in a full friz of hair,  
And the Barber alone smoked his donkeys [so] rare.

Thy judgment much worse, and thy *perkers* as ample,  
O give heed to King Midas, and take his example.  
Thus to *publish* your fate is as useless as wrong—  
You but prove by your ears, what we guessed from your tongue.

LABERIUS.

First published in the *Morning Post*, January 4, 1798. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877-80, ii. 370.

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[978]

## 4

### TO T. POOLE

## AN INVITATION

Plucking flowers from the Galaxy  
On the pinions of Abstraction,  
I did quite forget to ax 'e,  
Whether you have an objection,  
With us to swill 'e and to swell 'e  
And make a pig-stie of your belly.  
A lovely limb most dainty  
Of a *ci-devant* Mud-raker,  
I makes bold to acquaint 'e  
We've trusted to the Baker:  
And underneath it satis  
Of the subterrene apple  
By the erudite 'clep'd *taties*—  
With which, if you'd wish to grapple,  
As sure as I'm a sloven,  
The clock will not strike twice one,  
When the said dish will be out of the oven,  
And the dinner will be a nice one.

P.S.

Besides we've got some cabbage.  
You Jew-dog, if you linger,  
May the Itch in pomp of scabbage  
Pop out between each finger.

January, 1797.

First published (*minus* the postscript) in *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, 1888, i. 211.

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## 5

### SONG

**TO BE SUNG BY THE LOVERS OF ALL THE NOBLE LIQUORS COMPRISED  
UNDER THE NAME OF ALE.**

A.

Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free,  
Are the Gods on Olympus so happy as we?

B.

They cannot be so happy!  
For why? they drink no Nappy.

[979]

A.

But what if Nectar, in their lingo,  
Is but another name for Stingo?

B.

Why, then we and the Gods are equally blest,  
And Olympus an Ale-house as good as the best!

First published in *Morning Post*, September 18, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 995-6. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 167.

---

## 6

### DRINKING *VERSUS* THINKING

**OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY**

My Merry men all, that drink with glee  
This fanciful Philosophy,  
Pray tell me what good is it?  
If *antient Nick* should come and take,  
The same across the Stygian Lake,  
I guess we ne'er should miss it.

Away, each pale, self-brooding spark  
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,  
    Away from our carousing!  
To Pallas we resign such fowls—  
Grave birds of wisdom! ye're but owls,  
    And all your trade but *mousing*!

My merry men all, here's punch and wine,  
And spicy bishop, drink divine!  
    Let's live while we are able.  
While Mirth and Sense sit, hand in glove,  
This Don Philosophy we'll shove  
    Dead drunk beneath the table!

First published in *Morning Post*, September 25, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 966-7. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 168.

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7

**THE WILLS OF THE WISP**

**A SAPPHIC**

*Vix ea nostra voco*

Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!  
Fearless I see you weave your wanton dances  
Near me, far off me; you, that tempt the traveller  
    Onward and onward.

[980]

Wooping, retreating, till the swamp beneath him  
Groans—and 'tis dark!—This woman's wile—I know it!  
Learnt it from *thee*, from *thy* perfidious glances!  
    Black-ey'd Rebecca!

First published in *Morning Post*, December 1, 1801. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 169.

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8

**TO CAPTAIN FINDLAY**

When the squalls were flitting and fleering  
And the vessel was tacking and veering;  
Bravo! Captain Findlay,  
Who foretold a fair wind  
    Of a constant mind;  
For he knew which way the wind lay,  
    Bravo! Captain Findlay.

A Health to Captain Findlay,  
Bravo! Captain Findlay!  
When we made but ill speed with the Speedwell,  
Neither poets nor sheep could feed well:  
    Now grief rotted the Liver,  
Yet Malta, dear Malta, as far off as ever!

Bravo! Captain Findlay,  
Foretold a fair wind,  
    Of a constant mind,  
For he knew which way the wind lay!

May 4, 1804.

Now first published from a Notebook. The rhymes are inserted between the following entries: —'Thursday night—Wind chopped about and about, once fairly to the west, for a minute or two—but now, 1/2 past 9, the Captain comes down and promises a fair wind for to-morrow. We shall see.' 'Well, and we have got a wind the right way at last!'

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## ON DONNE'S POEM 'TO A FLEA'

Be proud as Spaniards! Leap for pride ye Fleas!  
Henceforth in Nature's mimic World grandees.  
In Phœbus' archives registered are ye,  
And this your patent of Nobility.  
No skip-Jacks now, nor civiller skip-Johns,  
Dread Anthropophagi! specks of living bronze,  
I hail you one and all, sans Pros or Cons,  
Descendants from a noble race of Dons.  
What tho' that great ancestral Flea be gone,  
Immortal with immortalising Donne,  
His earthly spots bleached off a Papist's gloze,  
In purgatory fire on Bardolph's nose.

[981]

1811.

Now first published from an MS.

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### 10

#### [EX LIBRIS S. T. C.]<sup>[981:1]</sup>

This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case;  
Your writing therefore I will not erase.  
But now this Book, once yours, belongs to me,  
The *Morning Post's* and *Courier's* S. T. C.;—  
Elsewhere in College, knowledge, wit and scholarage  
To Friends and Public known as S. T. Coleridge.  
Witness hereto my hand, on Ashley Green,  
One thousand, twice four hundred, and fourteen  
Year of our Lord—and of the month November  
The fifteenth day, if right I do remember.

15th Nov. 1814. Ashley, Box, Bath.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, iii. 57. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 387.

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### 11

#### ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΙΑΝ

The following burlesque on the Fichteian Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature. [S. T. C.]

The Categorical Imperative, or the annunciation of the New Teutonic God, ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΙΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by QUERKOPF VON KLUBSTICK, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio. . . .

*Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,*  
(Speak English, Friend!) the God Imperativus,  
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:  
'I, I, I! I itself I!  
The form and the substance, the what and the why,  
The when and the where, and the low and the high,  
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,  
I, you, and he, and he, you and I,  
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!  
All I itself I!  
(Fools! a truce with this starting!)  
All my I! all my I!  
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!  
Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:  
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,  
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—  
Then substantive and plural-singular grown,  
He thus spake on:—'Behold in I alone  
(For Ethics boast a syntax of their own)  
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,  
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!  
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!  
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,  
The genitive and ablative to boot:

[982]



The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,  
And in all cases the case absolute!  
Self-construed, I all other moods decline:  
Imperative, from nothing we derive us;  
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,  
Unconstrued antecedence I assign,  
To X Y Z, the God Infinitivus!'

1815.

First published in *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, i. 148*n*. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 370.

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## 12

### THE BRIDGE STREET COMMITTEE

Jack Snipe  
Eats Tripe:  
It is therefore credible  
That tripe is edible.  
And therefore, perforce,  
It follows, of course,  
That the Devil will gripe  
All who do not eat Tripe.

And as Nic is too slow  
To fetch 'em below:  
And Gifford, the attorney,  
Won't quicken their journey;  
The Bridge-Street Committee  
That colleague without pity,  
To imprison and hang  
Carlile and his gang,  
Is the pride of the City,  
And 'tis Association  
That, alone, saves the Nation  
From Death and Damnation.

[983]

First published in *Letters and Conversations, &c.*, 1836, i. 90, 91. These lines, which were inscribed in one of Coleridge's notebooks, refer to a 'Constitutional association' which promoted the prosecution of Richard Carlile, the publisher of Paine's *Age of Reason*, for blasphemy. See *Diary* of H. C. Robinson, 1869, ii. 134, 135. First collected *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 405.

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## 13

### NONSENSE SAPPHICS [\[983:1\]](#)

Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses,  
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,  
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,  
Sapph's imitator:

But we Bards, we classical Lyric Poets,  
Know a thing or two in a scurvy Planet:  
Don't we, now? Eh? Brother Horatius Flaccus,  
Tip us your paw, Lad:—

Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies;  
Rich men of England! would ye be immortal?  
Patronise Genius, giving Cash and Praise to  
Gillman Jacobus;

Gillman Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylors',  
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,  
Sapphic, Heroic, Elegiac,—what a  
Versificator!

First published in *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 987. First collected 1893.

[984]

# TO SUSAN STEELE ON RECEIVING THE PURSE

## EXTRUMPERY LINES

My dearest Dawtie!  
That's never naughty—  
When the Mare was stolen, and not before,  
The wise man got a stable-door:  
And he and I are brother Ninnies,  
One Beast *he* lost and I two guineas;  
And as sure as it's wet when it above rains,  
The man's brains and mine both alike had thick coverings,  
For if he lost one mare, poor I lost two sovereigns!  
A cash-pouch I have got, but no cash to put in it,  
Tho' there's gold in the world and Sir Walter can win it:  
For your sake I'll keep it for better or worse,  
So here is a dear loving kiss for your purse.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1829. Now first published from an MS.

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## 15

### ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS<sup>[984:1]</sup>

#### I.—*By Likeness*

Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?  
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about  
This empty head should warn you on that point—  
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out.

S. T. C.

#### II.—*Association by Contrast*

Phidias changed marble into feet and legs.  
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i' fegs!  
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

#### III.—*Association by Time*

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN *loquitur*

I touch this scar upon my skull behind,  
And instantly there rises in my mind  
Napoleon's mighty hosts from Moscow lost,  
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.  
For in that self-same month, and self-same day,  
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—  
Mischiefs and Frost had set the boys at play;  
I stept upon a slide—oh! treacherous tread!—  
Fell smash with bottom bruised, and brake my head!  
Thus Time's co-presence links the great and small,  
Napoleon's overthrow, and Snipkin's fall.

[985]

? 1830. First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, Jan. 1835, Art. 'Coleridgeiana'. First collected 1893.

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## 16

### VERSES TRIVOCULAR

Of one scrap of science I've evidence ocular.  
A heart of one chamber they call unilocular,  
And in a sharp frost, or when snow-flakes fall floccular,  
Your wise man of old wrapp'd himself in a Roquelaure,  
Which was called a Wrap-rascal when folks would be jocular.  
And shell-fish, the small, Periwinkle and Cockle are,  
So with them will I finish these verses trivocular.

Now first published from an MS.

## CHOLERA CURED BEFORE-HAND

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, etc.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,  
 In stomach or entrail,  
 Think no longer mere prefaces  
 For grins, groans, and wry faces;  
 But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl! 5  
 Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,  
 Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;  
 Cry avaunt! new potato—  
 And don't drink, like old Cato. 10

[986]

Ah! beware of Dispipsy,  
 And don't ye get tipsy!  
 For tho' gin and whiskey  
 May make you feel frisky, 15  
 They're but crimps to Dispipsy;  
 And nose to tail, with this gipsy  
 Comes, black as a porpus,  
 The diabolus ipse,  
 Call'd Cholery Morpus;

Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him, 20  
 Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,  
 There's no cure for you  
 For loves nor for monies:—  
 You'll find it too true. 25

Och! the hallabaloo!  
 Och! och! how you'll wail,  
 When the offal-fed vagrant  
 Shall turn you as blue 30  
 As the gas-light unfragrant,

That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;—  
 'Till swift as the mail,  
 He at last brings the cramps on,  
 That will twist you like Samson. 35

So without further blethring,  
 Dear mudlarks! my brethren! 40  
 Of all scents and degrees,  
 (Yourselves and your shes)  
 Forswear all cabal, lads,  
 Wakes, unions, and rows,

Hot dreams and cold salads,  
 And don't pig in styes that would suffocate sows!  
 Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's and Beelzebub's banners,  
 And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!

July 26, 1832. First published in *P. W.* 1834. These lines were enclosed in a letter to J. H. Green, dated July 26, 1832, with the following introduction: 'Address premonitory to the Sovereign People, or the Cholera cured before-hand, promulgated *gratis* for the use of the useful classes, specially of those resident in St. Giles, Bethnal Green, Saffron Hill, etc., by their Majesties', i. e. the People's, loyal subject—Demophilus Mudlarkiades.'

### LINENOTES:

- [1-6] *om. Letter 1832.*  
 [7-8] To escape Belly ache Eat no plums nor plum cake *Letter 1832.*  
 [12] And therefore don't get tipsy *Letter 1832.*  
 [16] with this gipsy] of Dys Pipsy *Letter 1832.*  
 [22] And oh! och my dear Honies *Letter 1832.*  
 [28] offal-fed] horn-and-hoof'd *Letter 1832.*  
 [41] dreams] drams *Letter 1832.*

[44] And whitewash at once your Guts, Rooms and Manners *Letter 1832*.

After 44

Vivat Rex Popellio!  
Vivat Regina Plebs!  
Hurra! 3 times 3 thrice  
repeated Hurra!

*Letter, 1832.*

[987]

---

## 18

### TO BABY BATES

You come from o'er the waters,  
From famed Columbia's land,  
And you have sons and daughters,  
And money at command.

But I live in an island,  
Great Britain is its name,  
With money none to buy land,  
The more it is the shame.

But we are all the children  
Of one great God of Love,  
Whose mercy like a mill-drain  
Runs over from above.

Lullaby, lullaby,  
Sugar-plums and cates,  
Close your little peeping eye,  
Bonny Baby B—s.

First collected 1893. 'Baby Bates' was the daughter of Joshua Bates, one of the donors of the Boston Library. Her father and mother passed a year (1828-1829) at Highgate, 'close to the house of Dr. and Mrs. Gillman.' See a letter to Mrs. Bates from S. T. C. dated Jan. 23, 1829. *N. and Q.* 4th Series, i. 469.

---

## 19

### TO A CHILD<sup>[987:1]</sup>

Little Miss Fanny,  
So cubic and canny,  
With blue eyes and blue shoes—  
The Queen of the Blues!  
As darling a girl as there is in the world—  
If she'll laugh, skip and jump,  
And not be *Miss Glump!*

1834. First published in *Athenæum*, Jan. 28, 1888. First collected 1893.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

[976:1] 'There is a female saint (St. Vuilgefertis), whom the Jesuit Sautel, in his *Annus Sacer Poeticus*, has celebrated for her beard—a mark of divine favour bestowed upon her for her prayers.' *Omniana*, 1812, ii. 54. 'Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixere! What! can nothing be one's own? This is the more vexatious, for at the age of eighteen I lost a legacy of fifty pounds for the following epigram on my godmother's beard, which she had the *barbarity* to revenge by striking me out of her will.' *S. T. C.*

[981:1] These lines are written on a fly-leaf of a copy of *Five Bookes of the Church* by Richard Field (folio 1635), under the inscription: 'Hannah Scollock, her book, February 10, 1787.' The volume was bequeathed to the poet's younger son, Derwent Coleridge, and is now in the possession of the Editor.

[983:1] Written for James Gillman Junr. as a School Exercise, for *Merchant Taylors'*, c. 1822-3.

[984:1] Written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis.

[987:1] To Miss Fanny Boyce, afterwards Lady Wilmot Horton.

FRAGMENTS FROM A NOTEBOOK<sup>[988:1]</sup>*Circa 1796-98***1**

Light cargoes waft of modulated Sound  
 From viewless Hybla brought, when Melodies  
 Like Birds of Paradise on wings, that aye  
 Disport in wild variety of hues,  
 Murmur around the honey-dropping flower.

First published in 1893. Compare *The Eolian Harp* (Aug. 1795), lines 20-5 (*ante* p. 101).

**2**

Broad-breasted rock—hanging cliff that glasses  
 His rugged forehead in the calmy sea.<sup>[988:2]</sup>

First published in 1893. Compare *Destiny of Nations* (1796), lines 342, 343 (*ante* p. 143).

**3**

Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles  
 And scarce the Willow's watery shadow trembles.

First published in 1893. Compare line 1 of *A Fragment Found in a Lecture-Room*, 'Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream' (*ante*, p. 35).

**4**

With secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound,  
 [or]  
 Guess at the wound, and heal with secret hand.

First published in 1893. The alternative line was first published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279.

**5**

Outmalic'd Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue.

First published in 1893. A line from *Verses to Horne Tooke*, July 4, 1796, line 20 (*ante*, p. 151).

**6**

And write Impromptus  
 Spurring their Pegasus to tortoise gallop.

First published in 1893.

**7**

Due to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power  
 Forget thirst's eager promise, and presume,  
 Dark Dreamers! that the world forgets it too.

## LINENOTES:

[1] Due] These *L. R.*

---

### 8

Perish warmth  
Unfaithful to its seeming!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279.

---

### 9

Old age, 'the shape and messenger of Death,'  
'His wither'd Fist still knocking at Death's door.'

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Quoted from Sackville's *Induction to a Mirrour for Magistrates*, stanza 48:

'His wither'd fist stil knocking at deathes dore,  
Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth;  
For briefe, the shape and messenger of death.'

---

### 10

God no distance knows,  
All of the whole possessing!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Compare *Religious Musings*, ll. 156-7.

---

### 11

Wherefore art thou come? doth not the Creator of all things know all things? And if  
thou art come to seek him, know that where thou wast, there he was.

First published in 1893. Compare the *Wanderings of Cain*.

---

### 12

And cauldrons the scoop'd earth, a boiling sea.

First published in 1893.

---

[990]

### 13

Rush on my ear, a cataract of sound.

First published in 1893.

---

### 14

The guilty pomp, consuming while it flares.

First published in 1893.

---

---

15

My heart seraglios a whole host of Joys.

First published in 1893.

---

16

And Pity's sigh shall answer thy tale of Anguish  
Like the faint echo of a distant valley.

First published in *Notizbuch*, 1896, p. 350.

---

17

**A DUNGEON**

In darkness I remain'd—the neighb'ring clock  
Told me that now the rising sun shone lovely  
On my garden.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Compare *Osorio*, Act I, lines [219-21](#) (*ante*, p. [528](#)), and *Remorse*, Act I, Scene II, lines [218-20](#) (*ante*, p. [830](#)).

---

**LINENOTES:**

[2] sun at dawn *L. R.*

---

18

The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink)  
Shot half his rays aslant the heath whose flowers  
Purpled the mountain's broad and level top;  
Rich was his bed of clouds, and wide beneath  
Expecting Ocean smiled with dimpled face.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare *This Lime-Tree Bower* (1797), lines 32-7 (*ante*, pp. 179, 180).

---

19

Leanness, disquietude, and secret Pangs.

First published in *Notizbuch*, p. 351.

---

20

Smooth, shining, and deceitful as thin Ice.

First published in *Notizbuch*, p. 355.

---

[[991](#)]

21

Wisdom, Mother of retired Thought.

First published in 1893.

---

22

Nature wrote Rascal on his face,  
By chalcographic art!

First published in 1893.

---

23

In this world we dwell among the tombs  
And touch the pollutions of the Dead.

First published in 1893. Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 177-8 (*ante*, p. 137).

---

24

The mild despairing of a Heart resigned.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

---

25

Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye  
Of Genius fancy-craz'd.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 257, 258 (*ante*, p. 139).

---

26

—like a mighty Giantess  
Seiz'd in sore travail and prodigious birth  
Sick Nature struggled: long and strange her pangs;  
Her groans were horrible, but O! most fair  
The Twins she bore—EQUALITY and PEACE!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare concluding lines of the second strophe of *Ode to the Departing Year*, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1796.

---

27

Discontent  
Mild as an infant low-plaining in its sleep.

First published in 1893.

---

28

—terrible and loud,  
As the strong Voice that from the Thunder-cloud  
Speaks to the startled Midnight.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

---

29

The swallows  
Interweaving there, mid the pair'd sea-mews  
At distance wildly-wailing!



First published in 1893.

---

**30**

The Brook runs over sea-weeds.  
Sabbath day—from the Miller's merry wheel  
The water-drops dripp'd leisurely.

First published in 1893. It is possible the Fragments were some of the 'studies' for *The Brook*. See *Biog. Lit.*, Cap. X, ed. 1907, i. 129.

---

**31**

On the broad mountain-top  
The neighing wild-colt races with the wind  
O'er fern and heath-flowers.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

---

**32**

A long deep lane  
So overshadow'd, it might seem one bower—  
The damp clay-banks were furr'd with mouldy moss.

First published in 1893.

---

**33**

Broad-breasted Pollards, with broad-branching heads.

First published in 1893.

---

**34**

'Twas sweet to know it only possible—  
Some *wishes* cross'd my mind and dimly cheer'd it—  
And one or two poor melancholy Pleasures—  
In these, the pale unwarming light of Hope  
Silv'ring their flimsy wing, flew silent by,  
Moths in the Moonlight.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277, 278.

---

**LINENOTES:**

[4] In these] Each in *L. R.*

[5] their] its *L. R.*

---

**35**

Behind the thin  
Grey cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky  
The round full moon look'd small.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277. Compare *Christabel*, ll. 16, 17 (*ante*, p. 216).

---

The subtle snow  
In every breeze rose curling from the Grove  
Like pillars of cottage smoke.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

---

### LINENOTES:

The Subtle snow in every passing breeze  
Rose curling from the grove like shafts of smoke.

*L. R.*

---

### 37

The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall,  
A-shining thro' the snow.

First published in 1893.

---

### 38

A MANIAC in the woods—She crosses heedlessly the woodman's path—scourg'd by  
rebounding boughs.

First published in 1893.

Compare this with discarded stanza in 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié' as printed in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799 (vide *ante*, p. 333).

And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,  
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;  
How boughs rebounding scourg'd his limbs,  
And low stubs gor'd his feet.

Note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 456.

---

### 39

#### HYMNS—MOON

In a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer, an image of ice, which makes its appearance thus: Two days before the new moon there appears a bubble of ice, which increases in size every day till the fifteenth day, at which it is an ell or more in height;—then, as the moon decreases the Image does also till it vanishes. *Mem.* Read the whole 107th page of Maurice's *Indostan*.

First published in 1893. 'Hymns to the Sun, the Moon, and the Elements' are included in a list of projected works enumerated in the Gutch Notebook. The 'caves of ice' in *Kubla Khan* may have been a reminiscence of the 107th page of Maurice's *Hindostan*.

---

### 40

The tongue can't speak when the mouth is cramm'd with earth—  
A little mould fills up most eloquent mouths,  
And a square stone with a few pious texts  
Cut neatly on it, keeps the mould down tight.

First published in 1893. Compare *Osorio*, Act III, lines 259-62 (*ante*, p. 560).

---

And with my whole heart sing the stately song,  
Loving the God that made me.

First published in 1893. Compare *Fears in Solitude*, ll. 196-7 (*ante*, p. 263).

---

**42**

God's Image, Sister of the Cherubim!

First published in 1893. Compare the last line of *The Ode to the Departing Year* (*ante*, p. 168).

---

**43**

And re-implace God's Image in the Soul.

First published in 1893.

---

**44**

And arrows steeled with wrath.

First published in 1893.

---

**45**

Lov'd the same Love, and hated the same hate,  
Breath'd in his soul! etc. etc.

First published in 1893.

---

**46**

O man! thou half-dead Angel!

First published in 1893.

---

**47**

Thy stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow  
Chill me, like dew-damps of th' unwholesome Night.  
My Love, a timorous and tender flower,  
Closes beneath thy Touch, unkindly man!  
Breath'd on by gentle gales of Courtesy  
And cheer'd by sunshine of impassion'd look—  
Then opes its petals of no vulgar hues.

First published in 1893. See *Remorse*, Act I, Sc. II, ll. [81-4](#) (*ante*, p. [826](#)). Compare *Osorio*, Act. I, ll. [80-3](#) (*ante*, p. [522](#)).

---

[995]

**48**

With skill that never Alchemist yet told,  
Made drossy Lead as ductile as pure Gold.

First published in 1893.

---

**49**

Grant me a Patron, gracious Heaven! when'er  
My unwash'd follies call for Penance drear:  
But when more hideous guilt this heart infests  
    Instead of fiery coals upon my Pate,  
    O let a *titled* Patron be my Fate;—  
That fierce Compendium of Ægyptian Pests!  
Right reverend Dean, right honourable Squire,  
Lord, Marquis, Earl, Duke, Prince,—or if aught higher,  
However proudly nicknamed, he shall be  
Anathema Maránatha to me!

First published, *Lit. Rem.*, i. 281.

---

### FOOTNOTES:

- [988:1] One of the earliest of Coleridge's Notebooks, which fell into the hands of his old schoolfellow, John Mathew Gutch, the printer and proprietor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum in 1868, and is now included in *Add. MSS.* as No. 27901. The fragments of verse contained in the notebook are included in *P. W.* 1893, pp. 453-8. The notebook as a whole was published by Professor A. Brandl in 1896 (*S. T. Coleridge's Notizbuch aus den Jahren 1795-1798*). Nineteen entries are included by H. N. Coleridge in *Poems and Poetical Fragments* published in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 277-80.
- [988:2] An incorrect version of the lines was published in *Lit. Rem.*, ii. 280.
- 

[996]

### FRAGMENTS [\[996:1\]](#)

---

#### 1

O'er the raised earth the gales of evening sigh;  
And, see, a daisy peeps upon its slope!  
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye;  
Even on the cold grave lights the Cherub Hope. [\[996:2\]](#)

? 1787. First published in *Poems*, 1852 (p. 379, Note 1). First collected 1893.

---

[997]

#### 2

Sea-ward, white gleaming thro' the busy scud  
With arching Wings, the sea-mew o'er my head  
Posts on, as bent on speed, now passaging  
Edges the stiffer Breeze, now, yielding, drifts,  
Now floats upon the air, and sends from far  
A wildly-wailing Note.

Now first published from an MS. Compare Fragment No. [29](#) of Fragments from a Notebook.

---

#### 3

### OVER MY COTTAGE

The Pleasures sport beneath the thatch;  
But Prudence sits upon the watch;  
Nor Dun nor Doctor lifts the latch!

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. Suggested by Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 104.

---

#### 4

In the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet—

Est meum et est tuum, amice! at si amborum nequit esse,  
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia certe sum mage pauper.

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;  
But and if this will not do,  
Let it be mine, because that I  
Am the poorer of the Two!

Nov. 1, 1801. First published in the Preface to *Christabel*, 1816. First collected 1893.

---

## 5

Names do not always meet with LOVE,  
And LOVE wants courage without a *name*. [\[997:1\]](#)

Dec. 1801. Now first published from an MS.

---

## 6

The Moon, how definite its orb!  
Yet gaze again, and with a steady gaze—  
'Tis there indeed,—but where is it not?—  
It is suffused o'er all the sapphire Heaven,  
Trees, herbage, snake-like stream, unwrinkled Lake,  
Whose very murmur does of it partake!

[\[998\]](#) And low and close the broad smooth mountain is more a thing of Heaven than when distinct by one dim shade, and yet undivided from the universal cloud in which it towers infinite in height.

? 1801. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

## 7

Such love as mourning Husbands have  
To her whose Spirit has been newly given  
To her guardian Saint in Heaven—  
Whose Beauty lieth in the grave—

(Unconquered, as if the Soul could find no purer Tabernacle, nor place of sojourn than the virgin Body it had before dwelt in, and wished to stay there till the Resurrection)—

Far liker to a Flower now than when alive,  
Cold to the Touch and blooming to the eye.

Sept. 1803. Now first published from an MS.

---

## 8

### [THE NIGHT-MARE DEATH IN LIFE]

I know 'tis but a dream, yet feel more anguish  
Than if 'twere truth. It has been often so:  
Must I die under it? Is no one near?  
Will no one hear these stifled groans and wake me?

? 1803. Now first published from an MS.

---

## 9

Bright clouds of reverence, sufferably bright,  
That intercept the dazzle, not the Light;  
That veil the finite form, the boundless power reveal,  
Itself an earthly sun of pure intensest white.

**10**

**A BECK IN WINTER**<sup>[998:1]</sup>

[999]

Over the broad, the shallow, rapid stream,  
The Alder, a vast hollow Trunk, and ribb'd—  
All mossy green with mosses manifold,  
And ferns still waving in the river-breeze  
Sent out, like fingers, five projecting trunks—  
The shortest twice 6 (?) of a tall man's strides.—  
One curving upward in its middle growth  
Rose straight with grove of twigs—a pollard tree:—  
The rest more backward, gradual in descent—  
One in the brook and one befoamed its waters:  
One ran along the bank in the elk-like head  
And pomp of antlers—

Jan. 1804. Now first published from an MS. (pencil).

---

**11**

I from the influence of thy Looks receive,  
Access in every virtue, in thy Sight  
More wise, more wakeful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength.—

1804. Now first published from an MS.

---

**12**

What never is, but only is to be  
This is not Life:—  
O hopeless Hope, and Death's Hypocrisy!  
And with perpetual promise breaks its promises.

1804-5. Now first published from an MS.

---

**13**

The silence of a City, how awful at Midnight!  
Mute as the battlements and crags and towers  
That Fancy makes in the clouds, yea, as mute  
As the moonlight that sleeps on the steady vanes.

(or)

The cell of a departed anchoret,  
His skeleton and flitting ghost are there,  
Sole tenants—  
And all the City silent as the Moon  
That steeps in quiet light the steady vanes  
Of her huge temples.

1804-5. Now first published from an MS.

---

**14**

O beauty in a beauteous body dight!  
Body that veiling brightness, beamest bright;  
Fair cloud which less we see, than by thee see the light.

1805. First published from an MS. in 1893.

O th' Oppressive, irksome weight  
 Felt in an uncertain state:  
 Comfort, peace, and rest adieu  
 Should I prove at last untrue!  
 Self-confiding wretch, I thought  
 I could love thee as I ought,  
 Win thee and deserve to feel  
 All the Love thou canst reveal,  
 And still I chuse thee, follow still.

1805. First published from an MS. in 1893.

## 16

'Twas not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud,  
 But it pass'd smoothly on towards the sea—  
 Smoothly and lightly between Earth and Heaven:  
   So, thin a cloud,  
 It scarce bedimm'd the star that shone behind it:  
   And Hesper now  
 Paus'd on the welkin blue, and cloudless brink,  
 A golden circlet! while the Star of Jove—  
 That other lovely star—high o'er my head  
 Shone whitely in the centre of his Haze  
   . . . one black-blue cloud  
 Stretch'd, like the heaven, o'er all the cope of Heaven.

Dec. 1797. First published from an MS. in 1893.

## 17

**[NOT A CRITIC—BUT A JUDGE]**

Whom should I choose for my Judge? the earnest, impersonal reader,  
 Who, in the work, forgets me and the world and himself!  
 You who have eyes to detect, and Gall to Chastise the imperfect,  
 Have you the heart, too, that loves,—feels and rewards the Compleat?

1805. Now first published from an MS.

## 18

A sumptuous and magnificent Revenge.

March 1806. First published from an MS. in 1893.

## 19

**[DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI]**

Come, come thou bleak December wind,  
 And blow the dry leaves from the tree!  
 Flash, like a love-thought, thro' me, Death!  
 And take a life that wearies me.

Leghorn, June 7, 1806. First published in *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1875, ii. 499, n. 1. Now collected for the first time. Adapted from Percy's version of 'Waly, Waly, Love be bonny', st. 3.

Marti'mas wind when wilt thou blow,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou cum?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

---

20

As some vast Tropic tree, itself a wood,  
That crests its head with clouds, beneath the flood  
Feeds its deep roots, and with the bulging flank  
Of its wide base controls the fronting bank—  
(By the slant current's pressure scoop'd away  
The fronting bank becomes a foam-piled bay)  
High in the Fork the uncouth Idol knits  
His channel'd brow; low murmurs stir by fits  
And dark below the horrid Faquir sits—  
An Horror from its broad Head's branching wreath  
Broods o'er the rude Idolatry beneath—

1806-7. Now first published from an MS.

---

21

Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar—  
As vainly Strength speaks to a broken Mind.<sup>[1001:1]</sup>

1807. First published in *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, 1888, ii. 195.

---

22

The body,  
Eternal Shadow of the finite Soul,  
The Soul's self-symbol, its image of itself.  
Its own yet not itself.

Now first published from an MS.

---

[1002]

23

Or Wren or Linnet,  
In Bush and Bushet;  
No tree, but in it  
A cooing Cushat.

May 1807. Now first published from an MS.

---

24

The reed roof'd village still bepatch'd with snow  
Smok'd in the sun-thaw.

1798. Now first published from an MS. Compare *Frost at Midnight*, ll. 69-70, *ante*, p. 242.

---

25

And in Life's noisiest hour  
There whispers still the ceaseless love of thee,

The heart's self-solace  
commune ] and soliloquy.

1807. Now first published from an MS.

---

26



You mould my Hopes you fashion me within:  
And to the leading love-throb in the heart,  
Through all my being, through my pulses beat;  
You lie in all my many thoughts like Light,  
Like the fair light of Dawn, or summer Eve,  
On rippling stream, or cloud-reflecting lake;  
And looking to the Heaven that bends above you,  
How oft! I bless the lot that made me love you.

1807. Now first published from an MS.

---

**27**

And my heart mantles in its own delight.

Now first published from an MS.

---

**28**

The spruce and limber yellow-hammer  
In the dawn of spring and sultry summer,  
In hedge or tree the hours beguiling  
With notes as of one who brass is filing.

1807. Now first published from an MS.

---

[1003]

**29**

**FRAGMENT OF AN ODE ON NAPOLEON**

O'erhung with yew, midway the Muses mount  
From thy sweet murmurs far, O Hippocrene!  
Turbid and black upboils an angry fount  
Tossing its shatter'd foam in vengeful spleen—  
Phlegethon's rage Cocytus' wailings hoarse  
Alternate now, now mixt, made known its headlong course:  
Thither with terror stricken and surprise,  
(For sure such haunts were ne'er to Muse's choice)  
Euterpe led me. Mute with asking eyes  
I stood expectant of her heavenly voice.  
Her voice entranc'd my terror and made flow  
In a rude understrain the maniac fount below.  
'Whene'er (the Goddess said) abhorr'd of Jove  
Usurping Power his hands in blood imbrues—

? 1808. Now first published from an MS.

---

**30**

The singing Kettle and the purring Cat,  
The gentle breathing of the cradled Babe,  
The silence of the Mother's love-bright eye,  
And tender smile answering its smile of Sleep.

1803. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

**31**

Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,  
Imprison'd in adjoining cells,  
Across whose thin partition-wall  
The builder left one narrow rent,  
And where, most content in discontent,  
A joy with itself at strife—

Die into an intenser life.

1808. First published from an MS. in 1893.

ANOTHER VERSION

The builder left one narrow rent,  
Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,  
Contented most in discontent,  
Still there cling, and try in vain to touch!  
O Joy! with thy own joy at strife,  
That yearning for the Realm above  
Wouldst die into intenser Life,  
And Union absolute of Love!

[1004]

1808. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

32

Sole Maid, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare all living creatures dear—  
Thoughts, which have found their harbour in thy heart  
Dearest! *me* thought of *him* to thee so dear!

1809. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

33

EPIGRAM ON KEPLER

FROM THE GERMAN

No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high  
As Kepler—yet his Country saw him die  
For very want! the *Minds* alone he fed,  
And so the *Bodies* left him without bread.

1799. First published in *The Friend*, Nov. 30, 1809 (1818, ii. 95; 1850, ii. 69). First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 374.

---

LINENOTES:

[1] spirit] Genius *MS.*

[2] yet] and *MS.*

[3] *Minds*] *Souls MS. erased.*

---

34

When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt:  
A flight of Hope for ever on the wing  
But made Tranquillity a conscious thing;  
And wheeling round and round in sportive coil,  
Fann'd the calm air upon the brow of Toil.

1810. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

35

I have experienced  
The worst the world can wreak on me—the worst  
That can make Life indifferent, yet disturb  
With whisper'd discontent the dying prayer—  
I have beheld the whole of all, wherein

My heart had any interest in this life  
 To be disrent and torn from off my Hopes  
 That nothing now is left. Why then live on?  
 That hostage that the world had in its keeping  
 Given by me as a pledge that I would live—  
 That hope of Her, say rather that pure Faith  
 In her fix'd Love, which held me to keep truce  
 With the tyranny of Life—is gone, ah! whither?  
 What boots it to reply? 'tis gone! and now  
 Well may I break this Pact, this league of Blood  
 That ties me to myself—and break I shall.

1810. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

### 36

As when the new or full Moon urges  
 The high, large, long, unbreaking surges  
 Of the Pacific main.

1811. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

### 37

O mercy, O me, miserable man!  
 Slowly my wisdom, and how slowly comes  
 My Virtue! and how rapidly pass off  
 My Joys! *my Hopes!* my Friendships, and my Love!

1811. Now first published from an MS.

---

### 38

A low dead Thunder mutter'd thro' the night,  
 As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep—  
 Nature! sweet nurse, O take me in thy lap  
 And tell me of my Father yet unseen,  
 Sweet tales, and true, that lull me into sleep  
 And leave me dreaming.

1811. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

### 39

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,  
 His tender smiles, Love's day-dawn on his lips,  
 Put on such heavenly, spiritual light,  
 At the same moment in his steadfast eye  
 Were Virtue's native crest, th' innocent soul's  
 Unconscious meek self-heraldry,—to man  
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.  
 He suffer'd nor complain'd;—though oft with tears  
 He mourn'd th' oppression of his helpless brethren,—  
 And sometimes with a deeper holier grief  
 Mourn'd for the oppressor—but this in sabbath hours—  
 A solemn grief, that like a cloud at sunset,  
 Was but the veil of inward meditation  
 Pierced thro' and saturate with the intellectual rays  
 It soften'd.

1812. First published (with many alterations of the MS.) in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1887, ii. 364. Compare Teresa's speech to Valdez, *Remorse*, Act IV, Scene II, lines [52-63](#) (*ante*, p. [866](#)).

---

## [ARS POETICA]

In the two following lines, for instance, there is nothing objectionable, nothing which would preclude them from forming, in their proper place, part of a descriptive poem:—

'Behold yon row of pines, that shorn and bow'd  
Bend from the sea-blast, seen at twilight eve.'

But with a small alteration of rhythm, the same words would be equally in their place in a book of topography, or in a descriptive tour. The same image will rise into a semblance of poetry if thus conveyed:—

'Yon row of bleak and visionary pines,  
By twilight-glimpse discerned, mark! how they flee  
From the fierce sea-blast, all their tresses wild  
Streaming before them.'

1815. First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 18; 1847, ii. 20. First collected 1893.

## 41

**TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST STROPHE OF  
PINDAR'S SECOND OLYMPIC**

*'As nearly as possible word for word.'*

Ye harp-controlling hymns!  
(or)  
Ye hymns the sovereigns of harps!  
What God? what Hero?  
What Man shall we celebrate?  
Truly Pisa indeed is of Jove,  
But the Olympiad (or, the Olympic games) did Hercules establish,  
The first-fruits of the spoils of war.  
But Theron for the four-horsed car  
That bore victory to him,  
It behoves us now to voice aloud:  
The Just, the Hospitable,  
The Bulwark of Agrigentum,  
Of renowned fathers  
The Flower, even him  
Who preserves his native city erect and safe.

[1007]

1815. First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 90; 1847, ii. 93. First collected 1893.

## 42

O! Superstition is the giant shadow  
Which the solicitude of weak mortality,  
Its back toward Religion's rising sun,  
Casts on the thin mist of th' uncertain future.

1816. First published from an MS. in 1893.

## 43

**TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF HERACLITUS**<sup>[1007:1]</sup>

Not hers  
To win the sense by words of rhetoric,  
Lip-blossoms breathing perishable sweets;  
But by the power of the informing Word  
Roll sounding onward through a thousand years  
Her deep prophetic bodements.

1816. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, iii. 418, 419. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 367.

Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way,  
And wiser men than I went worse astray.

First published as Motto to Essay II, *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 37; 1850, ii. 27. First collected 1893.

### IMITATED FROM ARISTOPHANES

(*Nubes* 315, 317.)

μεγάλοι θεαὶ ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς,  
αἴπερ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι  
καὶ τερατεῖαν καὶ περιλεξίω καὶ κροῦσιν καὶ καταληψίν.

For the ancients . . . had their glittering VAPORS, which (as the comic poet tells us) fed a host of sophists.

Great goddesses are they to lazy folks,  
Who pour down on us gifts of fluent speech,  
Sense most sententious, wonderful fine *effect*,  
And how to talk about it and about it,  
Thoughts brisk as bees, and pathos soft and thawy.

1817. First published in *The Friend*, 1818, iii. 179; 1850, iii. 138. First collected 1893.

Let clumps of earth, however glorified,  
Roll round and round and still renew their cycle—  
Man rushes like a winged Cherub through  
The infinite space, and that which has been  
Can therefore never be again—

1820. First published from an MS. in 1893.

### TO EDWARD IRVING

But *you*, honored IRVING, are as little disposed as myself to favor *such* doctrine! [as that of Mant and D'Oyly on Infant Baptism].

Friend pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt  
A different lore! We may not thus profane  
The Idea and Name of Him whose Absolute Will  
*Is* Reason—Truth Supreme!—Essential Order!

1824. First published in *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 373. First collected 1893.

### [LUTHER—DE DÆMONIBUS]

*The devils are in woods, in waters, in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people, etc.—Doctoris Martini Lutheri Colloquia Mensalia—*(Translated by Captain Henry Bell. London, 1652, p. 370).

'The angel's like a flea,  
The devil is a bore;—'  
No matter for that! quoth S. T. C.,  
I love him the better therefore.

Yes! heroic Swan, I love thee even when thou gabblest like a goose; for thy geese helped to save the Capitol.

1826. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, 1839, iv. 52. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 367.

---

49

THE NETHERLANDS

Water and windmills, greenness, Islets green;—  
Willows whose Trunks beside the shadows stood  
Of their own higher half, and willowy swamp:—  
Farmhouses that at anchor seem'd—in the inland sky  
The fog-transfixing Spires—  
Water, wide water, greenness and green banks,  
And water seen—

June 1828. Now first published from an MS.

---

50

ELISA [\[1009:1\]](#)

TRANSLATED FROM CLAUDIAN

Dulce dona mihi tu mittis semper Elisa!  
Et quicquid mittis Thura putare decet.

The above adapted from an Epigram of Claudian [No. lxxxii, Ad Maximum Qui mel misit], by substituting *Thura* for *Mella*: the original Distich being in return for a present of Honey.

*Imitation*

Sweet Gift! and always doth Elisa send  
Sweet Gifts and full of fragrance to her Friend  
Enough for Him to know they come from HER:  
Whate'er she sends is Frankincense and Myrrh.

[\[1010\]](#)

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT BY S. T. C. HIMSELF

Semper Elisa! mihi tu suaveolentia donas:  
Nam quicquid donas, te redolere puto.

*Translation*

Whate'er thou giv'st, it still is sweet to me,  
For *still* I find it redolent of thee.

1833, 4. Now first published from an MS.

---

51

PROFUSE KINDNESS

Νήπιοι οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσω πλέον πλέον ἤμισυ πάντος.

HESIOD. [*Works and Days*, l. 40.]

What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal!  
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

Undated. First published in *P. W.*, 1834.

---

52

I stand alone, nor tho' my heart should break,  
Have I, to whom I may complain or speak.

Here I stand, a hopeless man and sad,  
Who hoped to have seen my Love, my Life.  
And strange it were indeed, could I be glad  
Remembering her, my soul's betrothéd wife.  
For in this world no creature that has life  
Was e'er to me so gracious and so good.  
Her loss is to my Heart, like the Heart's blood.

? S. T. C. Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893. These lines are inscribed on a fly-leaf of Tom. II of Benedetto Menzini's *Poesie*, 1782.

---

**53**

**NAPOLEON**

The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,  
And, like aspiring Tyrants, temporises—  
Never to be endured but when he falls or rises.

? S. T. C. Undated. Now first published from an MS.

---

**54**

Thicker than rain-drops on November thorn.

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

---

[1011]

**55**

His native accents to her stranger's ear,  
Skill'd in the tongues of France and Italy—  
Or while she warbles with bright eyes upraised,  
Her fingers shoot like streams of silver light  
Amid the golden haze of thrilling strings.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

**56**

Each crime that once estranges from the virtues  
Doth make the memory of their features daily  
More dim and vague, till each coarse counterfeit  
Can have the passport to our confidence  
Sign'd by ourselves. And fitly are they punish'd  
Who prize and seek the honest man but as  
A safer lock to guard dishonest treasures.

? S. T. C. Undated. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 281. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 365.

---

**57**

Where'er I find the Good, the True, the Fair,  
I ask no names—God's spirit dwelleth there!  
The unconfounded, undivided Three,  
Each for itself, and all in each, to see  
In man and Nature, is Philosophy.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

**58**

A wind that with Aurora hath abiding

Among the Arabian and the Persian Hills.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

59

I [S. T. C.] find the following lines among my papers, in my own writing, but whether an unfinished fragment, or a contribution to some friend's production, I know not:—

What boots to tell how o'er his grave  
She wept, that would have died to save;  
Little they know the heart, who deem  
Her sorrow but an infant's dream  
Of transient love begotten;  
A passing gale, that as it blows  
Just shakes the ripe drop from the rose—  
That dies and is forgotten.  
O Woman! nurse of hopes and fears,  
All lovely in thy spring of years,  
Thy soul in blameless mirth possessing,  
Most lovely in affliction's tears,  
More lovely still than tears suppressing.

[1012]

Undated. First published in Allsop's *Letters, Conversations, &c.* First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 373.

---

60

THE THREE SORTS OF FRIENDS

Though friendships differ endless *in degree*,  
The *sorts*, methinks, may be reduced to three.  
*Acquaintance* many, and *Conquaintance* few;  
But for *Inquaintance* I know only two—  
The friend I've mourned with, and the maid I woo!

MY DEAR GILLMAN—The ground and *matériel* of this division of one's friends into *ac*, *con* and *inquaintance*, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old [1801]. On some one asking him if Anny Sealy (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, 'No, she is an *inquaintance*!' 'Well! 'tis a father's tale'; and the recollection soothes your old friend and *inquaintance*,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Undated. First published in *Fraser's Magazine* for Jan. 1835, Art. *Coleridgeiana*, p. 54. First collected 1893.

---

61

If fair by Nature  
She honours the fair Boon with fair adorning,  
And graces that bespeak a gracious breeding,  
Can gracious Nature lessen Nature's Graces?  
If taught by both she betters both and honours  
Fair gifts with fair adorning, know you not  
There is a beauty that resides within;—  
A fine and delicate spirit of womanhood  
Of inward birth?—

Now first published from an MS.

---

62

BO-PEEP AND I SPY—

In the corner *one*—  
I spy Love!



In the corner *None*,  
I spy Love.

1826. Now first published from an MS.

---

[1013]

63

**A SIMILE**

As the shy hind, the soft-eyed gentle Brute  
Now moves, now stops, approaches by degrees—  
At length emerges from the shelt'ring Trees,  
Lur'd by her Hunter with the Shepherd's flute,  
Whose music travelling on the twilight breeze,  
When all besides was mute—  
She oft had heard, and ever lov'd to hear;  
She fearful Beast! but that no sound of Fear—

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

---

64

**BARON GUELPH OF ADELSTAN. A FRAGMENT**

For ever in the world of Fame  
We live and yet abide the same:  
Clouds may intercept our rays,  
Or desert Lands reflect our blaze.

The beauteous Month of May began,  
And all was Mirth and Sport,  
When Baron Guelph of Adelstan  
Took leave and left the Court.

From Fête and Rout and Opera far  
The full town he forsook,  
And changed his wand and golden star  
For Shepherd's Crown and Crook.

The knotted net of light and shade  
Beneath the budding tree,  
A sweeter day-bed for him made  
Than Couch and Canopy.

In copse or lane, as Choice or Chance  
Might lead him was he seen;  
And join'd at eve the village dance  
Upon the village green.

Nor endless—

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

---

**FOOTNOTES:**

[996:1] The following 'Fragments', numbered 1-63, consist of a few translations and versicles inserted by Coleridge in his various prose works, and a larger number of fragments, properly so called, which were published from MS. sources in 1893, or are now published for the first time. These fragments are taken exclusively from Coleridge's Notebooks (the source of *Anima Poetæ*, 1895), and were collected, transcribed, and dated by the present Editor for publication in 1893. The fragments now published for the first time were either not used by J. D. Campbell in 1893, or had not been discovered or transcribed. The very slight emendations of the text are due to the fact that Mr. Campbell printed from copies, and that the collection as a whole has now for the second time been collated with the original MSS. Fragments numbered 64, 96, 98, 111, 113, in *P. W.*, 1893, are quotations from the plays and poems of William Cartwright (1611-1643). They are not included in the present issue. Fragments 56, 58, 59, 61, 63, 67, 80, 81, 83, 88, 91, 93, 94, 117-120, are inserted in the text or among 'Jeux d'Esprit', or under other headings. The chronological order is for the most part conjectural, and differs from that suggested in 1893. It must be borne in mind that the entries in Coleridge's Notebooks are not continuous, and that the additional matter in prose or verse was inserted from time to time, wherever a page or half a page was not filled up. It follows that the context is an uncertain guide to the date of any



8. - - - | - - - - - - - - -  
.....

1801. Now first published from an MS.

---

**2**

**TROCHAICS**

Thus she said, and, all around,  
Her diviner spirit, gan to borrow;  
Earthly Hearings hear unearthly sound,  
Hearts heroic faint, and sink aswound.  
Welcome, welcome, spite of pain and sorrow,  
Love to-day, and Thought to-morrow.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

---

**3**

**THE PROPER UNMODIFIED DOCHMIUS**

*(i. e. antispastic Catalectic)*

Bēnīgn shōōtīng stārs, ěcstātic dēlight.

*or*

The Lord's throne in Heaven āmid āngēl troops  
Amid troops of Angels God throned on high.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

---

**4**

**IAMBICS**

No cold shall thee benumb,  
Nor darkness stain thy sight;  
To thee new Heat, new Light  
Shall from this object come,  
Whose Praises if thou now wilt sound aright,  
My Pen shall give thee leave hereafter to be dumb.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

---

[1016]

**5**

**NONSENSE**

Sing impassionate Soul! of Mohammed the complicate story:  
Sing, unfearful of Man, groaning and ending in care.  
Short the Command and the Toil, but endlessly mighty the Glory!  
Standing aloof if it chance, vainly our enemy's scare:  
What tho' we wretchedly fare, wearily drawing the Breath—,  
Malice in wonder may stare; merrily move we to Death.

Now first published from an MS.

---

**6**

**A PLAINTIVE MOVEMENT**

Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee,  
 Ah, vainly true!  
 Never, ah never! must I more receive thee?  
 Adieu! adieu!  
 Well, thou art gone! and what remains behind,  
 Soothing the soul to Hope?  
 The moaning Wind—  
 Hide with sere leaves my Grave's undaisied Slope.

(?) October. 1814.

[It would be better to alter this metre—

10' 6` 6' 10` | 11' 4` 11' 4`:

and still more plaintive if the 1st and 4th were 11' 11' as well as the 5th and 7th.]

Now first published from an MS.

7

**AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE**

~ ~ - ~ ~ -  
 .....'  
 ~ ~ - ~ ~ -  
 .....'  
  
 ~ - [ ~ ~ - ; ~ ~ - ~ ~ -  
 ..... ; .....'  
 - ~ -  
 .....  
  
 ~ - [ ~ ~ - ~ ~ - ~ ~ -  
 ..... ; .....'  
 - ~ -  
 .....  
  
 ~ - [ ~ ~ - ~ ~ -  
 .....'  
 ~ ~ -  
 .....

When thy Beauty appears,  
 In its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an Angel new dight from the Sky,  
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,  
 So strangely you dazzle my Eye.

Now first published from an MS.

[1017]

8

**NONSENSE VERSES**

**[AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE]**

Ye fowls of ill presage,  
 Go vanish into Night!  
 Let all things sweet and fair  
 Yield homage to the pair:  
 From Infancy to Age  
 Each Brow be smooth and bright,  
 As Lake in evening light.  
 To-day be Joy! and Sorrow  
 Devoid of Blame  
 (The widow'd Dame)

Shall welcome be to-morrow.  
Thou, too, dull Night! may'st come unchid:  
This wall of Flame the Dark hath hid  
With turrets each a Pyramid;—  
For the Tears that we shed, are Gladness,  
A mockery of Sadness!

Now first published from an MS.

---

## 9

### NONSENSE

#### [AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE]

I wish on earth to sing  
Of Jove the bounteous store,  
That all the Earth may ring  
With Tale of Wrong no more.  
I fear no foe in field or tent,  
Tho' weak our cause yet strong his Grace:  
As Polar roamers clad in Fur,  
Unweeing whither we were bent  
We found as 'twere a native place,  
Where not a Blast could stir:

[ For Jove had his Almighty Presence lent:  
Each eye beheld, in each transfigured Face,  
The radiant light of Joy, and Hope's forgotten Trace.

*or*

[ O then I sing Jove's bounteous store—  
On rushing wing while sea-mews roar,  
And raking Tides roll Thunder on the shore.

Now first published from an MS.

---

[1018]

## 10

### EXPERIMENTS IN METRE

There in some darksome shade  
Methinks I'd weep  
Myself asleep,  
And there forgotten fade.

First published from an MS. in 1893.

---

## 11

Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee!  
Why stays my Love?  
Bend, and in yon streamlet—lave thee!  
Why stays my Love?  
Oft have I at evening straying,  
Stood, thy branches long surveying,  
Graceful in the light breeze playing,—  
Why stays my Love?

1. Four Trochees /.
2. One spondee, Iambic \.
3. Four Trochees 1.
4. Repeated from 2.

5, 6, 7. A triplet of 4 Trochees—8 repeated.

First published from an MS. in 1893.

12

- u - u u - u u - u u  
 -----  
 - u - u u - u u  
 -----  
 - u - u u - u u - u u  
 -----  
 u - u - u u - u u -  
 -----  
 - u u - u  
 -----  
 u - u u - u  
 ----- etc.

Songs of Shepherds and rustical Roundelays,  
Forms of Fancies and whistled on Reeds,  
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holidays  
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds—

[1019]

Round about, hornéd  
 Lucinda they swarméd,  
 And her they informéd,  
 How minded they were,  
 Each God and Goddess,  
 To take human Bodies  
 As Lords and Ladies to follow the Hare.

Now first published from an MS.

13

A METRICAL ACCIDENT

Curious instance of casual metre and rhyme in a prose narrative (*The Life of Jerome of Prague*). The metre is Amphibrach dimeter Catalectic  $\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad}$ , and the rhymes antistrophic.

Then Jerome did call *a*  
 From his flame-pointed Fence; *b*  
 Which under he trod, *c*  
 As upward to mount *d*  
 From the fiery flood,—*e*

'I summon you all, *a*  
 A hundred years hence, *b*  
 To appear before God, *c*  
 To give an account *d*  
 Of my innocent blood!' *e*

July 7, 1826. Now first published from an MS.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY

1. I think most ears would take these as anapaestic throughout. But the introduction of Milton's

Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine

as a *leit-motiv* is of the first interest.

Description of it, l. 4, very curious. I should have thought no one could have run 'drunk with wine' together as one foot.

2. Admirable! I hardly know better trochaics.

3. Very interesting: but the terminology odd. The dochmius, a five-syllabled foot, is (in *one* form—there are about thirty!) an antispast  $\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad}$  plus a syllable. Catalectic means (*properly*) minus a syllable. But the verses as quantified are really dochmiac, and the only attempts I have seen. Shall I own I can't get any *English* Rhythm on them?

[1020]

4. More ordinary: but a good arrangement and wonderful for the date.
5. Not nonsense at all: but, metrically, really his usual elegiac.
6. This, *if early*, is almost priceless. It is not only lovely in itself, but an obvious attempt to recover the zig-zag outline and varied cadence of seventeenth century born—the things that Shelley to some extent, Beddoes and Darley more, and Tennyson and Browning most were to master. I subscribe (most humbly) to his suggestions, especially his second.
7. Very like some late seventeenth-century (Dryden time) motives and a *leetle* 'Moorish'.
8. Like 6, and charming.
9. A sort of recurrence to *Pindaric*—again pioneer, as the soul of S. T. C. *had* to be always.
- 10 and 11. Ditto.
13. Again, *I* should say, anapaestic—but this anapaest and amphibrach quarrel is ἄσπονδος.

### FOOTNOTES:

[1014:1] 'He attributed in part, his writing so little, to the extreme care and labour which he applied in elaborating his metres. He said that when he was intent on a new experiment in metre, the time and labour he bestowed were inconceivable; that he was quite an epicure in sound.'—Wordsworth on Coleridge (as reported by Mr. Justice Coleridge), *Memoirs of W. Wordsworth*, 1851, ii. 306.

In a letter to Poole dated March 16, 1801, Coleridge writes: 'I shall . . . immediately publish my *Christabel*, with the Essays on the "Preternatural", and on Metre' (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 349). Something had been done towards the collection of materials for the first 'Essay', a great deal for the second. In a notebook (No. 22) which contains dated entries of 1805, 1815, &c., but of which the greater portion, as the context and various handwritings indicate, belongs to a much earlier date, there are some forty-eight numbered specimens of various metres derived from German and Italian sources. To some of these stanzas or strophes a metrical scheme with original variants is attached, whilst other schemes are exemplified by metrical experiments in English, headed 'Nonsense Verses'. Two specimens of these experiments, headed 'A Sunset' and 'What is Life', are included in the text of *P. W.*, 1893 (pp. 172, 178), and in that of the present issue, pp. 393, 394. They are dated 1805 in accordance with the dates of Coleridge's own comments or afterthoughts, but it is almost certain that both sets of verses were composed in 1801. The stanza entitled 'An Angel Visitant' belongs to the same period. Ten other sets of 'Nonsense Verses' of uncertain but early date are now printed for the first time.

[1014:2] Sumptuous Tyranny floating this way. [MS.] On p. 17 of Notebook 22 Coleridge writes:—

- - - - -  
 .....',.....',.....'

Drunk with I—dolatry—drunk with, Wine.

A noble metre if I can find a metre to precede or follow.

Sūmptūōus Dālīlā flōatīng thūs wāy  
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine.

Both lines are from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

[1021]

## APPENDIX I

### FIRST DRAFTS, EARLY VERSIONS, ETC.

#### A

[Vide *ante*, p. 100]

#### EFFUSION 35

Clevedon, August 20th, 1795. [1021:1]

(First Draft)

My pensive SARA! thy soft Cheek reclin'd  
 Thus on my arm, how soothing sweet it is  
 Beside our Cot to sit, our Cot o'ergrown  
 With white-flow'r'd Jasmine and the blossom'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, like thy polish'd Sense,  
 Shine opposite! What snatches of perfume  
 The noiseless gale from yonder bean-field wafts! 10  
 The stilly murmur of the far-off Sea  
 Tells us of Silence! and behold, my love!  
 In the half-closed window we will place the Harp,  
 Which by the desultory Breeze caress'd,  
 Like some coy maid half willing to be woo'd, 15  
 Utters such sweet upbraidings as, perforce,  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong!

[M. R.]

**EFFUSION, p. 96. (1797.)**

(Second Draft)

[1022] My pensive SARA! thy soft Cheek reclin'd  
 Thus on my 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!) 5  
 And watch the Clouds that, late were rich with light,  
 Slow-sadd'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 far-off Sea 10  
 Tells us of Silence! And that simplest Lute  
 Plac'd lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!  
 How by the desultory Breeze caress'd  
 (Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover) 15  
 It pours such sweet Upbraidings, as must needs  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong. And now it's strings  
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes  
 Over delicious Surges sink and rise  
 In aëry voyage, Music such as erst 20  
 Round rosy bowers (so Legendaries tell)  
 To sleeping Maids came floating witchingly  
 By wand'ring West winds stoln from Faery land;  
 Where on some magic Hybla MELODIES  
 Round many a newborn honey-dropping Flower 25  
 Footless and wild, like Birds of Paradise,  
 Nor pause nor perch, warbling on untir'd wing.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway Slope  
 Of yonder Hill I stretch my limbs at noon  
 And tranquil muse upon Tranquillity. 30  
 Full many a Thought uncall'd and undetain'd  
 And many idle flitting Phantasies  
 Traverse my indolent and passive Mind  
 As wild, as various, as the random Gales  
 That swell or flutter on this subject Lute. 35  
 And what if All of animated Life  
 Be but as Instruments diversly fram'd  
 That tremble into thought, while thro' them breathes  
 One infinite and intellectual Breeze,  
 And all in diff'rent Heights so aptly hung, 40  
 That Murmurs indistinct and Bursts sublime,  
 Shril Discords and most soothing Melodies,  
 Harmonious from Creation's vast concent—  
 Thus *God* would be the universal Soul,  
 Mechaniz'd matter as th' organic harps 45  
 And each one's Tunes be that, which each calls I.

But thy more serious Look a mild Reproof  
 Darts, O beloved Woman, and thy words  
 Pious and calm check these unhallow'd Thoughts,  
 These Shapings of the unregen'rate Soul, 50  
 Bubbles, that glitter as they rise and break  
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling Spring:  
 Thou biddest me walk humbly with my God!  
 Meek Daughter in the family of Christ.  
 Wisely thou sayest, and holy are thy words! 55  
 Nor may I unblam'd or speak or think of Him,



Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE! save when with Awe  
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels,  
Who with his saving Mercies healèd me,  
A sinful and most miserable man  
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess  
PEACE and this COT, and THEE, my best-belov'd!

60

[MS. R.]

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[1021:1] Now first published from Cottle's MSS. preserved in the Library of Rugby School.

**LINENOTES:**

[40-43] In different heights, so aptly hung, that all  
In half-heard murmurs and loud bursts sublime,  
Shrill discords and most soothing melodies,  
Raises one great concert—one concert formed,  
Thus God, the only universal Soul—

*Alternative version, MS. R.*

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**B**

**RECOLLECTION**<sup>[1023:1]</sup>

[Vide *ante*, pp. 53, 48]

As the tir'd savage, who his drowsy frame  
Had bask'd beneath the sun's unclouded flame,  
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,  
The skiey deluge and white lightning's glare, 5  
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,  
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep!  
So tost by storms along life's wild'ring way  
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,  
When by my native brook I wont to rove,  
While HOPE with kisses nurs'd the infant LOVE! 10

Dear native brook! like peace so placidly  
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek—  
Dear native brook! where first young POESY  
Star'd wildly eager in her noon-tide dream; 15  
Where blameless Pleasures dimpled Quiet's cheek,  
As water-lilies *ripple* thy slow stream!  
How many various-fated years have past,  
What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since last  
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast  
Numb'ring its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest 20  
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes  
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,  
But strait, with all their tints, thy waters rise,  
The crossing plank, and margin's willowy maze,  
And bedded sand, that, vein'd with various dyes, 25  
Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze—  
Ah! fair tho' faint those forms of memory seem  
Like Heaven's bright bow on thy smooth evening stream.

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**FOOTNOTES:**

[1023:1] First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796: reprinted in Note 39 (p. 566) of *P. W.*, 1892. The Editor (J. D. Campbell) points out that this poem as printed in *The Watchman* is made up of lines 71-86 of *Lines on an Autumnal Evening* (vide *ante*, p. 53), of lines 2-11 of *Sonnet to the River Otter*, and of lines 13, 14 of *The Gentle Look*, and *Anna and Harland*.

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**C**

# THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

[Add. (MSS.) 34,225. f. 5. Vide *ante*, p. [131](#).]

## [DRAFT I]

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,  
Till we the deep prelusive strain have pour'd  
To the Great Father, only Rightful King,  
Eternal Father! king omnipotent;  
Beneath whose shadowing banners wide-unfurl'd 5  
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts.  
Such Symphony demands best Instrument.

Seize, then, my Soul, from Freedom's trophied dome  
The harp which hanging high between the shields  
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives 10  
A fitful music, when with breeze-like Touch  
Great Spirits passing thrill its wings: the Bard  
Listens and knows, thy will to work by Fame.  
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use  
Of all the powers which God for use had given? 15  
But chiefly this, him first to view, him last,  
Thro' shapes, and sounds, and all the world of sense,  
The change of empires, and the deeds of Man  
Translucent, as thro' clouds that veil the Light.  
But most, O Man! in thine in wasted Sense 20  
And the still growth of Immortality  
Image of God, and his Eternity.

[1025]

But some there are who deem themselves most wise  
When they within this gross and visible sphere  
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent 25  
Proud in their meanness—and themselves they mock  
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase  
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,  
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all  
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves, 30  
Untenanting Creation of its God!

But properties are God: the Naked Mass  
(If Mass there be, at best a guess obscure,)  
Acts only by its inactivity.  
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier dream, 35  
That as one body is the Aggregate  
Of Atoms numberless, each organiz'd,  
So by a strange and dim similitude  
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds  
Form one all-conscious Spirit, who controls 40  
With absolute ubiquity of Thought  
All his component Monads: linked Minds,  
Each in his own sphere evermore evolving  
Its own entrusted powers—Howe'er this be,  
Whether a dream presumptuous, caught from earth 45  
And earthly form, or vision veiling Truth,  
Yet the Omnific Father of all Worlds  
God in God immanent, the eternal Word,  
That gives forth, yet remains—Sun, that at once  
Dawns, rises, sets and crowns the Height of Heaven, 50  
Great general Agent in all finite souls,  
Doth in that action put on finiteness,  
For all his Thoughts are acts, and every act  
A Being of Substance; God impersonal,  
Yet in all worlds impersonate in all, 55  
Absolute Infinite, whose dazzling robe  
Flows in rich folds, and darts in shooting Hues  
Of infinite Finiteness! he rolls each orb  
Matures each planet, and Tree, and spread thro' all  
Wields all the Universe of Life and Thought, 60  
[Yet leaves to all the Creatures meanest, highest,  
Angelic Right, self-conscious Agency—]

[*Note.* The last two lines of Draft I are erased.]

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,  
 Ere we the deep prelusive strain have pour'd  
 To the Great Father, only Rightful king  
 All-gracious Father, king Omnipotent!  
 Mind! co-eternal Word! forth-breathing Sound! 5  
 Aye unconfounded: undivided Trine—  
 Birth and Procession; ever re-incircling Act!  
 God in God immanent, distinct yet one!  
 Omnific, Omniform. The Immoveable,  
 That goes forth and remains, eke—and at once 10  
 Dawns, rises, and sets and crowns the height of Heaven!

[Cf. *Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 162.]

Such Symphony demands best Instrument.  
 Seize then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome.  
 The harp which hanging high between the shields  
 Of Brutus and Leonidas, gives oft 15  
 A fateful Music, when with breeze-like Touch  
 Pure spirits thrill its strings: the Poet's heart  
 Listens, and smiling knows that Poets demand  
 Once more to live for Man and work by Fame:  
 For what is Freedom, but th' unfetter'd use 20  
 Of all the Powers, which God for use had given!  
 Thro' the sweet Influence of harmonious Word—

\* \* \* \* \*

The zephyr-travell'd Harp, that flashes forth  
 Jets and low wooings of wild melody  
 That sally forth and seek the meeting Ear, 25  
 Then start away, half-wanton, half-afraid  
 Like the red-breast forced by wintry snows,  
 In the first visits by the genial Hearth,  
 From the fair Hand, that tempts it to—  
 Or like a course of flame, from the deep sigh 30  
 Of the idly-musing Lover dreaming of his Love

With thoughts and hopes and fears, [ sinking, snatching,  
 as warily, upward

Bending, recoiling, fluttering as itself

\* \* \* \* \*

And cheats us with false prophecies of sound

### LINENOTES:

[9] i. e. jure suo, by any inherent Right.

[1027]

[DRAFT III]

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,  
 Till we the deep prelusive strain have pour'd  
 To the Great Father, only Rightful king,  
 All Gracious Father, king Omnipotent!  
 To Him, the inseparate, unconfounded TRINE, 5  
 MIND! Co-eternal WORD! Forth-breathing SOUND!  
 Birth! and PROCESSION! Ever-circling ACT!  
 GOD in GOD immanent, distinct yet one!  
 Sole Rest, true Substance of all finite Being!  
 Omnific! Omniform! The Immoveable, 10  
 That goes forth and remaineth: and at once  
 Dawns, rises, sets and crowns the height of Heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

Such Symphony demands best Instrument.  
 Seize then, my Soul! from Freedom's trophied dome  
 The Harp, that hanging high between the Shields 15

Of Brutus and Leonidas, flashes forth  
Starts of shrill-music, when with breeze-like Touch  
Departed Patriots thrill the—

D

PASSAGES IN SOUTHEY'S *Joan of Arc* (FIRST EDITION, 1796)  
CONTRIBUTED BY S. T. COLERIDGE<sup>[1027:1]</sup>.

[Vide *ante*, p. 131]

BOOK I, ll. 33-51.

*"O France," he cried, "my country"!*

When soft as breeze that curls the summer clouds  
At close of day, stole on his ear a voice  
Seraphic.

35

"Son of Orleans! grieve no more.

His eye not slept, tho' long the All-just endured  
The woes of France; at length his bar'd right arm  
Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds  
Rushes the storm, Ruin and Fear and Death.

40

Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven:  
Nor thou the wintry hours of adverse fate  
Dream useless: tho' unhous'd thou roam awhile,  
The keen and icy wind that shivers *thee*  
Shall brace thine arm, and with stern discipline  
Firm thy strong heart for fearless enterprise  
As who, through many a summer night serene  
Had hover'd round the fold with coward wish;  
Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf  
From his bleak mountain and his den of snows  
Leaps terrible and mocks the shepherd's spears."

50

ll. 57-59.

*nor those ingredients dire*

*Erictho mingled on Pharsalia's field,*  
Making the soul retenant its cold corse.

ll. 220-222.

the groves of Paradise

Gave their mild echoes to the choral songs  
Of new-born beings.—

ll. 267-280.

*And oft the tear from his averted eye*

*He dried; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,*  
Dispeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,  
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread.  
But when he told of those fierce sons of guilt  
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair—  
Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills  
Make echo to the merciless war-dog's howl;  
And how himself from such foul savagery  
Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm  
Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword  
Of Vengeance: in his eager eye the soul  
Was eloquent; warm glow'd his manly cheek;  
And beat against his side the indignant heart.

270

275

280

ll. 454-460.

*then methought*

From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,  
A giant arm burst forth and dropt a sword  
That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.  
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear  
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy  
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage.

455

460

ll. 484-496<sup>[1029:1]</sup>

Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.

[1028]

[1029]

Down in the dingle's depth there is a brook 485  
 That makes its way between the craggy stones,  
 Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak  
 Whose root uptorn by tempests overhangs  
 The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds  
 Gather before the wind, while the rude dash 490  
 Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists  
 Rose round: there as I gazed, a form dim-seen  
 Descended, like the dark and moving clouds  
 That in the moonbeam change their shadowy shapes.  
 His voice was on the breeze; he bade me hail 495  
 The missioned Maid! for lo! the hour was come.

BOOK III, ll. 73-82.

*Martyr'd patriots—spirits pure*  
*Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives*  
 Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd 75  
 Th' imperishable seed, soon to become  
 The Tree, beneath whose vast and mighty shade  
 The sons of men shall pitch their tents in peace,  
 And in the unity of truth preserve  
 The bond of love. For by the eye of God 80  
 Hath Virtue sworn, that never one good act  
 Was work'd in vain.

BOOK IV, ll. 328-336.

*The murmuring tide*  
*Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream*  
 Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call. 330  
 She thought of Arc, and of the dinged brook,  
 Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course  
 Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;  
 And where it spread into a glassy lake,  
*Of the old oak which on the smooth expanse,* 335  
*Imag'd its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.*

[1030]

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [1027:1] Over and above the contributions to the Second Book of the *Joan of Arc*, which Southey acknowledged, and which were afterwards embodied in the *Destiny of Nations*, Coleridge claimed a number of passages in Books I, III, and IV. The passages are marked by S. T. C. in an annotated copy of the First Edition 4<sup>o</sup>, at one time the property of Coleridge's friend W. Hood of Bristol, and afterwards of John Taylor Brown. See *North British Review*, January, 1864.
- [1029:1] Suggested and in part written by S. T. C.

**LINENOTES:**

- [37] not slept] slept not *MS. corr. by Southey.*
- [39] red] S. T. C. notes this word as Southey's.
- [46] Firm] S. T. C. writes against this word *Not English.*

**E**

[Vide *ante*, p. 186.]

**THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE, [1030:1] IN SEVEN PARTS.**

**ARGUMENT**

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the Tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

**I.**

It is an ancyent Marinere,  
 And he stoppeth one of three:

	"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye "Now wherefore stoppest 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.	5
	But still he holds the wedding-guest— There was a Ship, quoth he— "Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale, "Marinere! come with me."	10
[1031]	He holds him with his skinny hand, Quoth he, there was a Ship— "Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon! "Or my Staff shall make thee skip.	15
	He holds him with his glittering eye— The wedding guest stood still And listens like a three year's child; The Marinere hath his will.	20
	The wedding-guest sate on a stone, He cannot chuse but hear: And thus spake on that ancyeut man, The bright-eyed Marinere.	
	The Ship was cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd— Merrily did we drop Below the Kirk, below the Hill, Below the Light-house top.	25
	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.	30
	Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon— The wedding-guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.	35
	The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry Minstralsy.	40
	The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot chuse but hear: And thus spake on that ancyeut Man, The bright-eyed Marinere.	
	Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind, A Wind and Tempest strong! For days and weeks it play'd us freaks— Like Chaff we drove along.	45
	Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow, And it grew wond'rous cauld: And Ice mast-high came floating by As green as Emerald.	50
[1032]	And thro' the drifts the snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen; Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken— The Ice was all between.	55
	The Ice was here, the Ice was there, The Ice was all around: It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd— Like noises of a swound.	60
	At length did cross an Albatross, Thorough the Fog it came; And an it were a Christian Soul, We hail'd it in God's name.	
	The Marineres gave it biscuit-worms, And round and round it flew:	65

The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit,  
The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.

And a good south wind sprung up behind.  
The Albatross did follow; 70  
And every day for food or play  
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud,  
It perch'd for vespers nine,  
Whiles all the night thro' fog smoke-white, 75  
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancyent Marinere!  
"From the fiends that plague thee thus—  
"Why look'st thou so?"—with my cross bow  
I shot the Albatross. 80

## II.

The Sun came up upon the right,  
Out of the Sea came he;  
And broad as a weft upon the left  
Went down into the Sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind, 85  
But no sweet Bird did follow  
Ne any day for food or play  
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

[1033] And I had done an hellish thing  
And it would work 'em woe: 90  
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird  
That made the Breeze to blow.

Ne dim ne red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird 95  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay  
That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow follow'd free: 100  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be  
And we did speak only to break 105  
The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon. 110

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, ne breath ne motion.  
As idle as a painted Ship  
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where, 115  
And all the boards did shrink:  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be! 120  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The Death-fires danc'd at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
burnt green and blue and white. 125

[1034] And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:

Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
 From the Land of Mist and Snow. 130

And every tongue thro' utter drouth  
 Was wither'd at the root;  
 We could not speak no more than if  
 We had been choked with soot.

Ah wel-a-day! what evil looks  
 Had I from old and young;  
 Instead of the Cross the Albatross  
 About my neck was hung. 135

### III.

I saw a something in the Sky  
 No bigger than my fist; 140  
 At first it seem'd a little speck  
 And then it seem'd a mist:  
 It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last  
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! 145  
 And still it ner'd and ner'd;  
 And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,  
 It plung'd and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd  
 Ne could we laugh, ne wail: 150  
 Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood  
 I bit my arm and suck'd the blood  
 And cry'd, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd  
 Agape they hear'd me call: 155  
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin  
 And all at once their breath drew in  
 As they were drinking all.

She doth not tack from side to side—  
 Hither to work us weal 160  
 Withouten wind, withouten tide  
 She steddies with upright keel.

[1035] The western wave was all a flame,  
 The day was well nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave 165  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;  
 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars  
 (Heaven's mother send us grace) 170  
 As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd  
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 How fast she neres and neres!  
 Are those *her* Sails that glance in the Sun 175  
 Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd  
 The sun that did behind them peer?  
 And are those two all, all the crew,  
 That woman and her fleshless Pheere? 180

*His* bones were black with many a crack,  
 All black and bare, I ween;  
 Jet-black and bare, save where with rust  
 Of mouldy damp and charnel crust  
 They're patch'd with purple and green. 185

*Her* lips are red, *her* looks are free,  
*Her* locks are yellow as gold:  
 Her skin is as white as leprosy,  
 And she is far liker Death than he;  
 Her flesh makes the still air cold. 190

The naked Hulk alongside came



And the Twain were playing dice;  
"The Game is done! I've won, I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind 195  
And whistled thro' his bones;  
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth  
Half-whistles and half-groans.

[1036] With never a whisper in the Sea 200  
Off darts the Spectre-ship;  
While clombe above the Eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright Star  
Almost atween the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon 205  
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang  
And curs'd me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men, 210  
With never a sigh or groan,  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump  
They dropp'd down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,— 215  
They fled to bliss or woe;  
And every soul it pass'd me by,  
Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.

#### IV.

"I fear thee, ancyent Marinere!  
"I fear thy skinny hand;  
"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
"As is the ribb'd Sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye 220  
"And thy skinny hand so brown—  
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone 225  
Alone on the wide wide Sea;  
And Christ would take no pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful, 230  
And they all dead did lie!  
And a million million slimy things  
Liv'd on—and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting Sea, 235  
And drew my eyes away;  
I look'd upon the eldritch deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

[1037] I look'd to Heav'n, and try'd to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my lids and kept them close, 240  
Till the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs, 245  
Ne rot, ne 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 250  
A spirit from on high:  
But O! 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—

255

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main  
Like morning frosts yspread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

260

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

265

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

270

[1038] O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gusht from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

275

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

280

## V.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,  
Belov'd from pole to pole!  
To Mary-queen the praise be yeven  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul.

285

The silly buckets on the deck  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew  
And when I awoke it rain'd.

290

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.

295

I mov'd and could not feel my limbs,  
I was so light, almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed Ghost.

300

The roaring wind! it roar'd far off,  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen  
To and fro they are hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out  
The stars dance on between.

305

[1039] The coming wind doth roar more loud;  
The sails do sigh, like sedge:  
The rain pours down from one black cloud  
And the Moon is at its edge.

310

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,  
And the Moon is at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning falls with never a jag  
A river steep and wide.

315

The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd  
 And dropp'd down, like a stone! 320  
 Beneath the lightning and the moon  
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
 Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes: 325  
 It had been strange, even in a dream  
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on;  
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
 The Mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do: 330  
 They rais'd 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 pull'd at one rope, 335  
 But he said nought to me—  
 And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
 How frightful it would be!

The day-light dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,  
 And cluster'd round the mast: 340  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths  
 And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the sun:  
 Slowly the sounds came back again 345  
 Now mix'd, now one by one.

[1040] Sometimes a dropping from the sky  
 I heard the Lavrock sing;  
 Sometimes all little birds that are  
 How they seem'd to fill the sea and air 350  
 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. 355

It ceas'd: 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 360  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!  
 "Marinere! thou hast thy will:  
 "For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make  
 "My body and soul to be still." 365

Never sadder tale was told  
 To a man of woman born:  
 Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!  
 Thou'lt rise to-morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard 370  
 By a man of woman born:  
 The Mariners all return'd to work  
 As silent as before.

The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes,  
 But look at me they n'old: 375  
 Thought I, I am as thin as air—  
 They cannot me behold.

Till noon we silently sail'd on  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship 380  
 Mov'd 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. 385  
The sails at noon left off their tune  
And the Ship stood still also.

[1041] The sun right up above the mast  
Had fix'd her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir 390  
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: 395  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell into a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life return'd, 400  
I heard and in my soul discern'd  
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 lay'd full low 405  
"The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who 'bideth by himself  
"In the land of mist and snow,  
"He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man  
"Who shot him with his bow. 410

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

## VI.

### FIRST VOICE.

"But tell me, tell me! speak again, 415  
"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: 420  
"His great bright eye most silently  
"Up to the moon is cast—

[1042] "If he may know which way to go,  
"For she guides him smooth or grim.  
"See, brother, see! how graciously 425  
"She looketh down on him.

### FIRST VOICE.

"But why drives on that ship so fast  
"Withouten wave or wind?

### SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away before,  
"And closes from behind. 430

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

I woke, and we were sailing on 435  
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: 440  
 All fix'd on me their stony eyes  
 That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never pass'd away:  
 I could not draw my een from theirs 445  
 Ne turn them up to pray.

And in its time the spell was snapt,  
 And I could move my een:  
 I look'd far-forth, but little saw 450  
 Of what might else be seen.

Like one, that on a lonely 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 455  
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,  
 Ne sound ne motion made:  
 Its path was not upon the sea  
 In ripple or in shade. 460

[1043] It rais'd my hair, it fann'd 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, 465  
 Yet she sail'd softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
 On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see? 470  
 Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?  
 Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray—  
 "O let me be awake, my God!  
 "Or let me sleep away!" 475

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
 So smoothly it was strewn!  
 And on the bay the moon light lay,  
 And the shadow of the moon. 480

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,  
 Till rising from the same,  
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
 Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow 485  
 Those dark-red shadows were;  
 But soon I saw that my own flesh  
 Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
 And by the holy rood, 490  
 The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
 Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
 They held them strait and tight;  
 And each right-arm burnt like a torch, 495  
 A torch that's borne upright.  
 Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on  
 In the red and smoky light.

[1044] I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
 Forth looking as before. 500  
 There was no breeze upon the bay,  
 No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock. 505

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came. 510

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;  
And by the Holy rood  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood. 515

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight:  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light: 520

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but O! the silence sank,  
Like music on my heart. 525

Eftsones 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. 530

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;  
The bodies rose anew:  
With silent pace, each to his place,  
Came back the ghastly crew.  
The wind, that shade nor motion made,  
On me alone it blew. 535

[1045]

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. 540

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. 545

## VII.

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 Contrée. 550

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. 555

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

"Strange, by my faith! the Hermit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer.  
"The planks look warp'd, and see those sails  
"How thin they are and sere!  
"I never saw aught like to them  
"Unless perchance it were 560  
565

	"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-wolfs young.	570
	"Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look— (The Pilot made reply) "I am afeard—"Push on, push on! "Said the Hermit cheerily.	
[1046]	The Boat came closer to the Ship, But I ne spake ne stirr'd! The Boat came close beneath the Ship, And strait a sound was heard!	575
	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.	580
	Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound, Which sky and ocean smote: Like one that had been seven days drown'd My body lay afloat: But, swift as dreams, myself I found Within the Pilot's boat.	585
	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.	590
	I mov'd my lips: the Pilot shriek'd And fell down in a fit. The Holy Hermit rais'd his eyes And pray'd where he did sit.	595
	I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go, Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while His eyes went to and fro, "Ha! ha!" quoth he—"full plain I see, "The devil knows how to row."	600
	And now all in mine own Countrée I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat, And scarcely he could stand.	605
	"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man! The Hermit cross'd his brow— "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say "What manner man art thou?"	610
	Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd With a woeful agony, Which forc'd me to begin my tale And then it left me free.	
[1047]	Since then at an uncertain hour, Now oftimes and now fewer, That anguish comes and makes me tell My ghastly aventure.	615
	I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; The moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me; To him my tale I teach.	620
	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.	625
	O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been	630

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 635  
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, 640  
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, 645  
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, 650  
He made and loveth all.

The Marinere, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

[1048] He went, like one that hath been stunn'd 655  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[1030:1] First published in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, pp. [1]-27; republished in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, vol. i; *Lyrical Ballads*, 1802, vol. i; *Lyrical Ballads*, 1805, vol. i; reprinted in *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Appendix, pp. 404-29, London: E. Moxon, Son, and Company, [1870]; reprinted in *Lyrical Ballads* edition of 1798, edited by Edward Dowden, LL D., 1890, in *P. W.*, 1893, Appendix E, pp. 512-20, and in *Lyrical Ballads . . . 1798*, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, 1898. The text of the present issue has been collated with that of an early copy of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798 (containing *Lewti*, pp. 63-7), presented by Coleridge to his sister-in-law, Miss Martha Fricker. The lines were not numbered in *L. B.*, 1798.

### LINENOTES:

[63] And an] As if *MS. corr. by S. T. C.*

[75] Corrected in the *Errata* to fog-smoke white.

[83] weft [S. T. C.]

[179] For "those" read "these" *Errata*, p. [221], *L. B. 1798*.

After 338 \*\*\*\*\* *MS.*, *L. B. 1798*.

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## F

### THE RAVEN

[As printed in the *Morning Post*, March 10, 1798.]

[Vide *ante*, p. 169.]

Under the arms of a goodly oak-tree,  
There was of Swine a large company.  
They were making a rude repast,  
Grunting as they crunch'd the mast.  
Then they trotted away: for the wind blew high—  
One acorn they left, ne more mote you spy.  
Next came a Raven, who lik'd not such folly;  
He belong'd, I believe, to the witch MELANCHOLY!  
Blacker was he than the blackest jet;



Flew low in the rain; his feathers were wet. 10  
 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—  
 O'er hill, o'er dale did the black Raven go! 15  
 Many Autumns, many Springs;  
 Travell'd he with wand'ring wings;  
 Many Summers, many Winters—  
 I can't tell half his adventures.  
 At length he return'd, and with him a she; 20  
 And the acorn was grown a large oak-tree.  
 They built them a nest in the topmost bough,  
 And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.  
 But soon came a Woodman in leathern guise:  
 His brow like a pent-house hung over his eyes. 25  
 He'd an axe in his hand, and he nothing spoke,  
 But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,  
 At last he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.  
 His young ones were kill'd, for they could not depart,  
 And his wife she did die of a broken heart! 30  
 The branches from off it the Woodman did sever!  
 And they floated it down on the course of the River:  
 They saw'd it to planks, and it's rind they did strip,  
 And with this tree and others they built up a ship.  
 The ship, it was launch'd; but in sight of the land, 35  
 A tempest arose which no ship could withstand.  
 It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast—  
 The auld Raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the blast.  
 He heard the sea-shriek of their perishing souls—  
 They be sunk! O'er the top-mast the mad water rolls. 40  
 The Raven was glad that such fate they did meet,  
 They had taken his all, and REVENGE WAS SWEET!

[1049]

## G

### LEWTI; OR THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHANT [\[1049:1\]](#)

[Vide *ante*, p. [253](#).]

#### (1)

[Add. MSS. 27,902.]

High o'er the silver rocks I roved  
 To forget the form I loved  
 In hopes fond fancy would be kind  
 And steal my Mary from my mind  
 T'was twilight and the lunar beam 5  
 Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream  
 As down its sides the water strayed  
 Bright on a rock the moonbeam playe[d]  
 It shone, half-sheltered from the view  
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew 10  
 True, true to love but false to rest,  
 So fancy whispered to my breast,  
 So shines her forehead smooth and fair  
 Gleaming through her sable hair  
 I turned to heaven—but viewed on high 15  
 The languid lustre of her eye  
 The moons mild radiant edge I saw  
 Peeping a black-arched cloud below  
 Nor yet its faint and paly beam  
 Could tinge its skirt with yellow gleam 20  
 I saw the white waves o'er and o'er  
 Break against a curved shore  
 Now disappearing from the sight  
 Now twinkling regular and white  
 Her mouth, her smiling mouth can shew 25  
 As white and regular a row  
 Haste Haste, some God indulgent prove  
 And bear me, bear me to my love  
 Then might—for yet the sultry hour

[1050]

Glows from the sun's oppressive power 30  
 Then might her bosom soft and white  
 Heave upon my swimming sight  
 As yon two swans together heave  
 Upon the gently-swelling wave  
 Haste—haste some God indulgent prove 35  
 And bear—oh bear me to my love.

(2)

[Add. MSS. 35,343.]

**THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHAUNT**

*Wild-Indians*

High o'er the rocks at night I rov'd  
     silver  
 To forget the form I lov'd.  
 Image of LEWTI! from my mind  
     Cora  
 Depart! for LEWTI is not kind!  
     Cora  
 Bright was the Moon: the Moon's bright beam 5  
 Speckled with many a moving shade,  
 Danc'd upon Tamaha's stream;  
 But brightlier on the Rock it play'd,  
 The Rock, half-shelter'd from my view  
 By pendent boughs of tressy Yew! 10  
 True to Love, but false to Rest,  
 My fancy whisper'd in my breast—  
 So shines my Lewti's forehead fair  
 Gleaming thro' her sable hair,  
 Image of LEWTI! from my mind 15  
     Cora  
 Depart! for LEWTI is not kind.  
     Cora

I saw a cloud of whitest hue;  
 Onward to the Moon it pass'd!  
 Still brighter and more bright it grew  
 With floating colours not a few, 20  
 Till it reach'd the Moon at last.

[1051]

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**LEWTI; OR THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHANT**

(3)

[Add. MSS. 35,343, f. 3 recto.]

High o'er the rocks at night I rov'd  
 To forget the form I lov'd.  
 Image of LEWTI! from my mind  
 Depart: for LEWTI is not kind. 25

Bright was the Moon: the Moon's bright bea[m]  
 Speckled with many a moving shade,  
 Danc'd upon TAMAHA'S stream;  
 But brightlier on the Rock it play'd,  
 The Rock, half-shelter'd from my view 30  
 By pendent boughs of tressy Yew!  
 True to Love, but false to Rest,  
 My fancy whisper'd in my breast—  
 So shines my LEWTI'S forehead fair  
 Gleaming thro' her sable hair! 35  
 Image of LEWTI! from my mind  
 Depart—for LEWTI is not kind.

I saw a Cloud of whitest hue—  
 Onward to the Moon it pass'd.  
 Still brighter and more bright it grew 40  
 With floating colours not a few,  
 Till it reach'd the Moon at last:  
 Then the Cloud was wholly bright  
 With a rich and amber light!

	deep	
	And so with many a hope I seek,	45
	And so with joy I find my LEWTI:	
	And even so my pale wan cheek	
	Drinks in as deep a flush of Beauty	
[1052]	Image of LEWTI! leave my mind	
	If Lewti never will be kind!	50
	Away the little Cloud, away.	
	Away it goes—away so soon	
	alone	
	Alas! it has no power to stay:	
	It's hues are dim, it's hues are grey	
	Away it passes from the Moon.	55
	And now tis whiter than before—	
	As white as my poor cheek will be,	
	When, LEWTI! on my couch I lie	
	A dying Man for Love of thee!	
	Thou living Image	
	Image of LEWTI in my mind,	60
	Methinks thou lookest not kin unkind!	

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [1049:1] The first ten lines of MS. version (1) were first published in *Note 44 of P. W.*, 1893, p. 518, and the MS. as a whole is included in *Coleridge's Poems, A Facsimile Reproduction of The Proofs and MSS., &c.*, 1899, pp. 132-4. MSS. (2) and (3) are now printed for the first time.

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## H

### INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE [\[1052:1\]](#)

[Vide *ante*, p. [330](#).]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,

The following Poem is the Introduction to a somewhat longer one, for which I shall solicit insertion on your next open day. The use of the Old Ballad word, *Ladie*, for Lady, is the only piece of obsolescence in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust, that 'the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity' (as Camden says) will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the Author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties *explode* around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old fashioned love; and, five years ago, I own, I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But, alas! explosion has succeeded explosion so rapidly, that novelty itself ceases to appear new; and it is possible that now, even a simple story, wholly unspired [*? inspired*] with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of Revolutions, as to those who have resided a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

#### 1

O leave the Lily on its stem;  
O leave the Rose upon the spray;  
O leave the Elder-bloom, fair Maids!  
And listen to my lay.

#### 2

A Cypress and a Myrtle bough,  
This morn around my harp you twin'd,  
Because it fashion'd mournfully  
Its murmurs in the wind.

[5](#)

#### 3

And now a Tale of Love and Woe,  
A woeful Tale of Love I sing:  
Hark, gentle Maidens, hark! it sighs

10

And trembles on the string.

4

But most, my own dear Genevieve!  
It sighs and trembles most for thee!  
O come and hear the cruel wrongs  
Befel the dark Ladie!

[15](#)

5

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.

[20](#)

[\[1054\]](#)

6

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

7

O ever in my waking dreams,  
I dwell upon that happy hour,  
When midway on the Mount I sate  
Beside the ruin'd Tow'r.

[25](#)

8

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!

[30](#)

9

She lean'd against the armed Man  
The statue of the armed Knight—  
She stood and listen'd to my harp,  
Amid the ling'ring light.

[\[1055\]](#)

[35](#)

10

I play'd a sad and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story,  
An old rude song, that fitted well  
The ruin wild and hoary.

[40](#)

11

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

12

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

[45](#)

13

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

[50](#)

14

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

[55](#)

[1056]

15

But when I told the cruel scorn,  
That craz'd this bold and lovely Knight;  
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,  
Nor rested day or night;

[60](#)

16

And how he cross'd the Woodman's paths,  
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;  
How boughs rebounding scourg'd his limbs,  
And low stubs gor'd his feet.

17

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

[65](#)

18

There came and look'd him in the face  
An Angel beautiful and bright,  
And how he knew it was a Fiend,  
This mis'rable Knight!

[70](#)

19

And how, unknowing what he did,  
He leapt amid a lawless band,  
And sav'd from outrage worse than death  
The Ladie of the Land.

[75](#)

20

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees,  
And how she tended him in vain,  
And meekly strove to expiate  
The scorn that craz'd his brain;

80

[1057]

21

And how she nurs'd him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay;

22

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

[85](#)

23

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

[90](#)

24

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng;  
And gentle wishes long subdu'd,  
Subdu'd and cherish'd long.

[95](#)

She wept with pity and delight—  
 She blush'd with love and maiden shame,  
 And like the murmurs of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.

[100](#)

[1058]

I saw her bosom heave and swell,  
 Heave and swell with inward sighs—  
 I could not choose but love to see  
 Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glow'd; she stept aside,  
 As conscious of my look she stept;  
 Then suddenly, with tim'rous eye,  
 She flew to me, and wept;

[105](#)

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

[110](#)

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

[115](#)

[1059]

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 beaut'ous bride.

[120](#)

And now once more a tale of woe,  
 A woeful tale of love, I sing:  
 For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,  
 And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn  
 That craz'd this bold and lonely Knight,  
 And how he roam'd the mountain woods,  
 Nor rested day or night;

[125](#)

I promis'd thee a sister tale  
 Of Man's perfidious cruelty:  
 Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong  
 Befel the Dark Ladie.

[130](#)

*End of the Introduction.*

## FOOTNOTES:

- [1052:1] Published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799. Collated with two MSS.—*MS. (1)*; *MS. (2)*—in the British Museum [Add. MSS. 27,902]. See *Coleridge's Poems*, A Facsimile of the Proofs, &c., edited by the late James Dykes Campbell, 1899. *MS. 1* consists of thirty-two stanzas (unnumbered), written on nine pages: *MS. 2* (which begins with stanza 6, and ends with stanza 30) of fourteen stanzas (unnumbered) written on four pages.

## LINENOTES:

- Title*—The Dark Ladiè. *MS. B. M. (1)*.
- [2] Rose upon] Rose-bud on *MS. B. M. (1)*.
- [3] fair] dear *erased MS. (1)*.
- [7] mournfully] sad and sweet *MS. (1)*.
- [8] in] to *MS. (1)*.
- [16] Ladiè] Ladié *MS. (2)*.
- [20] The song that makes her grieve. *MS. (1)*.
- [21-4]       Each thought, each feeling of the Soul,  
          All lovely sights, each tender, name,  
          All, all are ministers of Love,  
          That stir our mortal frame.
- MS. (1)*.
- [22] All, all that stirs this mortal frame *MS. B. M. (2)*.
- [24] feed] fan *MS. (2)*.
- [25]       O ever in my lonely walk
- erased MS. (1)*.
- In lonely walk and noontide dreams
- MS. (1)*.
- O ever when I walk alone
- erased MS. (1)*.
- [26]       I feed upon that blissful hour
- MS. (1)*.
- I feed upon that hour of Bliss
- erased MS. (1)*.
- That ruddy eve that blissful hour
- erased MS. (1)*.
- [26] dwell] feed *MS. (2)*.
- [27]                               we sate  
      When midway on the mount I stood
- MS. (1)*.
- When we too stood upon the Hill
- erased MS. (1)*.
- [29]       The Moonshine stole upon the ground
- erased MS. (1)*.
- The Moon ~~be-blended on~~ the ground
- MS. (1)*.
- [30] Had] And *erased MS. (1)*.
- [31] was there] stood near (was there *erased*) *MS. (1)*.
- [33-6]       Against a grey stone rudely carv'd,  
          The statue of an armed Knight,  
                              in  
          She lean'd ~~the~~ melancholy mood,  
          ~~And~~ To watch'd the lingering Light
- MS. (1)*.
- [33-4]       ~~She lean'd against a chissold stone~~  
  tall  
          ~~The statue of a~~
- MS. (1)*.
- [34] the] an *MS. (1)* [Stanza 10, revised.]
- [37] sad] soft *MSS. (1, 2)*.
- doleful] mournful *erased MS. (1)*.
- [39] An] And *MS. (2)*.

rude] wild *erased MS. (1).*

[41-4] With flitting Blush and downcast eyes,  
In modest melancholy grace  
The Maiden stood: perchance I gaz'd  
Too fondly on her face.

*Erased MS. (1).*

[45-8] *om. MS. (1).*

[49] ~~I gaz'd and when I sang of love~~ *MS. (1).*

[53-6] With flitting Blush and downcast eyes  
and  
With downcast eyes *in* modest grace  
for  
~~She listen'd, and perchance I gaz'd~~  
Too fondly on her face.

*MS. (1).*

[55] And] Yet *MS. (1).*

[57] told] sang *MS. (1).*

[59] roam'd] cross'd *MS. (1).*

[60] or] nor *MS. (1).*

[61-4] *om. MS. (1).*

[65] How sometimes from the hollow Trees *MS. (1).*

[69-72] look'd  
There came and star'd him in the face  
An[d] Angel beautiful and bright,  
And how he knew it was a fiend  
And yell'd with strange affright.

*MS. (1).*

[74] lawless] murderous *MS. (1).*

[77] clasp'd] kiss'd *MS. (1).*

[79] meekly] how she *MS. (1).*

[87] fault'ring] trembling *MS. (1) erased.*

[90] guiltless] guileless *MS. (1).*

*Between 96 and 97*

And while midnight  
~~While~~ Fancy like the nuptial Torch  
That bends and rises in the wind  
Lit up with wild and broken lights  
The Tumult of her mind.

*MS. (1) erased.*

[99] And like the murmur of a dream

*MSS. (1, 2).*

~~And in a murmur faint and sweet~~

*MS. (1) erased.*

[100] ~~She half pronounced my name.~~  
She breathed her Lover's name.

*MS. (1) erased.*

[101-4] I saw her gentle Bosom heave  
Th' inaudible and frequent sigh;  
modest  
And ah! the ~~bashful~~ Maiden mark'd  
The wanderings of my eye[s]

*MS. (1) erased.*

[105-8] *om. MS. (1).*

[105] cheek] cheeks *MS. (2).*

[108] flew] fled *MS. (2).*

[109-16] side  
And closely to my heart she press'd  
And ask'd me with her swimming eyes  
might  
That I ~~would~~ rather feel than see  
Her gentle Bosom rise.—



Or

side  
And closely to my heart she press'd  
And closer still with bashful art—  
That I might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her Heart.

*MS. (1) erased.*

[111] And] Then *MS. (2) erased.*

[117] And now serene, serene and chaste  
But soon in calm and solemn tone

*MS. (1) erased.*

[118] And] She *MS. (1) erased.*  
virgin] maiden *MSS. (1, 2).*

[120] bright] dear *MS. (1) erased.*

beaut'ous] lovely *MS. (1) erased.*

[125-8] When last I sang of Him whose heart  
Was broken by a woman's scorn—  
And how he cross'd the mountain woods  
All frantic and forlorn

*MS. (1).*

[129] sister] moving *MS. (1).*

[131] wrong] wrongs *MS. (1).*

[132] Ladie] Ladié *MS. (2).*

After [132](#) *The Dark Ladiè. MS. (1).*

[1060]

## I

### THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY. [\[1060:1\]](#)

[Vide *ante*, p. [421](#).]

#### AN HISTORIC DRAMA

#### IN

#### FIVE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, ON SATURDAY,  
FEBRUARY THE 7TH, 1801.

APOECIDES.

Quis hoc scit factum?

EPIDICUS.

Ego ita esse factum dico.

PERIPHANES.

Scin' tu istuc?

EPIDICUS.

Scio.

PERIPHANES.

Qui tu scis?

EPIDICUS.

Quia ego vidi.

PERIPHANES.

[Ipse vidistine [Tragediam?]] Nimis factum bene!

EPIDICUS.

Sed vestita, aurata, ornata, ut lepide! ut concinne! ut nove! [Proh Dii immortales! tempestatem (plausuum Populus) nobis nocte hac misit!]<sup>[1060:2]</sup>

(Plaut. *Epidicus*. Act 2. Scen. 2, ll. 22 sqq.)

## LONDON.

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1801.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[1060:1] Now first published from an MS. in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 34,225). The *Triumph of Loyalty*, 'a sort of dramatic romance' (see *Letter to Poole*, December 5, 1800; *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 343), was begun and left unfinished in the late autumn of 1800. An excerpt (ll. 277-358) was revised and published as 'A Night Scene. A Dramatic Fragment,' in *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), vide *ante*, pp. 421-3. The revision of the excerpt (ll. 263-349) with respect to the order and arrangement of its component parts is indicated by asterisks, which appear to be contemporary with the MS. I have, therefore, in printing the MS., followed the revised and not the original order of these lines. Again, in the hitherto unpublished portion of the MS. (ll. 1-263) I have omitted rough drafts of passages which were rewritten, either on the same page or on the reverse of the leaf.

[1060:2] The words enclosed in brackets are not to be found in the text. They were either invented or adapted by Coleridge *ad hoc*. The text of the passage as a whole has been reconstructed by modern editors.

[1061]

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl Henry	MR. KEMBLE
Don Curio	MR. C. KEMBLE
Sandoval	MR. BARRYMORE
Alva, the Chancellor	MR. AICKIN
Barnard, Earl Henry's Groom of the Chamber	MR. SUETT
Don Fernandez	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
The Governor of the State Prison	MR. DAVIS
Herrerias (Oropeza's Uncle) and three Conspirators	MESSRS. PACKER, WENTWORTH, MATHEW, and GIBBON
Officers and Soldiers of Earl Henry's Regiment.	
The Queen of Navarre	MRS. SIDDONS
Donna Oropeza	MRS. POWELL
Mira, her attendant	MISS DECAMP
Aspasia, a singer	MRS. CROUCH

Scene, partly at the Country seat of Donna Oropeza, and partly in Pampilona [*sic*], the Capital of Navarre.

[1062]

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## THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY

### ACT I

SCENE I. *A cultivated Plain, skirted on the Left by a Wood. The Pyrenees are visible in the distance. Small knots of Soldiers all in the military Dress of the middle Ages are seen passing across the Stage. Then*

*Enter* EARL HENRY *and* SANDOVAL, *both armed.*

*Sandoval.* A delightful plain this, and doubly pleasant after so long and wearisome a descent from the Pyrenees [*sic*]. Did you not observe how our poor over wearied horses mended their pace as soon as they reached it?

*Earl Henry.* I must entreat your forgiveness, gallant Castilian! I ought ere this to have bade you welcome to my

native Navarre.

*Sandoval.* Cheerily, General! Navarre has indeed but ill repaid your services, in thus recalling you from the head of an army which you yourself had collected and disciplined. But the wrongs and insults which you have suffered—

*Earl Henry.* Deserve my thanks, Friend! In the sunshine of Court-favor I could only *believe* that I loved my Queen and my Country: now I *know* it. But why name I my Country or my Sovereign? I owe all my Wrongs to the private enmity of the Chancellor.

*Sandoval.* Heaven be praised, you have atchieved [*sic*] a delicious revenge upon him!—that the same Courier who brought the orders for your recall carried back with him the first tidings of your Victory—it was exquisite good fortune!

*Earl Henry.* Sandoval! my gallant Friend! Let me not deceive you. To you I have vowed an undisguised openness. The gloom which overcast me, was occasioned by causes of less public import.

*Sandoval.* Connected, I presume, with that Mansion, the spacious pleasure grounds of which we noticed as we were descending from the mountain. Lawn and Grove, River and Hillock—it looked within these high walls, like a World of itself.

[1063] *Earl Henry.* This Wood scarcely conceals these high walls from us. Alas! I know the place too well. . . . Nay, why too well?—But wherefore spake you, Sandoval, of this Mansion? What know you?

*Sandoval.* Nothing. Therefore I spake of it. On our descent from the mountain I pointed it out to you and asked to whom it belonged—you became suddenly absent, and answered me only by looks of Disturbance and Anxiety.

*Earl Henry.* That Mansion once belonged to Manric [*sic*], Lord of Valdez.

*Sandoval.* Alas, poor Man! the same, who had dangerous claims to the Throne of Navarre.

*Earl Henry.* Claims?—Say rather, pretensions—plausible only to the unreasoning Multitude.

*Sandoval.* Pretensions then (*with bitterness*).

*Earl Henry.* Bad as these were, the means he employed to give effect to them were still worse. He trafficked with France against the independence of his Country. He was a traitor, my Friend! and died a traitor's death. His two sons suffered with him, and many, (I fear, too many) of his adherents.

*Sandoval.* Earl Henry! (*a pause*) If the sentence were just, why was not the execution of it public. . . . It is reported, that they were—but no! I will not believe it—the honest soul of my friend would not justify so foul a deed.

*Earl Henry.* Speak plainly—what is reported?

*Sandoval.* That they were all assassinated by order of the new Queen.

*Earl Henry.* Accursed be the hearts that framed and the tongues that scattered the Calumny!—The Queen was scarcely seated on her throne; the Chancellor, who had been her Guardian, exerted a pernicious influence over her judgement—she was taught to fear dangerous commotions in the Capital, she was intreated to prevent the bloodshed of the deluded citizens, and thus overawed she reluctantly consented to permit the reinforcement of an obsolete law, and—

*Sandoval.* They were not assassinated then?—

*Earl Henry.* Why these bitter tones to me, Sandoval? Can a law assassinate? Don Manrique [*sic*] and his accomplices drank the sleepy poison adjudged by that law in the State Prison at Pampilona. At that time I was with the army on the frontiers of France.

*Sandoval.* Had you been in the Capital—

*Earl Henry.* I would have pledged my life on the safety of a public Trial and a public Punishment.

[1064] *Sandoval.* Poisoned! The Father and his Sons!—And this, Earl Henry, was the first act of that Queen, whom you idolize! 75

*Earl Henry.* No, Sandoval, No! This was not *her* act. She roused herself from the stupor of alarm, she suspended *in opposition to the advice of her council*, all proceedings against the inferior partisans of the Conspiracy; she facilitated the escape of Don Manrique's brother, and to Donna Oropeza, his daughter and only surviving child, she restored all her father's possessions, nay became herself her Protectress and Friend. These were the acts, these the first acts of my royal Mistress. 80

*Sandoval.* And how did Donna Oropeza receive these favors?

*Earl Henry.* Why ask you that? Did they not fall on her, like heavenly dews? 85

*Sandoval.* And will they not rise again, like an earthly mist? What is Gratitude opposed to Ambition, filial revenge, and Woman's rivalry—what is it but a cruel Curb in the mouth of a fiery Horse, maddening the fierce animal whom it cannot restrain? Forgive me, Earl Henry! I meant not to move you so deeply. 90

*Earl Henry.* Sandoval, you have uttered that in a waking hour which having once dreamt, I feared the return of sleep lest I should dream it over again. My Friend (*his Voice trembling*) I wou'd the daughter of Don Manrique, *but* we are interrupted. 95

*Sandoval.* It is Fernandez.

*Earl Henry (struggling with his emotions).* A true-hearted old fellow— 100

*Sandoval.* As splenetic as he is brave.

*Enter FERNANDEZ.*

*Earl Henry.* Well, my ancient! how did you like our tour through the mountains. (*EARL HENRY sits down on the seat by the woodside.*)

*Fernandez.* But little, General! and my faithful charger Liked it still less. The field of battle in the level plain By Fontarabia was more to our taste. 105

*Earl Henry.* Where is my brother, Don Curio! Have you Seen him of late?

[1065] *Fernandez.* Scarcely, dear General! For by my troth I have been laughing at him Even till the merry tears so filled my eyes That I lost sight of him. 110

*Sandoval.* But wherefore, Captain.

*Fernandez.* He hath been studying speeches with fierce gestures; Speeches brimfull of wrath and indignation, The which he hopes to vent in open council: And, in the heat and fury of this fancy He grasp'd your groom of the Chamber by the throat Who squeaking piteously, Ey! quoth your brother, I cry you Mercy, Fool! Hadst been indeed The Chancellor, I should have strangled thee. 120

*Sandoval.* Ha, ha! poor Barnard!

*Fernandez.* What you know my Gentleman, My Groom of the Chamber, my Sieur Barnard, hey?

*Sandoval.* I know him for a barren-pated coxcomb.

*Fernandez.* But very weedy, Sir! in worthless phrases, A sedulous eschewer of the popular And the colloquial—one who seeketh dignity I' th' paths of circumlocution! It would have Surpris'd you tho', to hear how nat'rally 125

He squeak'd when Curio had him by the throat. 130

*Sandoval.* I know him too for an habitual scorner  
Of Truth.

*Fernandez.* And one that lies more dully than  
Old Women dream, without pretence of fancy,  
Humour or mirth, a most disinterested,  
Gratuitous Liar.

*Earl Henry.* Ho! enough, enough! 135  
Spare him, I pray you, were't but from respect  
To the presence of his Lord.

*Sandoval.* I stand reprov'd.

*Fernandez.* I too, but that I know our noble General  
Maintains him near his person, only that  
If he should ever go in jeopardy 140  
Of being damn'd (as he's now persecuted)  
For his virtue and fair sense, he may be sav'd  
By the supererogation of this Fellow's  
Folly and Worthlessness.—

[1066] *Earl Henry.* Hold, hold, good Ancient!  
Do you not know that this Barnard saved my life? 145  
Well, but my brother—

*Fernandez.* He will soon be here.  
I swear by this, my sword, dear General.  
I swear he has a Hero's soul—I only  
Wish I could communicate to him  
My gift of governing the spleen.—Then he 150  
Has had his colors, the drums too of the Regiment  
All put in cases—O, that stirs the Soldiery.

*Earl Henry.* Impetuous Boy!

*Fernandez.* Nay, Fear not for them, General.  
The Chancellor, no doubt, will take good care  
To let their blood grow cool on garrison duty. 155

*Sandoval.* Earl Henry! Frown not thus upon Fernandez;  
'Tis said, and all the Soldiery believe it,  
That the five Regiments who return with you  
Will be dispers'd in garrisons and castles,  
And other Jails of honourable name. 160  
So great a crime it is to have been present  
In duty and devotion to a Hero!

*Fernandez.* What now? What now? The politic Chancellor is  
The Soldier's friend, and rather than not give  
Snug pensions to brave Men, he'll overlook 165  
All small disqualifying circumstances  
Of youth and health, keen eye and muscular limb,  
He'll count our scars, and set them down for maims.  
And gain us thus all privileges and profits  
Of Invalids and superannuate veterans. 170

*Earl Henry.* 'Tis but an idle rumour—See! they come.

*Enter BARNARD and a number of Soldiers, their Colours wound up, and  
the Drums in Cases, and after them DON CURIO. All pay the military  
Honors to the General. During this time FERNANDEZ has hurried up  
in front of the Stage.*

*Enter DON CURIO.*

*Don Curio (advancing to EARL HENRY).* Has Barnard told you?  
Insult on insult! by mine honor, Brother!  
(BARNARD goes beside CURIO.) And by our Father's soul they mean to saint you,  
Having first prov'd your Patience more than mortal. 175

[1067] *Earl Henry.* Take heed, Don Curio! lest with greater right  
They scoff my Brother for a choleric boy.  
What insult then?

*Don Curio.* Our Friend, the Chancellor,  
Welcomes you home, and shares the common joy  
In the most happy tidings of your Victory. 180

But as to your demand of instant audience  
From the Queen's Royal Person,—'tis rejected!

*Sandoval.* Rejected?

*Barnard* (*making a deep obeisance*). May it please the Earl!

*Earl Henry.* Speak, Barnard.

*Barnard.* The noble Youth, your very valiant brother,  
And wise as valiant (*bowing to DON CURIO who puffs at him*) rightly doth insinuate 185  
Fortune deals nothing singly—whether Honors  
Or Insults, whether it be Joys or Sorrows,  
They crowd together on us, or at best  
Drop in in quick succession.

*Fernandez* (*mocking him*). 'Ne'er rains it, but it pours,' or, at the best, 190  
'More sacks upon the mill.' This fellow's a  
Perpetual plagiarist from his Grandmother, and  
How slyly in the parcel wraps [he] up  
The stolen goods!

*Earl Henry.* Be somewhat briefer, Barnard.

*Barnard.* But could I dare insinuate to your Brother 195  
A fearless Truth, Earl Henry—it were this:  
Even Lucifer, Prince of the Air, hath claims  
Upon our justice.

*Fernandez.* Give the Devil his Due!  
Why, thou base Lacquerer of worm-eaten proverbs,  
[And] wherefore dost thou not tell us at once 200  
What the Chancellor said to thee?

*Barnard* (*looking round superciliously at FERNANDEZ*).  
The Queen hath left the Capital affecting  
Rural retirement, but 'I will hasten'  
(Thus said the Chancellor) 'I myself will hasten  
And lay before her Majesty the Tidings 205  
Both of Earl Henry's Victory and return.  
She will vouchsafe, I doubt not, to re-enter  
Her Capital, without delay, and grant  
The wish'd for Audience with all public honour.'

*Don Curio.* A mere Device, I say, to pass a slight on us. 210

[1068]

*Fernandez* (*to himself*). To think on't. Pshaw! A fellow, that must needs  
Have been decreed an Ass by acclamation,  
Had he not looked so very like an Owl.  
And he to— (*turns suddenly round, and faces BARNARD who had even then come close beside  
him*).  
Boo!—Ah! is it you, Sieur Barnard!

*Barnard.* No other, Sir!

*Fernandez.* And is it not reported, 215  
That you once sav'd the General's life?

*Barnard.* 'Tis certain!

*Fernandez.* Was he asleep? And were the hunters coming  
And did you bite him on the nose?

*Barnard.* What mean you?

*Fernandez.* That was the way in which the Flea i' th' Fable  
Once sav'd the Lion's life.

*Earl Henry.* 'Tis well. 220  
The Sun hath almost finish'd his Day's Travels;  
We too will finish ours. Go, gallant Comrades,  
And at the neighbouring Mansion, for us all,  
Claim entertainment in your General's name.

*Exeunt Soldiers, &c. As they are leaving the Stage.*

*Fernandez* (*to BARNARD*). A word with you! You act the Chancellor 225  
Incomparably well.

*Barnard.* Most valiant Captain,

Vouchsafe a manual union.

*Fernandez (gripping [sic] his hand with affected fervor).* 'Tis no wonder,  
Don Curio should mistook [*sic*] you for him.

*Barnard.* Truly,  
The Chancellor, and I, it hath been notic'd  
Are of one stature.

[1069]

*Fernandez.* And Don Curio's *Gripe* too 230  
Had lent a guttural Music to your voice,  
A sort of bagpipe Buz, that suited well  
Your dignity of utterance.

*Barnard (simpering courteously).* Don Fernandez,  
Few are the storms that bring unmingled evil.

*Fernandez (mocking him).* 'Tis an ill wind, that blows no good, Sieur Barnard! [*Exeunt.*] 235

DON CURIO *lingering behind.*

*Don Curio.* I have offended you, my brother.

*Earl H.* Yes!  
For you've not learnt the noblest part of valour,  
To suffer and obey. Drums put in cases,  
Colours wound up—what means this Mummery?  
We are sunk low indeed, if wrongs like our's 240  
Must seek redress in impotent Freaks of Anger.  
(This way, Don Sandoval) of boyish anger—

(*Walks with SANDOVAL to the back of the Stage.*)

*Don Curio (to himself).* Freaks! freaks! But what if they have sav'd from bursting  
The swelling heart of one, whose Cup of Hope 245  
Was savagely dash'd down—even from his lips?—  
Permitted just to see the face of War,  
Then like a truant boy, scourgd home again  
One Field my whole Campaign! One glorious Battle  
To madden one with Hope!—Did he not pause  
Twice in the fight, and press me to his breastplate, 250  
And cry, that all might hear him, Well done, brother!  
No blessed Soul, just naturalized in Heaven,  
Pac'd ever by the side of an Immortal  
More proudly, Henry! than I fought by thine—  
Shame on these tears!—this, too, is boyish anger! [*Exit.*] 255

EARL HENRY and SANDOVAL *return to the front of the stage.*

*Earl Henry.* I spake more harshly to him, than need was.

*Sandoval.* Observ'd you how he pull'd his beaver down—  
Doubtless to hide the tears, he could not check.

*Earl Henry.* Go, sooth [*sic*] him, Friend!—And having reach'd the Castle  
Gain Oropeza's private ear, and tell her 260  
Where you have left me.

(*As SANDOVAL is going*)

Nay, stay awhile with me.  
I am too full of dreams to meet her now.

[1070]

*Sandoval.* You lov'd the daughter of Don Manrique?

*Earl Henry.* Loved?

*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 265  
One whom you lov'd not!

*Earl Henry.* O I were most base  
Not loving Oropeza. True, I woo'd her  
Hoping to heal a deeper wound: but she  
Met my advances with an empassion'd Pride  
That kindled Love with Love. And when her Sire 270

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. [275](#)  
But thou art stern, and with unkindling Countenance  
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

*Sandoval.* Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.  
But Oropeza—

*Earl Henry.* Blessings gather round her!  
Within this wood there winds a secret passage, [280](#)  
Beneath the walls, which open out at length  
Into the gloomiest covert of the Garden.—  
The night ere my departure to the Army,

She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,  
And to the covert by a silent stream, [285](#)

Which, with one star reflected near its marge,  
Was the sole object visible around me.

The night so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!  
No leaflet stirr'd;—yet pleasure hung upon us,  
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air. [290](#)

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, [295](#)  
To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—  
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.

[1071]

*Sandoval.* A rude and searing note, my friend!

*Earl Henry.* Oh! no!  
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.  
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser Streams  
Still flowing, still were lost in those of Love: [300](#)  
So Love grew mightier from the Pear, and Nature,  
Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.

The stars above our heads were dim and steady,  
Like eyes suffus'd with rapture. Life was in us:  
We were all life, each atom of our Frames [305](#)

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, [310](#)  
A murmur breath'd against a lady's Cheek.

Oh! there is Joy above the name of Pleasure,  
Deep self-possession, an intense Repose.  
No other than as Eastern Sages feign,  
The God, who floats upon a Lotos Leaf, [315](#)

Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,  
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,  
Relapses into bliss. Ah! was that bliss  
Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?

For suddenly, intolerant of its silence,  
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead. [320](#)  
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 seemed [325](#)

[1072]

The unity and substance of my Being, [325](#)  
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 the Bower

I now will go—all objects there will teach me  
Unwavering Love, and singleness of Heart. [330](#)

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 Inquisition of that scanning eye.—

[*Earl Henry retires into the wood.*]

*Sandoval (alone).* O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great [335](#)  
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 Heaven to Earth they stand,



As though they were the Pillars of a Temple, 340  
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour!  
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!  
I know, he loves the Queen. I know she is 345  
His Soul's first love, and this is ever his nature—  
To his first purpose, his soul toiling back  
Like the poor storm-wreck'd [sailor] to his Boat,  
Still swept away, still struggling to regain it.

[Exit.]

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*Herreras.* He dies, that stirs! Follow me this instant. 350

(First Conspirator *takes his arrow, snaps it, and throws it on the ground. The two others do the same.*)

*Herreras.* Accursed cowards! I'll go myself, and make sure work (*drawing his Dagger*).

[1073] (HERRERAS *strides towards the arbor, before he reaches it, stops and listens and then returns hastily to the front of the stage, as he turns his Back to the Arbor, EARL HENRY appears, watching the Conspirators, and enters the Arbor unseen.*)

*First Conspirator.* Has she *seen* us think you?

*The Mask.* No! she has not *seen* us; but she heard us distinctly.

*Herreras.* There was a rustling in the wood—go, all of you, stand on the watch—towards the passage. 355

*A Voice from the Arbor.* Mercy! Mercy! Tell me, why you murder me.

*Herreras.* I'll do it first. (*Strides towards the Arbor, EARL HENRY rushes out of it.*) 360

*The Mask.* Jesu Maria.

(*They all three fly, EARL HENRY attempts to seize HERRERAS, who defending himself retreats into the Covert follow'd by the EARL. THE QUEEN comes from out the arbor, veiled—stands listening a moment, then lifts up her veil, with folded hands assumes the attitude of Prayer, and after a momentary silence breaks into audible soliloquy.*)

*The Queen.* I pray'd to thee, All-wonderful! And thou Didst make my very Prayer the Instrument, By which thy Providence sav'd me. Th' armed Murderer Who with suspended breath stood listening to me, Groan'd as I spake thy name. In that same moment, O God! thy Mercy shot the swift Remorse That pierc'd his Heart. And like an Elephant Gor'd as he rushes to the first assault, He turn'd at once and trampled his Employers. But hark! (*drops her veil*)—O God in Heaven! they come again. 370

(EARL HENRY *returns with the Dagger in his hand.*)

*Earl Henry (as he is entering).* The violent pull with which I seiz'd his Dagger Unpois'd me and I fell.

[END OF THE FRAGMENT.]

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### LINENOTES:

After 88 in which all her wrongs will appear twofold—(or) in a mist of which her Wrongs will wander, magnified into giant shapes. *MS. erased.*

[110] After General! And yet I have not stirred from his side. That is to say— *MS. erased.*

Before 211.

Fortune! Plague take her for a blind old Baggage!  
That such a patch as Barnard should have had  
The Honour to have sav'd our General's life.

That Barnard! that mock-man! that clumsy forgery  
Of Heaven's Image. Any other heart  
But mine own would have turn'd splenetic to think of it.

*MS. erased.*

- [269] an empassion'd *S. L.*: empassioned 1834.  
[276] unkindling] unkindly *S. L.*, 1834.  
[281] open] opens *S. L.*  
[285] the] that. a] that *S. L.* (corr. in Errata, p. [xi]) *S. L.*  
[288] o'er] near *S. L.* (corr. in Errata, p. [xi]) *S. L.*  
[289-290] No leaflet stirr'd; the air was almost sultry;  
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!  
No leaflet stirr'd, yet pleasure hung upon

*S. L.*

- [310] Cheek] Ear *S. L.*

After 312.

Deep repose of bliss we lay  
No other than as Eastern Sages gloss,  
The God who floats upon a Lotos leaf  
Dreams for a thousand ages, then awaking  
Creates a World, then loathing the dull task  
Relapses into blessedness, when an omen  
Screamed from the Watch-tower—'twas the Watchman's cry,  
And Oropeza starting.

*MS. (alternative reading).*

- [313] feign] paint *S. L.*

Before 314 Sandoval (*with a sarcastic smile*) *S. L.*

- [314-16] Compare Letter to Thelwall, Oct. 16, 1797, *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 229.

- [317] bliss.—*Earl Henry*. Ah! was that bliss *S. L.*

- [319] intolerant] impatient *S. L.*

- [325] unity and] purpose and the *S. L.*

After 327

Even as a Herdsboy mutely plighting troth  
Gives his true Love a Lily for a Rose.

*MS. erased.*

- [334] Inquisition] keen inquiry *S. L.*

Before 335.

Earl Henry thou art dear to me—perchance  
For these follies; since the Health of Reason,  
Our would-be Sages teach, engenders not  
The Whelks and Tumours of particular Friendship.

*MS. erased.*

- [339] Heaven to Earth] Earth to Heaven *S. L.*

[1074]

## J

### CHAMOUNY; THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE

#### A HYMN

[Vide *ante*, p. 376.]

[As published in *The Morning Post*, Sept. 11, 1802]

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 Chamouny!  
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base  
Eave ceaselessly; but thou, dread mountain form,  
Resist from forth thy silent sea of pines  
How silently! Around thee, and above,  
Deep is the sky, and black: transpicuous, deep,  
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it

As with a wedge! But when I look again,	10
It seems thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,	
Thy habitation from eternity.	
O dread and silent form! I gaz'd upon thee,	
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,	
Did'st vanish from my thought. Entranc'd in pray'r,	15
I worshipp'd the INVISIBLE alone.	
Yet thou, meantime, wast working on my soul,	
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,	
So sweet, we know not, we are list'ning to it.	
But I awoke, and with a busier mind,	20
And active will self-conscious, offer now	
Not, as before, involuntary pray'r	
And passive adoration!—	
Hand and voice,	
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!	
Awake ye rocks! Ye forest pines, awake!	25
Green fields, and icy cliffs! All join my hymn!	
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,	
O blacker, than the darkness, all the night,	
And visited, all night, by troops of stars,	
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—	30
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?	35
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?	
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,	
Who call'd you forth from Night and utter Death?	
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,	
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks	40
For ever shatter'd, 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—	45
'Here shall the billows stiffen, and have rest?'	
Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights	
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,	
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,	
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!	50
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!	
Who made you glorious, as the gates of Heav'n,	
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun	
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flow'rs	
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?	55
GOD! GOD! The torrents like a shout of nations,	
Utter! The ice-plain bursts, and answers GOD!	
GOD, sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,	
And pine groves with their soft, and soul-like sound,	
The silent snow-mass, loos'ning, thunders GOD!	60
Ye dreadless flow'rs! that fringe th' eternal frost!	
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!	
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!	
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!	
Ye signs and wonders of the element,	65
Utter forth, GOD! and fill the hills with praise!	
And thou, O silent Form, alone and bare,	
Whom, as I lift again my head bow'd low	
In adoration, I again behold,	
And to thy summit upward from thy base	70
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffus'd by tears,	
Awake, thou mountain form! rise, like a cloud!	
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!	
Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,	
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heav'n—	75
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,	
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,	
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God!	

DEJECTION: AN ODE<sup>[1076:1]</sup>[Vide *ante*, p. 362.][As first printed in the *Morning Post*, October 4, 1802.]

"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."<sup>[1076:2]</sup>

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

## LINENOTES:

*Motto*—2 Moon] one *Letter to S*.[4] There will be, &c. *Letter to S*.

## DEJECTION:

## AN ODE, WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802.

## 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 cloud, in lazy flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft, that drones 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 O! that even now the gust were swelling,

And the slant night-show'r driving loud and fast!

Those sounds which oft have rais'd me, while they aw'd,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

5

10

15

20

## II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,

Which finds no nat'ral outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O EDMUND! 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 its 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,

A boat becalm'd! a lovely sky-canoe!

I see them all so excellently fair—

I *see*, not *feel* how beautiful they are!

25

30

35

My genial spirits fail; 40  
 And what can these avail,  
 To lift the smoth'ring weight from off my breast?  
 It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west: 45  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

#### IV

O EDMUND! we receive but what we give,  
 And in *our* life alone does Nature live: 50  
 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 55  
 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!  
 O pure of heart! Thou need'st not ask of me 60  
 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 pow'r?  
 Joy, virtuous EDMUND! joy that ne'er was given, 65  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Joy, EDMUND! is the spirit and the pow'r,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dow'r,  
 A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undream'd of by the sensual and the proud— 70  
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
 We, we 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. 75

[1079]

Yes, dearest EDMUND, yes!  
 There was a time that, tho' my path was rough,  
 This joy within me dallied with distress,  
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff 80  
 Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness:  
 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 85  
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
 My shaping spirit of imagination.

[The Sixth and Seventh Stanzas omitted.]

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

#### VIII

O wherefore did I let it haunt my mind  
 This dark distressful dream?  
 I turn from it, and listen to the wind 90  
 Which long has rav'd unnotic'd. What a scream  
 Of agony, by torture, lengthen'd out,  
 That lute sent forth! O wind, that rav'st without,  
 Bare crag, or mountain-tairn [1079:1], or blasted tree,  
 Or pine-grove, whither woodman never clomb, 95  
 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 devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and tim'rous leaves among. 100  
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
 Thou mighty Poet, ev'n to frenzy bold!

[1080]

What tell'st thou now about?  
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout, 105  
 With many groans of 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! 110  
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud—  
 A tale of less affright.  
 And temper'd with delight,  
 As EDMUND's self had fram'd the tender lay—  
 'Tis of a little child, 115  
 Upon a lonesome wild  
 Not far from home; but she hath lost her way—  
 And now moans low, in utter grief and fear;  
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother *hear!*

IX

'Tis midnight, and small thoughts have I of sleep; 120  
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!  
 Visit him, gentle Sleep, with wings of healing,  
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,  
 May all the stars hang bright above his dwelling,  
 Silent, as though they *watch'd* the sleeping Earth! 125  
 With light heart may he rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
 And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!  
 O EDMUND, friend of my devoutest choice,  
 O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care, 130  
 By the immenseness of the good and fair  
 Which thou see'st everywhere,  
 Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,  
 To thee do all things live from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of thy living soul! 135  
 O simple spirit, guided from above,  
 O lofty Poet, full of life and love,  
 Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,  
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

[1081]

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [1076:1] Collated with the text of the poem as sent to W. Sotheby in a letter dated July 19, 1802 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 379-84).
- [1076:2] In the letter of July 19, 1802, the Ode is broken up and quoted in parts or fragments, illustrative of the mind and feelings of the writer. 'Sickness,' he explains, 'first forced me into *downright metaphysics*. For I believe that by nature I have more of the poet in me. In a poem written during that dejection, to Wordsworth, I thus expressed the thought in language more forcible than harmonious.' Then follow lines 76-87 of the text, followed by lines 87-98 of the text first published in *Sibylline Leaves* ('For not to think of what I needs must feel,' &c.). He then reverts to the 'introduction of the poem':—'The first lines allude to a stanza in the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence: "Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon with the old one in her arms: and I fear, I fear, my master dear, there will be a deadly Storm."' This serves as a motto to lines 1-75 and 129-39 of the first draft of the text. Finally he 'annexes as a *fragment* a few lines (ll. 88-119) on the "Æolian Lute", it having been introduced in its dronings in the first stanzas.'
- [1079:1] Tairn, 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, in a mountainous country. [Note in *M. P.*]

**LINENOTES:**

- [2] grand] dear *Letter to S.*
- [5] those] that *Letter to S.* cloud] clouds *Letter to S.*
- [12] by] with *Letter to S.*
- [17-20] *om. Letter to S.*
- [22] stifled] stifling *Letter to S.*  
 Between [24](#) and 25.

This William, well thou knowest,  
 Is that sore evil which I dread the most,

And oftneft suffer. In this heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,  
 That pipes within the larch-tree, not unseen,  
 The larch, that pushes out in tassels green  
 Its bundled leafits, woo'd to mild delights,  
 By all the tender sounds and gentle sights,  
 Of this sweet primrose-month, and vainly woo'd  
 O dearest Poet, in this heartless mood.

*Letter to S.*

- [37] a lovely sky-canoe] thy own sweet sky-canoe *Letter to S.* [Note. The reference is to the Prologue to 'Peter Bell'.]
- [48] Edmund] Wordsworth *Letter to S.*
- [58] potent] powerful *Letter to S.*
- [65] virtuous Edmund] blameless poet *Letter to S.*
- [67] Edmund] William *Letter to S.*
- [71] *om.* *Letter to S.*
- [74] the echoes] an echo *Letter to S.*
- [76] Edmund] poet *Letter to S.*
- [77] that] when *Letter to S.*
- [78] This] The *Letter to S.*
- [82] fruits] fruit *Letter to S.*
- After 87 six lines 'For not to think', &c., are inserted after a row of asterisks. The direction as to the omission of the Sixth and Seventh Stanzas is only found in the *M. P.*
- [88] O] Nay *Letter to S.*
- [93] That lute sent out! O thou wild storm without *Letter to S.*
- [98] who] that *Letter to S.*
- [106] of] from *Letter to S.*
- [109] Again! but all that noise *Letter to S.*
- [111] And it has other sounds, less fearful and less loud *Letter to S.*
- [114] Edmund's self] thou thyself *Letter to S.*
- [120-8] *om.* *Letter to S.*
- [129-39] Calm steadfast spirit, guided from above,  
 O Wordsworth! friend of my devoutest choice,  
 Great son of genius! full of light and love,  
 Thus, thus, dost thou rejoice.  
 To thee do all things live, from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddyng of thy living Soul!  
 Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,  
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

*Letter to S.*

[Note. In the letter these lines follow line 75 of the text of the *M. P.*]

**L**

**TO W. WORDSWORTH**<sup>[1081:1]</sup>

(*Vide ante*, p. 403.)

**LINES COMPOSED, FOR THE GREATER PART ON THE NIGHT,  
 ON WHICH HE FINISHED THE RECITATION OF HIS POEM  
 (IN THIRTEEN BOOKS) CONCERNING THE GROWTH  
 AND HISTORY OF HIS OWN MIND**

JAN<sup>RY</sup>, 1807. COLE-ORTON, NEAR ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH.

O friend! O Teacher! God's great Gift to me!  
 Into my heart have I receiv'd that Lay,  
 More than historic, that prophetic Lay,  
 Wherein (high theme by Thee first sung aright)  
 Of the Foundations and the Building-up  
 Of thy own Spirit, thou hast lov'd to tell  
 What may be told, to th' understanding mind  
 Revealable; and what within the mind  
 May rise enkindled. Theme as hard as high!  
 Of Smiles spontaneous, and mysterious Feard;

	(The First-born they of Reason, and Twin-birth) Of Tides obedient to external Force, And <i>currents</i> self-determin'd, as might seem, Or by interior Power: of Moments awful, Now in thy hidden Life; and now abroad,	15
[1082]	Mid festive Crowds, <i>thy</i> Brows too garlanded, A Brother of the Feast: of <i>Fancies</i> fair, Hyblæan Murmurs of poetic Thought, Industrious in its Joy, by liliated Streams Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills! Of more than Fancy, of the Hope of Man Amid the tremor of a Realm aglow— Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating, Ev'n as a Bark becalm'd on sultry seas Beneath the voice from Heaven, the bursting Crash Of Heaven's immediate thunder! when no Cloud Is visible, or Shadow on the Main! Ah! soon night roll'd on night, and every Cloud Open'd its eye of Fire: and Hope aloft Now flutter'd, and now toss'd upon the Storm Floating! Of Hope afflicted, and struck down, Thence summon'd homeward—homeward to thy Heart, Oft from the 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 <i>Duty</i> , chosen Laws controlling choice, Virtue and Love! An Orphic Tale indeed, A Tale divine of high and passionate Thoughts To their own music chaunted!	20
		25
		30
		35
	Ah great Bard! Ere yet that last Swell dying aw'd the Air, With stedfast ken 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: for they, both 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 plac'd, as they, with gradual fame Among the Archives of mankind, thy Work Makes audible a linked Song of Truth, Of Truth profound a sweet continuous Song Not learnt, but native, her own natural Notes! Dear shall it be to every human Heart. To me how more than dearest! Me, on whom Comfort from Thee and utterance of thy Love Came with such heights and depths of Harmony Such sense of Wings uplifting, that the Storm Scatter'd and whirl'd me, till my Thoughts became A bodily Tumult! and thy faithful Hopes, Thy Hopes of me, dear Friend! by me unfelt Were troublous to me, almost as a Voice Familiar once and more than musical To one cast forth, whose hope had seem'd to die, A Wanderer with a worn-out heart, [ <i>sic</i> ] Mid Strangers pining with untended Wounds!	40
		45
		50
		55
[1083]		60
		65
	O Friend! too well thou know'st, of what sad years The long suppression had benumb'd my soul, That even as Life returns upon the Drown'd, Th' unusual Joy awoke 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 would not know itself from Fear: Sense of pass'd 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 Grave!	70
		75
		80
	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 85  
 Plucking the Poisons of Self-harm! and ill  
 Such Intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths  
 Strew'd before thy Advancing! Thou too, Friend!  
 O injure not the memory of that Hour  
 Of thy communion with my nobler mind 90  
 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 list'ning Heart.  
 Amid the howl of more than wintry Storms 95  
 The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal Hours,  
 Already on the wing!

Eve following eve,  
 Dear tranquil Time, when the sweet sense of Home  
 Becomes most sweet! hours for their own sake hail'd,  
 And more desir'd, more precious, for thy song! 100  
 In silence list'ning, 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 105  
 Into the darkness! now a tranquil Sea  
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon!

And when O Friend! my Comforter! my Guide!  
 Strong in thyself and powerful to give strength!  
 Thy long sustained Lay finally clos'd, 110  
 And thy deep Voice had ceas'd (yet thou thyself  
 Wert still before mine eyes, and round us both  
 That happy Vision of beloved Faces!  
 All, whom I deepliest love, in one room all!),  
 Scarce conscious and yet conscious of it's Close, 115  
 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!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## FOOTNOTES:

[1081:1] Now first printed from an original MS. in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth.

## LINENOTES:

[37] controlling] ? impelling, ? directing.

## M

### YOUTH AND AGE

[Vide *ante*, p. 439.]

#### *MS. I*

10 SEPT. 1823. WEDNESDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK

On the Tenth Day of September,  
 Eighteen hundred Twenty Three,  
 Wednesday morn, and I remember  
 Ten on the Clock the Hour to be  
 [*The Watch and Clock do both agree*] 5

An *Air* that whizzed διὰ ἐγκεφάλου (right across the diameter  
 of my Brain) exactly like a Hummel Bee, *alias* Dumbeldore,  
 the gentleman with Rappee Spenser (*sic*), with bands of Red, and  
 Orange Plush Breeches, close by my ear, at once sharp and  
 burry, right over the summit of Quantock [item of Skiddaw  
 (*erased*)] at earliest Dawn just between the Nightingale that 10

I stopt to hear in the Copse at the Foot of Quantock, and the first Sky-Lark that was a Song-Fountain, dashing up and sparkling to the Ear's eye, in full column, or ornamented Shaft of sound in the order of Gothic Extravaganza, out of Sight, over the Cornfields on the Descent of the Mountain on the other side—out of sight, tho' twice I beheld its *mute* shoot downward in the sunshine like a falling star of silver:—

15

**ARIA SPONTANEA**

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,  
 Friendship is a shelt'ring tree—  
 O the Joys, that came down shower-like,  
 Of Beauty, Truth, and Liberty,  
 When I was young, ere I was old!  
 [*O Youth that wert so glad, so bold,*  
*What quaint disguise hast thou put on?*  
*Would'st make-believe that thou art gone?*  
*O Youth! thy Vesper Bell]* has not yet toll'd.

20

25

Thou always were a Masker bold—  
 What quaint Disguise hast now put on?  
 To make believe that thou art gone!

30

O Youth, so true, so fair, so free,  
 Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,  
 Thou always, &c.

---

Ah! was it not enough, that Thou  
 In Thy eternal Glory should outgo me?  
 Would'st thou not Grief's sad Victory allow

35

\* \* \* \* \*

Hope's a Breeze that robs the Blossoms  
 Fancy feeds, and murmurs the Bee—

\* \* \* \* \*

**MS. II**

**1**

Verse, that Breeze mid blossoms straying  
 Where Hope clings feeding like a Bee.  
 Both were mine: Life went a Maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
 When I was young.

*When* I was young! ah woeful *When*!  
 Ah for the Change twixt now and then!  
 This House of Life, not built with hands  
 Where now I sigh, where once I sung.

*Or* [This snail-like House, not built with hands,  
 This Body that does me grievous wrong.]  
 O'er Hill and dale and sounding Sands.  
 How lightly then it flash'd along—  
 Like those trim Boats, 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.

Pencil [ Nought car'd this Body for wind or weather,  
 When youth and I liv'd in't together.

**2**

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering Tree;  
 O the joys that came down shower-like  
 Of Beauty, Truth and Liberty  
 When I was young  
~~When I was young, ah woeful when~~  
~~Ah for the change twixt now and then~~

5



O'er my own vacancy,  
 And while I seemed to watch  
 The sickly calm, as were of heart  
 A place where Hope lay dead,  
 The spirit of departed Love 15  
 Stood close beside my bed.  
 She bent methought to kiss my lips  
 As she was wont to do.  
 Alas! 'twas with a chilling breath  
 That awoke just enough of life in death 20  
 To make it die anew.

### FOOTNOTES:

[1087:1] Now first published from an MS.

## O

### TWO VERSIONS OF THE EPITAPH [\[1088:1\]](#)

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF GREW'S *Cosmologia Sacra* (1701)

[Vide *ante*, p. [491](#).]

#### 1

Epitaph  
 in Hornsey Church yard  
 Hic Jacet S. T. C.

Stop, Christian Passer-by! Stop, Child of God!  
 And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod  
 There lies a Poet: or what once was He.  
 [*Up*] O lift thy soul in prayer for S. T. C.  
 That He who many a year with toil of breath 5  
 Found death in life, may here find life in death.  
 Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame  
 He ask'd, and hoped thro' Christ. Do thou the same.

#### 2

ETESI'S [for Estesi's] Epitaph.

[1089] Stop, Christian Visitor! Stop, Child of God,  
 Here lies a Poet: or what once was He!  
 [*O*] Pause, Traveller, pause and pray for S. T. C.  
 That He who many a year with toil of Breath  
 Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death. 5  
 And read with gentle heart! Beneath this sod  
 There lies a Poet, etc.

'Inscription on the Tomb-stone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the Initials of his Name than by the Name itself.'

ESTEES'S αὐτοεπιτάφιος [\[1089:1\]](#)

(From a copy of the *Todten-Tanz* which belonged to Thomas Poole.)

Here lies a Poet; or what once was he:  
 Pray, gentle Reader, pray for S. T. C.  
 That he who threescore years, with toilsome breath,  
 Found Death in Life, may now find Life in Death.

### FOOTNOTES:

[1088:1] First published in *The Athenaeum*, April 7, 1888: included in the *Notes* to 1893 (p. 645).

[1089:1] First published in the *Notes* to 1893 (p. 646).

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## P

### [HABENT SUA FATA—POETAE]<sup>[1089:2]</sup>

The Fox, and Statesman subtile wiles ensure,  
The Cit, and Polecat stink and are secure;  
Toads with their venom, doctors with their drug,  
The Priest, and Hedgehog, in their robes are snug! 5  
Oh, Nature! cruel step-mother, and hard,  
To thy poor, naked, fenceless child the Bard!  
No Horns but those by luckless Hymen worn,  
And those (alas! alas!) not Plenty's Horn!  
With naked feelings, and with aching pride, 10  
He hears th' unbroken blast on every side!  
Vampire Booksellers drain him to the heart,  
And Scorpion Critics cureless venom dart!

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### FOOTNOTES:

[1089:2] First published in Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1839, i. 172. Now collected for the first time. These lines, according to Cottle, were included in a letter written from Lichfield in January, 1796. They illustrate the following sentence: 'The present hour I seem in a quickset hedge of embarrassments! For shame! I ought not to mistrust God! but, indeed, to hope is far more difficult than to fear. Bulls have horns, Lions have talons.'—They are signed 'S. T. C.' and are presumably his composition.

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[1090]

## Q

### TO JOHN THELWALL<sup>[1090:1]</sup>

Some, Thelwall! to the Patriot's meed aspire,  
Who, in safe rage, without or rent or scar,  
Bound pictur'd strongholds sketching mimic war  
Closet their valour—Thou mid thickest fire 5  
Leapst on the wall: therefore shall Freedom choose  
Ungaudy flowers that chastest odours breathe,  
And weave for thy young locks a Mural wreath;  
Nor there my song of grateful praise refuse.  
My ill-adventur'd youth by Cam's slow stream 10  
Pin'd for a woman's love in slothful ease:  
First by thy fair example [taught] to glow  
With patriot zeal; from Passion's feverish dream  
Starting I tore disdainful from my brow  
A Myrtle Crown inwove with Cyprian bough— 15  
Blest if to me in manhood's years belong  
Thy stern simplicity and vigorous Song.

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### FOOTNOTES:

[1090:1] Now first published from Cottle's MSS. in the Library of Rugby School.

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## R<sup>[1090:2]</sup>

'Relative to a Friend remarkable for Georgoepiscopal Meanderings, and the combination of the *utile dulci* during his walks to and from any given place, composed, together with a book and a half of an Epic Poem, during one of the *Halts*:—

'Lest after this life it should prove my sad story  
That my soul must needs go to the Pope's Purgatory,  
Many prayers have I sighed, May T. P. \* \* \* \* be my guide,  
For so often he'll halt, and so lead me about,  
That e'er we get there, thro' earth, sea, or air,  
The last Day will have come, and the Fires have burnt out.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[1090:2] Endorsed by T. P.: 'On my Walks. Written by Coleridge, September, 1807.' First published *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, by Mrs. Henry Sandford, 1888, ii. 196.

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[1091]

**APPENDIX II**

**ALLEGORIC VISION**<sup>[1091:1]</sup>

A feeling of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Appennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colours of April: 5

Qual ramicel a ramo,  
Tal da pensier pensiero 10  
In lui germogliava.

[1092] But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation. 15

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry; and we sate face to face each on the stone bench alongside the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door. 20

After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without, 25

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,  
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,<sup>[1092:1]</sup> 30

[1093] he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and 35

an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

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During one of those short furloughs from the service of the body, which the soul may sometimes obtain even in this its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colours, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

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I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awestruck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—'Read and believe: these are mysteries!'—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

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[1094]

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As I re-entered the body of the temple I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of 'This is the Temple of Superstition!' after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel maltreatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

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We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood

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[1095]

not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. 'My name,' she replied, 'is Religion.'

[130](#)

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

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[140](#)

[145](#)

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

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In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the temple of Superstition. The old man spake in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

[170](#)

[1096]

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[180](#)

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[195](#)



## FOOTNOTES:

[1091:1] First published in *The Courier*, Saturday, August 31, 1811: included in 1829, 1834-5, &c. (3 vols.), and in 1844 (1 vol.). Lines 1-56 were first published as part of the 'Introduction' to *A Lay Sermon, &c.*, 1817, pp. xix-xxxi.

The 'Allegoric Vision' dates from August, 1795. It served as a kind of preface or prologue to Coleridge's first Theological Lecture on 'The Origin of Evil. The Necessity of Revelation deduced from the Nature of Man. An Examination and Defence of the Mosaic Dispensation' (see Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1837, i. 27). The purport of these Lectures was to uphold the golden mean of Unitarian orthodoxy as opposed to the Church on the one hand, and infidelity or materialism on the other. 'Superstition' stood for and symbolized the Church of England. Sixteen years later this opening portion of an unpublished Lecture was rewritten and printed in *The Courier* (Aug. 31, 1811), with the heading 'An Allegoric Vision: Superstition, Religion, Atheism'. The attack was now diverted from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. 'Men clad in black robes,' intent on gathering in their Tents, become 'men clothed in ceremonial robes, who with menacing countenances drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed which formed at the same time an immense cage, and yet represented the form of a human Colossus. At the base of the Statue I saw engraved the words "To Dominic holy and merciful, the preventer and avenger of soul-murder".' The vision was turned into a political *jeu d'esprit* levelled at the aiders and abettors of Catholic Emancipation, a measure to which Coleridge was more or less opposed as long as he lived. See *Constitution of Church and State*, 1830, *passim*. A third adaptation of the 'Allegorical Vision' was affixed to the Introduction to *A Lay Sermon: Addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes*, which was published in 1817. The first fifty-six lines, which contain a description of Italian mountain scenery, were entirely new, but the rest of the 'Vision' is an amended and softened reproduction of the preface to the Lecture of 1795. The moral he desires to point is the 'falsehood of extremes'. As Religion is the golden mean between Superstition and Atheism, so the righteous government of a righteous people is the mean between a selfish and oppressive aristocracy, and seditious and unbridled mob-rule. A probable 'Source' of the first draft of the 'Vision' is John Aikin's *Hill of Science, A Vision*, which was included in *Elegant Extracts*, 1794, ii. 801. In the present issue the text of 1834 has been collated with that of 1817 and 1829, but not (exhaustively) with the MS. (1795), or at all with the *Courier* version of 1811.

[1092:1] From the *Ode to the Rain*, 1802, ll. 15-16:—

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,  
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!

## LINENOTES:

[21-3] —the breathed tarnish, shall I name it?—on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes? Yet had it not a sort of strange accordance with *1817*.

[37] Compare:

like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,  
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!

*Constancy to an Ideal Object*, p. 456.

[39] VISIONARY *1817, 1829*.

[40] VISION *1817, 1829*.

[49] sank] sunk *1817*.

[51-2] *or like* an aged mourner on the sodden grave of an only one—a mourner, *who 1817*.

[57-9] It was towards morning when the Brain begins to reassume its waking state, and our dreams approach to the regular trains of Reality, that I found *MS. 1795*.

[60] VALLEY OF LIFE *1817, 1829*.

[61] and here was *1817, 1829*.

[63] mountains' side] Hills *MS. 1795*.

[75-86] intermingled with all these I observed a great number of men in Black Robes who appeared now marshalling the various Groups and now collecting with scrupulous care the Tenths of everything that grew within their reach. I stood wondering a while what these Things might be when one of these men approached me and with a reproachful Look bade me uncover my Head for the Place into which I had entered was the Temple of *Religion. MS. 1795*.

[80] shape] form *1817*.

[92-3] of water he purified me, and then led *MS. 1795*.

[94-9] chilled and its hollow echoes beneath my feet affrighted me, till at last we entered a large Hall where not even a Lamp glimmered. Around its walls I observed a number of phosphoric Inscriptions *MS. 1795*.

[96-102] *large hall* where not even a single lamp glimmered. It was made half visible by the wan phosphoric rays which proceeded from inscriptions on the walls, in letters of the same pale and sepulchral light. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the *words 1817*.

[106] *me*. The fallible becomes infallible, and the infallible remains fallible. Read and believe: these are MYSTERIES! In the middle of *the vast 1817*.

[106] MYSTERIES *1829*.

- [108] *vacant*. No definite thought, no distinct image was afforded me: all was uneasy and obscure feeling. I *prostrated* 1817.
- [118] SUPERSTITION 1817.
- [132] RELIGION 1817, 1829.
- [141] *parts* of each to the other, *and of* 1817, 1829.
- [146] *was* 1817, 1829.
- [161] SENSUALITY 1817, 1829.
- [163] BLASPHEMY 1817, 1829.
- [173] NATURE 1817, 1829.
- [180] *Superstition* 1817, 1829.  
spake] spoke 1817, 1829.
- [196] glimpse] glance 1817, 1829.
- [199] SUPERSTITION 1817, 1829.

[1097]

## APPENDIX III

[Vide *ante* p. 237.]

### APOLOGETIC PREFACE TO 'FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER'<sup>[1097:1]</sup>

At the house of a gentleman<sup>[1097:2]</sup> who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favourable 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 [Scott], 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 [Sir H. Davy] knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets<sup>[1097:3]</sup>, 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. . . . . [Scott] 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 the substance of what 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 cannot leave without losing its vital element.

[1099]

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 outrageous 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 surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, 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 Shakespeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke 'an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice';

—Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!

[1100] the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

—O be them 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 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 dishonoured 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 ἀπαθής, ἀναμύσσαρκος, 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,  
[*Paradise Lost*, II. 668.]

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantom (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 at the close of the eclogue by 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 sake!

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 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 risk of my own.'

[1102] 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 republished 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 honourable 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 Tombstone*, but that the three 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 [Southey] 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 passages 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.'

[1103] 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 surprised 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 transcendant 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 honoured 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 transcendentally wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is this 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 Strafford 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 individualised in his mind Hampden, 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	265
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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 has 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 unobtrusive 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 antedate the feelings, in order to criminate the authors, of our present liberty, light and toleration.' (*The Friend*, No. IV. Sept. 7, 1809.) [1818, i. 105.]

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 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 Roman-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 falsitatem dispensativam*) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: *Integrum omnino doctoribus et coetus 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 logic 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 whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused 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.

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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!

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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!

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[1107]

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!—nowhere 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, nowhere 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.

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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.

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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 partisan 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 was this intolerance in 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.

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[465](#)

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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!

475

[480](#)

[1108]

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 perpetua!*

[485](#)

[490](#)



## FOOTNOTES:

- [1097:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves* in 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. The 'Apologetic Preface' must have been put together in 1815, with a view to publication in the volume afterwards named *Sibylline Leaves*, but the incident on which it turns most probably took place in the spring of 1803, when both Scott and Coleridge were in London. Davy writing to Poole, May 1, 1803, says that he generally met Coleridge during his stay in town, 'in the midst of large companies, where he was the image of power and activity,' and Davy, as we know, was one of Sotheby's guests. In a letter to Mrs. Fletcher dated Dec. 18, 1830 (?), Scott tells the story in his own words, but throws no light on date or period. The implied date (1809) in Morritt's report of Dr. Howley's conversation (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837, ii. 245) is out of the question, as Coleridge did not leave the Lake Country between Sept. 1808 and October 1810. Coleridge set great store by 'his own stately account of this lion-show' (ibid.). In a note in a MS. copy of *Sibylline Leaves* presented to his son Derwent he writes:—'With the exception of this slovenly sentence (ll. 109-19) I hold this preface to be my happiest effort in prose composition.'
- [1097:2] William Sotheby (1756-1838), translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and the *Georgics* of Virgil. Coleridge met him for the first time at Keswick in July, 1802.
- [1097:3] 'The compliment I can witness to be as just as it is handsomely recorded,' Sir W. Scott to Mrs. Fletcher, *Fragmentary Remains of Sir H. Davy*, 1858, p. 113.

## LINENOTES:

- [24] *he* 1817, 1829.
- [41] What follows is substantially the same as *I then* 1817, 1829.
- [56] *realize* 1817, 1829.
- [93] outrageous] outrè, 1817, 1829.
- [95] *escape-valves* 1817, 1829.  
*liver* 1817, 1829.
- [106] afterwards] afterward 1817, 1829.
- [119] 'I . . . Law' 1817, 1829.
- [125] *Hell and Purgatory* 1817, 1829.
- [135] a Euripides 1817: an Euripides 1829.
- [136] *so* natured 1817, 1829.
- [172] *passion . . . any* 1817, 1829.
- [173] *poetic* 1817, 1829.  
For *betrayed in r. betrayed by*, Errata, 1817, p. [xi].
- [174] in the grotesque 1817.
- [195] am author] am the author 1817.
- [203] my body *MS. corr.* 1817.
- [212-3] *The . . . Thoughts* 1817, 1829.
- [213-4] *The . . . Tombstone* 1817, 1829.
- [238] insolencies] *indolence* 1829.
- [238-9] *and the . . . rebels* 1817, 1829.
- [252] *in . . . taste* 1817, 1829.
- [256] *positive* 1817, 1829. Opposite] Oppositive 1829, 1893.
- [264] *his* 1817, 1829.
- [267] PARADISE LOST 1817, 1829.
- [273] former] preceding *MS. corr.* 1817.
- [278] and as] as *MS. corr.* 1817.
- [295] *pictures* 1817, 1829.
- [296] *thoughts* 1817, 1829.
- [310] *wish . . . should* 1817, 1829.
- [312] *will be* 1817, 1829.
- [316] *daresay* 1817, 1829.
- [320] *daresay* 1817, 1829.
- [320-1] *insolencies . . . rebels* 1817, 1829.
- [335] *him* 1817, 1829.
- [346] *us* 1817, 1829.
- [347] *human* TOO-MUCH 1817, 1829.

- [349] has] have 1817.  
 [360] feelings 1817, 1829.  
 [361] authors 1817, 1829.  
 [373] called 1817, 1829.  
 [380] all 1817, 1829.  
 [387] Roman-Catholicism] Catholicism 1817, 1829.  
 [393] popular 1817, 1829.  
 [396] too severely . . . management 1817, 1829.  
 [397] istam . . . dispensativam 1817, 1829.  
 [410] agglomerative 1817, 1829.  
 [416] logic] logical 1817, 1829.  
 [420] and at once whirl 1817, 1829.  
 [422] islet] isle 1829.

Carlyle in the *Life of John Sterling*, cap. viii, quotes the last two words of the Preface. Was it from the same source that he caught up the words 'Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible' which he uses to illustrate the lucid intervals in Coleridge's monologue?

- [436] meek . . . mercy 1817, 1829.  
 [441] he . . . him 1817, 1829.  
 [450] hoping 1817, 1829.  
 [461] they 1817, 1829.  
 [467] culpable were the Bishops 1817, 1829.  
 [481] reformation] Revolution in 1688 *MS. corr.* 1817.  
 [488] bulwark 1817, 1829.  
 [490] ESTO PERPETUA 1817, 1829.

After 490. Braving the cry. O the Vanity and self-dotage of Authors! I, yet, after a reperusal of the preceding Apol. Preface, now some 20 years since its first publication, dare deliver it as my own judgement that both in style and thought it is a work creditable to the head and heart of the Author, tho' he happens to have been the same person, only a few stone lighter and with chesnut instead of silver hair, with his Critic and Eulogist.

S. T. Coleridge,  
 May, 1829.

[*MS. Note in a copy of the edition of 1829, vol. i, p. 353.*]

[1109]

## APPENDIX IV

### PROSE VERSIONS OF POEMS, ETC.

#### A

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN THE COURT OF LOVE

[Vide *ante*, p. 409.]

Why is my Love like the Sun?

1. The Dawn = the presentiment of my Love.

No voice as yet had made the air  
 Be music with thy name: yet why  
 That obscure [over *aching*] Hope: that yearning Sigh?  
 That sense of Promise everywhere?  
 Beloved! flew thy spirit by?

2. The Sunrise = the suddenness, the all-at-once of Love—and the first silence—the beams of Light fall first on the distance, the interspace still dark.

3. The Cheerful Morning—the established Day-light universal.

4. The Sunset—who can behold it, and think of the Sun-rise? It takes all the thought to itself. The Moon-reflected Light—soft, melancholy, warmthless—the absolute purity (nay, it is always *pure*, but), the incorporeity of Love in absence—Love *per se* is a Potassium—it can subsist by itself, tho' in

presence it has a natural and necessary combination with the comburent principle. All other Lights (the fixed Stars) not borrowed from the absent Sun—Lights for other worlds, not for me. I see them and admire, but they irradiate nothing.

---

## B

### PROSE VERSION OF GLYCINE'S SONG IN ZAPOLYA

[Vide *ante*, pp. 426, [919](#), [920](#).]

#### 1

On the sky with liquid openings of Blue,  
The slanting pillar of sun mist,  
Field-inward flew a little Bird.  
Pois'd himself on the column,  
Sang with a sweet and marvellous voice, 5  
    Adieu! adieu!  
I must away, Far, far away,  
    Set off to-day.

[1110]

#### 2

Listened—listened—gaz'd—  
Sight of a Bird, sound of a voice— 10  
It was so well with me, and yet so strange.  
    Heart! Heart!  
Swell'st thou with joy or smart?  
But the Bird went away—  
    Adieu! adieu! 15

#### 3

All cloudy the heavens falling and falling—  
Then said I—Ah! summer again—  
The swallow, the summer-bird is going,  
And so will my Beauty fall like the leaves  
From my pining for his absence, 20  
And so will his Love fly away.  
    Away! away!  
Like the summer-bird,  
    Swift as the Day.

#### 4

But lo! again came the slanting sun-shaft, 25  
Close by me pois'd on its wing,  
The sweet Bird sang again,  
And looking on my tearful Face  
    Did it not say,  
    'Love has arisen, 30  
True Love makes its summer,  
    In the Heart'?

1845

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## C

*Notebook No. 29, p. 168.*

21 Feb. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND

I have often amused myself with the thought of a self-conscious Looking-glass, and the various metaphorical applications of such a fancy—and this morning it struck across the Eolian Harp of my Brain that there was something pleasing and emblematic (of what I did not distinctly make out) in two such Looking-glasses fronting, each seeing the other in itself, and itself in the other. Have you ever noticed the Vault or snug little Apartment which the Spider spins and weaves for itself, by spiral threads round and round, and sometimes with strait lines, so that its lurking parlour or

withdrawing-room is an oblong square? This too connected itself in my mind with the melancholy truth, that as we grow older, the World (alas! how often it happens that the less we love it, the more we care for it, the less reason we have to value its Shews, the more anxious are we about them—alas! how often do we become more and more loveless, as Love which can outlive all change save a change with regard to itself, and all loss save the loss of its *Reflex*, is more needed to sooth us and alone is able so to do!) What was I saying? O, I was adverting to the fact that as we advance in years, the World, that spidery Witch, spins its threads narrower and narrower, still closing on us, till at last it shuts us up within four walls, walls of flues and films, windowless—and well if there be sky-lights, and a small opening left for the Light from above. I do not know that I have anything to add, except to remind you, that *pheer* or *phere* for *Mate, Companion, Counterpart*, is a word frequently used by Spencer (*sic*) and Herbert, and the Poets generally, who wrote before the Restoration (1660), before I say that this premature warm and sunny day, antedating Spring, called forth the following.

[1111]

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Strain in the manner of G. HERBERT, which might be entitled THE ALONE MOST DEAR: a Complaint of Jacob to Rachel as in the tenth year of her service he saw in her or *fancied* that he saw symptoms of Alienation. N.B. ~~The Thoughts and Images being modernized and turned into English.~~

(*It was fancy*) [Pencil note by Mrs. Gillman.]

All Nature seems at work. ~~Snails~~ Slugs leave their lair;  
The Bees are stirring; Birds are on the wing;  
And WINTER slumb'ring in the open air  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring.  
And  
~~But~~ I the while, the sole unbusy thing.  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.  
Yet well I ken the banks where [1111:1]Amaranths blow  
Have traced the fount whence Streams of Nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye Amaranths! bloom for whom ye may—  
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams! away!  
? *Lip unbrighten'd, wreathless B.*  
With unmoist Lip and wreathless Brow I stroll;  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
WORK without Hope draws nectar in a sieve;  
And HOPE without an Object cannot live.

I speak in figures, inward thoughts and woes  
Interpreting by Shapes and outward shews:

[ Where daily nearer me with magic Ties,  
What time and where, (wove close with magic Ties

Line over line, and thickning as they rise)  
The World her spidery threads on all sides spin  
Side answ'ring side with narrow interspace,  
My Faith (say I; I and my Faith are one)  
Hung, as a Mirror, there! And face to face  
(For nothing else there was between or near)  
One Sister Mirror hid the dreary Wall,

But *that* is broke! And with that [ bright compeer  
only pheere [1111:2]

I lost my object and my inmost All—  
Faith *in* the Faith of THE ALONE MOST DEAR!

JACOB HODIERNUS.

Ah! me!!

Call the World spider: and at fancy's touch  
Thought becomes image and I see it such.  
With viscous masonry of films and threads  
Tough as the nets in Indian Forests found  
It blends the Waller's and the Weaver's trades  
And soon the tent-like Hangings touch the ground  
A dusky chamber that excludes the day  
But cease the prelude and resume the lay

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## FOOTNOTES:

[1111:1] *Literally* rendered is Flower Fadeless, or never-fading, from the Greek a NOT and marainō to wither.

[1112]

## D

*Note to Line 34 of the Joan of Arc Book II. 1796, pp. 41, 42.*

Line 34. Sir Isaac Newton at the end of the last edition of his Optics supposes that a very subtile and elastic fluid, which he calls aether, is diffused thro' the pores of gross bodies, as well as thro' the open spaces that are void of gross matter: he supposes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their least particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He supposes likewise, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open spaces, and even rarer in small pores and dense bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and also that its density increases in receding from gross matter; so for instance as to be greater at the 1/100 of an inch from the surface of any body, than at its surface; and so on. To the action of this aether he ascribes the attractions of gravitation and cohæson, the attraction and repulsion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects and communication of heat, and the performance of animal sensation and motion. David Hartley, from whom this account of aether is chiefly borrowed, makes it the instrument of propagating those vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypothesis ever involved so many contradictions; for how can the same fluid be both dense and rare in the same body at one time? Yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it must be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it must be very dense. For as Andrew Baxter well observes, it doth not appear sufficient to account how the fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to assert that it is rarer in great bodies than in small ones; it must be further asserted that this fluid is rarer or denser in the same body, whether small or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itself small or great. But whatever may be the solidity of this objection, the following seems unanswerable:

If every particle thro' the whole solidity of a heavy body receive its impulse from the particles of this fluid, it should seem that the fluid itself must be as dense as the very densest heavy body, gold for instance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: so that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, against the impulse of this fluid, would be like throwing gold *thro'* gold; and as this aether must be equally diffused over the whole sphere of its activity, it must be as dense when it impels cork as when it impels gold, so that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as dense as gold; and tho' we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progression of pores, yet however porous we suppose a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally, the fluid must be as dense as the body in order to give every particle its impulse.

[1113]

It has been asserted that Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy leads in its consequences to Atheism: perhaps not without reason. For if matter, by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the visible world and even generate thought; why may it not have possessed such properties by *inherent* right? and where is the necessity of a God? matter is according to the mechanic philosophy capable of acting most wisely and most beneficently without Wisdom or Benevolence; and what more does the Atheist assert? if matter possess those properties, why might it not have possessed them from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceivable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by Vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *effects*. Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of imagination. We are restless, because *invisible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

## E

## DEDICATION [1113:1]

**Ode on the Departing Year, 1796, pp. [3]-4.**

[Vide *ante*, p. 160.]

**To THOMAS POOLE, OF STOWEY.**

MY DEAR FRIEND—

Soon after the commencement of this month, the Editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer (a newspaper conducted with so much ability, and such unmixed and fearless zeal for the interests of Piety and Freedom, that I cannot but think my poetry honoured by being permitted to appear in it)

requested me, by Letter, to furnish him with some Lines for the last day of this Year. I promised him that I would make the attempt; but almost immediately after, a rheumatic complaint seized on my head, and continued to prevent the possibility of poetic composition till within the last three days. So in the course of the last three days the following Ode was produced. In general, when an Author informs the Public that his production was struck off in a great hurry, he offers an insult, not an excuse. But I trust that the present case is an exception, and that the peculiar circumstances which obliged me to write with such unusual rapidity give a propriety to my professions of it: *nec nunc eam apud te jacto, sed et ceteris indico; ne quis asperiore limâ carmen examinet, et a confuso scriptum et quod frigidum erat ni statim traderem.*<sup>[1113:2]</sup> (I avail myself of the words of Statius, and hope that I shall likewise be able to say of any weightier publication, what *he* has declared of his Thebaid, that it had been tortured<sup>[1113:3]</sup> with a laborious Polish.)

[1114] For me to discuss the *literary* merits of this hasty composition were idle and presumptuous. If it be found to possess that impetuosity of Transition, and that Precipitation of Fancy and Feeling, which are the *essential* excellencies of the sublimer Ode, its deficiency in less important respects will be easily pardoned by those from whom alone praise could give me pleasure: and whose minuter criticisms will be disarmed by the reflection, that these Lines were conceived 'not in the soft obscurities of Retirement, or under the Shelter of Academic Groves, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow'.<sup>[1114:1]</sup> I am more anxious lest the *moral* spirit of the Ode should be mistaken. You, I am sure, will not fail to recollect that among the Ancients, the Bard and the Prophet were one and the same character; and you *know*, that although I prophesy curses, I pray fervently for blessings. Farewell, Brother of my Soul!

—O ever found the same,  
And trusted and belov'd!<sup>[1114:2]</sup>

Never without an emotion of honest pride do I subscribe myself

Your grateful and affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

BRISTOL, *December 26, 1796.*

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [1113:1] Published 4to, 1796: reprinted in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, i. 165-8.
- [1113:2] The quotation is from an apology addressed 'Meliori suo', prefixed to the Second Book of the *Silvae*:—'*nec nunc eam (sc. celeritatem) apud te jacto qui nosti: sed et caeteris indico, ne quis asperiore limâ carmen examinet et a confuso scriptum, et dolenti datum cum paene sint supervacua sint tarda solatia.*' Coleridge has 'adapted' the words of Statius to point his own moral.
- [1113:3] *Multâ cruciata limâ* [S. T. C.] [*SILV.* lib. iv. 7, 26.]
- [1114:1] From Dr. Johnson's Preface to the *Dictionary of the English Language. Works*, 1806, ii. 59.
- [1114:2] Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* (Second Version), Bk. I.

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## F

### Preface to the MS. of *Osorio*.

[Vide *ante*, p. 519.]

In this sketch of a tragedy, all is imperfect, and much obscure. Among other equally great defects (millstones round the slender neck of its merits) it presupposes a long story; and this long story, which yet is necessary to the complete understanding of the play, is not half told. Albert had sent a letter informing his family that he should arrive about such a time by ship; he was shipwrecked; and wrote a private letter to Osorio, informing him alone of this accident, that he might not shock Maria. Osorio destroyed the letter, and sent assassins to meet Albert. . . Worse than all, the growth of Osorio's character is nowhere explained—and yet I had most clear and psychologically accurate ideas of the whole of it. . . A man, who from constitutional calmness of appetites, is seduced into pride and the love of power, by these into misanthropism, or rather a contempt of mankind, and from thence, by the co-operation of envy, and a curiously modified love for a beautiful female (which is nowhere developed in the play), into a most atrocious guilt. A man who is in truth a weak man, yet always duping himself into the belief that he has a soul of iron. Such were some of my leading ideas.

In short the thing is but an embryo, and whilst it remains in manuscript, which it is destined to do, the critic would judge unjustly who should call it a miscarriage. It furnished me with a most important lesson, namely, that to have conceived strongly, does not always imply the power of successful execution. S. T. C.

[From *Early Years and Late Reflections*, by Clement Carlyon, M.D., 1856, i. 143-4.]

## APPENDIX V

### ADAPTATIONS

For a critical study of Coleridge's alterations in the text of the quotations from seventeenth-century poets, which were inserted in the *Biographia Literaria* (2 vols., 1817), or were prefixed as mottoes to Chapters in the rifacimento of *The Friend* (3 vols., 1818), see an article by J. D. Campbell entitled 'Coleridge's Quotations,' which was published in the *Athenæum*, August 20, 1892, and 'Adaptations', *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 471-4. Most of these textual alterations or garblings were noted by H. N. Coleridge in an edition of *The Friend* published in 1837; Mr. Campbell was the first to collect and include the mottoes and quotations in a sub-section of Coleridge's Poetical Works. Three poems, (1) 'An Elegy Imitated from Akenside', (2) 'Farewell to Love', (3) 'Mutual Passion altered and modernized from an Old Poet', may be reckoned as 'Adaptations'. The first and third of these composite productions lay no claim to originality, whilst the second, 'Farewell to Love', which he published anonymously in *The Courier*, September 27, 1806, was not included by Coleridge in *Sibylline Leaves*, or in 1828, 1829, 1834. For (1) vide *ante*, p. 69, and *post*, *Read*:—p. 1123; for (2) *ante*, p. 402; and for (3) vide *post*, p. 1118.

### 1

#### FULKE GREVILLE. LORD BROOKE

God and the World they worship still together,  
 Draw not their lawes to him, but his to theirs,  
 Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,  
 Amid their owne desires still raising feares;  
   'Unwise, as all distracted powers be;  
   Strangers to God, fooles in humanitie.'

5

Too good for great things, and too great for good;  
 Their Princes serve their Priest, &c.

*A Treatie of Warres*, st. lxvi-vii.

#### MOTTO TO 'A LAY SERMON', 1817

God and the World *we* worship still together,  
 Draw not *our* Laws to Him, but *His* to ours;  
 Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,  
*The imperfect Will brings forth but barren Flowers!*  
 Unwise as all distracted *Interests* be,  
 Strangers to God, fools in Humanity:  
 Too good for great things and too great for good,  
*While still* 'I dare not' waits upon 'I wou'd'!

5

S. T. C.

The same quotation from Lord Brooke is used to illustrate Aphorism xvii, 'Inconsistency,' *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 93 (with the word 'both', substituted for 'still' in line 1). Line 8 is from *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. vii, 'Letting I dare not,' &c. The reference to Lord Brooke was first given in *N. and Q.*, Series VIII, Vol. ii, p. 18.

### 2

[Vide *ante*, p. 403]

#### SONNET XCIV [Coelica]

The *Augurs* we of all the world admir'd  
 Flatter'd by Consulls, honour'd by the State,  
 Because the event of all that was desir'd  
 They seem'd to know, and keepe the books of Fate:  
 Yet though abroad they thus did boast their wit,  
 Alone among themselves they scornèd it.

5

Mankind that with his wit doth gild his heart  
 Strong in his Passions, but in Goodnesse weake,  
 Making great vices o're the lesse an Art,  
 Breeds wonder, and mouves Ignorance to speake,

10

Yet when his fame is to the highest borne,  
We know enough to laugh his praise to scorne.

Lines on a King and Emperor-Making-King altered from the 93rd Sonnet of Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney.

ll. 1-4 The augurs, &c.

l. 5 *Abroad they thus did boast each other's wit.*

l. 7 *Behold yon Corsican with dropsied heart*

l. 9 *He wonder breeds, makes ignorance to speak*

l. 12 TALLEYRAND WILL *laugh his Creature's praise to scorn.*

First published in the *Courier*, Sept. 12, 1806. See Editor's note, *Athenæum*, April 25, 1903, p. 531.

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### 3

#### OF HUMANE LEARNING

##### STANZA CLX

For onely that man understands indeed,  
And well remembers, which he well can doe,  
The Laws live, onely where the Law doth breed  
Obedience to the workes it bindes us to:  
And as the life of Wisedome hath exprest,  
If this ye know, then doe it, and be blest.

LORD BROOKE.

Motto to *Notes on a Barrister's Hints on Evangelical Preaching, 1810*, in *Lit. Rem.*, 1839, iv. 320.

ll. 2, 3

*Who* well remembers *what* he well can do;  
The *Faith* lives only where the *faith* doth breed.

---

### 4

#### SIR JOHN DAVIES

##### ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

(Sect. iv. Stanzas 12-14.)

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns  
Bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;  
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;  
As we our meats into our nature change.

[1117]

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,  
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;  
Which to her proper nature she transforms,  
To bear them light, on her celestial wings.

5

This doth she, when, from things particular,  
She doth abstract the universal kinds,  
Which bodiless and immaterial are,  
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

10

Stanza 12 Doubtless, &c.

l. 2 Bodies to *spirit*, &c.

l. 4. As we our *food*, &c.

Stanza 13, l. 1 From their gross matter she abstracts *their* forms.

Stanza 14

*Thus doth she, when from individual states*  
She doth abstract the universal kinds;  
*Which then re-clothed in divers names and fates*



*Steal access through our senses to our minds.*

*Biog. Lit.*, Cap. xiv, 1817, II, 12; 1847, II, Cap. i, pp. 14-15. The alteration was first noted in 1847.

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## 5

### DONNE

#### ECLOGUE. 'ON UNWORTHY WISDOM'

So reclused Hermits oftentimes do know  
More of Heaven's glory than a worldly can:  
As Man is of the World, the Heart of Man  
Is an Epitome of God's great Book  
Of Creatures, and Men need no further look.

These lines are quoted by Coleridge in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 192; 1850, i. 147. The first two lines run thus:

*The recluse Hermit oft' times more doth know  
Of the world's inmost wheels, than worldlings can, &c.*

The alteration was first pointed out in an edition of *The Friend* issued by H. N. Coleridge in 1837.

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## 6

### LETTER TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE

Stanzas II, III, IV, and a few words from Stanza V, are prefixed as the motto to Essay XV of *The Friend*, 1818, i. 179; 1850, i. 136.

For Stanza II, line 3—

But he which dwells there is not so; for he  
*With him* who dwells there 'tis not so; for he

For Stanza III—

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,  
And shall not better, her next change is night:  
But her fair larger guest, t'whom sun and moon  
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.—

The motto reads:

*Our bodies had their morning, have their noon,  
And shall not better—the next change is night,  
But their fair larger guest, t'whom sun and moon  
Are sparks and short liv'd, claims another right.*

The alteration was first noted in 1837. In 1850 line 3 of Stanza III 'fair' is misprinted 'far'.

---

[1118]

## 7

### BEN JONSON

#### A NYMPH'S PASSION

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 if it be not known,  
The pleasure is as good as none,  
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,  
They yet may envy me;  
But then if I grow jealous mad,

5

10

And of them pitied be,  
It were a plague 'bove scorn,  
And yet it cannot be forborne,  
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair, 15  
And fresh and fragrant too,  
As summer's sky or purged air,  
And looks as lilies do  
That are this morning blown;  
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known, 20  
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,  
As make away my doubt,  
Where Love may all his torches light  
Though hate had put them out; 25  
But then, t'increase my fears,  
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,  
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,  
And he loves me; yet no 30  
One unbecoming thought doth move  
From either heart, I know;  
But so exempt from blame,  
As it would be to each a fame,  
If love or fear would let me tell his name. 35

*Underwoods No. V.*

### 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. 5  
*Yet while my joy's unknown,*  
*Its rosy buds are but half-blown:*  
*What no one with me shares, seems scarce my own.*

[1119] I'll tell, that if they be not glad,  
They yet may envy me:  
But then if I grow jealous mad, 10  
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 15  
And fresh, and fragrant too;  
*As after rain the summer air,*  
And looks as lilies do,  
That are this morning blown!  
Yet, yet I doubt, he is not known, 20  
*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! 25  
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 ho loves me; *yet so,* 30  
*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! 35

First published in *The Courier*, September 21, 1811; included in the supplementary sheet to *Sibylline Leaves*; reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 995, 996, and in the Appendix to *P. W.*, 1863. It was first pointed out by W. E. Henley that 'Mutual Passion' is an adaptation of 'A Nymph's

## 8

### UNDERWOODS

#### NO. VI. THE HOUR-GLASS.

Consider this small dust, here in the glass  
By atoms moved:  
Could you believe that this the body was  
Of one that loved;  
And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly, 5  
Was turned to cinders by her eye:  
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,  
To have 't exprest,  
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

[1120]

#### THE HOUR-GLASS

O think, fair maid! these sands that pass  
In slender threads adown this glass,  
Were once the body of some swain,  
Who lov'd too well and lov'd in vain,  
And let one soft sigh heave thy breast, 5  
That not in life alone unblest  
E'en lovers' ashes find no rest.

First published in *The Courier*, August 30, 1811; included in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 994. Now collected for the first time.

The original is a translation of a Latin Epigram, 'Horologium Pulveream, Tumulus Alcippi,' by Girolamo Amaltei.

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## 9

### THE POETASTER. Act I, Scene 1.

O my Tibullus,  
Let us not blame him; for against such chances  
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.  
We may read constancy and fortitude  
To other souls; but had ourselves been struck 5  
With the like planet, had our loves, like his,  
Been ravished from us by injurious death,  
And in the height and heat of our best days,  
It would have cracked our sinews, shrunk our veins,  
And made our very heart-strings jar like his. 10

---

Let us not blame him: for against such chances  
The heartiest strife of *manhood* is *scarce* proof.  
We may read constancy and fortitude  
To other souls—but had ourselves been struck  
*Even* in the height and heat of our *keen wishing*,  
*It might have made* our heart-strings jar, like his.

First published as a quotation in the *Historie and Gestes of Maxilian* contributed to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1822. Reprinted as Fragment No. 59, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 460.

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## 10

### SAMUEL DANIEL

#### EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT

Stanza 5 Must there be still some discord mix'd among,  
The harmony of men; whose mood accords  
Best with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?  
That when war fails, peace must make war with words,  
And b' armed unto destruction ev'n as strong  
As were in ages past our civil swords:  
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;  
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

[1121]

- 14 Seeing ev'n injustice may be regular;  
And no proportion can there be betwixt  
Our actions, which in endless motion are,  
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:  
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far  
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd  
So close with goodness, as it ever will  
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.
- 15 And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who  
Divide with God the style of majesty, &c.

---

Stanza 5 Must there be still some discord mix'd among  
The harmony of men; whose mood accords  
Best with contention tun'd *to notes* of wrong?  
That when War fails, Peace must make war with words,  
*With words* unto destruction *arm'd more* strong  
*Than ever were our foreign Foeman's swords;*  
Making as deep, *tho' not yet bleeding* wounds?  
*What War left scarless, Calumny* confounds.

- 14 *Truth lies entrapp'd where Cunning finds no bar:*  
*Since* no proportion can there be betwixt  
Our actions, which in endless motion are,  
And ordinances, which are always fixt.  
Ten thousand Laws more cannot reach so far  
But Malice goes beyond, or lives *commixt*  
So close with Goodness, *that*, it ever will  
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.
- 15 And therefore *would our glorious Alfred, who*  
*Join'd with the King's the good man's Majesty,*  
*Not leave Law's labyrinth without a clue—*  
*Gave to deep skill its just authority,—*

\* \* \* \* \*

*But the last Judgement (this his Jury's plan)—*  
*Left to the natural sense of Work-day Man*

*Adapted from an elder Poet.*

Motto to *The Friend*, Essay xiii, 1818, i. 149; 1850, i. 113. Coleridge's alteration of, and addition to the text of Daniel's poem were first pointed out in an edition of *The Friend*, issued by H. N. Coleridge in 1837.

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## 11

### MUSOPHILUS

#### STANZA CXLVII.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,  
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,  
Of virtue, knowledge, judgment to preserve,  
And all the powers of learning requisite?  
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,  
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

---

*Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve*  
No state stands sure, &c.

Motto to Essay xvi of *The Friend*, 1818, i. 190; 1850, i. 145. The alteration was first noted in 1837.

[1122]

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## 12

### STANZAS XXVII, XXIX, XXX.

Although the stronger constitution shall  
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,  
And come with glory to out-live this fall,  
Recov'ring of another spring of praise, &c.

For these lines are the veins and arteries  
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,  
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise  
The motion, spir't and nature both imparts,  
And shall with those alive so sympathize,  
As nourish'd with stern powers, enjoy their parts.

O blessed letters! that combine in one  
All ages past, and make one live with all:  
By you we do confer with who are gone,  
And the dead-living unto council call:  
By you the unborn shall have communion  
Of what we feel, and what does us befall.

---

O blessed letters, &c.

Since Writings are the Veins, the Arteries,  
And undecaying Life-strings of those Hearts,  
They still shall pant and still shall exercise  
Their mightiest powers when Nature none imparts:  
And the strong constitution of their Praise  
Wear out the infection of distemper'd days

*Motto* to 'The Landing-Place', Essay i, *The Friend*, 1818, i. 215; 1850, 165. The piecing together of the lines in the second stanza of the motto was first noted by J. D. Campbell, in *The Athenæum*, art. 'Coleridge's Quotations,' Aug. 20, 1892.

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## 13

### CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

#### THE SYNAGOGUE

#### THE NATIVITY OR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray,  
Shine forth, bright sun, double the day;  
Let no malignant misty fume  
Nor foggy vapour, once presume  
To interpose thy perfect sights,  
This day which makes us use thy lights  
For ever better that we could  
That blessed object once behold,  
Which is both the circumference  
And centre of all excellence, &c.

5

10

[1123]

Substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line.

To sheath or blunt one happy ray,  
That wins new splendour from the day,—  
This day that gives thee power to rise,  
And shine on hearts as well as eyes:  
This birth-day of all souls, when first  
On eyes of flesh and blood did burst  
That primal great lucific light,

First published in 'Notes on Harvey's Synagogue', *Notes and Lectures, &c.*, 1849, ii. 263. Now first collected.

Coleridge's notes to *The Synagogue*, including these original lines, were reprinted in the notes to *The Complete Poems* of Christopher Harvey, 1874, p. 47.

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## 14

### MARK AKENSIDE

#### BLANK VERSE INSCRIPTIONS

##### No. III.

[For Elegy Imitated from one of Akenside's 'Blank Verse Inscriptions', vide *ante*, p. 69.]

Who'er thou art whose path in Summer lies  
Through yonder village, turn thee where the Grove  
Of branching oaks a rural palace old  
Embosoms—there dwells Albert, generous lord  
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence 5  
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light  
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,  
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;  
And on that verdant Hillock, which thou seest  
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand 10  
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew  
Sweet-smelling flowers—for there doth Edmund rest,  
The learned shepherd; for each rural art  
Famed, and for songs harmonious, and the woes  
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride 15  
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave  
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven  
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care  
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold  
And nuptial pomp, which lured her plighted faith 20  
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,  
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside  
The strokes of death. Go, traveller, relate  
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid  
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught 25  
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

[1124]

---

## 15

### W. L. BOWLES

—I yet remain  
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)  
That fled neglected: wisely thou hast trod  
The better path—and that high meed which God  
Assign'd to virtue, tow'ring from the dust, 5  
Shall wait thy rising, Spirit pure and just!

O God! how sweet it were to think, that all  
Who silent mourn around this gloomy ball  
Might hear the voice of joy;—but 'tis the will  
Of man's great Author, that thro' good and ill 10  
Calm he should hold his course, and so sustain  
His varied lot of pleasure, toil and pain!

1793

['These lines,' which 'were found in Mr. Coleridge's handwriting in one of the Prayer Books in the Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge,' were first published in *Lit. Rem.*, 1836, i. 34. They were first collected in *P. W.*, 1885, i. 127. The first six lines are (see *P. W.*, 1893, p. 474) taken from Bowles's elegy 'On the Death of Henry Headley'. J. D. Campbell surmised that the last six lines 'practically belonged to the same poem', but of this there is no evidence. The note of the elegy is a lament for

the 'untimely sorrow' which had befallen an innocent sufferer, and the additional lines, which Coleridge composed or quoted, moralized the theme.

*Note.* Bowles wrote, I, alas, remain (l. 1), and 'Ordain'd for virtue' (l. 5).]

---

## 16

### NAPOLEON

Then we may thank ourselves,  
Who spell-bound by the magic name of Peace  
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,  
For the grey olive-branch change thy green laurels:  
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee 5  
May have a hive, or spider find a loom!  
Instead of doubling drum and thrilling fife  
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous flutes:  
But for Napoleon, know, he'll scorn this calm:  
The ruddy planet at *his* birth bore sway, 10  
Sanguine adust his humour, and wild fire  
His ruling element. Rage, revenge, and cunning  
Make up the temper of this Captain's valour.

*Adapted from an old Play.*

First published in *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 115. In later editions the word 'Adapted' was omitted. First collected in 1893.

J. D. Campbell (*P. W.*, 1893, p. 473) suggests that the 'calm' was, probably, the 'Peace of Amiens'.

[1125]

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## APPENDIX VI

### ORIGINALS OF TRANSLATIONS

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#### A

[Vide *ante*, p. 307]

#### MILESISCHES MÄHRCHEN

Ein milesisches Märchen, Adonide:  
Unter heiligen Lorbeerwipfeln glänzte  
Hoch auf rauschendem Vorgebirg ein Tempel.  
Aus den Fluthen erhub, von Pan gesegnet,  
In Gedüfte der Ferne sich ein Eiland. 5  
Oft, in mondlicher Dämmerung, schwebt' ein Nachen  
Vom Gestade des heerdenreichen Eilands,  
Zur umwaldeten Bucht, wo sich ein Steinpfad  
Zwischen Mirten zum Tempelhain emporwand.  
Dort im Rosengebüsch, der Huldgöttinnen 10  
Marmorgruppe geheiligt, fleht' oft einsam  
Eine Priesterin, reizend wie Apelles  
Seine Grazien malt, zum Sohn Cytherens,  
Ihren Kallias freundlich zu umschweben  
Und durch Wogen und Dunkel ihn zu leiten, 15  
Bis der nächtliche Schiffer, wonneschauernd,  
An den Busen ihr sank.

The German original of the translation was published in *Poems*, 1852, Notes, pp. 387-9.

---

#### B

[Vide *ante*, p. 307]

#### SCHILLER

Schwindelnd trägt er dich fort auf rastlos strömenden Wogen;  
Hinter dir siehst du, du siehst vor dir nur Himmel und Meer.

DAS DISTICHON

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule;  
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.

See *Poems*, 1844, p. 372.

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[1126]

C

[Vide *ante*, p. [308](#)]

STOLBERG

ON A CATARACT

Unsterblicher Jüngling!  
Du strömest hervor  
Aus der Felsenkluft.  
Kein Sterblicher sah  
Die Wiege des Starken; 5  
Es hörte kein Ohr  
Das Lallen des Edlen im sprudelnden Quell.

Dich kleidet die Sonne  
In Strahlen des Ruhmes!  
Sie malet mit Farben des himmlischen Bogens 10  
Die schwebenden Wolken der stäubenden Fluth.

See *Poems*, 1844, pp. 371-2.

---

D

[Vide *ante*, p. [309](#)]

STOLBERG

BEI WILHELM TELLS GEBURTSSTÄTTE IM KANTON URI

Seht diese heilige Kapell!  
Hier ward geboren Wilhelm Tell,  
Hier wo der Altar Gottes steht  
Stand seiner Eltern Ehebett!

Mit Mutterfreuden freute sich 5  
Die liebe Mutter inniglich,  
Die gedachte nicht an ihren Schmerz  
Und hielt das Knäblein an ihr Herz.

Sie flehte Gott: er sei dein Knecht,  
Sei stark und muthig und gerecht. 10  
Gott aber dachte: ich thu' mehr  
Durch ihn als durch ein ganzes Heer.

Er gab dem Knaben warmes Blut,  
Des Rosses Kraft, des Adlers Muth,  
Im Felsennacken freien Sinn, 15  
Des Falken Aug' und Feuer drin!

Dem Worte sein' und der Natur  
Vertraute Gott das Knäblein nur;  
Wo sich der Felsenstrom ergeusst  
Erhub sich früh des Helden Geist. 20

[1127]

Das Ruder und die Gemenjagd  
Hatt' seine Glieder stark gemacht;  
Er scherzte früh mit der Gefahr



Und wusste nicht wie gross er war.

Er wusste nicht dass seine Hand,  
Durch Gott gestärkt, sein Vaterland  
Erretten würde von der Schmach  
Der Knechtschaft, deren Joch er brach.

25

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD  
GRAF ZU STOLBERG,  
1775

The German original is supplied in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 618, 619.

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## E

[Vide *ante*, p. 310]

### SCHILLER

#### DITHYRAMBE

Nimmer, das glaubt mir,  
Erscheinen die Götter,  
Nimmer allein.  
Kaum dass ich Bacchus, den Lustigen, habe,  
Kommt auch schon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe, 5  
Phöbus, der Herrliche, findet sich ein!  
    Sie nahen, sie kommen—  
    Die Himmlischen alle,  
    Mit Göttern erfüllt sich  
    Die irdische Halle. 10

Sagt, wie bewirth' ich,  
Der Erdegeborne,  
Himmlischen Chor?  
Schenket mir euer unsterbliches Leben,  
Götter! Was kann euch der Sterbliche geben? 15  
Hebet zu eurem Olymp mich empor.  
    Die Freude, sie wohnt nur  
    In Jupiters Saale;  
    O füllet mit Nektar,  
    O reicht mir die Schale! 20

Reich' ihm die Schale!  
Schenke dem Dichter,  
Hebe, nur ein!  
Netz' ihm die Augen mit himmlischem Thau,  
Dass er den Styx, den verhassten, nicht schaue, 25  
Einer der Unsern sich dünke zu seyn.  
    Sie rauschet, sie perlet,  
    Die himmlische Quelle:  
    Der Busen wird ruhig,  
    Das Auge wird helle. 30

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 619.

[1128]

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## F

[Vide *ante*, p. 311]

### GOETHE

*Wilhelm Meister*, Bk. III, Cap. 1.—*Sämmtliche Werke*, 1860, iii, p. 194.

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht  
    Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

5

## G

[Vide *ante*, p. 311]

### FRANÇOIS-ANTOINE-EUGÈNE DE PLANARD

#### 'BATELIER, DIT LISETTE'

*Marie, opéra-comique en trois actes, 1826, p. 9.*

SUSETTE, *assise dans la barque.*

Batelier, dit Lisette,  
Je voudrais passer l'eau,  
Mais je suis bien pauvre  
Pour payer le bateau:  
—Venez, venez, toujours . . . 5  
Et vogue la nacelle  
Qui porte mes amours!

*(Ils abordent. Lubin reste sur la rive à attacher sa barque.)*

SUSETTE, *s'avancant en scène.*

Je m'en vais chez mon père,  
Dit Lisette à Colin. 10  
—Eh bien! Crois-tu, ma chère,  
Qu'il m'accorde ta main?  
—Ah! répondit la belle,  
Osez, osez toujours.  
—Et vogue la nacelle  
Qui porte mes amours! 15

LUBIN et SUSETTE

Après le mariage,  
Toujours dans son bateau  
Colin fut le plus sage  
Des maris du hameau. 20  
A sa chanson fidèle,  
Il répète toujours:  
Et vogue la nacelle  
Qui porte mes amours!

[1129]

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## H

[Vide *ante*, p. 313]

### DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär  
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',  
Flög' ich zu dir;  
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,  
Weil's aber nicht kann sein, 5  
Bleib' ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,  
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir  
Und red' mit dir;  
Wenn ich erwachen thu', 10  
Wenn ich erwachen thu',  
Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund' in der Nacht  
Da mein Herz nicht erwacht  
Und an dich gedenkt. 15  
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,  
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,  
Dein Herz geschenkt.

---

# I

## STOLBERG

Lied eines deutschen Knaben.—*Gesammelte Werke*, Hamburg, 1827, i. 42.

Mein Arm wird stark und gross mein Muth,  
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!  
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut;  
Ich bin der Väter werth!

Ich finde fürder keine Ruh  
Im weichen Knabenstand!

Ich stürb', O Vater, stolz, wie du,  
Den Tod für's Vaterland!

Schon früh in meiner Kindheit war  
Mein täglich Spiel der Krieg!  
Im Bette träumt' ich nur Gefahr  
Und Wunden nur und Sieg.

Mein Feldgeschrei erweckte mich  
Aus mancher Türkenschlacht;  
Noch jüngst ein Faustschlag, welchen ich  
Dem Bassa zgedacht!

Da neulich unsrer Krieger Schaar  
Auf dieser Strasse zog,  
Und, wie ein Vogel, der Husar  
Das Haus vorüberflog,

[1130] Da gaffte starr und freute sich  
Der Knaben froher Schwarm:  
Ich aber, Vater, härmte mich,  
Und prüfte meinen Arm!

Mein Arm ist stark und gross mein Muth,  
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!  
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut;  
Ich bin der Väter werth!

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 617, 618.

---

# J

[Vide *ante*, p. 318]

## LESSING

*Sämmtliche Schriften*, vol. i, p. 50, ed. Lachmann-Maltzahn, Leipzig, 1853.

### DIE NAMEN.

Ich fragte meine Schöne:  
Wie soll mein Lied dich nennen?  
Soll dich als Dorimana,  
Als Galathee, als Chloris,

Als Lesbia, als Doris,

Die Welt der Enkel kennen?

Ach! Namen sind nur Töne;

Sprach meine holde Schöne,  
Wähl' selbst. Du kannst mich Doris,

Und Galathee und Chloris

Und — wie du willst mich nennen:  
Nur nenne mich die deine.

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 619, 620.

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# K

[Vide *ante*, p. 327]

# STOLBERG

## HYMNE AN DIE ERDE.

	Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme! Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gesegnet im Feiergesange! Sieh, O Mutter, hier lieg' ich an deinen schwellenden Brüsten! Lieg', O Grüngelockte, von deinem wallenden Haupthaar Sanft umsäuselt und sanft geküsst von thauenden Lüften!	5
	Ach, du säuselst Wonne mir zu, und thauest mir Wehmuth In das Herz, dass Wehmuth und Wonn' aus schmelzender Seele Sich in Thränen und Dank und heiligen Liedern ergiessen! Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme! Schwester der allesfreunden Sonne, des freundlichen Mondes Und der strahlenden Stern', und flammenbeschweiften Kometen, Eine der jüngsten Töchter der allgebärenden Schöpfung, Immer blühendes Weib des segenträufelnden Himmels!	10
[1131]	Sprich, O Erde, wie war dir als du am ersten der Tage Deinen heiligen Schooss dem buhlenden Himmel enthülltest? Dein Erröthen war die erste der Morgenröthen, Als er im blendenden Bette von weichen schwellenden Wolken Deine gürtende Binde mit siegender Stärke dir löste! Schauer durchbebten die stille Natur und tausend und tausend Leben keimten empor aus der mächtigen Liebesumarmung. Freudig begrüsst die Fluthen des Meeres neuer Bewohner Mannigfaltige Schaaren; es staunte der werdende Wallfisch Ueber die steigenden Ströme die seiner Nasen entbrausten; Junges Leben durchbrüllte die Auen, die Wälder, die Berge, Irrte blökend im Thal, und sang in blühenden Stauden.	15 20 25

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 615.

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## L

[Vide *ante*, p. 376]

### FRIEDERIKE BRUN

#### CHAMOUNY BEYM SONNENAUFGANGE

(Nach Klopstock.)

'Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit, Blendenden Gipfel, von dessen Höhe Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!	
'Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss, Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse stützt? Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz?	5
'Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich, O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös' herab? Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme: "Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen"?	10
'Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn? Wen kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum? Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen, Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogengetümmel?	15
'Jehovah! Jehovah! Kracht's im berstenden Eis: Lawinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab: Jehovah Rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln, Flüstert's an rieselnden Silberbächen.'	20

See *Poems*, 1844, p. 572.

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## M

[Vide ante, p. 392]

*Opere del Cavalier Giambattista Marino*, with introduction by Giuseppe Zirardini. Napoli, 1861, p. 550.

### ALLA SUA AMICA

*Sonetto.*

Donna, siam rei di morte. Errasti, errai;  
Di perdon non son degni i nostri errori,  
Tu che avventasti in me sì fieri ardori  
Io che le fiamme a sì bel sol furai.

[1132]

Io che una fiera rigida adorai,  
Tu che fosti sord' aspra a' miei dolori;  
Tu nell' ire ostinata, io negli amori:  
Tu pur troppo sdegnasti, io troppo amai.

5

Or la pena laggiù nel cieco Averno  
Pari al fallo n'aspetta. Arderà poi,  
Chi visse in foco, in vivo foco eterno.

10

Quivi: se Amor fia giusto, ambo duo noi,  
All' incendio dannati, avrem l' inferno,  
Tu nel mio core, ed io negli occhi tuoi.

The Italian original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 632.

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## N

[Vide ante, p. 409]

In diesem Wald, in diesen Gründen  
Herrscht nichts, als Freyheit, Lust und Ruh.  
Hier sagen wir der Liebe zu,  
Im dichtsten Schatten uns zu finden:  
Da find' ich dich, mich findest du.

5

The German original is translated from an MS. Notebook of ? 1801.

---

## O

[Vide ante, p. 414]

### THE MADMAN AND THE LETHARGIST

Κοιμῆ παρ κλισίῃ ληθαργικὸς ἠδὲ φρενοπλήξ  
κείμενοι, ἀλλήλων ρούσον ἀπεσκέδασαν.  
ἔξέθορε κλίνης γὰρ ὁ τολμήεις ὑπὸ λύσσης,  
καὶ τὸν ἀναίσθητον παντὸς ἐτυπτε μέλους.  
πληγαὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐγένοντ' ἄκος, αἷς ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
ἔγρευτο, τὸν δ' ὑπὼ πούλυς ἔριψε κόπος.

5

*Anthologia Græca*, Lib. 1, Cap. 45.

See Lessing's 'Zerstreute Anmerkungen über das Epigramm', *Sämmtliche Werke*, 1824, ii. 22.

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## P

[Vide ante, p. 427]

### MADRIGALI DEL SIGNOR CAVALIER GUARINI

#### DIALOGO

FEDE, SPERANZA, CARITÀ.

FEDE.

Canti terreni amori  
Chi terreno hà il pensier, terreno il zelo;  
Noi Celesti Virtù cantiam del Cielo.

[1133]

CARITÀ.

Mà chi fia, che vi ascolti  
Fuggirà i nostri accenti orecchia piena  
De le lusinghe di mortal Sirena?

5

SPERANZA.

Cantiam pur, che raccolti  
Saran ben in virtù di chi li move;  
E suoneran nel Ciel, se non altrove.

FE. SP. CA.

Spirane dunque, eterno Padre, il canto,  
Che già festi al gran Cantor Ebreo,  
Che poi tant' alto feo  
Suonar la gloria del tuo nomine santo.

10

CA. FE.

Noi siam al Ciel rapite  
E pur lo star in terra è nostra cura,  
A ricondur à Dio l' alme smarrite.

15

FE. SP.

Così facciamo, e 'n questa valle oscura  
L' una sia scorta al sol d' l' intelletto,  
L' altra sostegno al vacillante affetto.

CA.

E com' è senz' amor l' anima viva?

20

SP. FE.

Come stemprata cetra,  
Che suona sì, mà di contento priva.

CA. SP.

Amor' è quel, ch' ogni gran dono impetra.

FE.

Mà tempo è, che le genti  
Odan l' alta virtù de' nostri accenti.

25

FE. SP. CA.

O mondo—eco la via;  
Chi vuol salir' al Ciel, creda, ami, e spetti.  
O félici pensieri  
Di chi, per far in Dio santa armonia  
E per ogn' altro suon l'anima hà sorda,  
FEDE, SPERANZA, e CARITATE accenda.

30

Il Pastor Fido

Con le Rime  
del  
Signor Cavalier  
Battista Guarini  
In Amstelodami

Madrigali 138, 139.

1663 or 9.

[1134]

Q

[Vide ante, p. 435]

Der blinde Sanger stand am Meer,  
Die Wogen rauschten um ihn her,  
Und Riesenthaten goldner Zeit  
Umrauschten ihn im Feierkleid.

Es kam zu ihm auf Schwanenschwung  
Melodisch die Begeisterung,  
Und Iliad und Odyssee  
Entsteigen mit Gesang der See.

5

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 639. See, too, Prefatory Memoir to the Tauchnitz edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, by P. Freiligrath (1852).

[1135]

**BIBLIOGRAPHY**  
**OF THE**  
**POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE**  
**1794-1834**

## I

The / FALL / of / ROBESPIERRE. / AN / HISTORIC DRAMA. / By S. T. COLERIDGE, / Of Jesus College, Cambridge. / **Cambridge:** / Printed by Benjamin Flower, / For W. H. Lunn, and J. and J. Merrill; and Sold / By J. March, Norwich. / 1794. / [Price One Shilling.]

[8°.

*Collation.*—Title, one leaf, p. [i], [Dedication] To H. Martin, *Esq.*, Of Jesus College, Cambridge (dated, September 22. 1794), p. [3]; Text, pp. [5]-37.

## II

POEMS / on / VARIOUS SUBJECTS, /By S. T. COLERIDGE, / Late of Jesus College, Cambridge. / Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi / Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus! / Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus / Fert animus quascunque vices.—Nos tristia vitae / Solamur cantu. / STAT. *Silv.* Lib. iv. 4. [1135:1] / LONDON: / Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, and / J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol. / 1796. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, Poems / on Various Subjects, / By / S. T. Coleridge, / Late / Of Jesus College, Cambridge. /, one leaf, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; Preface, pp. [v]-xi; Contents, pp. [xiii]-xvi; Text, pp. [1]-168; Notes on *Religious Musings*, pp. [169]-175; Notes, pp. [177]-188; Errata, p. [189]. [1135:2]

*Contents.*—

## PREFACE

Poems on various subjects written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; but which will be read at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings—this is an heavy disadvantage: for we love or admire a poet in proportion as he developes our own sentiments and emotions, or reminds us of our own knowledge.

[1136]

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands solace and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings it can endure no employment not connected with those sufferings. Forcibly to turn away our attention to other subjects is a painful and in general an unavailing effort.

"But O how grateful to a wounded heart  
The tale of misery to impart; From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow  
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!" [1136:1]

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them intellectual activity is exerted; and by a benevolent law of our nature from intellectual

activity a pleasure results which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. True! it may be answered, but how are the PUBLIC interested in your sorrows or your description? We are for ever attributing a personal unity to imaginary aggregates. What is the PUBLIC but a term for a number of scattered individuals of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows as have experienced the same or similar?

"Holy be the Lay,  
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way!"

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist; an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love-verses, is an Egotist; and your sleek favourites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy discontented" verses.

Surely it would be candid not merely to ask whether the Poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure. With what anxiety every fashionable author avoids the word *I*—now he transforms himself into a third person,—“the present writer”—now multiplies himself and swells into “*we*”—and all this is the watchfulness of guilt. Conscious that this said *I* is perpetually intruding on his mind and that it monopolizes his heart, he is prudishly solicitous that it may not escape from his lips.

This disinterestedness of phrase is in general commensurate with selfishness of feeling: men old and hackneyed in the ways of the world are scrupulous avoiders of Egotism.

Of the following Poems a considerable number are styled "Effusions," in defiance of Churchill's line

"Effusion on Effusion *pour* away."[\[1136:2\]](#)

[\[1137\]](#) I could recollect no title more descriptive of the manner and matter of the Poems—I might indeed have called the majority of them Sonnets—but they do not possess that *oneness* of thought which I deem indispensable (sic) in a Sonnet—and (not a very honorable motive perhaps) I was fearful that the title "Sonnet" might have reminded my reader of the Poems of the Rev. W. L. Bowles—a comparison with whom would have sunk me below that mediocrity, on the surface of which I am at present enabled to float.

Some of the verses allude to an intended emigration to America on the scheme of an abandonment of individual property.

The Effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES LAMB, of the India House—independently of the signature their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them. For the rough sketch of Effusion XVI, I am indebted to Mr. FAVELL. And the first half of Effusion XV was written by the Author of "Joan of Arc", an Epic Poem.

#### NOTES ATTACHED TO A FIRST DRAFT OF THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION [*MS. R*]

(i)

I cannot conclude the Preface without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Cottle, Bristol, for the liberality with which (with little probability I know of remuneration from the sale) he purchased the poems, and the typographical elegance by which he endeavoured to recommend them, (or)—the liberal assistance which he afforded me, by the purchase of the copyright with little probability of remuneration from the sale of the Poems.

[This acknowledgement, which was omitted from the Preface to the First Edition, was rewritten and included in the 'Advertisement' to the 'Supplement' to the Second Edition.]

(ii)

#### TO EARL STANHOPE

A man beloved of Science and of Freedom, these Poems are  
respectfully inscribed by  
The Author.

[In a letter to Miss Cruikshank (? 1807) (*Early Recollections*, 1837, i. 201), Coleridge maintains that the 'Sonnet to Earl Stanhope', which was published in *Poems*, 1796 (vide *ante*, pp. [89](#), [90](#)), 'was inserted by the fool of a publisher [Cottle prints 'inserted by Biggs, the fool of a printer'] in order, forsooth, that he might send the book and a letter to Earl Stanhope; who (to prove that he is not *mad* in all things) treated both book and letter with silent contempt.' In a note Cottle denies this statement, and maintains that the 'book (handsomely bound) and the letter were sent to Lord S. by Mr. C. himself'. It is possible that before the book was published Coleridge had repented of Sonnet, Dedication, and Letter, and that the 'handsomely bound' volume was sent by Cottle and not by Coleridge, but the 'Dedication' is in his own handwriting and proves that he was, in the first instance at least, *particeps criminis*. See Note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 575, 576.]

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### III

#### [A SHEET OF SONNETS.]

*Collation.*—No title; Introduction, pp. [1]-2; Text (of Sonnets Nos. i-xxviii), pp. 3-16. Signatures A. B. B<sup>2</sup>. [1796.]

[8<sup>o</sup>.

[There is no imprint. In a letter to John Thelwall, dated December 17, 1796 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i, 206), Coleridge writes, 'I have sent you . . . Item, a sheet of sonnets collected by me, for the use of a few friends, who payed the printing.' The 'sheet' is bound up with a copy of 'Sonnets and Other poems, by The Rev. W. L. Bowles A. M. Bath, printed by R. Cruttwell: and sold by C. Dilly, Poultry, London, MDCCXCVI. *Fourth Edition*,' which was presented to Mrs. Thelwall, Dec. 18, 1796. At the end of the 'Sonnets' a printed slip (probably a cutting from a newspaper) is inserted, which contains the lines 'To a FRIEND who had declared his intention of Writing no more Poetry' (vide *ante*, pp. 158, 159). This volume is now in the Dyce Collection, which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum. See *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii, pp. 375-9, and *P. W.*, 1893, p. 544.]

*Contents.*—

[1138]

[1139]

## [INTRODUCTION]

The composition of the Sonnet has been regulated by Boileau in his Art of Poetry, and since Boileau, by William Preston, in the elegant preface to his Amatory Poems: the rules, which they would establish, are founded on the practice of Petrarch. I have never yet been able to discover either sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems; they appear to me all one cold glitter of heavy conceits and metaphysical abstractions. 5

However, Petrarch, although not the inventor of the Sonnet, was the first who made it popular; and *his* countrymen have taken his poems as the model. Charlotte Smith and Bowles are they who first made the Sonnet popular among the present English: I am justified therefore by analogy in deducing its laws from *their* compositions. 10

The Sonnet then is a small poem, in which some lonely feeling is developed. It is limited to a *particular* number of lines, in order that the reader's mind having expected the close at the place in which he finds it, may rest satisfied; and that so the poem may acquire, as it were, a *Totality*,—in plainer phrase, may become a *Whole*. It is confined to fourteen lines, because as some particular number is necessary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. When no reason can be adduced against a thing, Custom is a sufficient reason for it. Perhaps, if the Sonnet were comprized in less than fourteen lines, it would become a serious Epigram; if it extended to more, it would encroach on the province of the Elegy. Poems, in which no lonely feeling is developed, are not Sonnets because the Author has chosen to write them in fourteen lines; they should rather be entitled Odes, or Songs, or Inscriptions. The greater part of Warton's Sonnets are severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek *επιγραμματα*. 15  
20  
25

In a Sonnet then we require a developement of some lonely feeling, by whatever cause it may have been excited; but those Sonnets appear to me the most exquisite, in which moral Sentiments, Affections, or Feelings, are deduced from, and associated with, the scenery of Nature. Such compositions generate a habit of thought highly favourable to delicacy of character. They create a sweet and indissoluble union between the intellectual and the material world. Easily remembered from their briefness, and interesting alike to the eye and the affections, these are the poems which we can "lay up in our heart, and our soul," and repeat them "when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up". Hence the Sonnets of *Bowles* derive their marked superiority over all other Sonnets; hence they domesticate with the heart, and become, as it were, a part of our identity. 30  
35

Respecting the metre of a Sonnet, the Writer should consult his own convenience.—Rhymes, many or few, or no rhymes at all—whatever the chastity of his ear may prefer, whatever the rapid expression of his feelings will permit;—all these things are left at his own disposal. A sameness in the final sound of its words is the great and grievous defect of the Italian language. That rule, therefore, which the Italians have established, of exactly *four* different sounds in the Sonnet, seems to have arisen from their wish to have *as many*, not from any dread of finding *more*. But surely it is ridiculous to make the *defect* of a foreign language a reason for our not availing ourselves of one of the marked excellencies of our own. "The Sonnet (says Preston,) will ever be cultivated by those who write on tender, pathetic subjects. It is peculiarly adapted to the state of a man violently agitated by a real passion, and wanting composure and vigor of mind to methodize his thought. It is fitted to express a momentary burst of Passion" etc. Now, if there be one species of composition more difficult and artificial than another, it is an English Sonnet on the Italian Model. Adapted to the agitations of a real passion! Express momentary bursts of feeling in it! I should sooner expect to write pathetic *Axes* or *pour forth Extempore Eggs and Altars*! [1140:1] But the best confutation of such idle rules is to be found in the Sonnets of those who have observed them, in their inverted sentences, their quaint phrases, and incongruous mixture of obsolete and Spenserian words: and when, at last, the thing is toiled and hammered into fit shape, it is in general racked and tortured Prose rather than any thing resembling Poetry. Miss Seward, who has perhaps succeeded the best in these laborious trifles and who most dogmatically insists on what she calls "the sonnet-claim," has written a very ingenious although unintentional burlesque on her own system, in the following lines prefixed to the Poems of a Mr. Carey. 40  
45  
50  
55  
60  
65

"Prais'd be the Poet, who the sonnet-claim,  
Severest of the orders that belong Distinct and separate to the Delphic song Shall reverence,  
nor its appropriate name Lawless assume: peculiar is its frame— From him derived, who  
spurn'd the city throng, And warbled sweet the rocks and woods among, Lonely Valclusa! and  
that heir of Fame, Our greater Milton, hath in many a lay Woven on this arduous model, clearly 70  
75

"ANNE SEWARD."

"A spirit, force, and grandeur, all their own!'"—EDITOR. [\[1140:2\]](#)

[\[1141\]](#)

[SONNETS]

SONNET

- I. TO A FRIEND  
'Bereave me not of these delightful Dreams.'—W. L. BOWLES. [\[1141:1\]](#)
- II. 'With many a weary step at length I gain.'—R. SOUTHEY.
- III. TO SCOTLAND  
'Scotland! when thinking on each heathy hill.'—C. LLOYD.
- IV. TO CRAIG-MILLAR CASTLE IN WHICH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS WAS CONFINED.  
'This hoary labyrinth, the wreck of Time.'—C. LLOYD.
- V. TO THE RIVER OTTER  
'Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.
- VI. 'O Harmony! thou tenderest Nurse of Pain.'—W. L. BOWLES.
- VII. TO EVENING  
'What numerous tribes beneath thy shadowy wing.'—BAMFIELD.
- VIII. ON BATHING  
'When late the trees were stript by winter pale'.—T. WARTON.
- IX. 'When eddying Leaves begun in whirls to fly.'—HENRY BROOKS, (*the Author of the Fool of Quality.*)
- X. 'We were two pretty Babes, the younger she'.—CHARLES LAMB.  
[Note]. Innocence which while we possess it is playful as a babe, becomes awful, when it departs from us. That is the sentiment of the line, a fine sentiment, and nobly expressed.—THE EDITOR.
- XI. 'I knew a gentle maid I ne'er shall view.'—W. SOTHEY.
- XII. 'Was it some sweet device of faery land.'—CHARLES LAMB.
- XIII. 'When last I rov'd these winding wood-walks green.'—CHARLES LAMB.
- XIV. ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE.  
'Thou bleedest, my poor HEART! and thy distress.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.
- XV. 'Hard by the road, where on that little mound.'—ROBERT SOUTHEY.
- XVI. THE NEGRO SLAVE  
'Oh he is worn with toil! the big drops run.'—ROBERT SOUTHEY.
- XVII. 'Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.
- XVIII. 'Could then the babes from yon unshelter'd cot.'—THOMAS RUSSEL.
- XIX. 'Mild arch of promise on the evening sky.'—ROBERT SOUTHEY.
- XX. 'Oh! She was almost speechless nor could hold.'—CHARLES LLOYD.
- XXI. 'When from my dreary Home I first mov'd on'—CHARLES LLOYD.
- XXII. 'In this tumultuous sphere for thee unfit.'—CHARLOTTE SMITH.

- XXIII. 'I love the mournful sober-suited NIGHT.'—CHARLOTTE SMITH.  
 XXIV. 'Lonely I sit upon the silent shore.'—THOMAS DERMODY.  
 XXV. 'Oh! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind.'—CHARLES LAMB.  
 XXVI. 'Thou whose stern spirit loves the awful storm.'—W. L. BOWLES.  
 XXVII. 'INGRATITUDE, how deadly is thy smart.'—ANNA SEWARD.

XXVIII. TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "ROBBERS"  
 'That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.  
 [At the foot of l. 14. S. T. C. writes—  
 'I affirm, John Thelwall! that the six last lines of this Sonnet to Schiller are strong  
 and fiery; and you are the only one who thinks otherwise.—There's! a *sput* of  
 Author-like Vanity for you!']

[1142]

#### IV

ODE / ON THE / DEPARTING YEAR. / By S. T. COLERIDGE. / *Ἰου, ἰου, ὦ ὦ κακά, Ὑπ' αὐ με δεινός ὀρθομαντείας  
 πόνος / Στροβει, παρασσῶν φρομίους εφημίους, / . . . . . / το μελλον ηξει· και συ μην ταχει παρων /  
 Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθμαντιν μ' ερεις.* / ÆSCHYL. AGAMEM. 1225. / BRISTOL; Printed by N. Biggs, / and sold  
 by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, London. / 1796. /

[4°.

*Collation.*—Title, one leaf, p. [1]; Dedication, To Thomas Poole of Stowey, pp. [3]-4; Text, pp. [5]-15;  
 LINES Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless  
 Melancholy (signed) **S. T. Coleridge**, p. 16. [Signatures—B (p. 5)—D (p. 13).]

#### V

POEMS, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, / Second Edition. / To which are now added / POEMS / By CHARLES LAMB, /  
 And / CHARLES LLOYD. / Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similium / junctarumque Camœnarum;  
 quod utinam neque mors / solvat, neque temporis longinquitas! / *Groscol. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et  
 Ptol. Lux. Tast.* / Printed by N. Biggs, / For J. Cottle, BRISTOL, and Messrs. / Robinsons, London. /  
 1797. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Title-page, one leaf, p. [i]; Half-title, one leaf, **Poems** / by / **S. T. Coleridge** / [followed by  
 Motto as in No. II], pp. [iii]-[iv]; Contents, pp. [v]-vi; DEDICATION, *To the Reverend* GEORGE COLERIDGE of  
 OTTERY St. MARY, / DEVON. Notus in frates animi paterni. *Hor. Carm. Lib. II. 2. /*, pp. [vii]-xii; Preface to  
 the First Edition, pp. [xiii]-xvi; Preface to the Second Edition, pp. [xvii]-xx; Half-title, **Ode / on the /  
 Departing Year** [with motto (5 lines) from Aeschyl. Agamem. 1225], one leaf, pp. [1]-[2]; Argument,  
 pp. [3]-[4]; Text, pp. [5]-278; Errata (four lines) at the foot of p. 278.

[Carolus Utenhovius (Utenhove, or Uyttenhove) and Ptolomœus Luxius Tasteus were scholar friends  
 of the Scottish poet and historian George Buchanan (1506-1582), who prefixes some Iambics 'Carolo  
 Utenhovio F. S.' to his Hexameters 'Franciscanus et Fratres'. In some Elegiacs addressed to Tasteus  
 and Tevius, in which he complains of his sufferings from gout and kindred maladies, he tells them  
 that Groscollius (Professor of Medicine at the University of Paris) was doctoring him with herbs and  
 by suggestion:—'Et spe languentem consilioque juvat'. Hence the three names. In another set of  
 Iambics entitled 'Mutuus Amor' in which he celebrates the alliance between Scotland and England  
 he writes:—

Non mortis hoc propinquitas  
 Non temporis longinquitas  
 Solvet, fides quod nexuit  
 Intaminata vinculum.

Hence the wording of the motto. Groscollius is, of course, a *mot à double entente*. It is a name and a  
 nickname. The interpretation of the names and the reference to Buchanan's Hexameters were first  
 pointed out by Mr. T. Hutchinson in the *Athenaeum*, Dec. 10, 1898.]

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[Titles of poems not in 1796 are printed in italics.]

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## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

[Pp. [xiii]-xvi.]

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against Time and Place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort:

But O! how grateful to a wounded heart

The tale of Misery to impart—  
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,  
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!

15

SHAW.

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the PUBLIC interested in your Sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates.—What is the PUBLIC, but a term for a number of scattered Individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

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"Holy be the lay,  
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting Poems are those, in which the Author develops his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona [\[1144:1\]](#) never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a law of our Nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. Quicquid amet valde amat. Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy, when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

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"Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue  
Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms  
Their own."—PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

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[\[1145\]](#)

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-verses is an Egotist: and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

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I shall only add that each of my readers will, I hope, remember that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

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[Pp. [xvii]-xx.]

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

I return my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance, which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one third of the former Volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins.

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We now hear no more of it; not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

[1146] I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to me its own [1146:1] "exceeding great reward": it has soothed my afflictions: it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

There were inserted in my former Edition, a few Sonnets of my Friend and old School-fellow, CHARLES LAMB. He has now communicated to me a complete Collection of all his Poems; quae qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et Virtutes et Veneres odere. My friend CHARLES LLOYD has likewise joined me; and has contributed every poem of his, which he deemed worthy of preservation. With respect to my own share of the Volume, I have omitted a third of the former Edition, and added almost an equal number. The Poems thus added are marked in the Contents by Italics.

S. T. C.

Stowey,  
May, 1797.

MS. Notes attached to proof sheets of the second Edition.

(a) As neither of us three were present to correct the Press, and as my handwriting is not eminently distinguished for neatness or legibility, the Printer has made a few mistakes. The Reader will consult equally his own convenience, and our credit if before he peruses the volume he will scan the Table of Errata and make the desired alterations.

S. T. Coleridge.

Stowey,  
May 1797.

(b) Table of Contents. (N.B. of my Poems)—and let it be printed in the same manner as Southey's Table of Contents—take care to mark *the new poems* of the Edition by Italics.

*Dedication.*

Preface to the first Edition.

*Refer to the Second Edition.*

*Ode on the departing Year.*

Monody on the death of Chatterton, etc., etc.—

[MS. R.]

P. [69].

[Half-title] **Sonnets**, / *Attempted in the Manner* / Of The / Rev. W. L. Bowles. / Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem / Quod te IMITARI AVEO. / LUCRET.

[Pp. 71-74.]

## INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS

For lines 1-63 vide *ante*, No. III, The Introduction to the 'Sheet of Sonnets'. Lines 64 to the end are omitted, and the last paragraph runs thus:

[1147] The Sonnet has been ever a favourite species of composition with me; but I am conscious that I have not succeeded in it. From a large number I have retained ten only, as seemed not beneath mediocrity. Whatever more is said of them, ponamus lucro.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Note. In a copy of the Edition of 1797, now in the Rowfant Library, S. T. C. comments in a marginal note on the words 'I have never yet been able to discover sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems,' &c.—'A piece of petulant presumption, of which I should be more ashamed if I did not flatter myself that it stands alone in my writings. The best of the joke is that at the time I wrote it, I did not understand a word of Italian, and could therefore judge of this divine Poet only by bald translations of some half-dozen of his Sonnets.']

[Pp. 243-245.]

## ADVERTISEMENT

I have excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing, that what most delighted me when I was "young in *writing* poetry, would probably best please those who are young in *reading* poetry: and a man must learn to be *pleased* with a subject, before he can yield that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste." I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the press what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect, both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request and the reasoning would not, therefore, have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these verses, which I have thus endeavoured to *reprieve* from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed "To the Author of Poems published anonymously, at Bristol." A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed; and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems, without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a Man and a Christian.

The second is entitled "An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening; written in early youth." In a note to this poem I had asserted that the tale of Florio in Mr. Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" was to be found in the Lochleven of Bruce. I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient one to justify my assertion. I feel it my duty, therefore, to apologize to the Author and the Public, for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly the *littleness* and futility of imagining plagiarisms in the works of men of Genius; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and my mind, at the time of writing that note, was sick and sore with anxiety, and weakened through much suffering. I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr. Rogers, except as a correct and elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by informing him that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction, by an unsolicited and self-originating apology.

Having from these motives re-admitted two, and those the longest of the poems I had omitted, I yielded a passport to the three others, [pp. 256, 262, 264] which were recommended by the greatest number of votes. There are some lines too of Lloyd's and Lamb's in this Appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume, partly by accident; but I have reason to believe that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; and they are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

[1148]

## VI

FEARS IN SOLITUDE, / Written in 1798, during the Alarm of an Invasion. / To which are added, / France, an Ode; / And / Frost at Midnight. / By S. T. COLERIDGE. / London: / Printed for J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Churchyard. / 1798. /

[4°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, Fears in Solitude, . . . Frost at Midnight, (six lines) [Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.], one leaf, unpagged; Title, one leaf, unpagged; Text, pp. [1]-23; Advertisement of 'Poems, by W. Cowper', p. [24].

## VII

The / PICCOLOMINI, / or the / First Part of WALLENSTEIN, / A Drama / In Five Acts. / Translated From The German Of / Frederick Schiller / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / LONDON: / Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster Row. / 1800. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, Translation from a Manuscript Copy attested by the Author / THE PICCOLOMINI, or the First Part of WALLENSTEIN. / Printed by G. Woodfall, Pater-noster Row /, one leaf, unpagged; Title, one leaf, unpagged; Preface of the Translator, pp. [i]-ii; two pages of Advertisements commencing with: Plays just published, etc.; one leaf unpagged; on the reverse Dramatis Personae; Text, pp. [1]-214; *In the Press, and speedily will be published*, From the German of Schiller, THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN; Also WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP, a Prelude of One Act to the former Dramas; with an Essay on the GENIUS OF SCHILLER. By S. T. COLERIDGE. N.B. The Drama will be embellished with an elegant Portrait of WALLENSTEIN, engraved by CHAPMAN, pp. [215]-[216].

## VIII

The / DEATH / of / WALLENSTEIN. A Tragedy / In Five Acts. / Translated from the German of / FREDERICK SCHILLER, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / LONDON: / Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster Row, / By G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoster-Row. / 1800. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Title, one leaf, unpagged; General Title, Wallenstein. / A Drama / In Two Parts. / Translated, &c., *ut supra*, one leaf, unpagged; Preface of the Translator, two leaves, unpagged; on reverse of second leaf Dramatis Personae; Text, pp. [1]-157; The Imprint, *Printed by G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoster-Row, London*, is at the foot of p. 157; Advertisement of 'Books printed by T. N. Longman', &c., p. [158].

[The Frontispiece (sometimes attached to No. VII) is an engraving in stipple of Wallenstein, by J.



## IX

**Poems**, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / *Felix curarum, &c.* (six lines as on title of No. II). Third edition. / LONDON: / Printed by N. Biggs, Crane-Court, Fleet-street, / For T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Pater- / Noster-Row. / 1803. /

[8°.

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, p. [i]; Contents, pp. [iii]-[iv]; Preface, pp. [v]-xi; Text, pp. [1]-202; The Imprint, Biggs, Printer, Crane-Court, Fleet-street, is at the foot of p. 202.

[1149] [The Preface consists of the Preface to the First and Second Editions as reprinted in No. IV, with the following omissions from that to the Second Edition, viz. Lines 1-5, and Lines 37-45. The Preface to the First Edition (pp. [v]-viii) is signed S. T. C. The Preface to the Second Edition (pp. ix-xi) has no heading, but is marked off by a line from the Preface to the First Edition.

The Third Edition contains all the poems published in the First and Second Editions except (1) To the Rev. W. J. H. (1796); (2) Sonnet to Kosciusko (1796); (8) Written after a Walk (1796); (4) From a Young Lady (1796); (5) On the Christening of a Friend's Child (1797); (6) Introductory Sonnet to C. Lloyd's 'Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer' (1797). The half-title to the Sonnets, p. [79], omits the words 'Attempted in the Manner, &c.' (see No. V).

The Introduction to the Sonnets is reprinted on pp. 81-4, verbatim from the Second Edition.]

## X

POEMS, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. / [8°.

*Collation*.—Half-title (as above), one leaf, p. [1]; The Imprint, Law and Gilbert, Printers, St. John's Square, London, is at the foot of p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]-16; The Imprint, Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, London, is at the foot of p. 16 [n. d. ? 1812].

*Contents*.—

Fears in Solitude, pp. [3]-9: France, an Ode, pp. 10-13: Frost at Midnight, pp. 14-16.

[The three poems which form the contents of the Pamphlet were included in the *Poetical Register* for 1808-1809 which was reissued in 1812. The publishers were F. G. and S. Rivington, the printers Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. The type of the pamphlet is the type of the *Poetical Register*, but the poems were set up and reprinted as a distinct issue. There is no record of the transaction, or evidence that the pamphlet was placed on the market. It was probably the outcome of a private arrangement between the author and the publisher of the *Poetical Register*.]

## XI

REMORSE. / A Tragedy, / In Five Acts. / By S. T. COLERIDGE. / Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows: / If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews / Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy, / It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost / Weeps only tears of poison! / Act I. Scene I. / LONDON: / Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1813. / *Price Three Shillings.* /

[8°.

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, pp. [i]-[ii]; The Imprint, *W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane*, is at the foot of the Reverse; Preface, pp. [iii]-viii; Prologue, pp. [ix]-[x]; Dramatis Personae, p. [xi]; Text, pp. [1]-72; The Imprint, W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane, London, is at the foot of p. 72.

## XII

REMORSE, &c. (as in No. XI); **Second Edition**. / LONDON: / Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1813. / *Price Three Shillings.* /

[8°.

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, pp. [i]-[ii]; The Imprint, *W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane*, is at the foot of p. [ii]; Preface, pp. [iii]-vi; Prologue, pp. [vii]-[viii]; Dramatis Personae, p. [ix]; Text, pp. [1]-73; Appendix, pp. [75]-78; The Imprint, W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane, London, is at the foot of p. 78.

[1150]

## XIII

*Remorse*, &c. (as in No. XI); **Third Edition**. / London: Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1813. /

[8°.

For collation vide *supra*, No. [XII](#).

## XIV

*Collation.*—Half-title, one leaf, **Sibylline Leaves.** / By / S. T. Coleridge Esq. /, unpagged; Title, one leaf, unpagged; The Imprint, *S. Curtis, Printer, Camberwell*, is at the foot of the Reverse of the Title; Preface, pp. [i]-iii; 'Time, Real and Imaginary,' 'The Raven,' 'Mutual Passion,' pp. v-x; Errata, pp. [xi]-[xii]; Half-title, THE RIME / Of The / ANCIENT MARINER / In Seven Parts, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68, p. [2]; Text, pp. 3-303; The Imprint, Printed by John Evans & Co. St. John-Street, Bristol, is at the foot of p. [304].

[Signatures B-U are marked Vol. ii, i. e. Vol. ii of the *Biographia Literaria*. The printer's bills, which are in my possession, show that in the first instance the Poems were reckoned as Volume ii, and that, in 1816, when the prose work had grown into a second volume, as Volume iii. The entire text of the second volume, afterwards entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, with the exception of the preliminary matter, pp. [i]-[xii], was printed by John Evans & Co. of Bristol—signatures B-G in November-December 1814, and signatures H-U between January and July 1815. The unbound sheets, which were held as a security for the cost of printing &c., and for money advanced, by W. Hood of Bristol, John Matthew Gutch, and others, were redeemed in May 1817 by a London publisher, Rest Fenner, and his partner the Rev. Samuel Curtis of Camberwell. The *Biographia Literaria* was published in July and *Sibylline Leaves* in August, 1817. See note by J. D. Campbell in *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 551, 552.]

## 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. [1150:1] 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, [1150:2] 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, etc., 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.

[1151]

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 [1151:1] [forty-seven in number] which follows this preface, alone induces me to refer again to the circumstances, at the risk of ungenial feelings, from the recollection of its worthless causes. [1151:2] A few corrections of later date have been added.—Henceforward the author must be occupied by studies of a very different kind.

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

VIRGIL, *Catalect.* vii. [1151:3]

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. [1151:4] 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, [1151:5] 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.

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[Poems first published in 1796 and in 1797 are marked with an asterisk. Poems first published in 1817 are italicized. N.B. The volume was issued without any Table of Contents or Index of First Lines.]

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[1152]

Half-title

POEMS / OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS / OR / FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM

[47]

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## XV

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[8°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, קינת ישרון / A Hebrew Dirge. /, pp. [1]-[2]; Title, p. [3]; Text, pp. [4]-13. The text of the translation is printed on pp. 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13.

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## XVI

CHRISTABEL: / Kubla Khan, / A Vision; / The Pains of Sleep. / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. / LONDON: Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, one leaf, **Christabel**, &c., pp. i-ii; Title, one leaf, pp. iii-iv; Preface, pp. [v]-vii; Second half-title, Christabel. / Part 1, pp. [1]-[2]; Text, pp. [3]-48; '**Kubla Khan** / or / A Vision in a Dream': Half-title, one leaf, pp. [49]-[50]; 'Of the / Fragment of Kubla Khan', pp. [51]-54; Text, pp. [55]-58; '**The Pains of Sleep**': Half-title, pp. [59]-[60]; Text, pp. 61-61; The Imprint, LONDON: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. / Cleveland-row, St. James's /, is at the foot of p. 64.

[The pamphlet (1816) was issued 'price 4s. 6d. sewed'. The cover was of brown paper.]

## XVII

CHRISTABEL, &c. / By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / Second Edition. / LONDON: / Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—*Vide* No. [XVI](#).

[The half-title, CHRISTABEL, is in Gothic Character.]

## XVIII

CHRISTABEL, &c. / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / Third Edition. / LONDON: / Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—*Vide* No. [XVI](#).

[The half-title, CHRISTABEL, is in Gothic Character.]

## XIX

ZAPOLYA: A / Christmas tale, / In Two Parts: / **The Prelude** / Entitled / "THE USURPERS' FORTUNE;" And / **The Sequel** / Entitled / "THE USURPER'S FATE." / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / LONDON: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster Row. / 1817. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—Half-title, ZAPOLYA, one leaf; Title, one leaf; Advertisement, one leaf; Characters, one leaf; Four leaves unpagged; Text, Prelude, pp. [1]-31; Additional Characters, p. [34]; ZAPOLYA (headed, **Usurpation Ended**; / or / SHE COMES AGAIN. /), pp. [85]-128. The imprint, S. Curtis, Camberwell Press, is at the foot of p. 128. Eight pages of advertisements dated September, 1817, are bound up

with the volume as issued in a brown paper cover.

## XX

The / Poetical Works / Of / S. T. Coleridge, / Including the Dramas of / Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. / In three Volumes. / Vol. I. / [Vol. II, &c.] London: / William Pickering. / MDCCCXXVIII. /

[8°.

[1155]

*Collation.*—Vol. I. Half-title, one leaf, The / Poetical Works / of / S. T. Coleridge. / Vol. I. /, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Contents, Volume I, Volume II, Volume III, pp. [v]-x; Preface, To the First and Second Editions, pp. [1]-6; Half-title, one leaf, Juvenile Poems, p. [7]; Text, pp. [9]-363; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Crane Court. /, below the figure of a girl watering flowers surmounted by the motto TE FAVENTE VIREBO, is in the centre of p. [554]. [A vignette and double wreath of oak and bay leaves is in the centre of the title-page of Vols. I, II, III.]

Vol. II. Half-title, one leaf; Title, one leaf, with Imprint at the foot of the Reverse, unpagged; Half-title, The Rime / Of / The Ancient Mariner. / In Seven Parts. /, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, in centre of p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]-370; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. 370.

Vol. III. Half-title, one leaf; Title, one leaf; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of the Reverse, unpagged; Half-title, The / Piccolomini, / Or / The First Part of Wallenstein. / A Drama. / Translated from the German of Schiller /, p. [1]; Preface of the Translator, p. [3]; Text, pp. [5]-428; The Imprint Thomas White, Printer / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. 428.

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[The Preface is the same as that of 1803.]

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**XXI**

THE / POETICAL WORKS / Of / S. T. COLERIDGE, / Including the Dramas of / Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. / In Three Volumes. / Vol. I, Vol. II, &c. / LONDON: William Pickering. / MDCCCXXXIX.

[8°.

*Collation.*—Vol. I. Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Contents, pp. [v]-x; Preface, pp. [1]-7; Half-title, JUVENILE POEMS, p. [9]; Text, pp. [11]-353; The Imprint, Thomas White, &c., below a figure of a girl as in No. XX, is in the centre of p. 354.

[The Half-title and Mottoes are the same as in Vol. I of 1828, No. XX.]

Vol. II. Title, one leaf; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of the Reverse, unpagged; Half-title, The Rime / of / THE ANCIENT MARINER. / In Seven Parts. /, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68, p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]-394; The Imprint, Thomas White, &c., is at the foot of p. 394.

[The Half-titles and Mottoes are the same as in Vol. II of 1828, No. XX.]

Vol. III. For Collation see Vol. III of 1828, No. XX.

[The Title-page of this edition (Vols. I, II, III) is ornamented with the Aldine Device, and the Motto, Aldi / Discip. / Anglvs./]

**PREFACE**

The Preface is the same as that of 1808 and 1828, with the addition of the following passage (quoted as a foot-note to the sentence:—'I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction.')

—'Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprize, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate, and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgement-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner—faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—LITERARY LIFE, i. 51. Published 1817.' In the *Biog. Lit.* (loc. cit.) the last seven lines of the quotation read as follows —'judgement-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month (not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution, 'or weekly or diurnal') have been for at least seventeen years consecutively dragged forth by these into the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?'

*Contents.*—The Contents of Vols. I and III are identical with the Contents of Vols. I and III of 1828 (No. XX): A 'Song' (Tho' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath), p. 78, and 'The Alienated Mistress: A Madrigal' (If Love be dead, &c.), p. 93 of Vol. II, 1828, are omitted in Vol. II of 1829; and 'The Allegoric Vision,' 'The Improvisatore, or John Anderson, My Jo, John' [New Thoughts on old Subjects], and 'The Garden of Boccaccio' are inserted in Vol. II of 1829; between 'The Wanderings of Cain' and 'Remorse', pp. 116-42. The text of 1829, which J. D. Campbell followed in *P. W.*, 1893, differs from that of 1828.

[1160]

**XXII**

The / Poetical Works / Of / Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. / Complete in One Volume. / Paris / Published by A. and W. Galignani / No. 18, Rue Vivienne / 1829. /

[8°.

*Collation.*—General half-title, one leaf; The imprint, Printed by Jules Didot Senior, / Printer to His Majesty, Rue du Pont-de-Lodi, No. 6, is on the reverse of the half-title; Title, one leaf, unpagged; Notice of the Publishers, one leaf, unpagged; half-title, The / Poetical Works / of / Samuel Taylor Coleridge. / pp. [i-ii]; Contents, pp. [iii]-iv; Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, pp. [v]-xi; Text, pp. [1]-225.

[*Note.*—A lithographed vignette of a Harp, &c., is in the centre of the title-page. The frontispiece



consists of three portraits of Coleridge (Northcote), Shelley, and Keats, engraved by J. T. Wedgwood.

The contents are identical with those of 1829, with the following additions: (1) 'Recantation—illustrated in the story of the Mad Ox'; (2) 'The Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie' (as published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799); (3) 'The Composition of a Kiss'; (4) 'To a Friend together with an unpublished Poem'; (5) 'The Hour when we shall meet again'; (6) 'Lines to Joseph Cottle'; (7) 'On the Christening of a Friend's Child'; (8) 'The Fall of Robespierre'; (9) 'What is Life?'; (10) 'The Exchange'; (11) Seven Epigrams, viz. (1) 'Names'; (2) 'Job's Luck'; (3) 'Hoarse Maeuius', &c.; (4) 'There comes from old Avaro's', &c.; (5) 'Last Monday', &c.; (6) 'Your Poem', &c. (7) 'Swans sing', &c. ('Job's Luck' had been republished in *The Crypt*, 1827, and the other six in *The Keepsake*, 1829.) 'Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds' (vide *ante*, p. 435), p. 216, was repeated on p. 217, under the title 'Sonnet, composed by the Seaside, October 1817', with two variants, 'yield' for 'let' in line 4, and 'To' for 'Own' in line 5. 'Love's Burial-Place', and Song, 'Tho' veiled', &c., which had appeared in 1828, were not included in *Galignani*, 1829.]

### XXIII

The Devil's Walk; / A Poem. / By / Professor Porson. / Edited with a Biographical Memoir and Notes, By / H. W. Montagu, / Author of Montmorency, Poems, etc. etc. etc. / Illustrated with Beautiful Engravings on wood by Bonner and / Sladen, After the Designs of R. Cruikshank. / Γνωθι σεαυτον / London: / Marsh and Miller, Oxford Street. / And Constable and Co. Edinburgh. [1830.]

[12°.

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, London: / Printed by Samuel Bentley, / Dorset-Street, Fleet-Street, is in the centre of p. [iv]; Preface, pp. [v]-viii; Text, pp. [9]-32; 'Variations', p. 33; Advertisement of New Works Published by Marsh and Miller, p. [34]-[36].

[*Note*.—The motto Γνωθι κ.τ.λ may have suggested Coleridge's lines entitled 'Self-knowledge' (*ante*, p. 487). The Pamphlet is enclosed in a paper cover, The Devil's Walk; / By / Professor Porson. / With Illustrations by R. Cruikshank. / London: / Marsh and Miller. / 1830. / *Price One Shilling*. / The Illustrations consist of a Frontispiece and five others to face pp. 10, 14, 19, 24, and 31.]

### XXIV

The Devil's Walk; / a Poem. / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / And / Robert Southey, Esq. L.L. D. etc. / Edited with a Biographical Memoir, &c. (five lines as in No. XXIII). Γνωθι σεαυτον / Second Edition. / London: Alfred Miller, 137, Oxford Street; / And Constable, Edinburgh; / Griffin, Glasgow; and Milliken, Dublin. / [1830].

[12°.

[1161]

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, as in No. XXIII, is in the centre of p. [iv]; Advertisement, pp. [v]-vi; Preface, pp. [vii]-x; Text, pp. 11-32; Variations, p. 33; Advertisement (as in No. XXIII), p. [34].

[*Note*.—The Advertisement, which is dated *October, 1830*, states that the 'Devil's Walk' 'has now put forth its fifteen thousandth copy', and apologizes for 'an error respecting its authorship'. The Second edition forms part of a volume entitled *Facetiae, Being a General Collection of the Jeux d' Esprit* which have been illustrated by Robert Cruikshank. London: William Kidd, 6, Old Bond Street. MDCCCXXXI. It is followed by the 'Devil's Visit', and 'The Real Devil's Walk'.]

### XXV

Ten Etchings, / Illustrations of the / Devil's Walk. / By / Thomas Landseer. / London: / Published by R. G. Standing, / 24, Cornhill. / 1831. /

[Folio.

*Collation*.—Title, one leaf, unpagged; The imprint, London: / Henry Baylis, Johnson's Court, Fleet-Street. /, is at the foot of the Reverse. The Devil's Walk. A Word at Starting, pp. 1-14, is followed by the illustrations, unpagged, with a single stanza at the foot of each illustration.

### XXVI

THE POETICAL WORKS OF / S. T. COLERIDGE / Vol. I, Vol. II, &c. / LONDON / William Pickering / 1834 /

[8°.

*Collation*.—Vol. I. Half-title, The Poetical Works Of / S. T. Coleridge / In Three Volumes / Vol. I, one leaf, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint, Charles Whittingham / London /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Preface, pp. [v]-x; Contents, pp. [xi]-xiv; Text, pp. [1]-288; The Imprint, London: / Printed by C. Whittingham, Toaks Court. /, is at the foot of p. 288.

Vol. II. Half-title (as in Vol. I), Vol. II, one leaf, pp. [i]-[ii]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. iv: Contents, pp. [v]-vi; Text, pp. [1]-338; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. 338.

Vol. III. Half-title (as in Vol. I), pp. [i]-[ii]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. [iv]; Half-title, The Piccolomini, &c., p. [1]; Preface to the First Edition, p. [3]; Text, pp.



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## XXVII

[1167] The Life of the Author is followed by an Appendix containing 'Coleridge's Will', and 'Contemporary Notices of the Writings and Character of Coleridge'.

The Contents consist of the Poems published in 1797, together with 'The Nightingale'; 'Love'; 'The Ancient Mariner'; 'The Foster Mother's Tale'; four poems and seven sonnets reprinted from 1796; 'On a late Connubial Rupture'; and the 'Three Sonnets . . . in the manner of Contemporary Writers' reprinted from the *Poetical Register*. The Poems conclude with 'A Couplet, written in a volume of Poems presented by Mr. Coleridge to Dr. A.'—a highly respected friend, the loss of whose society he deeply regretted—

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,  
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

For the 'Couplet', vide *ante*, p. 410, 'To Two Sisters', ll. 1, 2. Dr. A. was probably John Anster, LL.D., the translator of Goethe's *Faust*.

The Dramatic Works consist of 'The Piccolomini' and 'The Death of Wallenstein'.

## XXVIII

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with a Life of the Author. London: Tho<sup>s</sup>. Allman 42 Holborn Hill 1837.

[16<sup>mo</sup>, pp. viii + 392.

*Note*.—The 'Life of the Author' does not form part of this edition. The Contents are identical with those of No. XXVII. The frontispiece depicts the 'Ancient Mariner' and the 'Wedding Guest'. The title-page, 'Drawn and Engraved by J. Romney,' is embellished with a curious vignette depicting a man in a night-cap lying in bed. A wife, or daughter, is in attendance. The vignette was probably designed to illustrate some other work.

## XXIX

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge with Life of the Author. London: Charles Daly, 14, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, *n. d.*

[16<sup>mo</sup>, pp. xxxii + [35]-384.

The Contents consist of 'The Ancient Mariner' (with the marginal glosses printed at the end of the poem); the Poems of 1796, 1797, with a few exceptions: 'The Piccolomini'; 'The Death of Wallenstein'; 'The Dark Ladié'; 'The Raven'; 'A Christmas Carol'; and 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter'—i. e. of poems then out of copyright, or reprinted from the *Morning Post*.

## XXX

The Ancient Mariner, and other Poems. By S. T. Coleridge. Price Sixpence. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-Row. MDCCCXLIII. J. Scott, Printer, 50, Hatfield Street.

[16<sup>mo</sup>, pp. iv + 148.

*Note*.—This edition formed one of the 'Pocket English Classics'. An illustrated title-page depicts the 'skiff-boat' with its crew of the Ancient Mariner, the Holy Hermit, the Pilot, and the Pilot's boy, who is jumping overboard. The flag bears the legend 'The Antient Mariner and Minor Poems By S. T. Coleridge'. The Contents include 'The Ancient Mariner', with the marginal glosses printed at the end of the poem; and a selection of poems published in 1796, 1797.

[1168]

## XXXI

THE POEMS of S. T. Coleridge [Aldine device and motto] London William Pickering 1844.

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. xvi + 372.

*Note*.—The Contents of this volume, issued by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge as sole editress, consist of the Poems (not the Dramatic Works) included in 1834, with the following omissions, (1) Music, (2) Devonshire Roads, (3) Inside the Coach, (4) Mathematical Problem, (5) The Nose, (6) Monody on a Tea-kettle, (7) 'The Same,' 'I too a sister had', &c., (8) On Imitation, (9) Honor, (10) Progress of Vice, (11) The Two round spaces on the Tombstone; and the following additions, already republished in *Lit. Remains*, 1836, Vol. I, (1) Epigram, 'Hoarse Mævius', &c., (2) Casimir ad Lyram, (3) On the Christening of a Friend's Child, (4) Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie, (5) An Ode to the Rain, (6) The Exchange, (7) Complaint, 'How seldom, Friend', &c., (8) 'What is Life', (9) Inscription for a Time-Piece, (10) Ἐπιτάφιον αὐτόγραφον. Four songs from the dramas were also included. The German originals of (1) Schiller's 'Lines on a Cataract', (2) Friederike Brun's 'Chamouny at Sunrise', and (3) Schiller's distiches on the 'Homeric Hexameter' and the 'Ovidian Elegiac Metre' are printed on pp. 371, 372.

## XXXII

The Contents are identical with those of No. XXXI, with the exception of two additional 'Notes' (pp. 371, 372) containing the German original of Matthisson's *Milesisches Märchen*, and two stanzas of Cotton's *Chlorinda*, of which 'Separation' (*ante*, p. 397) is an adaptation.

**XXXIII**

THE RAVEN, A Christmas Tale, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq. Illustrated with Eight Plates, By an Old Traveller. [*n. d.*]

*Collation*.—Oblong folio, pp. i-vi + eight scenes unpagged, faced by eight lithographs.

**XXXIV**

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852.

[8°, pp. xxvii ('Advertisement', and 'Editors' Preface to the Present Edition', pp. [v]-xiv) + 378 + 'Notes', pp. [379]-388.

**ADVERTISEMENT**

This volume was prepared for the press by my lamented sister, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, and will have an additional interest to many readers as the last monument of her highly-gifted mind. At her earnest request, my name appears with hers on the title-page, but the assistance rendered by me has been, in fact, little more than mechanical. The preface, and the greater part of the notes, are her composition:—the selection and arrangement have been determined almost exclusively by her critical judgment, or from records in her possession. A few slight corrections and unimportant additions are all that have been found necessary, the first and last sheets not having had the benefit of her own revision.

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA,  
May 1852.

[1169]

**PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION [1852]**

As a chronological arrangement of Poetry in completed collections is now beginning to find general favour, pains have been taken to follow this method in the present Edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poetical and Dramatic Works, as far as circumstances permitted—that is to say, as far as the date of composition of each poem was ascertainable, and as far as the plan could be carried out without effacing the classes into which the Author had himself distributed his most important poetical publication, the 'Sibylline Leaves,' namely, POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM; LOVE POEMS; MEDITATIVE POEMS IN BLANK VERSE; ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. On account of these impediments, together with the fact, that many a poem, such as it appears in its ultimate form, is the growth of different periods, the agreement with chronology in this Edition is approximative rather than perfect: yet in the majority of instances the date of each piece has been made out, and its place fixed accordingly.

In another point of view also, the Poems have been distributed with relation to time: they are thrown into three broad groups, representing, first the Youth,—secondly, the Early Manhood and Middle Life,—thirdly, the Declining Age of the Poet; and it will be readily perceived that each division has its own distinct tone and colour, corresponding to the period of life in which it was composed. It has been suggested, indeed, that Coleridge had four poetical epochs, more or less diversely characterised,—that there is a discernible difference betwixt the productions of his Early Manhood and of his Middle Age, the latter being distinguished from those of his Stowey life, which may be considered as his poetic prime, by a less buoyant spirit. Fire they have; but it is not the clear, bright, mounting fire of his earlier poetry, conceived and executed when 'he and youth were house-mates still.' In the course of a very few years after three-and-twenty all his very finest poems were produced; his twenty-fifth year has been called his *annus mirabilis*. To be a 'Prodigal's favourite — [1169:1]then, worse truth! a Miser's pensioner,' is the lot of Man. In respect of poetry, Coleridge was a 'Prodigal's favourite,' more, perhaps, than ever Poet was before.

\* \* \* \* \*

[The poems] produced before the Author's twenty-fourth year [1796], devoted as he was to the 'soft strains' of Bowles, have more in common with the passionate lyrics of Collins and the picturesque wildness of the pretended Ossian, than with the well-tuned sentimentality of that Muse which the overgrateful poet has represented as his earliest inspirer. For the young they will ever retain a peculiar charm, because so fraught with the joyous spirit of youth; and in the minds of all readers that feeling which disposes men 'to set the bud above the rose full-blown' would secure them an interest, even if their intrinsic beauty and sweetness were less adequate to obtain it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The present Editors have been guided in the general arrangement of this edition by those of 1817 and 1828, which may be held to represent the author's matured judgment upon the larger and more important part of his poetical productions. They have reason, indeed, to believe, that the edition of 1828 was the last upon which he was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834, the last year of his earthly sojourning, a period when his thoughts were wholly engrossed, so far as the decays of his frail outward part left them free for intellectual pursuits and speculations, by a grand scheme of Christian Philosophy, to the enunciation of which in a long projected work his chief thoughts and aspirations had for many years been directed, was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of his earliest Editor, H. N. Coleridge . . . Such alterations only have been made in this final arrangement of the Poetical and Dramatic Works of S. T. Coleridge, by those into whose charge they have devolved, as they feel assured, both the Author himself and his earliest Editor would at this time find to be either necessary or desirable. The observations and experience of eighteen years, a period long enough to bring about many changes in literary opinion, have satisfied them that the immature essays of boyhood and adolescence, not marked with any such prophetic note of genius as certainly does belong to the four school-boy poems they have retained, tend to injure the general effect of a body of poetry. That a writer, especially a writer of verse, should keep out of sight his third-rate performances, is now become a maxim with critics; for they are not, at the worst, effectless: they have an effect, that of diluting and weakening, to the reader's feelings, the general power of the collection. Mr. Coleridge himself constantly, after 1796, rejected a certain portion of his earliest published *Juvenilia*: never printed any attempts of his boyhood, except those four with which the present publication commences, and there can be no doubt that the Editor of 1834 would ere now have come to the conclusion, that only such of the Author's early performances as were sealed by his own approval ought to form a permanent part of the body of his poetical works.

\* \* \* \* \*

It must be added, that time has robbed of their charm certain sportive effusions of Mr. Coleridge's later years, which were given to the public in the first gloss and glow of novelty in 1834, and has proved that, though not devoid of the quality of genius, they possess upon the whole, not more than an ephemeral interest. These the Editors have not scrupled to omit on the same grounds and in the same confidence that has been already explained.

\* \* \* \* \*

S. C.

CHESTER PLACE, REGENT'S PARK.  
March, 1852.

The Contents of 1852 correspond with those of 1844, 1848, with the following omissions: (1) Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital; (2) Sonnet, 'Farewell, parental scenes', &c.; (3) To the Muse; (4) With Fielding's Amelia; (5) Sonnet, 'On receiving an account', &c.; (6) Sonnet, 'On seeing a Youth', &c.; (7) Pain; (8) Epigram, 'Hoarse Mævius', &c.; (9) Casimir ad Lyram; (10) 'On the Christening', &c.; (11) Elegy imitated from Akenside; (12) Phantom; (13) Allegoric Vision; (14) Reproof and Reply; (15) Written in an Album, 'Parry', &c.; (16) To the Author of the Ancient Mariner; (17) Job's Luck; (18) On a Volunteer Singer; together with four songs from the dramas.

The additions were (1) Sonnet to Pitt, 'Not always', &c.; (2) Sonnet, 'Not Stanhope', &c.; (3) To the Author of Poems published anonymously at Bristol; (4) The Day-Dream, 'If thou wert here', &c.; (5) The Foster-Mother's Tale; (6) A Hymn; (7) The Alienated Mistress. A Madrigal; (8) To a Lady, 'Tis not the lily brow', &c.; (9) Song, 'Tho' veiled', &c.; (10) L'envoy. 'In vain we supplicate', &c.

The Notes, pp. 379-88, contain, *inter alia*, the Latin original of 'Kisses' (vide *ante*, p. 46), and the Sonnet, 'No more my visionary Soul shall dwell', attributed by Southey to Favell (vide *ante*, p. 68).

## XXXV

THE DRAMATIC WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent Coleridge. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852.

[8°, pp. xvi + 427.

## CONTENTS

Remorse. A Tragedy in Five Acts.

Zapolya. A Christmas Tale. In two Parts. Part I. The Prelude, &c.

Zapolya. Part II. The Sequel, entitled 'The Usurper's Fate.'

The Piccolomini; or the first part of 'Wallenstein.' A Drama. Translated from Schiller.

The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. In Five Acts.

Notes.

*Note.*—The Preface contains a critical estimate of *Remorse* and *Zapolya*, and of the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. At the close of the Preface [pp. xii-xiv] the Editor comments on the strictures of a writer in the *Westminster Review*, Art. 3 July 1850 (vide *ante*, p. 811), and upholds the merits of the Translation as a whole. The Preface is dated 'St. Mark's College, Chelsea, July, 1852'.



THE COMPLETE WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. In Seven Volumes. Vol. vii. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Nos. 329 and 331 Pearl Street, Franklin Square. 1853.

Second Title.—The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853.

[8°], pp. xiv + 15-702.

The Contents are identical with those of 1834, with ten additions first collected in 1844. The Fall of Robespierre is included in the Dramatic Works. 'Lines in Answer to a Letter from Bristol', pp. 67-70, are reprinted as 'Lines Written at Shurton Bars near Bridgewater', pp. 103-5 (vide *ante*, p. 96). Vol. vii was republished with an Index to the preceding six volumes in 1854.

### XXXVII

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With a Biographical Memoir By Ferdinand Freiligrath. Copyright Edition. Leipzig Bernhard Tauchnitz 1860.

*Collation*.—General Half-title, one leaf, Collection of British Authors. Vol. 512. The Poems, &c. (4 lines). In One Volume, p. [i]; Title, p. [iii]; Half-title, Biographical Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Ferdinand Freiligrath, p. [iv]; Advertisements, p. [v]; Biographical Memoir, pp. [vi]-xxviii; Advertisement (to ed. of 1852), p. xxix; Preface, pp. [xxxi]-xl; Contents, pp. [xli]-xlv. Text, pp. [1]-336; Notes, pp. [337]-344.

[1172]

### XXXVIII

THE POEMS of S. T. Coleridge. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

[16<sup>mo</sup>], pp. xiii + 299.

### XXXIX

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With an Appendix. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. 1863.

[8°, pp. xxvii + [1]-378 + Notes, pp. [379]-388 + Appendix, pp. [391]-404.

The text of the Poems is identical with that of 1852, but a fresh 'Advertisement', pp. [iii]-iv, is prefixed to the 'Advertisement' dated May, 1852.

### ADVERTISEMENT

The last authorised edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poems, published by Mr. Moxon in 1852, bears the names of Derwent and Sara Coleridge, as joint editors. In writing my name with my sister's, I yielded to her particular desire and request, but the work was performed almost entirely by herself. My opinion was consulted as to the general arrangement, and more especially as to the choice or rejection of particular pieces. Even here I had no occasion to do more than confirm the conclusions to which she had herself arrived, and sanction the course which she had herself adopted. I shared in the responsibility, but cannot claim any share in the credit of the undertaking. This edition I propose to leave intact as it came from her own hands. I wish it to remain as one among other monuments of her fine taste, her solid judgment, and her scrupulous conscientiousness.

A few pieces of some interest appear, however, to have been overlooked. Two characteristic sonnets, not included in any former edition of the Poems, have been preserved in an anonymous work, entitled 'Letters, Recollections, and Conversations of S. T. Coleridge.' These with a further selection from the omitted pieces, principally from the Juvenile Poems, have been added in an Appendix. So placed, they will not at any rate interfere with the general effect of the collection, while they add to its completeness.

All these buds of promise were once withdrawn, and, afterwards reproduced by the Author. It is not easy now to draw a line of separation, which shall not be deemed either too indulgent, or too severe. [The concluding lines of the 'Advertisement' dealt with questions of copyright].

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

### APPENDIX

[First printed in 1863.]

1. To Nature. [*Letters, Conversations, &c.*, 1836, i. 144.]
2. Farewell to Love. [*Ibid.*, i. 143.]
3. 'I yet remain', &c. [First six lines by W. L. Bowles.]
4. Count Rumford's Essays. [By W. L. Bowles.]
5. 'The early Year's', &c. [Ver perpetuum, *ante*, p. 148.]
6. To the Rev. W. J. H. [1796.]
7. To a Primrose. [*The Watchman*.]

8. On the Christening of a Friend's Child. [1797.]
9. Mutual Passion. [*Sibylline Leaves*.]
10. From a Young Lady. [The Silver Thimble, *ante*, p. 104.]
11. Translation of a Paraphrase of the Gospels. [*Biog. Lit.*, 1807, i. 203, 204.]
12. Israel's Lament. [*Ante*, pp. 433, 434.]

*Notes*.—(1) No. 4 forms part of a Poem 'On Mr. Howard's Account of Lazarettos,' *Sonnets, with other Poems*, 1794, pp. 52, 53. See Mr. T. Hutchinson's note in the *Athenæum*, May 3, 1902.

(2) An MS. of No. 10, 'From a Young Lady', is preserved in the library of Rugby School. The poem is dated August, 1795, and is partly in the 'Young Lady's' handwriting. It is signed 'Sara~~h~~ Fricker', a proof that her future husband meant from the first to alter the spelling of her name.

(3) The frontispiece of this edition is a lithograph by W. Hall of a portrait of Coleridge, aet. 26, formerly in the possession of Thomas Poole.

## XL

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With an Appendix. A new and enlarged edition, with a brief Life of the author. London: E. Moxon and Co., 44 Dover Street. [1870.]

[8° , pp. lxxvii + 429.

*Note*.—The Contents of 1870 are identical with those of 1863, with the addition of an Introductory Essay (i. e. a Critical Memoir) by Derwent Coleridge, pp. xxiii-lix. 'The Rime of the Ancyent Mariner,' in Seven Parts, was reprinted verbatim from the original as it appeared in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. The Introductory Memoir (an 'Essay in a Brief Model') has never been reprinted.

## XLI

THE RAVEN. A Poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by Ella Hallward With an Introduction by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. H. S. Nichols Ltd, 39 Charing Cross Road London W.C. MDCCCXCVIII.

[4°.

*Note*.—The text is printed on 14 sheets, unpagged. There are thirteen illustrations and other embellishments.

## XLII

OSORIO A Tragedy *As originally written in 1797* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge Now first printed from a Copy recently discovered by the Publisher with the Variorum Readings of 'Remorse' and a Monograph on The History of the Play in its earlier and later form by the Author of 'Tennysonian' London John Pearson York Street Covent Garden 1873.

[8° , pp. xxii + 204.

## XLIII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with an Introductory Memoir and Illustrations by William B. Scott. London. George Routledge and Sons. [1874.]

[8° , pp. xxviii + 420.

## XLIV

THE POETICAL WORKS OF COLERIDGE AND KEATS With a Memoir of Each Four Volumes in Two. New York Published by Hurd and Houghton Boston: H. O. Houghton and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878.

[8°.

Vol. I, pp. cxi + 372.

Vol. II, pp. vi + 331 + pp. xxxvi + 438 (Life and Poetical Works of Keats).

*Note*.—This edition was a reprint of the 'Poetical and Dramatic Works' of 1852.

## XLV

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. FOUNDED ON THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION OF 1834 WITH MANY ADDITIONAL PIECES NOW FIRST INCLUDED, AND A COLLECTION OF VARIOUS READINGS Volume the First [Volume the Second, &c.] [The Aldine device and motto.] London Basil Montagu Pickering 196 Piccadilly 1877. [Reissued, with additions and with the imprint of London Macmillan and Co. 1880.]

*Contents*.—Vol. I. Contents, &c., pp. viii; Memoir of S. T. Coleridge, pp. [ix]-cxviii; Poems, pp.

[1]-217; Appendix (including Southey's Translation of a 'Greek Ode on Astronomy', &c.), pp. 219-224.

Vol. II. Contents, &c., pp. xii; Poems, pp. [1]-352; Supplement, pp. 355\*-364\*; Appendix, pp. 353-381.

Vol. III. Remorse, and Zapolya, pp. 290.

Vol. IV. Fall of Robespierre, and *Translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein'*, pp. 413.

*Note.*—The Editor, Richard Herne Shepherd, included in the first two volumes the poems published by Coleridge in 1796, 1797, *An. Anth.*, 1800, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), 1828, 1829, 1834, together with those published by H. N. Coleridge in *Literary Remains*, 1836, by Sara and Derwent Coleridge in 1844, 1852 (with the exception of the Hymn, 1814), and by Derwent Coleridge in the Appendix of 1863.

The following poems collected from various sources were reprinted for the first time:—

Vol. I. (1) Julia; (2) First version of the Sonnet to the Rev. W. L. Bowles; (3) On a late Connubial Rupture; (4) Sonnets signed Nehemiah Higginbottom.

Vol. II. (1) Talleyrand to Lord Granville; (2) A Stranger Minstrel; (3) To Two Sisters, &c.; (4) Water Ballad; (5) Modern Critics; (6) 'The Poet in his lone', &c. [Apologia, &c., *ante*, p. 345]; (7) Song, ex improvise, &c.; (8) The Old Man of the Alps; (9) Three Epigrams from *The Watchman*; (10) Sonnet on the birth of a son; (11) On Deputy —; (12) To a Musical Critic; (13) *Εγωενκαίπων*; (14) The Bridge-street Committee; (15) 'What boots to tell', &c.; (16) Mr. Baker's Courtship; (17) Lines in a German Student's Album; (18) On Kepler; (19) Distich from the Greek.

The Supplement published in 1880 (Vol. II, pp. 355\*-364\*) contains (1) Monody on Chatterton [First Version]; (2) To the Evening Star; (3) Anna and Harland; (4) Translation of Wrangham's *Hendecasyllabi*, &c.; (5) To Miss Brunton; (6) The Mad Monk. Bibliographical matter of interest and importance is contained in the Memoir, and in the Notes to Vol. II, pp. 375-381. Variants of the text, derived from the *Morning Post*, and from earlier editions, are printed as footnotes to the text. In Vol. III. the Editor supplies a collation of the text of *Remorse* as published in 1852 with that of *Osorio* [London: John Pearson, 1873] and with that of the First and Second Editions of *Remorse* published in 1813.

## XLVI

The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With Life. Engravings on Steel. Gale and Inglis. Edinburgh: Bernard Terrace. London: 26 Paternoster Square. [1881.]

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. xxviii + 420.

*Note.*—This edition includes the *Fall of Robespierre*, and *Christobell. A Gothic Tale* as published in the *European Magazine*, April, 1815.

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## XLVII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with Introduction and Notes by T. Ashe, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge In Two Volumes. London George Bell and Sons, York Street Covent Garden 1885. [The Frontispiece of Vol. I is a portrait of S. T. Coleridge, aet. 23, from a crayon drawing by Robert Hancock; of Vol. II, a view of Greta Hall, Keswick.]

[8<sup>o</sup>.

Vol. I. Title, &c., pp. [iii]-xiv; Introduction, &c., pp. [xv]-clxxxvi; Poems, pp. 1-212.

Vol. II. Contents, &c., pp. [v]-xiii; Poems, pp. 1-409.

*Note.*—Section 3 of the Introduction, pp. cxxxviii-clxxxvi, supplies a Bibliography of the Poems. The Dramas are not included in the *Poetical Works*. In the 'Table of Contents' poems not included in 1834 are marked by an asterisk, but of these only three, (1) 'The Tears of a Grateful People'; (2) 'The Humour of Pallas' ['My Godmother's Beard'], and (3) 'Lines written in the Common Place Book of Miss Barbour', were collected for the first time. The 'Introduction', the work of a genuine poet, contains much that is valuable and interesting, but the edition as a whole is by no means an advancement on *P. and D. W.*, 1877-1880.

## XLVIII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with a Biographical Introduction by James Dykes Campbell **London** Macmillan and Co. And New York 1893 *All rights reserved.*

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. cxxiv + 667.

*Contents.*—Authorities cited in the Introduction—Corrigenda, p. vi; Preface, pp. [vii]-x; Introduction, pp. [xi]-cxxiv; Poems, pp. [1]-210; Dramatic Works, pp. [211]-442; Addenda, (i) Epigrams, pp. [443]-453, (ii) Fragments from a Common Place Book, pp. 453-458, (iii) Fragments from various sources, pp. [459]-470; (iv) Adaptations, pp. [471]-474; Appendix A. The Raven, pp. [475]-476; Appendix B. Greek Prize Ode, &c. [from MS.], pp. 476-477; Appendix C. To a Young Ass [from MS.], pp. 477-478; Appendix D. Osorio [from MSS.], pp. 479-512; Appendix E. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner [1798], pp. 512-520; Appendix F. Mont Blanc. The Summit of the Vale of Chamouny, an

Hour before Sunrise—An Hymn (*Coleorton Letters*, 1887, i. 26-29), pp. 521-522; Appendix G. Dejection: An Ode (*M. P.*, Oct. 4, 1802), pp. 522-524; Appendix H. To a Gentleman [W. Wordsworth] (*Coleorton Letters*, i. 213-218), pp. 525-526; Appendix I. Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter', pp. 527-533; Appendix J. Allegoric Verses, pp. 534-537; Appendix K. Titles, Prefaces, and Contents, &c., pp. 537-559; Notes, pp. [561]-654; Index to the Poems, &c., pp. [655]-659; Index to First Lines, pp. [661]-667.

The Poems include all those published in 1877-1880 with the addition of the *Hymn*, first published in 1852, and the omission of 'The Old Man of the Alps' (*M. P.*, Apr. 13, 1798) together with the following pieces collected for the first time (\*), or printed for the first time from MSS. (MS.):—(1) Dura Navis (MS.); (2) Nil pejus, &c. (MS.); (3) Quae nocent, &c. (MS.); (4) Invocation (MS.); (5) On a Lady Weeping (MS.); (6) A Wish written, &c. (MS.); (7) An Ode in the Manner of Anacreon (MS.); (8) A Lover's Complaint, &c.; (9) To Fortune (\*); (10) The Faded Flower (\*); (11) On Bala Hill [by R. Southey] (MS.); (12) Count Rumford [by W. L. Bowles] (\*); (13) Verses to J. Horne Tooke (\*); (14) Ad Vilmum Axiologum (MS.); (15) The Snowdrop (MS.); (16) To Matilda Betham, &c. (\*); (17) Homeless (\*); (18) Sonnet. Translated from Marini (MS.) (19) A Sunset (MS.); (20) Tears of a Grateful People (\*); (21) To Mary Pridham (MS.).

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Of the Epigrams, pp. 443-455, the following were first printed from MS., (1) 'You're careful', &c.; (2) 'Say what you will', &c.; (3) On an Insignificant 'No doleful', &c.; (4) On a Slanderer 'From yonder tomb', &c.; (5) 'Money I've heard', &c.

Of fifty-four Fragments from a Common Place Book eighteen were first printed in *Literary Remains*, i. 277-281, and the rest were published or collected for the first time: of sixty-six Fragments from Various Sources thirty-three were first published from MSS., and others were collected for the first time.

Much had been accomplished by the Editor of *P. and D. W.*, 1877-1880, but the excellence of the critical apparatus, the style and substance of the critical and explanatory notes, and the amount and quality of fresh material have made and must continue to make the Edition of 1893 the standard edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*. The 'Introductory Memoir' was republished as 'A Narrative of the Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge', Macmillan, 1894.

## XLIX

COLERIDGE'S POEMS *A Facsimile Reproduction Of The Proofs And MSS. Of Some Of The POEMS* EDITED BY THE LATE JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL *Author of "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, A Narrative of the Events of his Life"; and Editor of "The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge."* With Preface and Notes By W. Hale White Westminster Archibald Constable and Co. 1899.

*Note.*—This volume contains a reprint of a volume of proofs endorsed 'Coleridge's MSS. Corrected Copy of a Work'—'Mr. Cottle's', and a facsimile reproduction of three MSS., with the original erasures and alternative readings. The volume of proofs formerly in the possession of J. Dykes Campbell was reproduced by him, and he added the facsimile of the MSS. in the British Museum which he had deciphered and prepared for publication. Four years after his death the sheets were bound up and published with an elucidatory preface by Mr. W. Hale White. A copy of this literary curiosity as it was left by Mr. Campbell, without the Preface, is in the possession of the Editor.

## L

CHRISTABEL By Samuel Taylor Coleridge Illustrated by a Facsimile of the Manuscript And by Textual and other Notes By Ernest Hartley Coleridge Hon. F.R.S.L. London: Henry Frowde MCMVII.

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. ix + 113.

*Note.*—The Frontispiece is a photogravure (by Emery Walker) of a pastel drawing of S. T. Coleridge aet. 26. The Collotype Facsimile (thirty-eight leaves unpagged) is inserted between pp. 53 and 54. The text, as collated with three MSS., two transcriptions, and the First Edition, &c., is on pp. 61-96; a Bibliographical Index [Appendix IV] on pp. 111-113. This Edition (dedicated to the Poet's granddaughters Edith and Christabel Rose Coleridge) was issued by Henry Frowde at the expense of the Royal Society of Literature.

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## LI

THE POEMS OF COLERIDGE With An Introduction By Ernest Hartley Coleridge And Illustrations By Gerald Metcalfe John Lane The Bodley Head London, W. John Lane Company New York.

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. xxxi + 460 + Index to the Poems [461]-466 + Index to First Lines [469]-477.]

*Note.*—The Illustrations consist of twenty-three full-page illustrations, together with numerous headings, tailpieces, and vignettes. The Contents include all poems previously published which were not subject to the law of copyright:—'The Walk Before Supper', 'The Reproof and Reply', and 'Sancti Dominici Pallium' were printed for the first time from the original MSS.

## LII

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Illustrated by Twenty-Five Poetic and Dramatic Scenes, Designed and Etched By David Scott, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting. Edinburgh: Alexander Hill, 50, Princes Street; Ackermann & Co. London. M. DCCC. XXXVII.

*Note.*—Text with marginal glosses in Gothic letters, pp. [5]-25 + twenty-four full-page etchings unpagged, preceded by an illustrated title-page. Scenes from Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, By David Scott, S.A. [Etching of the Ancient Mariner on a storm-tost coast ringing a bell, with a motto (*from Kubla Khan*) "All who saw would cry Beware", COLERIDGE.] Edinburgh Published By Alex<sup>r</sup>. Hill, 50 Princes Street 1837. The cloth binding is embellished with a vignette—a lyre encircled by a winged serpent.

### LIII

COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER Illustrated by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. Art Union of London 1863 [W. H. McFarlane Lithog<sup>r</sup> Edinburgh]

[Oblong Folio.]

*Note.*—The text, pp. [1]-12, is followed by twenty full-page illustrations. The title-page and cloth binding are embellished with a symbolic vignette—a cross-bow, with twisted snake, resting on a cross encircled with stars.

### LIV

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel T. Coleridge Edited, with a Critical Memoir, By William Michael Rossetti. Illustrated By Thomas Seccombe. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co., Dover Street.

[8<sup>o</sup>, pp. xxxii + 424.]

*Note.*—In a Note affixed to the 'Prefatory Notice' the Editor states that this edition includes all Coleridge's 'Dramas . . . with the exception of *Zapolya*. In lieu of this *The Fall of Robespierre*, which has never as yet been reprinted in England, is introduced.'

## FOOTNOTES:

- [1135:1] Felix curarum &c.  
 . . . . . Nos otia vitae  
 Solamur cantu, ventosaque gaudia famae  
 Quaerimus.  
 STATIUS, *Silvarum* lib. iv, iv, ll. 46-51.
- [1135:2] The following Advertisement was issued on a separate sheet:—  
 London, April 16. / *This day was Published.* / Printed on Wove Paper, and Hot-Pressed, / Price 5s. in Boards,—Fools-cap 8 vo. / POEMS / ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, by / S. T. COLERIDGE, / Late of Jesus College, Cambridge. / **London:** Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, Pater-Noster Row, and / J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol; and to be had of the / PUBLISHERS of the WATCHMAN / 1796. /
- [1136:1] From 'An Evening Address to a Nightingale', by Cuthbert Shaw—Anderson's *British Poets*, xi. 564.
- [1136:2] 'Why may not LANGHORNE, simple in his lay,  
*Effusion on Effusion, pour away?*'  
*The Candidate*, ll. 41-2.
- [1140:1] The ancient little Wits wrote many poems in the shape of Eggs, Altars, and Axes. (*MS. Note by S. T. C.*)
- [1140:2] The title of the volume is 'Sonnets and Odes, by Henry Francis Cary. Author of an Irregular Ode to General Elliot. London 1787.'  
 Lines 6-9 of the Sonnet read thus:—  
 From him deriv'd who shun'd and spurn'd the throng  
 And warbled sweet, thy Brooks and streams among,  
 Lonely Valclusa! and that heir of Fame  
 Our English Milton—  
 Line 14 reads:—  
 A grandeur, grace and spirit all their own.  
 The Poems were the first publication of 'Dante' Cary, then a boy of fifteen, whom Coleridge first met at Muddiford in October, 1816, and whose translation of the *Divina Commedia* he helped to make famous.
- [1141:1] The three Sonnets of Bowles are not in any Edition since the last quarto pamphlet of his Sonnets. (*MS. Note by S. T. C.*)
- [1144:1] Ossian.
- [1146:1] Compare *The Pursuits of Literature*, Dialogue 1, lines 50, 55, 56.  
 The self-supported melancholy Gray

With his high spirit strove the master bard,  
And was his own *exceeding great* reward.

The first Dialogue was published in May 1794. The lines on Gray may have suggested Coleridge's quotation from Genesis, chap. xv, ver. 1, which is supplied in a footnote to line 56.

- [1150:1] The 'Eolian Harp', with the title 'Effusion xxxv. Composed August 20, 1795, at Clevedon, Somersetshire', was first published in 1796, and included as 'Composed at Clevedon' in 1797 and 1803. It is possible that it may have been originally printed in a newspaper.
- [1150:2] The fourth and last edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* was issued in 1805.
- [1151:1] The List numbers thirty, and of these not more than twenty are strictly speaking *Errata*. Of the remainder the greater number are textual corrections, emendations, and afterthoughts.
- [1151:2] The allusion is to the prolonged and embittered controversy between Coleridge and his friends at Bristol, who had printed his works and advanced him various sums of money on the security of the sheets as printed and the future sale of the works when published. They were angry with him for postponing completion of these works, and keeping them out of their money, and he was naturally and reasonably indignant at the excessive sum charged for paper and printing. The fact was that they had done and intended to do him a kindness, but that in so far as it was a business transaction he suffered at their hands.
- [1151:3] The title of these Iambic lines is 'Relictis Aliis Studiis Philosophiam Epicuream amplectitur'.
- [1151:4] Ben Jonson, vide *ante*, p. 1118.
- [1151:5] Vide *ante*, pp. 419, 420.
- [1169:1] See Wordsworth's *P. W.* 1896, in. 21: *The Small Celandine*, ll. 21, 22.

[1178]

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

### No. I

#### POEMS FIRST PUBLISHED IN NEWSPAPERS OR PERIODICALS

##### *The Cambridge Intelligencer.*

Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross, formerly the House of the Man of Ross	Sept. 27, 1794
Absence	Oct. 11, 1794
Sonnet [Anna and Harland]	Oct. 25, 1794
Sonnet [Genevieve]	Nov. 1, 1794
To a Young Man of Fortune, &c.	Dec. 17, 1796
Ode for the Last Day of the Year, 1796	Dec. 31, 1796
Parliamentary Oscillators	Jan. 6, 1798

##### *The Morning Chronicle.*

To Fortune	Nov. 7, 1793
Elegy [Elegy imitated from Akenside]	Sept. 23, 1794
Epitaph on an Infant. 'Ere sin could blight', &c.	Sept. 23, 1794
<i>Sonnets on Eminent Characters.</i>	
i. To the Honourable Mr. Erskine	Dec. 1, 1794
ii. Burke	Dec. 9, 1794
iii. Priestley	Dec. 11, 1794
iv. La Fayette	Dec. 15, 1794
v. Kosciusko	Dec. 16, 1794
vi. Pitt	Dec. 23, 1794
vii. To the Rev. W. L. Bowles	Dec. 26, 1794
viii. Mrs. Siddons	Dec. 29, 1794
ix. To William Godwin	Jan. 10, 1795
x. To Robert Southey	Jan. 14, 1795
xi. To Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.	Jan. 29, 1795
To Lord Stanhope	Jan. 31, 1795
Address to a Young Jack Ass and its tethered Mother, In Familiar Verse	Dec. 30, 1794

##### *The Watchman.*

No. 1. To a Young Lady with a Poem on the French Revolution	Mar. 1, 1796
No. 2. Casimir. Ad Lyram. Imitation. 'The solemn-breathing air', &c.	Mar. 9, 1796
No. 3. Elegy. 'Near the lone Pile', &c.	Mar. 17, 1796

	The Hour when we shall meet again. 'Dim hour', &c.	Mar. 17, 1796
	No. 4. 'The early Year's fast-flying Vapours stray' A Morning Effusion. 'Ye Gales', &c.	Mar. 25, 1796 Mar. 25, 1796
[1179]	No. 5. To Mercy. 'Not always should the Tears', &c. Recollection. 'As the tir'd savage', &c.	Apr. 2, 1796 Apr. 2, 1796
	No. 6. Lines on Observing a Blossom on the First of February, 1796. 'Sweet Flower that peeping', &c.	Apr. 11, 1796
	No. 8. To a Primrose. 'Thy smiles I note', &c.	Apr. 27, 1796
	No. 9. Epitaph on an Infant. [Reprinted from the <i>Morning Chronicle</i> , Sept. 23, 1794.] 'Ere Sin could blight', &c.	May 5, 1796

*The Monthly Magazine.*

	On a Late Connubial Rupture, (ii, p. 647)	Sept. 1796
	Reflections on Entering into Active Life, (ii, p. 732.) 'Low was our pretty Cot', &c.	Oct. 1796
	Sonnets attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers, (iv, p. 374)	Nov. 1797

*The Annual Register.*

	Lines to a Beautiful Spring in a Village, (xxxviii, pp. 494-5)	1796
	Tranquillity, An Ode. (xliii, pp. 525-6)	1801
	Stanzas Addressed to a Lady on Her Recovery from a severe attack of Pain. (The Two Founts.) (lxix, pp. 537-8)	1827

*The Morning Post.*

	To an Unfortunate Woman in the Back Seats of the Boxes at the Theatre. 'Maiden that with sullen brow'	Dec. 7, 1797
	Melancholy: A Fragment	Dec. 12, 1797
	Fire, Famine, and Slaughter: A War Eclogue	Jan. 8, 1798
	The Old Man of the Alps.	Mar. 8, 1798
	The Raven	Mar. 10, 1798
	Lines Imitated from Catullus. 'My Lesbia', &c.	Apr. 11, 1798
	Lewti, or the Circassian Love Chant	Apr. 13, 1798
	The Recantation: An Ode	Apr. 16, 1798
	Moriens Superstiti. 'The hour-bell sounds', &c.	May 10, 1798
	A Tale. [Recantation. Illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox]	July 30, 1798
	The British Stripling's War-Song	Aug. 24, 1799
	The Devil's Thoughts	Sept. 6, 1799
	Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode	Sept. 17, 1799
	Lines Composed in a Concert Room	Sept. 24, 1799
	To a Young Lady. 'Why need I say', &c.	Dec. 9, 1799
	Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié	Dec. 21, 1799
	Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire	Dec. 24, 1799
	A Christmas Carol	Dec. 25, 1799
	Talleyrand to Lord Granville	Jan. 10, 1800
	The Mad Monk	Oct. 13, 1800
	Inscription for a Seat by the Road-side, &c.	Oct. 21, 1800
	Alcaeus to Sappho	Nov. 24, 1800
[1180]	The Two Round Spaces: A Skeltoniad	Dec. 4, 1800
	On Revisiting the Sea Shore	Sept. 15, 1801
	Tranquillity, An Ode	Dec. 4, 1801
	The Picture, or The Lover's Resolution	Sept. 6, 1802
	Chamouni. The Hour before Sunrise. A Hymn	Sept. 11, 1802
	The Keepsake	Sept. 17, 1802
	How seldom Friend, &c. [The Good Great Man]	Sept. 23, 1802
	Inscription on a Jutting Stone over a Spring	Sept. 24, 1802
	Dejection: An Ode	Oct. 4, 1802
	Ode to the Rain	Oct. 7, 1802
	France: An Ode	Oct. 14, 1802
	The Language of Birds. 'Do you ask, what the Birds say?' &c.	Oct. 16, 1802
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3. On an Amorous Doctor. *Ibid.*, *ibid.*
4. 'Of smart pretty Fellows', &c. *Ibid.*, p. 159.
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Each Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf	<a href="#">968</a>
Each crime that once estranges from the virtues	<a href="#">1011</a>
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother	<a href="#">327</a>
Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan	<a href="#">76</a>
Encinctured with a twine of leaves	<a href="#">287</a>
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay (1803)	<a href="#">389</a>
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay (1806)	<a href="#">401</a>
Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade	<a href="#">68</a>
Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no	<a href="#">419</a>
Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus	<a href="#">981</a>
Farewell, parental scenes! a sad farewell	<a href="#">29</a>
Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth	<a href="#">402</a>
Fear no more, thou timid Flower	<a href="#">356</a>
'Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?	<a href="#">441</a>
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like	<a href="#">1085</a> , <a href="#">1086</a>
Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?	<a href="#">984</a>
For ever in the world of Fame	<a href="#">1013</a>
Frail creatures are we all! To be the best	<a href="#">486</a>
Friend, Lover, Husband, Sister, Brother	<a href="#">392</a>
Friend of the wise! and Teacher of the Good	<a href="#">403</a>
Friend pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt	<a href="#">1008</a>
Friends should be <i>weigh'd</i> , not <i>told</i> ; who boasts to have won	<a href="#">963</a>
From his brimstone bed at break of day	<a href="#">319</a>
From me, Aurelia! you desired	<a href="#">966</a>
From Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart	<a href="#">952</a>
From yonder tomb of recent date	<a href="#">955</a>
Gently I took that which ungently came	<a href="#">488</a>
Γνώθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime	<a href="#">487</a>
Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee	<a href="#">1016</a>
God be with thee, gladsome Ocean	<a href="#">359</a>
Gōd is oŭr Strēngth ānd oŭr Rēfūge	<a href="#">326</a>
God no distance knows	<a href="#">989</a>
God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all	<a href="#">490</a>
God's Image, Sister of the Cherubim	<a href="#">994</a>
Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire	<a href="#">969</a>
Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better	<a href="#">96</a>
Grant me a Patron, gracious Heaven! whene'er	<a href="#">995</a>
Great goddesses are they to lazy folks	<a href="#">1008</a>
Hail! festal Easter that dost bring	<a href="#">1</a>
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star	<a href="#">376</a> , <a href="#">1074</a>
He too has flitted from his secret nest	<a href="#">457</a>
Hear, my belovéd, an old Milesian story	<a href="#">307</a>
Hear, sweet Spirit, hear the spell	<a href="#">420</a> , <a href="#">552</a> , <a href="#">849</a>
Heard'st thou yon universal cry	<a href="#">10</a>
Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony	<a href="#">28</a>
Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe	<a href="#">157</a>

Hence! thou fiend of gloomy sway	<a href="#">34</a>
Her attachment may differ from yours in degree	<a href="#">484</a>
Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses	<a href="#">983</a>
Here lies a Poet; or what once was he	<a href="#">1089</a>
Here lies the Devil—ask no other name	<a href="#">964</a>
Here sleeps at length, poor Col., and without screaming	<a href="#">970</a>
High o'er the rocks at night I rov'd	<a href="#">1050</a> , <a href="#">1051</a>
High o'er the silver rocks I rov'd	<a href="#">1049</a>
Hippona lets no silly flush	<a href="#">955</a>
His native accents to her stranger's ear	<a href="#">1011</a>
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead	<a href="#">1005</a>
Hoarse Maevious reads his hobbling verse	<a href="#">955</a>
How long will ye round me be swelling	<a href="#">39</a>
How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits	<a href="#">381</a>
'How sweet, when crimson colours dart	<a href="#">353</a>
How warm this woodland wild Recess	<a href="#">409</a>
Hush! ye clamorous Cares! be mute	<a href="#">92</a>
I ask'd my fair one happy day	<a href="#">318</a>
I fancy whenever I spy Nosy	<a href="#">953</a>
I from the influence of thy Looks receive	<a href="#">999</a>
I have experienced the worst the world can wreak on me	<a href="#">1004</a>
I have heard of reasons manifold	<a href="#">418</a>
I heard a voice from Etna's side	<a href="#">347</a>
I heard a voice pealing loud triumph to-day	<a href="#">1014</a>
I hold of all our viperous race	<a href="#">959</a>
I know it is dark; and though I have lain	<a href="#">382</a>
I know 'tis but a dream, yet feel more anguish	<a href="#">998</a>
I love, and he loves me again	<a href="#">1118</a>
I mix in life, and labour to seem free	<a href="#">292</a>
I never saw the man whom you describe	<a href="#">182</a>
I note the moods and feelings men betray	<a href="#">448</a>
I sigh, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate	<a href="#">152</a>
I stand alone, nor tho' my heart should break	<a href="#">1010</a>
I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw	<a href="#">315</a>
I too a sister had! too cruel Death	<a href="#">21</a>
I touch this scar upon my skull behind	<a href="#">984</a>
I wish on earth to sing	<a href="#">1017</a>
I yet remain To mourn	<a href="#">1124</a>
If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom	<a href="#">425</a>
If fair by Nature	<a href="#">1012</a>
If I had but two little wings	<a href="#">313</a>
If Love be dead	<a href="#">475</a>
If Pegasus will let <i>thee</i> only ride him	<a href="#">21</a>
If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit	<a href="#">954</a>
If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light	<a href="#">386</a>
If while my passion I impart	<a href="#">58</a>
Imagination, honourable aims	<a href="#">396</a>
Imagination, Mistress of my Love	<a href="#">49</a>
In a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer	<a href="#">993</a>
In darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock	<a href="#">990</a>
In Köhln, a town of monks and bones	<a href="#">477</a>
In many ways does the full heart reveal	<a href="#">462</a>
In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes	<a href="#">974</a>
In the corner <i>one</i>	<a href="#">1012</a>
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column	<a href="#">308</a>
In this world we dwell among the tombs	<a href="#">991</a>
In vain I praise thee, Zoilus	<a href="#">966</a>
In vain I supplicate the Powers above	<a href="#">1087</a>
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	<a href="#">297</a>
It is an ancient Mariner	<a href="#">187</a>
It is an ancyent Marinere	<a href="#">1030</a>
It may indeed be phantasy, when I	<a href="#">429</a>
It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breath'd	<a href="#">87</a>
Its balmy lips the infant blest	<a href="#">417</a>
Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing	<a href="#">958</a>
Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground	<a href="#">971</a>
Jack Snipe	<a href="#">982</a>



Jem writes his verses with more speed	<a href="#">956</a>
Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace	<a href="#">6</a>
Kayser! to whom, as to a second self	<a href="#">490</a>
Know thou who walk'st by, Man! that wrapp'd up in lead, man	<a href="#">961</a>
Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow	<a href="#">311</a>
Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same	<a href="#">392</a>
Last Monday all the Papers said	<a href="#">956</a>
Leanness, disquietude, and secret Pangs	<a href="#">990</a>
Lest after this life it should prove my sad story	<a href="#">1090</a>
Let clumps of earth, however glorified	<a href="#">1008</a>
Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar	<a href="#">1001</a>
Let those whose low delights to Earth are given	<a href="#">427</a>
Light cargoes waft of modulated Sound	<a href="#">988</a>
Like a lone Arab, old and blind	<a href="#">488</a>
Like a mighty Giantess	<a href="#">991</a>
Little Miss Fanny	<a href="#">987</a>
Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves	<a href="#">33</a>
Lov'd the same Love, and hated the same hate	<a href="#">994</a>
Lovely gems of radiance meek	<a href="#">17</a>
Low was our pretty Cot! our tallest Rose	<a href="#">106</a>
Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!	<a href="#">979</a>
Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve	<a href="#">19</a>
Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth	<a href="#">66</a>
Maiden, that with sullen brow	<a href="#">171</a>
Mark this holy chapel well	<a href="#">309</a>
Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune played	<a href="#">374</a>
Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night	<a href="#">5</a>
Money, I've heard a wise man say	<a href="#">972</a>
Most candid critic, what if I	<a href="#">962</a>
Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn	<a href="#">433</a>
Much on my early youth I love to dwell	<a href="#">64</a>
My dearest Dawtie	<a href="#">984</a>
My eyes make pictures, when they are shut	<a href="#">385</a>
My father confessor is strict and holy	<a href="#">969</a>
My heart has thanked thee, Bowles! for those soft strains	<a href="#">84, 85</a>
My heart seraglios a whole host of Joys	<a href="#">990</a>
My Lesbia, let us love and live	<a href="#">60</a>
My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation	<a href="#">341</a>
My Maker! of thy power the trace	<a href="#">423</a>
My Merry men all, that drink with glee	<a href="#">979</a>
My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined	<a href="#">100, 1021</a>
Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped	<a href="#">172</a>
Names do not always meet with Love	<a href="#">997</a>
Nature wrote Rascal on his face	<a href="#">991</a>
Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?	<a href="#">418</a>
Near the lone pile with ivy overspread	<a href="#">69</a>
Never, believe me	<a href="#">310</a>
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day	<a href="#">264</a>
No cold shall thee benumb	<a href="#">1015</a>
No doleful faces here, no sighing	<a href="#">954</a>
No more my visionary soul shall dwell	<a href="#">68</a>
No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope	<a href="#">460</a>
No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high	<a href="#">1004</a>
No private grudge they need, no personal spite	<a href="#">972</a>
Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest	<a href="#">824</a>
Nor travels my meandering eye	<a href="#">97</a>
Not always should the Tear's ambrosial dew	<a href="#">83</a>
Not hers To win the sense by words of rhetoric	<a href="#">1007</a>
Not, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name	<a href="#">89</a>
Nothing speaks our mind so well	<a href="#">975</a>
Now! It is gone—our brief hours travel post	<a href="#">974</a>
Now prompts the Muse poetic lays	<a href="#">13</a>
O —! O —! of you we complain	<a href="#">977</a>
O beauty in a beauteous body dight	<a href="#">999</a>

[1193]

[1194]

O! Christmas Day, Oh! happy day!	<a href="#">460</a>
O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind	<a href="#">443</a>
O form'd t'illuminate a sunless world forlorn	<a href="#">86</a>
O Friend! O Teacher! God's great Gift to me	<a href="#">1081</a>
O! I do love thee, meek <i>Simplicity</i>	<a href="#">210</a>
O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease	<a href="#">435</a>
O leave the Lily on its stem	<a href="#">1053</a>
O man! thou half-dead Angel!	<a href="#">994</a>
O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze	<a href="#">16</a>
O mercy, O me, miserable man	<a href="#">1005</a>
O Muse who sangest late another's pain	<a href="#">18</a>
O Peace, that on a lilyed bank dost love	<a href="#">94</a>
O! Superstition is the giant shadow	<a href="#">1007</a>
O th' Oppressive, irksome weight	<a href="#">1000</a>
O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more	<a href="#">51</a>
O thron'd in Heav'n! Sole King of kings	<a href="#">438</a>
O what a loud and fearful shriek was there	<a href="#">82</a>
O what a wonder seems the fear of death	<a href="#">125</a>
O would the Baptist come again	<a href="#">959</a>
O'er the raised earth the gales of evening sigh	<a href="#">996</a>
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule	<a href="#">481</a>
O'erhung with yew, midway the Muses mount	<a href="#">1003</a>
Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie	<a href="#">961</a>
Of late, in one of those most weary hours	<a href="#">478</a>
Of one scrap of science I've evidence ocular	<a href="#">985</a>
Of smart pretty Fellows in Bristol are numbers, some	<a href="#">952</a>
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll	<a href="#">153</a>
Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee	<a href="#">388</a>
Oh! might my ill-past hours return again	<a href="#">7</a>
Oh! the procrastinating idle rogue	<a href="#">817</a>
Old age, 'the shape and messenger of Death'	<a href="#">989</a>
Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air	<a href="#">965</a>
On nothing, Fanny, shall I write?	<a href="#">973</a>
On stern Blencartha's perilous height	<a href="#">347</a>
On the broad mountain-top	<a href="#">992</a>
On the sky with liquid openings of Blue	<a href="#">1109</a>
On the tenth day of September	<a href="#">1084</a>
On the wide level of a mountain's head	<a href="#">419</a>
On wide or narrow scale shall Man	<a href="#">30</a>
Or Wren or Linnet	<a href="#">1002</a>
Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee	<a href="#">1018</a>
Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze	<a href="#">17</a>
Once more! sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near	<a href="#">58</a>
One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd	<a href="#">63</a>
Oppress'd, confused, with grief and pain	<a href="#">436</a>
Our English poets, bad and good, agree	<a href="#">968</a>
Outmalic'd Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue	<a href="#">989</a>
Over the broad, the shallow, rapid stream	<a href="#">998</a>
Pains ventral, subventral	<a href="#">985</a>
Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn	<a href="#">71</a>
Parry seeks the Polar ridge	<a href="#">972</a>
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night	<a href="#">963</a>
Pensive at eve on the <i>hard</i> world I mus'd	<a href="#">209</a>
Perish warmth	<a href="#">989</a>
Phidias changed marble into feet and legs	<a href="#">984</a>
Pity! mourn in plaintive tone	<a href="#">61</a>
Plucking flowers from the Galaxy	<a href="#">978</a>
Pluto commanded death to take away	<a href="#">957</a>
Poor little Foal of an oppressed race	<a href="#">74</a>
Promptress of unnumber'd sighs	<a href="#">55</a>
Quae linguam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes	<a href="#">462</a>
Quoth Dick to me, as once at College	<a href="#">414</a>
Repeating Such verse as Bowles	<a href="#">977</a>
Resembles life what once was deem'd of light	<a href="#">394</a>
Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards	<a href="#">57</a>
Rush on my ear, a cataract of sound	<a href="#">990</a>

[1195]

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling	<a href="#">416</a>
Said William to Edmund I can't guess the reason	<a href="#">951</a>
Say what you will, Ingenious Youth	<a href="#">954</a>
Scarce any scandal, but has a handle	<a href="#">965</a>
Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die	<a href="#">72</a>
Sea-ward, white gleaming thro' the busy scud	<a href="#">997</a>
Semper Elisa! mihi tu suaveolentia donas	<a href="#">1010</a>
Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng	<a href="#">5</a>
She gave with joy her virgin breast	<a href="#">306</a>
'She's secret as the grave, allow!'	<a href="#">971</a>
Since all that beat about in Nature's range	<a href="#">455</a>
Sing, impassionate Soul! of Mohammed the complicate story	<a href="#">1016</a>
Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel	<a href="#">93</a>
Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?	<a href="#">237</a>
Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling	<a href="#">417</a>
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions	<a href="#">957</a>
Smooth, shining, and deceitful as thin Ice	<a href="#">990</a>
So great the charms of Mrs. Mundy	<a href="#">976</a>
So Mr. Baker heart did pluck	<a href="#">973</a>
Sole maid, associate sole, to me beyond	<a href="#">1004</a>
Sole Positive of Night	<a href="#">431</a>
Some are home-sick—some two or three	<a href="#">443</a>
Some, Thelwall! to the Patriot's meed aspire	<a href="#">1090</a>
Some whim or fancy pleases every eye	<a href="#">970</a>
Songs of Shepherds and rustical Roundelays	<a href="#">1018</a>
Southey! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear	<a href="#">87</a>
Speak out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose	<a href="#">958</a>
Spirit who sweepst the wild Harp of Time	<a href="#">160</a>
Splendour's fondly-fostered child	<a href="#">335</a>
Stanhope! I hail, with ardent Hymn, thy name	<a href="#">89</a>
Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God	<a href="#">491, 1088</a>
Stranger! whose eyes a look of pity shew	<a href="#">248</a>
Stretch'd on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall	<a href="#">73</a>
Strong spirit-bidding sounds	<a href="#">399</a>
Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows	<a href="#">307</a>
Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye	<a href="#">991</a>
Such love as mourning Husbands have	<a href="#">998</a>
Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing	<a href="#">960</a>
Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem	<a href="#">148</a>
Sweet Gift! and always doth Elisa send	<a href="#">1009</a>
Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled	<a href="#">93</a>
Sweet Muse! companion of my every hour	<a href="#">16</a>

Tell me, on what holy ground	<a href="#">71, 501</a>
Terrible and loud	<a href="#">991</a>
That darling of the Tragic Muse	<a href="#">67</a>
That France has put us oft to rout	<a href="#">968</a>
That Jealousy may rule a mind	<a href="#">484</a>
The angel's like a flea	<a href="#">1009</a>
The body, Eternal Shadow of the finite Soul	<a href="#">1001</a>
The Brook runs over sea-weeds	<a href="#">992</a>
The builder left one narrow rent	<a href="#">1003</a>
The butterfly the ancient Grecians made	<a href="#">412</a>
The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar	<a href="#">653</a>
The Devil believes that the Lord will come	<a href="#">353</a>
The dubious light sad glimmers o'er the sky	<a href="#">36</a>
The dust flies smothering, as on clatt'ring wheel	<a href="#">56</a>
The early Year's fast-flying vapours stray	<a href="#">148</a>
The fervid Sun had more than halv'd the day	<a href="#">24</a>
The Fox, and Statesman subtile wiles ensure	<a href="#">1089</a>
The Frost performs its secret ministry	<a href="#">240</a>
The grapes upon the Vicar's wall	<a href="#">276</a>
The guilty pomp, consuming while it flares	<a href="#">990</a>
The hour-bell sounds, and I must go	<a href="#">61</a>
The indignant Bard composed this furious ode	<a href="#">27</a>
The mild despairing of a Heart resigned	<a href="#">991</a>
The Moon, how definite its orb	<a href="#">997</a>
The piteous sobs that choke the Virgin's breath	<a href="#">155</a>
The Pleasures sport beneath the thatch	<a href="#">997</a>
The poet in his lone yet genial hour	<a href="#">345</a>

[1196]

The reed roof'd village still bepatch'd with snow	<a href="#">1002</a>
The rose that blushes like the morn	<a href="#">973</a>
The shepherds went their hasty way	<a href="#">338</a>
The silence of a City, how awful at Midnight	<a href="#">999</a>
The singing Kettle and the purring Cat	<a href="#">1003</a>
The sole true Something—This! In Limbo's Den	<a href="#">429</a>
The solemn-breathing air is ended	<a href="#">59</a>
The spruce and limber yellow-hammer	<a href="#">1002</a>
The stars that wont to start, as on a chace	<a href="#">486</a>
The stream with languid murmur creeps	<a href="#">38</a>
The subtle snow	<a href="#">993</a>
The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink)	<a href="#">990</a>
'The Sun is not yet risen	<a href="#">469</a>
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises	<a href="#">1010</a>
The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall	<a href="#">993</a>
The swallows Interweaving there	<a href="#">992</a>
The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry	<a href="#">20</a>
The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil	<a href="#">345</a>
The tongue can't speak when the mouth is cramm'd with earth	<a href="#">994</a>
Then Jerome did call	<a href="#">1019</a>
There are, I am told, who sharply criticise	<a href="#">816</a>
There are two births, the one when Light	<a href="#">362</a>
There comes from old Avaro's grave	<a href="#">954</a>
There in some darksome shade	<a href="#">1018</a>
Thicker than rain-drops on November thorn	<a href="#">1010</a>
This be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo	<a href="#">391</a>
This day among the faithful plac'd	<a href="#">176</a>
This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case	<a href="#">981</a>
This is now—this was erst	<a href="#">22</a>
This is the time, when most divine to hear	<a href="#">108</a>
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees	<a href="#">381</a>
This way or that, ye Powers above me	<a href="#">974</a>
This yearning heart (Love! witness what I say)	<a href="#">362</a>
Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress	<a href="#">72</a>
Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile	<a href="#">47</a>
Thou who in youthful vigour rich, and light	<a href="#">349</a>
Though friendships differ endless <i>in degree</i>	<a href="#">1012</a>
Tho' Miss ——'s match is a subject of mirth	<a href="#">952</a>
Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker	<a href="#">37</a>
Tho' no bold flights to thee belong	<a href="#">9</a>
Though rous'd by that dark Vizir Riot rude	<a href="#">81</a>
Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath	<a href="#">450</a>
Three truths should make thee often think and pause	<a href="#">966</a>
Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood	<a href="#">369</a>
Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme	<a href="#">78</a>
Thus she said, and all around	<a href="#">1015</a>
Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name	<a href="#">960</a>
Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast	<a href="#">960</a>
Thy smiles I note, sweet early Flower	<a href="#">149</a>
Thy stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow	<a href="#">994</a>
'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try	<a href="#">26</a>
'Tis mine and it is likewise yours	<a href="#">997</a>
'Tis not the lily-brow I prize	<a href="#">483</a>
'Tis sweet to him who all the week	<a href="#">314</a>
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock	<a href="#">215</a>
'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane	<a href="#">413</a>
To be ruled like a Frenchman the Briton is both	<a href="#">953</a>
To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part	<a href="#">410</a>
To praise men as good, and to take them for such	<a href="#">486</a>
To tempt the dangerous deep, too venturous youth	<a href="#">2</a>
To wed a fool, I really cannot see	<a href="#">963</a>
Tom Hill, who laughs at Cares and Woes	<a href="#">974</a>
Tom Slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems	<a href="#">967</a>
Tranquillity! thou better name	<a href="#">360</a>
Trôchêe trîps frôm long tō shôrt	<a href="#">401</a>
Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way	<a href="#">1008</a>
'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be	<a href="#">454</a>
'Twas not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud	<a href="#">1000</a>
'Twas sweet to know it only possible	<a href="#">992</a>

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation	<a href="#">964</a>
Two wedded hearts, if ere were such	<a href="#">1003</a>
Unboastful Bard! whose verse concise yet clear	<a href="#">102</a>
Unchanged within, to see all changed without	<a href="#">459</a>
Under the arms of a goodly oak-tree	<a href="#">1048</a>
Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie	<a href="#">962</a>
Underneath an old oak tree	<a href="#">169</a>
Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk	<a href="#">70</a>
Unperishing youth	<a href="#">308</a>
Up, up! ye dames, and lasses gay	<a href="#">427</a>
Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay	<a href="#">942</a>
Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting	<a href="#">393</a>
Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed	<a href="#">329</a>
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying	<a href="#">439</a>
Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay	<a href="#">482</a>
Verse, that Breeze mid blossoms straying	<a href="#">1085</a>
Virtues and Woes alike too great for man	<a href="#">37</a>
Vivit sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita	<a href="#">56</a>
Water and windmills, greenness, Islets green	<a href="#">1009</a>
We both attended the same College	<a href="#">955</a>
We pledged our hearts, my love and I	<a href="#">391</a>
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made	<a href="#">362, 1076</a>
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain	<a href="#">178</a>
We've conquer'd us a Peace, like lads true metalled	<a href="#">972</a>
We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last	<a href="#">972</a>
What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal	<a href="#">1010</a>
What boots to tell how o'er his grave	<a href="#">1011</a>
What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole	<a href="#">963</a>
What never is, but only is to be	<a href="#">999</a>
What now, O Man! thou dost or mean'st to do	<a href="#">414</a>
What pleasures shall he ever find	<a href="#">4</a>
What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus	<a href="#">476</a>
Whate'er thou giv'st, it still is sweet to me	<a href="#">1010</a>
When British Freedom for an happier land	<a href="#">79</a>
When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt	<a href="#">1004</a>
When Surface talks of other people's worth	<a href="#">969</a>
When the squalls were flitting and fleering	<a href="#">980</a>
When they did greet me father, sudden awe	<a href="#">152</a>
When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still	<a href="#">966</a>
When thou to my true-love com'st	<a href="#">326</a>
When thy Beauty appears	<a href="#">1016</a>
When Youth his faery reign began	<a href="#">62</a>
Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee	<a href="#">487</a>
Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles	<a href="#">988</a>
Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream	<a href="#">35</a>
Where graced with many a classic spoil	<a href="#">29</a>
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn	<a href="#">432</a>
Where true Love burns Desire is love's pure flame	<a href="#">485</a>
Where'er I find the Good, the True, the Fair	<a href="#">1011</a>
Wherefore art thou come?	<a href="#">989</a>
While my young cheek retains its healthful hues	<a href="#">236</a>
Whilst pale Anxiety, corrosive Care	<a href="#">69</a>
Whom should I choose for my Judge?	<a href="#">1000</a>
Whom the untaught Shepherds call	<a href="#">40</a>
Why is my Love like the Sun?	<a href="#">1109</a>
Why need I say, Louisa dear	<a href="#">252</a>
William, my teacher, my friend	<a href="#">304</a>
Wisdom, Mother of retired Thought	<a href="#">991</a>
With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots	<a href="#">433</a>
With many a pause and oft reverted eye	<a href="#">94</a>
With many a weary step at length I gain	<a href="#">56</a>
With secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound	<a href="#">988</a>
With skill that never Alchemist yet told	<a href="#">995</a>
Within these circling hollies woodbine-clad	<a href="#">409</a>
Within these wilds was Anna wont to rove	<a href="#">16</a>

[1198]

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause	<a href="#">243</a>
Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free	<a href="#">978</a>
Ye fowls of ill presage	<a href="#">1017</a>
Ye Gales, that of the Lark's repose	<a href="#">35</a>
Ye harp-controlling hymns	<a href="#">1006</a>
Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse	<a href="#">8</a>
Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high	<a href="#">317</a>
Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat	<a href="#">466</a>
Yet art thou happier far than she	<a href="#">62</a>
Yon row of bleak and visionary pines	<a href="#">1006</a>
You're careful o'er your wealth 'tis true	<a href="#">958</a>
You come from o'er the waters	<a href="#">987</a>
You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?	<a href="#">421</a>
You mould my Hopes, you fashion me within	<a href="#">1002</a>
Your Poem must <i>eternal</i> be	<a href="#">959</a>

Oxford: Horace Hart, Printer to the University

## TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES:

Pages xxviii and 494 are blank in the original.

Ellipses in the text are represented as in the original. Ellipses in poetry are indicated by a row of asterisks.

Changes have been made to the text to reflect the corrections mentioned in the Errata listings on page xxvi of Vol. I. and on page viii of Vol. II. The Errata listings are included for completeness.

The quotation marks in THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE are exactly as printed in the original.

Inconsistencies in spelling, hyphenation, and accents have been left as in the original.

The following corrections have been made to the text:

page xiii: V. Koskiusko. [MS. *Letter*, Dec. 17, 1794.] {original is missing period and has closing parenthesis instead of bracket}

page xvii: Youth and Age. [MS. S. T. C.:{original is missing period after C} MSS. (1, 2) Notebook.]

page 51: 28 gleam] gleams *1796, 1797, 1803*{original has 11803}, *1893*.

page 207: When the ivy-tod{original has ivv-tod} is heavy

page 218: [Lines 82, 83, . . . palfrey white.]{ending bracket is missing in original}

page 237: 20 *Both*] FAMINE *M*.{period missing in original} *P*.

page 256: Title] Fears &c. Written, April 1798, during the Alarms of an Invasion *MS*.{original has extraneous comma} *W*.

page 328: Deep was the shudder, O Earth!{exclamation point missing in original}

page 368: Dear Lady!{exclamation point missing in original} friend devoutest

page 376: (1) *MS. A*, sent to Sir George Beaumont, Oct. 1803 (see *Coleorton Letters*){ending parenthesis is missing in original}, 1886, i. 26;

page 442: "{quotation mark missing in original}Thus, long accustom'd

page 445: 'I guess we shall have rain to-day!'{quotation mark missing in original}

Footnote [133:1] Balda-Zhiok, i. e.{period missing in original}  
mons altitudinis

Footnote [256:1] alarm respecting the threatened invasion.  
{original has extraneous quotation mark}

Footnote [293:1] Coleridge synchronizes the *Dark Ladié* (a poem which he was 'preparing' with the *Christabel*){ending parenthesis is missing in original}].

page 564: Between 19 and 31] And marking that the moonlight came from thence,{original has period}

page 607 (line 137): The soldier's boldness constitutes{original has constitutes} his freedom.

page 718: [56] *Octavio (coldly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*{Note removed as a duplicate of [55].}

page 731: [*Before 72*] *Duchess (anxiously). 1800,*{comma is missing in original} *1828*

page 741: [39] *Wallenstein (with eager expectation).*{period is missing in original} Well?

page 754: [117{original has 17}] *thou*

page 765: *BUTLER and GORDON.*{period is missing in original}

page 771: [*After 9*] [*WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale*]{*original has extraneous closing parenthesis*}.

page 850 (line 91): What if{original has opening parenthesis followed by the word if} (his stedfast eye still beaming pity

page 868: removed superscripted 1 at the end of line 1 as there is no footnote

page 879: [255] and suddenly stabs ORDONIO.{period is missing in original}

page 879: [255] [Note. In his... [For MS. version of this variant see note on p. 597.]]{original is missing second closing bracket}

page 906 (line 181): added the word "Is" at the beginning of the line—verified in *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, published by Harper Brothers, New York, 1854

page 929: [112] *Laska (recovering himself).*{period is missing in original}

page 934 (line 292): devotion is akin to love,{original has period after the comma}

page 982: First collected *P. and D. W.*{*period is missing in original*}

page 1146: {original has unmatched opening bracket}For lines 1-63 vide *ante*, No. III

page 1158: *Apud Athenæum.* {*original has a comma*}

Footnote [598:1] (an undramatic superstition ... pleasing associations, as the Sun and Moon) {original has duplicate word Astrology before and after the material in parentheses}

To maintain consistency, initials referring to manuscripts are spaced throughout the text.

When there is more than one poem on a page, the linenotes in the original repeat the title. This title has been removed. When there is more than one scene on a page, the linenotes in the original repeat the scene number. This number has been removed.

In "The Piccolomini," some of the drama is written in prose. The lines are numbered. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

Act I, Scene VI:

lines 5-6      orders/--no

lines 7-8      counter/manded

Act II, Scene VIII:

lines 23-24 determina/tion

Act II, Scene XII:

lines 5-6 splen/did  
lines 15-16 Tie/fenbach  
lines 31-32 tale-/bearers  
lines 34-35 gold.--/And  
lines 58-59 Rudolph--/a [moved up]  
lines 99-100 Fron/tignac!--Snapped  
lines 111-112 con/fidentially

Act II, Scene XIII:

lines 11-12 me--/talk  
lines 23-24 pre/cedence  
lines 25-26 permission--/Good  
lines 44-45 com/plaint  
lines 46-47 Chaly/beate  
lines 59-60 Mara/das  
lines 65-66 com/pliment!--For  
lines 66-67 re/maining  
lines 68-69 Lieutenant-/General

Act II, Scene XIV:

lines 22-23 brother!--/Hast  
lines 72-73 over-scrupu/lously  
lines 76-77 army-/purveyancer

In the Preface to "The Death of Wallenstein," the lines are numbered. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

lines 1-2 Wallen/stein  
lines 10-11 trans/lated  
lines 12-13 com/parative  
lines 28-29 His/tory  
lines 47-48 Piccolo/mini [moved up]  
lines 61-62 Trans/lator  
lines 68-69 com/pensation

In Act I, Scene I of "The Triumph of Loyalty," the lines are numbered. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

lines 5-6 Cas/tilian  
lines 60-61 judge/ment--she

In Appendix I, part of the poem "Youth and Age" has numbered lines. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

lines 13-14 spark/ling  
lines 16-17 side/--out

In Appendix II, the "Allegoric Vision" has numbered lines. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

lines 26-27 disap/pointments  
lines 59-60 im/mediately  
lines 74-75 pin/ing  
lines 77-78 move/ments  
lines 91-91 sprink/lings  
lines 106-107 extre/mitly  
lines 123-124 some/thing



lines 127-128 uncer/tainty  
 lines 148-149 over/taken [moved up]  
 lines 161-162 demean/our [moved up]  
 lines 170-171 dim-/eyed [moved up]  
 lines 181-182 mys/teries

In Appendix III, the "Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter'" has numbered lines. Where words are hyphenated in the original, the parts have been rejoined and the first part of the word moved down to the beginning of the following line. In the list below, the slash indicates where the hyphen occurs in the original.

lines 2-3 cul/tivated  
 lines 25-26 Anti-/Gallican  
 lines 34-35 com/pensated  
 lines 38-39 illus/trious  
 lines 147-148 appari/tions  
 lines 157-158 imagina/tion [moved up]  
 lines 170-171 con/cluded  
 lines 174-175 epigram/matic [moved up]  
 lines 193-194 occa/sion  
 lines 207-208 re/published  
 lines 251-252 pass/age [moved up]  
 lines 267-268 com/pared  
 lines 278-279 tran/scendant  
 lines 285-286 wil/fully  
 lines 301-302 disposi/tions  
 lines 302-303 punish/ment  
 lines 308-309 hypotheti/cally  
 lines 315-316 calum/niators  
 lines 319-320 anti-/prelatist [moved up]  
 lines 339-340 per/secution  
 lines 353-354 con/tented  
 lines 359-360 tempta/tion  
 lines 361-362 tolera/tion  
 lines 370-371 sup/port  
 lines 378-379 Church-anti/quity [moved up]  
 lines 381-382 church-/communion [moved up]  
 lines 394-395 ex/pressed  
 lines 399-400 inter/miscellant  
 lines 408-409 alle/gorical [moved up]  
 lines 437-438 dun/geoning  
 lines 439-440 con/cerning [moved up]  
 lines 454-455 charac/ters  
 lines 464-465 truth,—/when  
 lines 467-468 main/taining  
 lines 472-473 primi/tive  
 lines 478-479 reli/gious

In the individual entries in the Bibliography, words in bold are in a Gothic font in the original.

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