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*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



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[\[iii\]](#)
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and at the same time to furnish the student with an exhaustive summary of various readings derived from published and unpublished sources, viz.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.

[\[iv\]](#)
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

[v]

[vi]

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.

[vii] An exact reproduction of the text of the 'Ancyent 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 Ancyent Marinere' 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.

[viii]

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'.

[ix]

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.

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.

[x] 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.

CONTENTS OF THE TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

	PAGE
PREFACE	iii
1787	
Easter Holidays. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , May 12, 1787.]	1
Dura Navis. [B. M. Add. MSS. 34,225]	2
Nil Pejus est Caelibe Vitâ. [Boyer's <i>Liber Aureus</i> .]	4
1788	
Sonnet: To the Autumnal Moon	5
1789	
Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital. [MS. O.]	5
Julia. [Boyer's <i>Liber Aureus</i> .]	6
Quae Nocent Docent. [Boyer's <i>Liber Aureus</i> .]	7

[xi]

The Nose. [MS. O.]	8
To the Muse. [MS. O.]	9
Destruction of the Bastile. [MS. O.]	10
Life. [MS. O.]	11

1790

Progress of Vice. [MS. O.: Boyer's <i>Liber Aureus</i> .]	12
Monody on the Death of Chatterton. (First version.) [MS. O.: Boyer's <i>Liber Aureus</i> .]	13
An Invocation. [J. D. C.]	16
Anna and Harland. [MS. J. D. C.]	16
To the Evening Star. [MS. O.]	16
Pain. [MS. O.]	17
On a Lady Weeping. [MS. O. (c).]	17
Monody on a Tea-kettle. [MSS. O., S. T. C.]	18
Genevieve. [MSS. O., E.]	19

1791

On receiving an Account that his Only Sister's Death was Inevitable. [MS. O.]	20
On seeing a Youth Affectionately Welcomed by a Sister	21
A Mathematical Problem. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , March 31, 1791: MS. O. (c).]	21
Honour. [MS. O.]	24
On Imitation. [MS. O.]	26
Inside the Coach. [MS. O.]	26
Devonshire Roads. [MS. O.]	27
Music. [MS. O.]	28
Sonnet: On quitting School for College. [MS. O.]	29
Absence. A Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge. [MS. E.]	29
Happiness. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , June 22, 1791: MS. O. (c).]	30

[xii]

1792

A Wish. Written in Jesus Wood, Feb. 10, 1792. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Feb. 13, [1792].]	33
An Ode in the Manner of Anacreon. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Feb. 13, [1792].]	33
To Disappointment. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Feb. 13, [1792].]	34
A Fragment found in a Lecture-room. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , April [1792], MS. E.]	35
Ode. ('Ye Gales,' &c.) [MS. E.]	35
A Lover's Complaint to his Mistress. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Feb. 13, [1792].]	36
With Fielding's 'Amelia.' [MS. O.]	37
Written after a Walk before Supper. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Aug. 9, [1792].]	37

1793

Imitated from Ossian. [MS. E.]	38
The Complaint of Ninathóma. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Feb. 7, 1793.]	39
Songs of the Pixies. [MS. 4 ^o : MS. E.]	40
The Rose. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , July 28, 1793: MS. (<i>pencil</i>) in Langhorne's <i>Collins</i> : MS. E.]	45
Kisses. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Aug. 5, 1793: MS. (<i>pencil</i>) in Langhorne's <i>Collins</i> : MS. E.]	46
The Gentle Look. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 11. 1794: MS. E.]	47
Sonnet: To the River Otter	48
An Effusion at Evening. Written in August 1792. (First Draft.) [MS. E.]	49
Lines: On an Autumnal Evening	51
To Fortune	54

1794

Perspiration. A Travelling Eclogue. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , July 6, 1794.]	56
[Ave, atque Vale!] ('Vivit sed mihi,' &c.) [MS. <i>Letter</i> , July 13, [1794].]	56
On Bala Hill. [Morrison MSS.]	56
Lines: Written at the King's Arms, Ross, formerly the House of the 'Man of Ross'. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , July 13, 1794: MS. E: Morrison MSS: MS. 4 ^o .]	57
Imitated from the Welsh. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 11, 1794: MS. E.]	58
Lines: To a Beautiful Spring in a Village. [MS. E.]	58
Imitations: Ad Lyram. (Casimir, Book II, Ode 3.) [MS. E.]	59
To Lesbia. [Add. MSS. 27,702]	60
The Death of the Starling. [<i>ibid.</i>]	61
Moriens Superstiti. [<i>ibid.</i>]	61
Morienti Superstes. [<i>ibid.</i>]	62
The Sigh. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Nov. 1794: Morrison MSS: MS. E.]	62
The Kiss. [MS. 4 ^o : MS. E.]	63
To a Young Lady with a Poem on the French Revolution. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Oct. 21, 1794: MS. 4 ^o :	

	MS. E.]	64
	Translation of Wrangham's 'Hendecasyllabi ad Bruntonam e Granta Exituram' [Kal. Oct. MDCCXC]	66
	To Miss Brunton with the preceding Translation	67
	Epitaph on an Infant. ('Ere Sin could blight.')	68
	Pantisocracy. [MSS. <i>Letters</i> , Sept. 18, Oct. 19, 1794: MS. E.]	68
	On the Prospect of establishing a Pantisocracy in America	69
	Elegy: Imitated from one of Akenside's Blank-verse Inscriptions. [(No.) III.]	69
[xiii]	The Faded Flower	70
	The Outcast	71
	Domestic Peace. (From 'The Fall of Robespierre,' Act I, l. 210.)	71
	On a Discovery made too late. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Oct. 21, 1794.]	72
	To the Author of 'The Robbers'	72
	Melancholy. A Fragment. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Aug. 26, 1802.]	73
	To a Young Ass: Its Mother being tethered near it. [MS. Oct. 24, 1794: MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 17, 1794.]	74
	Lines on a Friend who Died of a Frenzy Fever induced by Calumnious Reports. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Nov. 6, 1794: MS. 4 ^o : MS. E.]	76
	To a Friend [Charles Lamb] together with an Unfinished Poem. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 1794]	78
	Sonnets on Eminent Characters: Contributed to the <i>Morning Chronicle</i> , in Dec. 1794 and Jan. 1795:—	
	I. To the Honourable Mr. Erskine	79
	II. Burke. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 11, 1794.]	80
	III. Priestley. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 17, 1794.]	81
	IV. La Fayette	82
	V. Koskiusko. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 17, 1794.]	82
	VI. Pitt	83
	VII. To the Rev. W. L. Bowles. (First Version, printed in <i>Morning Chronicle</i> , Dec. 26, 1794.) [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 11, 1794.]	84
	(Second Version.)	85
	VIII. Mrs. Siddons	85
	1795.	
	IX. To William Godwin, Author of 'Political Justice.' [Lines 9-14, MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 17, 1794.]	86
	X. To Robert Southey of Baliol College, Oxford, Author of the 'Retrospect' and other Poems. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 17, 1794.]	87
	XI. To Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Dec. 9, 1794: MS. E.]	87
	XII. To Lord Stanhope on reading his Late Protest in the House of Lords. [<i>Morning Chronicle</i> , Jan. 31, 1795.]	89
	To Earl Stanhope	89
	Lines: To a Friend in Answer to a Melancholy Letter	90
	To an Infant. [MS. E.]	91
	To the Rev. W. J. Hort while teaching a Young Lady some Song-tunes on his Flute	92
	Pity. [MS. E.]	93
	To the Nightingale	93
	Lines: Composed while climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May 1795	94
	Lines in the Manner of Spenser	94
	The Hour when we shall meet again. (<i>Composed during Illness and in Absence.</i>)	96
	Lines written at Shurton Bars, near Bridgewater, September 1795, in Answer to a Letter from Bristol	96
	The Eolian Harp. Composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire. [MS. R.]	100
	To the Author of Poems [Joseph Cottle] published anonymously at Bristol in September 1795	102
[xiv]	The Silver Thimble. The Production of a Young Lady, addressed to the Author of the Poems alluded to in the preceding Epistle. [MS. R.]	104
	Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement	106
	Religious Musings. [1794-1796.]	108
	Monody on the Death of Chatterton. [1790-1834.]	125
	1796	
	The Destiny of Nations. A Vision	131
	Ver Perpetuum. Fragment from an Unpublished Poem	148
	On observing a Blossom on the First of February 1796	148
	To a Primrose. The First seen in the Season	149
	Verses: Addressed to J. Horne Tooke and the Company who met on June 28, 1796, to celebrate his Poll at the Westminster Election	150
	On a Late Connubial Rupture in High Life [Prince and Princess of Wales]. [MS <i>Letter</i> , July	

4, 1796]	152
Sonnet: On receiving a Letter informing me of the Birth of a Son. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Nov. 1, 1796.]	152
Sonnet: Composed on a Journey Homeward; the Author having received Intelligence of the Birth of a Son, Sept. 20, 1796. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Nov. 1, 1796.]	153
Sonnet: To a Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Nov. 1, 1796]	154
Sonnet: [To Charles Lloyd]	155
To a Young Friend on his proposing to domesticate with the Author. <i>Composed in</i> 1796	155
Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune [C. Lloyd]	157
To a Friend [Charles Lamb] who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry	158
Ode to the Departing Year	160
1797	
The Raven. [MS. S. T. C.]	169
To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre	171
To an Unfortunate Woman whom the Author had known in the days of her Innocence	172
To the Rev. George Coleridge	173
On the Christening of a Friend's Child	176
Translation of a Latin Inscription by the Rev. W. L. Bowles in Nether-Stowey Church	177
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison	178
The Foster-mother's Tale	182
The Dungeon	185
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	186
Sonnets attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers	209
Parliamentary Oscillators	211
Christabel. [For MSS. <i>vide</i> p. 214]	213
Lines to W. L. while he sang a Song to Purcell's Music	236
1798	
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter	237
Frost at Midnight	240
France: An Ode.	243
The Old Man of the Alps	248
[xv] To a Young Lady on her Recovery from a Fever	252
Lewti, or the Circassian Love-chaunt. [For MSS. <i>vide</i> pp. 1049-62]	253
Fears in Solitude. [MS. W.]	256
The Nightingale. A Conversation Poem	264
The Three Graves. [Parts I, II. MS. S. T. C.]	267
The Wanderings of Cain. [MS. S. T. C.]	285
To —	292
The Ballad of the Dark Ladié	293
Kubla Khan	295
Recantation: Illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox	299
1799	
Hexameters. ('William my teacher,' &c.)	304
Translation of a Passage in Ottfried's Metrical Paraphrase of the Gospel	306
Catullian Hendecasyllables	307
The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified	307
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified	308
On a Cataract. [MS. S. T. C.]	308
Tell's Birth-Place	309
The Visit of the Gods	310
From the German. ('Know'st thou the land,' &c.)	311
Water Ballad. [From the French.]	311
On an Infant which died before Baptism. ('Be rather,' &c.) [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Apr. 8, 1799]	312
Something Childish, but very Natural. Written in Germany. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , April 23, 1799.]	313
Home-Sick. Written in Germany. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , May 6, 1799.]	314
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode in the Hartz Forest. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , May 17, 1799.]	315
The British Stripling's War-Song. [Add. MSS. 27,902]	317
Names. [From Lessing.]	318
The Devil's Thoughts. [MS. copy by Derwent Coleridge.]	319
Lines composed in a Concert-room	324
Westphalian Song	326
Hexameters. Paraphrase of Psalm xlvi. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Sept. 29, 1799.]	326
Hymn to the Earth. [Imitated from Stolberg's <i>Hymne an die Erde</i> .] Hexameters	327
Mahomet	329

	Love. [British Museum Add. MSS. No. 27,902: Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS.]	330
	Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, on the Twenty-fourth Stanza in her 'Passage over Mount Gothard'	335
	A Christmas Carol	338
	1800	
	Talleyrand to Lord Grenville. A Metrical Epistle	340
	Apologia pro Vita sua. ('The poet in his lone,' &c.) [MS. Notebook.]	345
	The Keepsake	345
	A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland. [MS. Notebook.]	347
	The Mad Monk	347
[xvi]	Inscription for a Seat by the Road Side half-way up a Steep Hill facing South	349
	A Stranger Minstrel	350
	Alcaeus to Sappho. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Oct. 7, 1800.]	353
	The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Oct. 9, 1800: Add. MSS. 28,322]	353
	The Snow-drop. [MS. S. T. C.]	356
	1801	
	On Revisiting the Sea-shore. [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Aug. 15, 1801: MS. A.]	359
	Ode to Tranquillity	360
	To Asra. [MS. (of <i>Christabel</i>) S. T. C. (c).]	361
	The Second Birth. [MS. Notebook.]	362
	Love's Sanctuary. [MS. Notebook.]	362
	1802	
	Dejection: An Ode. [Written April 4, 1802.] [MS. <i>Letter</i> , July 19, 1802: Coleorton MSS.]	362
	The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution	369
	To Matilda Betham from a Stranger	374
	Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouni. [MS. A. (1803): MS. B. (1809): MS. C. (1815).]	376
	The Good, Great Man	381
	Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath	381
	An Ode to the Rain	382
	A Day-dream. ('My eyes make pictures,' &c.)	385
	Answer to a Child's Question	386
	The Day-dream. From an Emigrant to his Absent Wife	386
	The Happy Husband. A Fragment	388
	1803	
	The Pains of Sleep. [MS. <i>Letters</i> , Sept. 11, Oct 3, 1803.]	389
	1804	
	The Exchange	391
	1805	
	Ad Vilmum Axiologum. [To William Wordsworth.] [MS. Notebook.]	391
	An Exile. [MS. Notebook.]	392
	Sonnet. [Translated from Marini.] [MS. Notebook.]	392
	Phantom. [MS. Notebook.]	393
	A Sunset. [MS. Notebook.]	393
	What is Life? [MS. Notebook.]	394
	The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-tree	395
	Separation. [MS. Notebook.]	397
	The Rash Conjuror. [MS. Notebook.]	399
	1806	
	A Child's Evening Prayer. [MS. Mrs. S. T. C.]	401
	Metrical Feet. Lesson for a Boy. [Lines 1-7, MS. Notebook.]	401
	Farewell to Love	402
	To William Wordsworth. [Coleorton MS: MS. W.]	403
	An Angel Visitant. [? 1801.] [MS. Notebook.]	409
[xvii]	1807	
	Recollections of Love. [MS. Notebook.]	409
	To Two Sisters. [Mary Morgan and Charlotte Brent]	410
	1808	
	Psyche. [MS. S. T. C.]	412

	1809	
A Tombless Epitaph		413
For a Market-clock. (Impromptu.) [MS. <i>Letter</i> , Oct. 9, 1809: MS. Notebook.]		414
The Madman and the Lethargist. [MS. Notebook.]		414
	1810	
The Visionary Hope		416
	1811	
Epitaph on an Infant. ('Its balmy lips,' &c.)		417
The Virgin's Cradle-hymn		417
To a Lady offended by a Sportive Observation that Women have no Souls		418
Reason for Love's Blindness		418
The Suicide's Argument. [MS. Notebook.]		419
	1812	
Time, Real and Imaginary		419
An Invocation. From <i>Remorse</i> [Act III, Scene I, ll. 69-82]		420
	1813	
The Night-scene. [Add. MSS. 34,225]		421
	1814	
A Hymn		423
To a Lady, with Falconer's <i>Shipwreck</i>		424
	1815	
Human Life. On the Denial of Immortality		425
Song. From <i>Zapolya</i> (Act II, Sc. i, ll. 65-80.)		426
Hunting Song. From <i>Zapolya</i> (Act IV, Sc. ii, ll. 56-71)		427
Faith, Hope, and Charity. From the Italian of Guarini		427
To Nature [? 1820]		429
	1817	
Limbo. [MS. Notebook: MS. S. T. C.]		429
<i>Ne Plus Ultra</i> [? 1826]. [MS. Notebook.]		431
The Knight's Tomb		432
On Donne's Poetry [? 1818]		433
Israel's Lament		433
Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds. [MS. S. T. C.]		435
	1820	
The Tears of a Grateful People		436
	1823	
Youth and Age. [MS. S. T. C.; MSS. (1, 2) Notebook.]		439
The Reproof and Reply		441
	1824	
First Advent of Love. [MS. Notebook.]		443
The Delinquent Travellers		443
	1825	
Work without Hope. Lines composed 21st February, 1825		447
<i>Sancti Dominici Pallium</i> . A Dialogue between Poet and Friend. [MS. S. T. C.]		448
Song. ('Though veiled,' &c.) [MS. Notebook.]		450
A Character. [Add. MSS. 34,225]		451
The Two Founts. [MS. S. T. C.]		454
Constancy to an Ideal Object		455
The Pang more Sharp than All. An Allegory		457
	1826	
Duty surviving Self-love. The only sure Friend of declining Life.		459
Homeless		460
Lines suggested by the last Words of Berengarius; ob. Anno Dom. 1088		460
Epitaphium Testamentarium		462

1827

The Improvisatore; or, 'John Anderson, My Jo, John' [462](#)
 To Mary Pridham [afterwards Mrs. Derwent Coleridge]. [MS. S. T. C.] [468](#)

1828

Alice du Clos; or, The Forked Tongue. A Ballad. [MS. S. T. C.] [469](#)
 Love's Burial-place [475](#)
 Lines: To a Comic Author, on an Abusive Review [? 1825]. [Add. MSS. 34,225] [476](#)
 Cologne [477](#)
 On my Joyful Departure from the same City [477](#)
 The Garden of Boccaccio [478](#)

1829

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education. [MS. *Letter*, July 1, 1829: MS. S. T. C.] [481](#)
 To Miss A. T. [482](#)
 Lines written in Commonplace Book of Miss Barbour, Daughter of the Minister of the U. S.
 A. to England [483](#)

1830

Song, *ex improviso*, on hearing a Song in praise of a Lady's Beauty [483](#)
 Love and Friendship Opposite [484](#)
 Not at Home [484](#)
 Phantom or Fact. A Dialogue in Verse [484](#)
 Desire. [MS. S. T. C.] [485](#)
 Charity in Thought [486](#)
 Humility the Mother of Charity [486](#)
 [Coeli Enarrant.] [MS. S. T. C.] [486](#)
 Reason [487](#)

1832

Self-knowledge [487](#)
 Forbearance [488](#)

[\[xix\]](#)

1833

Love's Apparition and Evanishment [488](#)
 To the Young Artist Kayser of Kaserwerth [490](#)
 My Baptismal Birth-day [490](#)
 Epitaph. [For six MS. versions vide [Note](#), p. 491]. [491](#)

END OF THE POEMS

VOLUME II
 DRAMATIC WORKS

1794

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE. An Historic Drama [495](#)

1797

OSORIO. A Tragedy [518](#)

1800

THE PICCOLOMINI; or, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. A Drama translated from the German of Schiller.
 Preface to the First Edition [598](#)
 The Piccolomini [600](#)
 THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN. A Tragedy in Five Acts.
 Preface of the Translator to the First Edition [724](#)
 The Death of Wallenstein [726](#)

1812

REMORSE.
 Preface [812](#)
 Prologue [816](#)
 Epilogue [817](#)
 Remorse. A Tragedy in Five Acts [819](#)

1815

ZAPOLYA. A Christmas Tale in Two Parts.
 Advertisement [883](#)
 Part I. The Prelude, entitled 'The Usurper's Fortune' [884](#)

EPIGRAMS

	An Apology for Spencers	951
	On a Late Marriage between an Old Maid and French Petit Maître	952
	On an Amorous Doctor	952
	'Of smart pretty Fellows,' &c.	952
	On Deputy ——	953
	'To be ruled like a Frenchman,' &c.	953
	On Mr. Ross, usually Cognominated <i>Nosy</i>	953
	'Bob now resolves,' &c.	953
	'Say what you will, Ingenious Youth'	954
	'If the guilt of all lying,' &c.	954
	On an Insignificant	954
	'There comes from old Avaro's grave'	954
	On a Slanderer	955
	Lines in a German Student's Album	955
	[Hippona]	955
	On a Reader of His Own Verses	955
[xx]	On a Report of a Minister's Death	956
	[Dear Brother Jem]	956
	Job's Luck	957
	On the Sickness of a Great Minister	957
	[To a Virtuous Oeconomist]	958
	[L'Enfant Prodigue]	958
	On Sir Rubicund Naso	958
	To Mr. Pye	959
	[Ninety-Eight]	959
	Occasioned by the Former	959
	[A Liar by Profession]	960
	To a Proud Parent	960
	Rufa	960
	On a Volunteer Singer	960
	Occasioned by the Last	961
	Epitaph on Major Dieman	961
	On the Above	961
	Epitaph on a Bad Man (Three Versions)	961
	To a Certain Modern Narcissus	962
	To a Critic	962
	Always Audible	963
	Pondere non Numero	963
	The Compliment Qualified	963
	'What is an Epigram,' &c.	963
	'Charles, grave or merry,' &c.	964
	'An evil spirit's on thee, friend,' &c.	964
	'Here lies the Devil,' &c.	964
	To One Who Published in Print, &c.	964
	'Scarce any scandal,' &c.	965
	'Old Harpy,' &c.	965
	To a Vain Young Lady	965
	A Hint to Premiers and First Consuls	966
	'From me, Aurelia,' &c.	966
	For a House-Dog's Collar	966
	'In vain I praise thee, Zoilus'	966
	Epitaph on a Mercenary Miser	967
	A Dialogue between an Author and his Friend	967
	<u>Μωροσοφία</u> , or Wisdom in Folly	967
	'Each Bond-street buck,' &c.	968
	From an Old German Poet	968
	On the Curious Circumstance, That in the German, &c.	968
	Spots in the Sun	969
	'When Surface talks,' &c.	969
	To my Candle	969
	Epitaph on Himself	970
	The Taste of the Times	970

On Pitt and Fox	970
'An excellent adage,' &c.	971
Comparative Brevity of Greek and English	971
On the Secrecy of a Certain Lady	971
Motto for a Transparency, &c. (Two Versions)	972
'Money, I've heard,' &c.	972
[xxi] Modern Critics	972
Written in an Album	972
To a Lady who requested me to Write a Poem upon Nothing	973
Sentimental	973
'So Mr. Baker,' &c.	973
Authors and Publishers	973
The Alternative	974
'In Spain, that land,' &c.	974
Inscription for a Time-piece	974
On the Most Veracious Anecdotalist, &c.	974
'Nothing speaks our mind,' &c.	975
Epitaph of the Present Year on the Monument of Thomas Fuller	975
JEUx D'ESPRIT	976
My Godmother's Beard	976
Lines to Thomas Poole	976
To a Well-known Musical Critic, &c.	977
To T. Poole: An Invitation	978
Song, To be Sung by the Lovers of all the noble liquors, &c.	978
Drinking <i>versus</i> Thinking	979
The Wills of the Wisp	979
To Captain Findlay	980
On Donne's Poem 'To a Flea'	980
[Ex Libris S. T. C.]	981
EQENKAIPIAN	981
The Bridge Street Committee	982
Nonsense Sapphics	983
To Susan Steele, &c.	984
Association of Ideas	984
Verses Trivocular	985
Cholera Cured Before-hand	985
To Baby Bates	987
To a Child	987
FRAGMENTS FROM A NOTEBOOK. (<i>circa</i> 1796-1798)	988
FRAGMENTS. (<i>For unnamed Fragments see</i> Index of First Lines.)	996
Over my Cottage	997
[The Night-Mare Death in Life]	998
A Beck in Winter	998
[Not a Critic—But a Judge]	1000
[De Profundis Clamavi]	1001
Fragment of an Ode on Napoleon	1003
Epigram on Kepler	1004
[Ars Poetica]	1006
Translation of the First Strophe of Pindar's Second Olympic	1006
Translation of a Fragment of Heraclitus	1007
Imitated from Aristophanes	1008
To Edward Irving	1008
[Luther—De Dæmonibus]	1009
The Netherlands	1009
Elisa: Translated from Claudian	1009
Profuse Kindness	1010
Napoleon	1010
[xxii] The Three Sorts of Friends	1012
Bo-Peep and I Spy—	1012
A Simile	1013
Baron Guelph of Adelstan. A Fragment	1013
METRICAL EXPERIMENTS	1014
An Experiment for a Metre ('I heard a Voice,' &c.)	1014
Trochaics	1015
The Proper Unmodified Dochmius	1015
Iambics	1015
Nonsense ('Sing, impassionate Soul,' &c.)	1015

A Plaintive Movement	1016
An Experiment for a Metre ('When thy Beauty appears')	1016
Nonsense Verses ('Ye fowls of ill presage')	1017
Nonsense ('I wish on earth to sing')	1017
'There in some darksome shade'	1018
'Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee'	1018
'Songs of Shepherds, and rustical Roundelays'	1018
A Metrical Accident	1019
Notes by Professor Saintsbury	1019

APPENDIX I

FIRST DRAFTS, EARLY VERSIONS, ETC.

A. Effusion 35, August 20th, 1795. (First Draft.) [MS. R.]	1021
Effusion, p. 96 [1797]. (Second Draft.) [MS. R.]	1021
B. Recollection	1023
C. The Destiny of Nations. (Draft I.) [Add. MSS. 34,225]	1024
The Destiny of Nations. (Draft II.) [<i>ibid.</i>]	1026
The Destiny of Nations. (Draft III.) [<i>ibid.</i>]	1027
D. Passages in Southey's <i>Joan of Arc</i> (First Edition, 1796) contributed by S. T. Coleridge	1027
E. The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere [1798]	1030
F. The Raven. [<i>M. P.</i> March 10, 1798.]	1048
G. Lewti; or, The Circassian's Love-Chant. (1.) [B. M. Add. MSS. 27,902.]	1049
The Circassian's Love-Chaunt. (2.) [Add. MSS. 35,343.]	1050
Lewti; or, The Circassian's Love-Chant. (3.) [Add. MSS. 35,343.]	1051
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 <i>Zapolya</i>	1109
C. Work without Hope. (First Draft.)	1110
D. Note to Line 34 of the <i>Joan of Arc</i> Book II. [4 ^o 1796.]	1112
E. Dedication. Ode on the Departing Year. [4 ^o 1796.]	1113
F. Preface to the MS. of <i>Osorio</i>	1114

APPENDIX V

ADAPTATIONS

From Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke:	
God and the World <i>we</i> worship still together	1115
The <i>Augurs</i> 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

[xxiv]

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 blühen	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: Κοινὴ πᾶρ κλισίῃ ληθαργικὸς ἠδὲ φρενοπλῆξ	1132
Battista Guarini: Canti terreni amori	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
No. IV. Poems first printed or reprinted in <i>Literary Remains</i> , 1836, &c.	1187
Poems first printed or reprinted in <i>Essays on His Own Times</i> , 1850	1188

INDEX OF FIRST LINES	1189
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[xxv]

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.
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^o = 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*.

[xxvi]

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.

[xxvii]

POETICAL WORKS

[xxviii]

POEMS

EASTER HOLIDAYS [\[1:1\]](#)

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 5
 And brighten all the scene.

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 10
 Of smoothly-flowing Thames the tide
 All sing the festive lay.

VERSE 3RD

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

VERSE 4TH

But little think their joyous hearts
 Of dire Misfortune's varied smarts 20
 Which youthful years conceal:

Thoughtless of bitter-smiling Woe
Which all mankind are born to know
And they themselves must feel.

[2]

VERSE 5TH

Yet he who Wisdom's paths shall keep 25
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 35
Like Easter all the year.

1787.

FOOTNOTES:

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

DURA NAVIS^[2:1]

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. 5
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.

Hast thou foreseen the Storm's impending rage,
When to the Clouds the Waves ambitious rise, 10
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^[2:2] 15
Shall shew with double gloom the horrid scene?

[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; 20
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.

Yet not the Tempest, or the Whirlwind's roar 25
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; 30
Whilst frighten'd at His streams ensanguin'd far
Loud on his troubled bed huge Ocean roars.^[3:1]

What dreadful scenes appear before my eyes!
Ah! see how each with frequent slaughter red,
Regardless of his dying fellows' cries 35

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. 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 45
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?

[4] Dubious and fluttering 'twixt hope and fear
With trembling hands the lot I see thee draw, 50
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, 55
Lo! Hunger *drives* thee to th' inhuman feast.

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. 60
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.

1787.

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 educer 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.

NIL PEJUS EST CAELIBE VITÂ [4:1]

[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.

FOOTNOTES:

[4:1] First published in 1893.

SONNET^[5:1]

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;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud 5
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:

[5:1] First published in 1796: included in 1803, 1829, 1834. No changes were made in the text.

LINENOTES:

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

ANTHEM^[5:2]

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—
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.

[6]

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer; 10
 The meek tear strongly pleads on high;
 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 ^[6:1]

[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 5
 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: 10
 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: 15
 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? 20

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. 25
 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— 30
 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^[7:1]

[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 5
 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, 10
 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. 15
 Averse maturer judgements to obey
 Youth owns, with pleasure owns, the Passions' sway,
 But sage Experience only comes with years.

1789.

FOOTNOTES:

[7:1] First published in 1893.

THE NOSE^[8:1]

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.

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^[9:1]

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 5
 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.

[10]

1789.

FOOTNOTES:

[9:1] First published in 1834.

LINENOTES:

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

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE^[10:1]

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.

FOOTNOTES:

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

LINENOTES:

[Title] An ode on the Destruction of the Bastile *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 Bastile and its inhabitants.'

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

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

LIFE^[11:1]

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! 10
 New scenes of Wisdom may each step display,
 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^[12:1]

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 disenthral
Will Memory the past recall, 10
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 disenthral *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.*

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON [13:1]

[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;

Now is my breast distended with a sigh, 10
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, 20
Whom Pity's self had taught to sing,
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 30
Paints him many a vision fair
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, 60
Thy fix'd eyes she bade thee roll
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; 65
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
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?
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand! 70
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 [\[15:1\]](#)

1790

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)*.

[16]

AN INVOCATION^[16:1]

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 5
(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!

1790.

FOOTNOTES:

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

ANNA AND HARLAND^[16:2]

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, 5
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.
I love to sit upon her tomb's dark grass,
Then Memory backward rolls Time's shadowy tide; 10
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.

? 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^[16:3]

[17] O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze,
I hail, sweet star, thy chaste effulgent glow;
On thee full oft with fixéd 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.

FOOTNOTES:

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

PAIN^[17:1]

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,
Hear the loud laugh, and catch the sportive lay, 10
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^[17:2]

IMITATION FROM THE LATIN OF NICOLAUS ARCHIUS

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

[18]

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 fust'ring dew.

10

? 1790.

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

MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE^[18:1]

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 beloved! 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^[19:1]

[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^[20:1]

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? 5
 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, 10
 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!

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^[21:1]

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. 5
 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! 10
 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!

1791.

FOOTNOTES:

[21:1] First published in 1834.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM [21:2]

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, 10
That we describe an Equi—
—lateral Tri—
—angle on it:
Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit!

II

From the centre A. at the distance A. B. 15
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. 20
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.

[22]

[23]

To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd, 25
 And postulate the second
 For Authority ye know.
 A. B. C.
 Triumphant shall be
 An Equilateral Triangle, 30
 Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

III

Because the point A. is the centre
 Of the circular B. C. D.
 And because the point B. is the centre
 Of the circular A. C. E. 35
 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^[23:1] 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] affianced] alliance *Letter, 1791.*
 [55] Autocratrix] Autocratorix *MS. O (c).*

HONOUR [\[24:1\]](#)

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 possest:—
 'Twas Brookes's all till two,—'twas Hackett's all the rest! 70

1791.

FOOTNOTES:

[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.*

ON IMITATION [\[26:1\]](#)

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; 5
 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.

? 1791

FOOTNOTES:

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

INSIDE THE COACH [\[26:2\]](#)

'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! 5
 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! 10
 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 15
 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, 20
 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, 25
 And call us from thy fairy reign
 To dreary Bagshot Heath again!

1791.

FOOTNOTES:

[26:2] First published in 1834.

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 ^[27:1]

The indignant Bard composed this furious ode,
 As tired he dragg'd his way thro' Plimtree road! ^[27:2]
 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
 Took the first survey of their new abodes; 10
 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,
 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!

[28]

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^[28:1]

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
In bodies vile of herded swine, 10
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^[29:1]

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.

FOOTNOTES:

[29:1] First published in 1834.

LINENOTES:

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

ABSENCE^[29:2]**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: 5
 Ah me! too mindful of the days
 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]

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.

HAPPINESS^[30:1]

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; 5
 Or upwards dart with soaring force,
 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,
And watch the glance in Folly's eye; 25
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,

To Lincoln's rank rich meads transferr'd,
And in their fate thy own be fear'd;
Through every limb contagions fly, 40
Deform'd and choked they burst and die.

'When Luxury opens wide her arms,
And smiling woos thee to those charms,
Whose fascination thousands own,
Shall thy brows wear the stoic frown? 45
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 50
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; 55
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, 60
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. 65

'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, 70
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, 75
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, 80
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, 85

[31]

[32]

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! 90
 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.
 'One blessing more demands thy care:—
 Once more to Heaven address the prayer: 95
 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 100
 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!" 105

[33]

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^[32:A] 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.

[32:A] 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 [33:1]

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 5
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, 10
Alike unconscious of forensic storms,
And Glory's blood-stain'd palm!

And when dark Age shall close Life's little day,
Satiated of sport, and weary of its toils,
E'en thus may slumbrous Death my decent limbs 15
Compose with icy hand!

1792.

FOOTNOTES:

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

AN ODE IN THE MANNER OF ANACREON [33:2]

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, 5
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]

1792.

FOOTNOTES:

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

TO DISAPPOINTMENT [34:1]

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, 5
Or mad Ambition builds the dream,
Or Pleasure plots th' unholy scheme
There with Guilt and Folly dwell!

But oh! when Hope on Wisdom's wing 10
Prophetic whispers pure delight,
Be distant far thy cank'rous blight,
Demon of envenom'd sting.

Then haste thee, Nymph of balmy gales!
Thy poet's prayer, sweet May! attend!
Oh! place my parent and my friend 15
'Mid her lovely native vales.

Peace, that lists the woodlark's strains,
Health, that breathes divinest treasures,
Laughing Hours, and Social Pleasures 20
Wait my friend in Cambria's plains.

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, 25
May Summer cease her limbs to lave
In cooling stream, may Autumn grave
Yellow o'er the corn-cloath'd glade;

Ere, from sweet retirement torn,
She seek again the crowded mart: 30
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 [35:1]

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. 5
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 10
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.]

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^[35:2]

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, 5
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! 10
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 15
As small airs thrill the mourning Lyre
And teach the Soul her native Calm;
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.
And oh! that Reason's voice might swell 35
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.

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 ^[36:1]

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? 5
 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? 10
 Yet tremble, lest not unaveng'd I grieve!
 The winds may learn your own delusive art,
 And faithless Ocean smile—but to deceive!

1792.

FOOTNOTES:

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

WITH FIELDING'S 'AMELIA' ^[37:1]

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. 5
 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 ^[37:2] of a race so sweet 10
 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!

? 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^[37:3]

- [38] 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) 5
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. 10
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, 15
He'd totter on the edge of Nothing!
In case of foe, he well might hide
Snug in the collops of her side.
- 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 10
 Who late beheld me blooming:
 His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The *dreary* vale of Lumin.'
- With eager gaze and wetted cheek 15
 My wonted haunts along,
 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.
 Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma 5
 In the steps of my beauty I strayed;

The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
 And they blesséd 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.
 Here the wren of softest note 5
 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 dews
 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'ercanopied 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,
By Indolence and Fancy brought, [35](#)
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: [45](#)
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed
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;
On leaves of aspen trees [50](#)
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, [65](#)
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 [70](#)
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.

VII

Hence thou lingerer, Light!
Eve saddens into Night. [75](#)
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! 80
 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 85
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
 For mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell
 Where the blameless Pixies dwell: 90
 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, 95
 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, 100
 As snow-drop wet with dew.

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, 105
 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!

1793.

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^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

- [11] Ere Morn with living gems bedight *MS. 4^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*

- [12] Hath streak'd] Purples *MS. 4^o, 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^o, 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^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*
- [15-16] gleam . . . team *MS. 4^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*
- [16] To the tune of] Sooth'd by the *MS. 4^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*
- [20] Timing to Dobbin's foot her cheery song. *MS. E, MS. 4^o erased.*
- [21] our] the *MS. E.*
- [35] By rapture-beaming Fancy brought *MS. E, MS. 4^o erased.*
- [37] Oft woos *MS. E:* our faery garlands *MS. 4^o, 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^o erased.*
- [54] wildly-bower'd] wild *1797, 1803.*
- [57] hid] built *MS. 4^o, MS. E, 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.*
- [58] of] with *MS. E.*
- [59] The Electric Flash that from the melting eye,
- MS. 4^o, 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^o 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^o erased.*
- [69-70] Or where his waves with loud unquiet song
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along
- MS. 4^o, 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^o, 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^o.*
- [104-6] Yet ere again the purpling vale
And elfin-haunted Grove
Young Zephyr with fresh flowrets strews.
- MS. 4^o, MS. E.*

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

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

[45]

THE ROSE^[45:1]

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 5
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: 10
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 15
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. 20

[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*.^[46:1]

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

[23] Another Love may Letter, 1793.

KISSES^[46:2]

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 dewes which Evening brings, 5
 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, 10
 And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
 The eyeless Chymist 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. 15
 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]

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 surripuisset 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] storying] 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^[47:1]

[48] 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: 5
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! 10
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 willow stream.^[48:1]

? 1793.

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.*

SONNET^[48:2]

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, 5
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, 10
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!

? 1793.

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, *Sibylline 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]

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? 5
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;
And thine o'er *Winter's* icy plains to fling 10
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!

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, 15
The dewy brilliance dancing in her Eyes;
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, 25

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. 30

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! 35

[50]

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 45
While Hope with kisses nurs'd the infant Love!

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
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! 15
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
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.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls 55
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

[52]

[53]

[54]

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, 85
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
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; 90
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!
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 95
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
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, 105
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend

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^r 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^r Rogers' Poem [52:A] 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.

TO FORTUNE^[54:1]

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 Ἡφαίστιο.—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! 5
For, not a silken son of dress,
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— 10
Pomp!—Grandeur! Power!—I give you to the winds!
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 20
Might soothe, O haste with fost'ring hand to rear
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 30
Its deaden'd tints—and thou with hardier bloom
May'st haply tinge its beauties pale,
And yield the unsunn'd stranger to the western gale!

1793.

FOOTNOTES:

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

PERSPIRATION. A TRAVELLING ECLOGUE^[56:1]

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!]^[56:2]

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^[56:3]

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 10
 Restless thro' Fortune's mingled scenes I went,
 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.

LINES^[57:1]

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

- [58] 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
- 1794.

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^o 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^o, 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^o, 1803.*

[14] ennobled] sparkling *Letter, 1794.*

[15] me] mine *1803.*

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH^[58:1]

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.

FOOTNOTES:

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

LINENOTES:

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

LINES^[58:2]

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.

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^o.*

[31] rude] the thorny *MS. 4^o erased.*

IMITATIONS AD LYRAM^[59:1]

(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,
Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber, careless lying,
By yon waterfall reclin'd.

5

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

10

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

15

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. Hils.] 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 sutilis,
Pendebris alta, Barbite, populo,
Dum ridet aer, et supinas
Solicitat levis aura frondes:
Te sibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Euri: me iuvet 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. 5
Yon sun now posting to the main
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, 10
A thousand kisses take and give!
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 ^[61:2]

[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. 5
I die in faith and honour rich—
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, 15
I never, never more shall live;—
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 5
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,
The mighty parent's care hast found,
Without whose tender guardian thought
No sparrow falleth to the ground.

? 1794.

THE SIGH ^[62:1]

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.

[63]

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know
The frantic burst of Outrage keen, 10
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea
I heav'd an anguish'd Sigh for thee!

But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope with waning eye 15
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heav'd a languid Sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home, 20
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.

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.*

THE KISS ^[63:1]

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, 5
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. 10
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.

[64]

Bashful lo! she bends her head, 15
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

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. 20
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 25
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy.

? 1794.

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^o 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^[64:1]

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! 5
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
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!^[64:2] 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!^[65:1]

[65]

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

[66]

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 35
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,

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;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign 40
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^o 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^o.

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^o, 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^o, 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^o, 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^o 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^o.

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

TRANSLATION^[66:1]

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.

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,
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!

30

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^[67:1]

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:

5

'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.'

10

1794.

FOOTNOTES:

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

[68] **EPITAPH ON AN INFANT**^[68:1]

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 τοκτης:
Ἦλυες ἀδυ βρεφος! τοι βραχυ δυνε φως.
Ὀμμα μεν εἰς σεο σῆμα Πάτηρ πικρον ποτιβαλλει
Ευσεβης δε Θεω δωρα διδωσιν ἔα!^[68:A]

[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.]

PANTISOCRACY^[68:2]

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,
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.

[69]

5

10

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^[69:1]

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, 5
 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, 10
 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.

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.

ELEGY^[69:2]

**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! 5

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

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
 And loads the West-wind with its soft perfume, 10
 His manhood blossom'd; till the faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her Guilt pursue!
 Where'er with wilder'd step she wander'd pale,
 Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view, 15
 Still Edmund's voice accus'd her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious Guilt's alarms,
 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. 20

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.*

THE FADED FLOWER ^[70:1]

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.
 Ah! melancholy emblem! had I seen 5
 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!

[71]

1794.

FOOTNOTES:

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

THE OUTCAST ^[71:1]

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 5
 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 10
 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!

? 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^[71:2]

[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, 5
From the Rebel's noisy hate.

[72] In a cottag'd vale She dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien, 10
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
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.

ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE^[72:1]

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? 5
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: 10
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!

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'^[72:2]

[73] 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 5
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 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.

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^[73:1]

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.

The fern was press'd beneath her hair,

The dark green Adder's Tongue^[74:1] 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——

? 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, 1798.]

[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^[74:2]

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT

Poor little Foal of an oppress'd 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.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)

[75]

That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate? 10
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
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!

[76]

1794.

FOOTNOTES:

[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,^[75:A]
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.

LINES ON A FRIEND^[76:1]

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 5
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
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour, 10
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
Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear? 20
'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 40
Energetic Reason and a shaping mind,
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,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverous doze.

45

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!

[78]

50

1794.

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^o. 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^o, 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^o.*

[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^[78:1]

[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, 10
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
 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.
 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*^[79:1] 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!

[79]

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.*

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.]

I^[79:2]

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) 5
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name

Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast 10
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

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

[80]

December 1, 1794.

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.

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, 5
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.

[81] 'Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!^[80:2] 10
Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!

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

December 9, 1794.

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 Kings 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 [L. 14](#) Jesus College M. C.

III^[81:1]

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! 5
 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 10
 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!

[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.*

IV^[82:1]

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, 5
 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!

Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice
 Life's better Sun from that long wintry night, 10
 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!^[82:2]

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^[82:3]

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.

VI^[83:1]

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— 5
 More blasting than the mildew from the South!
 And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth
 (Ah! foul apostate from his Father's fame!)^[83:2]
 Then fix'd her on the Cross of deep distress, 10
 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^[83:3] press,
 Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,
 And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand!

[84]

December 23, 1794.

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.*

VII^[84:1]

TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES^[84:2]

[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 5

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,
 And stole from vain REGRET her scorpion stings; 10
 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 ὠδῶν καὶ χορῶν καὶ ψαλμάτων, ἄνευ λόγου ἐπὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἰούσαν, τῷ τερπνῷ τῆς ἀκοῆς τιμθεῖσαν . . . τὴν ἀληθῆ καὶ ἐκ τοῦ Ἐλικῶνος 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: 5
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 10
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.

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.

VIII^[85:2]

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:

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:

Even such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,
 Even so thou, SIDDONS! meltest my sad heart!

December 29, 1794.

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.*

IX

TO WILLIAM GODWIN^[86:1]

AUTHOR OF 'POLITICAL JUSTICE'

O form'd t' illume a sunless world forlorn,
 As o'er the chill and dusky brow of Night,
 In Finland's wintry skies the Mimic Morn^[86:2]
 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'.

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,

Bade the bright form of Justice meet my way—
 And told me that her name was HAPPINESS.

January 10, 1795.

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.

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.

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.

XI^[87:2]

TO RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

[88] 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^[88:1] 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.

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, 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 [89:1]

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!' 5
For thou, untainted by CORRUPTION'S bowl,
Or foul AMBITION, with undaunted soul
Hast spoke the language of a Free-born mind

Pleading the cause of Nature! Still pursue 10
Thy path of Honour!—To thy Country true,

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!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

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^[89:2]

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 untterrify'd
 Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
 That sit complotting with rebellious pride

[90] 'Gainst *Her*^[90:1] who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
 With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love! 10
 Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
 Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above:

And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice,
 Champion of Freedom and her God! rejoice!

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^[90:2]
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, 15
 To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

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.

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.

[91] TO AN INFANT^[91:1]

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!
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe, 5
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, 10
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill Affright!
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

[92] 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, 25
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long Infancy!

1795.

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 weepest! 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.

TO THE REV. W. J. HORT^[92:1]

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 5
The loveliest of her shadowy throng;
And Hope, that soars on sky-lark wing,
Carol wild her gladdest song!

II

O skill'd with magic spell to roll 10
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.

III

In Freedom's UNDIVIDED dell, 15
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, 20
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, 25
And I will thank thee with a raptur'd tear.

1795.

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.

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 5
 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: 10
 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!

? 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^[93:2]

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 5
 (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 10
 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 15
 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, 20
 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, 25
 She thrills me with the Husband's promis'd name!

FOOTNOTES:

[93:2] First published in 1796: included in 1803 and in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 38. First collected in 1844.

LINENOTES:

[Title] Effusion xxiii. To the, &c. 1796.

[12] O have I 1796.

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.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock 5
That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
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.

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!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee, 5
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 plight'd 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! 40
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
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.

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.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN^[96:1]

(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!
My gentle Love, caressing and carest, 5
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.

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:

- [Title] Darwiniana. The Hour, &c. *L. R.*, 1844: Composed during illness and absence 1852.
- [9-10] *om.* 1803.
- [14] her] the *Lit. Rem.*, 1844, 1852.
- [17] New] Now *Watchman*.

LINES ^[96:2]

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' ^[97:1] 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 unblest
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 ^[98:1]
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)

	The Watchfire, like a sullen star Twinkles to many a dozing Tar Rude cradled on the mast.	40
	Even there—beneath that light-house tower— In the tumultuous evil hour Ere Peace with Sara came, Time was, I should have thought it sweet To count the echoings of my feet, And watch the storm-vex'd flame.	45
	And there in black soul-jaundic'd fit A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit, And listen to the roar: When mountain surges bellowing deep With an uncouth monster-leap Plung'd foaming on the shore.	50
	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. ^[99:1] And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye When all the heart's big ecstasy Shoots rapid through the frame!	95

1795.

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.

THE EOLIAN HARP^[100:1]

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!)
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!

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, 15
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
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, 20
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfin's make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise, 25
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untam'd wing!
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 35
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
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, 40
And many idle flitting phantasies,
[102] Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject Lute!

 And what if all of animated nature 45
Be but organic Harps diversely fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

 But thy more serious eye a mild reproof 50
Darts, O belovéd Woman! nor such thoughts
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 55
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe 60
I praise him, and with Faith that inly *feels*,^[102:1]
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.

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 fonde 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 à 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.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS^[102:2]

[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^[103:1] wreath of saddest hues;
 And to that holier^[103:2] chaplet added bloom 30
 Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
 But lo your Henderson^[103:3] 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!

[104]

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.

1795.

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 relieve 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.

THE SILVER THIMBLE^[104:1]

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 5
 I've lov'd to read of elfin-favour'd Fair——
 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

[105]

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,
 How the great Prophet of the Desart stood 55
 And preach'd of Penitence by Jordan's Flood;
 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.

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.

**REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF
RETIREMENT**^[106:1]

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 Blesséd 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
 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, 30
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
 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.

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!

[107]

[108]

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 pleased 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^[108:1]

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794

[109] 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, 5
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 Galilæan! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen) 10
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; 15
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, 20
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 25
Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paused: and Hell her yawning mouth

Closed a brief moment.

	Lovely was the death	
	Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power	
	He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed	30
	Manifest Godhead, melting into day	
	What floating mists of dark idolatry	
	Broke and misshaped the omnipresent Sire: [110:1]	
	And first by Fear uncharmed the drowséd Soul.	
	Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel	35
	Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,	
	Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good	
	The Eternal dooms for His immortal sons.	
	From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love	
	Attracted and absorbed: and centered there	40
	God only to behold, and know, and feel,	
	Till by exclusive consciousness of God	
	All self-annihilated it shall make [110:2]	
[111]	God its Identity: God all in all!	
	We and our Father one!	
	And blest are they,	45
	Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,	
	Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,	
	Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze	
	Him Nature's essence, mind, and energy!	
	And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend	50
	Treading beneath their feet all visible things	
	As steps, that upward to their Father's throne	
	Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.	
	They nor contempt embosom nor revenge:	
	For they dare know of what may seem deform	55
	The Supreme Fair sole operant: in whose sight	
	All things are pure, his strong controlling love	
	Alike from all educing perfect good.	
	Their's too celestial courage, inly armed—	
	Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse	60
	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.	65
	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	70
[112]	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!	75
	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.	80
	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, [112:1]	
	To sickly Nature more medicinal	85
	Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours	
	Into the lone despoilé'd traveller's wounds!	
	Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,	
	Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty cares [112:2]	
[113]	Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards	90
	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,	95
	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 100
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!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind, 105
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, 110
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 115
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 120
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 125
With unhelmed rage!

'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 130
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!^[114:1]
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 140
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 145
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 150
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! 155
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destined victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now!^[115:1] 160
(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; 165
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!—	170
	Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,	
	The lustful murderess of her wedded lord!	
	And he, connatural Mind! ^[115:2] whom (in their songs	
	So bards of elder time had haply feigned)	
	Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,	175
	Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge	
	Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreathe	
[116]	Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these	
	Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!	
	Soul-hardened barterers of human blood! ^[116:1]	180
	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	185
	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!	190
	O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds	
	With blessedness!	
	Lord of unsleeping Love, ^[116:2]	
	From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.	
	These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,	
	Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong	195
	Making Truth lovely, and her future might	
	Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.	
	In the primeval age a dateless while	
	The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock,	
	Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.	200
	But soon Imagination conjured up	
	An host of new desires: with busy aim,	
	Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.	
	So Property began, twy-streaming fount,	
[117]	Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.	205
	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	210
	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 ^[117:1]	215
	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;	220
	And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand	
	Strong as an host of arméd Deities,	
	Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.	
	From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War	
	Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.	225
	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	230
	The unseemly disproportion: and who'er	
[118]	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 ^[118:1]	
	Called the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud	235
	And dashed the beauteous 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 240
 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 245
 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 250
 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 255
 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.

Ah! far removed from all that glads the sense, 260
 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 265
 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 [119:1]
 Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night, 270
 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 [119:2] yells, 275
 His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
 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 285
 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!
 O loathly suppliants! ye, that unreceived 290
 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! 295
 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 300
 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: [120:1]
 And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire 305
 The innumerable multitude of wrongs
 By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
 Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh

[119]

[120]

[121]	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. Even now the storm begins: [121:1] 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!	310 315 320
	Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorréd Form [121:2] 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!	325 330 335
[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! 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 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 [122:1] Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts! Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan, Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump	340 345 350 355 360
[123]	The high groves of the renovated Earth Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hushed, Adoring Newton his serener eye Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind Wisest, he [123:1] first who marked the ideal tribes Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain. 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. 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 [123:2]	365 370 375 380

[124]

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 385
 Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
 May image in the workings of his thought,
 How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched [124:1]
 Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
 In feverous slumbers—destined then to wake, 390
 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!

Believe thou, O my soul, [124:2] 395

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 400
 Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
 With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
 Ebullient with creative Deity! 405
 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 410
 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

[125]

Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love, 415
 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.

1794-1796.

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 διηρῆκασιν εἰς πολλῶν Θεῶν ἰδιότητας. 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 5
 Of Bethlehem, there in shepherd's guise to sit
 Sublime of extacy, and mark entranc'd
 The glory-streaming VISION throng the night.[\[109:A\]](#)
 Ah not more radiant, nor loud harmonies
 Hymning more unimaginably sweet 10
 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! 15
 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 concentred light, 20
 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! 25
 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 30
 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,
And at the renovating &c.

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 ghastrier 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] noviciate 1796, 1797, 1803, 1828, 1829.

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 5
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

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 10
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom
(*That* all bestowing, *this* withholding all)
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome
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
Thy corse of livid hue; 30
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
Pour'd forth his lofty strain? 35
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
Pity hopeless hung her head, 40
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^[127:1] winds the Minstrel came.
Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along, 45
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,
Exulting in the spirits' genial throe 50
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!
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,
Prepar'd the poison's death-cold power: 80
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
On scenes that well might melt thy soul; 85
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
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; 90
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!

And thou hadst dashed it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose, 95

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! [100](#)
Recoiling quick, thou badest the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein!

O spirit blest!

Whether the Eternal's throne around,
Amidst the blaze of Seraphim, [105](#)
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;— [110](#)
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!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep! [115](#)
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 [120](#)
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.

[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, [125](#)
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.

Poor Chatterton! *he* sorrows for thy fate [130](#)
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, [135](#)
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!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell [140](#)
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 [145](#)
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard Passions weave an holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale, [150](#)

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. [155](#)

Alas, vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream, [160](#)
Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side

[131]

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. [165](#)

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 dew,
 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

10

15

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.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS^[131:1]

A VISION

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
 Ere we the deep preluding 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
 Of all the powers which God for use had given?

10

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,
Untenanted 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.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course, 55
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 65
The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam.
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake 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,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back [\[134:1\]](#)
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while 75
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
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power 80
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^[134:2]
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,^[135:1] 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.

^[136] If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance 130
To rear up kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
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
And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France 140
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
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

^[137]

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. 300
It roused the Hell-Hag: she the dew-damp wiped
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
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. 310
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!

From his obscure haunt 315
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. 320

[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 325
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 330
By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed multitude of slaughtered saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant 335
Receive some martyred patriot. The harmony^[142:1]
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

[143]

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a mist, the relict of that trance 340
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 345
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 350
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, 355
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, 360
And healed the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

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, 365
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, 370
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.

The delegated Maid 375
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed;—
Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
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, [144:1]
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve, 385
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, [144:2]
Save that with many an orgie strange and foul, [144:3]
Dancing around with interwoven arms, 390
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: 395
'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, 400
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! 405
Therefore, 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, 410
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. 415
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!' 420
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, 425
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steered its course which way the vapour went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean. 430
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.
Not more majestic stood the healing God, [146:1] 435
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; 440
 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, [\[146:2\]](#)
 Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of palms, 445
 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! 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— 455
 But this be thy best omen—Save thy Country!'
 Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
 And with him disappeared the heavenly Vision.

[147] 'Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
 All-conscious Presence of the Universe! 460
 Nature's vast ever-acting Energy! [\[147:1\]](#)
 In will, in deed, Impulse of All to All!
 Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray
 Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if
 Diseasing realms the Enthusiast, wild of thought, 465
 Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
 Thou both inspiring and predooming both,
 [148] Fit instruments and best, of perfect end:
 Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!'

And first a landscape rose 470
 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.

1796.

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^o. 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 Peāce, sweet ēve, cheek. 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^[146:A],
Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενύων σπαραγμοῖς
Οὐδ' ὀλολυγμῶ,

Ἀλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροῖτύποισι
Κασμάτων γαῶν; φοβερός μιν εἶσι,
Ἄλλ' ὁμῶς Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνὲ Τύραυνε!

Δασκίοις ἐπὶ πτερύγεσσι σῆσι
Ἄ! θαλάσσιον καθορώντες οἶδμα
Αἰθεροπλάγκτοις ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἀνεισι
Πατρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν,

Ἔνθα μὲν Ἔρασταὶ Ἐρωμένῃσιν
Ἀμφὶ πηγῆσιν κιντρίνων ὑπ' ἄλσων,
Ὅσσ' ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἐπαθον βροτοί, τὰ
Δεινὰ λέγουσι.

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 ὑπόζ 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

[5-6] Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling hosts.

4^o, 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^o.

[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^o.

[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^o.

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^o.*

[40] seems] is *4^o.*

[44] Form one all-conscious Spirit, who directs *4^o.*

[46] *om. 4^o.*

[47] involvéd] component *4^o.*

[54] lightnings] lightning *4^o.*

[70] Niemi] Niemi's *4^o.*

[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^o.

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^o, Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.

These lines form part of an addition (lines 111-21) which dates from *1834.*

[103] Where] There *4^o, Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*

[105] *om. 4^o.*

[107] 'scaping] escaping *4^o, Sibylline Leaves, 1828, 1829.*

[108] fateful word] fatal sound *4^o.*

[112-21] thence thro' . . . Untenanted are not included in *4^o, 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 130
 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 135
 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 140
 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 145
 Of whirlpools numberless, absorbing oft
 The blameless fisher at his perilous toil.

4^o.

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^o.

[314] Tyrants] Monarchs 4^o, *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 260
 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 wiles? O Maiden dar'st thou die?'
 'Father of Heaven: I will not fear.' she said, 265
 '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 270
 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^o.

[317] Feverous] Fev'rish 4^o, *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 280
 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 285
 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, 290
 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^o.

[The passage included in brackets was claimed by Southey.]

[330] calmest] calmy 4^o.

[339-40] But lo! no more was seen the ice-pil'd mount
And meteor-lighted dome.—An Isle appear'd

4^o.

[342] white] rough 4^o.

[361] and] or 4^o.

[366-7] The Sea meantime his Billows darkest roll'd,
And each stain'd wave dash'd on the shore a corse.

4^o.

[369-72] His hideous features blended with the mist,
The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld
And o'er the plain

4^o.

[369] Like hideous features blended with the clouds *Sibyline 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
Resplendent shone

4^o, *S. L.* 1817.

(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^o.

[394] Chieftains'] Chieftain's 4^o.

[395] said] replied 4^o, *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^o.

[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

410

4^o.

[These lines were assigned by Coleridge to Southey.]

[434] with] by 4^o.

[437-8] Shriek'd AMBITION'S ghastly throng
And with them those the locust Fiends that crawl'd [146:B]

4^o.

[146:B] —if Locusts how could they *shriek*? I must have caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*. *S. T. C.* 4^o.

[458] heavenly] goodly 4^o.

[463] Love] Law 4^o.

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.

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.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY 1796 [\[148:2\]](#)

[\[149\]](#) 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, [\[149:1\]](#) 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.

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' attempered brain, that ev'n the saddest thoughts

Watchman, 1797, 1803.

TO A PRIMROSE^[149:2]

THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON

Nitens et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est: et spe delectat.

OVID, *Metam.* [xv. 203].

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? 5
Dost hear stern Winter in the gale?
And didst thou tempt the ungentle sky
To catch one vernal glance and die?

Such the wan lustre Sickness wears 10
When Health's first feeble beam appears;
So languid are the smiles that seek
To settle on the care-worn cheek,

When timorous Hope the head uprears,
Still drooping and still moist with tears,
If, through dispersing grief, be seen 15
Of Bliss the heavenly spark serene.

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 ^[150:1]

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.
 But now such fair Varieties of Light 5
 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,*
 Leaves his low nest to meet its earliest ray; 10
 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
 (Mists in which Superstition's *pigmy* band 15
 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, 20
 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, 25
 Charm sworded Justice from mysterious Sleep,
 'By violated Freedom's loud Lament,
 Her Lamps extinguish'd and her Temple rent;
 By the forc'd tears her captive Martyrs shed;
 By each pale Orphan's feeble cry for bread; 30
 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.

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:

[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.

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.*

SONNET [152:2]

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 5
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart,
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.

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.*

SONNET^[153:1]

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

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said^[153:2] 5
[154] We liv'd, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.^[154:1]
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 10
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.

FOOTNOTES:

- [153:1] First published in 1797: included in 1803, *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834.
- [153:2] Ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ 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.*

SONNET^[154:2]

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, 5
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 10
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seem'd to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, belovéd woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

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^[155:1]

[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 10
Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth imprest,
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.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND^[155:2]

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; 25
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasure'd heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;
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, 40
Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralising mood,
While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd: 45
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss
Gives *this* the Husband's, *that* the Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore, 50
The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
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, 55
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
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,

[156]

[157]

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.

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.

[75] She whom I love, shall love thee. Honour'd youth 1797, *S. L.*, 1817, 1828, 1829. The change of punctuation dates from 1834.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE [157:1] [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^o 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^o.

TO A FRIEND^[158:1]

[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 5
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^[159:1] 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^[159:2] of his native Land
So properly did look for patronage.'
Ghost of Mæcenás! 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,

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' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα 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 'guage'. *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.*

[160]

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR^[160:1]

Ἴοὺ ἰοῦ, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ἵπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
Στροβεῖ, ταρασσῶν φροιμίους δυσφροιμίους.

* * * * *

Τὸ μέλλον ἤξει. Καὶ σύ μ' τάχει παρῶν
Ἄγαν ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτεῖρας ἐρεῖς.

Aeschyl. *Agam.* 1173-75; 1199-1200.

ARGUMENT

The Ode^[160:2] 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,
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,

5

[161]

10

I rais'd the impetuous song, and solemniz'd his flight.

II[161:1]

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish; 15
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, 20
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 25
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, 30
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!

Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth[161:2]

[162] Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell:
And now advance in saintly Jubilee 35
Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III[162:1]

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailéd Monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay! [162:2] 40
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 45
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, 50
Fell in Conquest's gluttéd hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling, 55
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating Fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate, 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, 65
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscrib'd with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er 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!
[165] 'Thou in stormy blackness throning 80
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsoled groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffer'd insult scared,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn! 85
By years of Havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs 90
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.'

[166] VI [166:1]

The voice had ceas'd, the Vision fled;
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night 105
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!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
[168] Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream! 140

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 charmed 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 vaporous 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^o*.

[\[164:1\]](#) 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^o*.

[\[165:1\]](#) 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^o, 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^o, 1797, 1803, *S. L.*, 1817, 1828, 1829.

[Motto] 3-5 All editions (4^o to 1834) read ἐφομίους for δυσφομίους, and Ἄγαν γ' for Ἄγαν; and all before 1834 μην for μ' ἐν.

[I] Strophe I *C. I.*, 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[1] Spirit] Being 1803.

[4] unchanging] unchanged 4^o.

[5] free] freed 4^o.

[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^o, 1797, 1803.

[11] Ere yet he pierc'd the cloud and mock'd my sight *C. I.* foreclos'd] forebade 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[II] Strophe II *C. I.*, 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[15-16] From Poverty's heart-wasting languish
From Distemper's midnight anguish

C. I., 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[22] Ye Sorrows, and ye Joys advance *C. I.* ye] and 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[25] Forbids its fateful strings to sleep *C. I.*, 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[31] O'er the sore travail of the common Earth *C. I.*, 4^o.

[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
The promis'd Twins she bears—Equality and Peace!

C. I., 4^o.

[36] thy] the 1797, 1803.

[III] Epode *C. I.*, 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[40] Ah! whither *C. I.*, 4^o.

[41] on] o'er *C. I.*, 4^o, 1797, 1803.

[43] 'twice mortal' mace *C. I.*, 4^o, 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^o, 1797, 1803.

[58] armies] Army *C. I., 4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[61] Tyrant-Murderer's] scepter'd Murderer's *C. I., 4^o, 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^o.

[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 αἰσχρόμητις
Τάλαια ΠΑΡΑΚΟΠΑ 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^o.*

[IV] Antistrophe I. *C. I., 4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[62] no earthly] an awful *C. I.*

[65] thy . . . gore] there garmented with gore *C. I., 4^o, 1797.*

[65-7] Aye Memory sits: thy vest profan'd with gore.
Thou with an unimaginable groan
Gav'st reck'ning of thy Hours!

1803.

[68] ethereal] choired *C. I.*

[69] Whose purple locks with snow-white glories shone *C. I., 4^o:* Whose wreathed locks with snow-white glories shone *1797, 1803.*

[70] wild] strange *C. I.*

[V] Antistrophe II. *C. I., 4^o, 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^o, 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^o, 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^o, 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^o, 1797, 1803.*

[103] Vision] Phantoms *4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[106] phantom] vision *4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[107] sweat-drops] sweat-damps *4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[113] stranger] uglier *4^o.*

[119] starting] startful *4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[121] O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile *4^o, 1797, 1803.*

[133] proud Invader's] sworded Foeman's *4^o, 1797:* sworded Warrior's *1803.*

[135-9] Disclaim'd of Heaven! mad Avarice at thy side

4^o, 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^o, 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^o.*

[144] Stretch'd on the marge of some fire-flashing fount
In the black Chamber of a sulphur'd mount.

4^o.

[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^o.*

[156] Soliciting my scant and blameless soil *4^o.*

[159-60] In the long sabbath of high self-content.
Cleans'd from the fleshly passions that bedim

4^o.

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^[169:1]

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. 5
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, 10
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. 15
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travelled^[170:1] he with wandering wings:
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

[170]

At length he came back, and with him a She, 20
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a Woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes. 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.
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!
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!

35

[171]

40

1797.

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!

5

*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. [\[171:A\]](#)

[\[171:A\]](#) 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.*

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE [\[171:1\]](#)

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, [5](#)
Oft I watch'd with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

[172]

Soft the glances of the Youth, [10](#)
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple Truth,
But no *true* love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot, [15](#)
Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly, [20](#)
Thou hast *felt* that Vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
Inly arm'd, go, Maiden! go.

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

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*.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN^[172:1]

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](#)

1797.

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*.

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.

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;
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.
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!

5

[10](#)

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair-foliag'd as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mix'd their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poison'd! But, all praise to Him

15

[20](#)

25

[30](#)

[\[174\]](#)

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
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem 65
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.*

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 endangered 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

[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.

Between 66-7 Or the high raptures of prophetic Faith 1797, 1803.

[68] strains] songs 1797, 1803.

[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 30
In summer-swelling pride;
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.

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.

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, 5
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

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, 5
Naturæ et tremulâ dicere Voce, Vale!']

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.

[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, 5
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, 10
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, 15
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.

Now, my friends emerge 20
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
The many-steeped tract magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,

With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up 25
 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 30
 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! 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 40
 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.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad 45
 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 50
 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 55
 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 60
 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 65
 '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 70
 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 75
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

1797.

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 5
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^[178:A] ferns forever nod and drip
Spray'd by the waterfall. But chiefly thou 10
My gentle-hearted *Charles!* thou who had pin'd

MS. Letter to Southey, July 17, 1797.

^[178:A] 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^[180:A] 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.

^[180:A] 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!

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! 20
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool 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:

[183]

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 50
 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 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^[185:1]

[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.

[186] THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER [186:1]

IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? 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,
And chased us south along.

**The ship driven by a storm
toward the south pole.**

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

45

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 clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

**The land of ice, and of fearful
sounds where no living thing
was to be seen.** 55

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.

**Till a great sea-bird, called the
Albatross, came through the
snow-fog, and was received with
great joy and hospitality.** 65

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

The Sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
 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! 95

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

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. 100

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

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea. 105

**The fair breeze continues; the
 ship enters the Pacific Ocean,
 and sails northward, even till it
 reaches the Line.**

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
 down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea! 110

**The ship hath been suddenly
 becalmed.**

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

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean. 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.
 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. 135

**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.**

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung. 140

**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.

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,
She steadies with upright keel!

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

170

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.

175

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.

**It seemeth him but the skeleton
of a ship.**

180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

**And its ribs are seen as bars on
the face of the setting Sun.**

Are those *her* 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?

**The Spectre-Woman and her
Death-mate, and no other on
board the skeleton ship.** 185

[194]

Her lips were red, *her* 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.

Like vessel, like crew! 190

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.

**Death and Life-in-Death have
diced for the ship's crew, and
she (the latter) winneth the
ancient Mariner.**

195

[195]

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.

No twilight within the^[195:1]
courts of the Sun. 200

[196]

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.

At the rising of the Moon.

[205](#)

210

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.

One after another,

215

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

His shipmates drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

**But Life-in-Death begins her
work on the ancient Mariner.**

[220](#)

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.[\[196:1\]](#)

**The Wedding-Guest feareth that
a Spirit is talking to him;**

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.

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

[230](#)

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.

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

[240](#)

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.

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

255

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:

In his loneliness and fixedness

Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

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

[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.

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.

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.

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

PART 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.

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

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

[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 blessed ghost.

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

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

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

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

**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.**

[265](#)

270

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

275

**Their beauty and their
happiness.**

He blesseth them in his heart.

285

The spell begins to break.

[290](#)

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

[300](#)

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

[310](#)

[315](#)

320

[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 corsers 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
With their sweet jargoning!

360

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

Then like a pawing horse let go,

She made a sudden bound: 390
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

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

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

**The 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
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, 410
 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; 415
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously 420
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

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

**The Mariner hath been cast into
 a trance; for the angelic power
 causeth the vessel to drive
 northward faster than human
 life could endure.**

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind. 425

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 430
 high;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter: 435
 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, 440
 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—

The curse is finally expiated.

[445](#)

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.

[450](#)

[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.

455

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.

[460](#)

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?

**And the ancient Mariner
beholdeth his native country.**

465

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.

470

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.

[475](#)

[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,
In crimson colours came.

**The angelic spirits leave the
dead bodies,**

480

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: 505
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea. **The Hermit of the Wood,** 515
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump: 520
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those 530
sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

**Approacheth the ship with
wonder.**

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared!'—'Push on, push on!' 540
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 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 550
drowned

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

My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

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

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit. 560

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,

Who now doth crazy go, 565
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.'

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

[208] 'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575
'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.**

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale; 580
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585
**And ever and anon throughout
his future life an agony
constraineth him to travel from
land to land;**

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, 595
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce 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, 605
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

[209] Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. 610
**And to teach, by his own
example, love and reverence to
all things that God made and
loveth.**

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small; 615
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

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

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 Philosphicæ 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.

L. B. 1800.

[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;

[holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth

Thro the [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] ancye[n]t 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 Marineres all return'd to work
As silent as before.

The Marineres 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 oftentimes and now fewer,
That anguish comes and makes me tell
My ghastly adventure.

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.*

SONNETS ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS[\[209:1\]](#)

[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 [209:A]; 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.

PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS [\[211:1\]](#)

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; [\[212:1\]](#)
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 30
Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on its back,
The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-who!

Both plung'd together in the deep mill-stream,
(Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or mountain-lake,) 35
Shrill, as a *Church and Constitution* scream,
Tu-who! quoth Broad-face, and down dives the Drake!

[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. 40
Ye *quacking* Statesmen! 'tis even so with you—
One Peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty's Decoy-pond, each
Pops up his head, as fir'd with British blood, 45
Hears once again the Ministerial screech,
And once more seeks the bottom's blackest mud!

1798.

(Signed: LABERIUS.)

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.*

CHRISTABEL [\[213:1\]](#)

PREFACE

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 5

[214] 10

amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no 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.

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

'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](#)
[\[216\]](#) 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 betrothéd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away. [30](#)

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:
[\[217\]](#) 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 45
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, 50
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak, 55
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone: 60
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. 65
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

[218]

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? 75
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine: 80
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. 85
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.

[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; 90
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. 95
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, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
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 [110](#)
Home to your noble father's hall.

[220]

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: 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; 125
A little door she opened straight,
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.

[221]

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.

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, 155
Pass as lightly as you will!
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, [165](#)
My father seldom sleepeth well.

[222]

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.

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
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:
'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?
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

[225]

[226]

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, 395
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

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?
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, 440
And let the recreant traitors seek
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!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took

[229]

[230]

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, [455](#)
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

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!

[\[231\]](#)

Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud, [485](#)
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
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood, [495](#)
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!—
[232] '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.
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, 555
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!
And thence I vowed this self-same day 560
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

[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.

[234]

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise, [600](#)
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate [605](#)
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, [635](#)
Her child and thine?

[235]

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!

A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
 That always finds, and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight 660
 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
 With words of unmeant bitterness. 665
 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.
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty 670
 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!)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain 675
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.

[236]

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

H. 1816.

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.

[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 5
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, 10
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.

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: 15
'Twill make a holiday in Hell!

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 35
To see them gorge their dainty fare?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?

Both. Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

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, 50
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun!
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides, 55
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! 60
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, 65
That deal in discontent and curses.

Both. Who bade you do 't?

Fire. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name. 70
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

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

Fam. Wisdom comes with lack of food. 75
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:
They shall seize him and his brood—

Slau. They shall tear him limb from limb!

Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue!
And is this all that you can do 80
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 85
An eight years' work?—Away! away!
I alone am faithful! I 90
Cling to him everlastingly.

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^[240:1]

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, ^[240:2] 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
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, 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

[241]

[242]

Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

60

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
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.

65

70

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^o, 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^o.

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^o, 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^o, 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^o*, *P. R.*, *S. L.* (for *fills* read *thrills*. *Errata, S. L.*, p. [xii]).
- [67] redbreast] redbreasts *4^o*, *P. R.*
- [69] the nigh] all the *4^o*.
- [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^o.

[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, 30
 The Monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swoln the patriot emotion 35
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
 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! 45
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
 Ye storms, that round the dawning East assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!'
 And when, to 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! 65
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 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 90
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
 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, 100
 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 intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. 105

February, 1798.

[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^o, 1802: night-birds' S. L., 1828, 1829.

[6] slope] steep 1798, 4^o, 1802, P. R.

[12] way] path 1802.

[23] smote air, earth, and sea] smote earth, air, and sea 1798, 4^o, P. R.: shook earth, air, and sea 1802.

[24] foot] feet 1798.

[26] lofty] eager 1802.

[27] sang] sung 1798, 4^o, 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^o, P. R.

[51] deep-scarr'd] deep-scar'd 1798, 4^o, 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^o, 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^o, 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^o, P. R.: superstition's *B. L.*

[97] subtle] cherub *B. L.*

[98] To live amid the winds and move upon the waves

1798, 4^o, P. R.

To live among the winds and brood upon the waves

1802.

[99] there] there 1798: then 4^o, P. R. that] yon 1802.

[100] scarce] just 1802.

[102] Yes, as I stood and gazed my forehead bare

1802.

[104] with] by 1802.

[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. 5
 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. 20
 When every friend is gone to them that rest;
 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.

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^[252:1]

[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.

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]

LEWTI^[253:1]

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, 15
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, 20
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! 25
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away
Away it goes; away so soon!
Alas! it has no power to stay: 30
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— 35
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— 40
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

[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 45
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud [255:1]
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished. 50
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder, 55
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! 60
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.

[256] I know the place where Lewti lies, 65
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 70
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 75
On the gently-swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see 80
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

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.*

FEARS IN SOLITUDE^[256:1]

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
	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:	10 15 20 25
[258]		30
		35
		40
		45
		50
		55
		60
[259]		65

Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the Book of Life is made 70
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed, 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
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms 135
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!

[261] Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race, 140
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,
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;
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
And most magnificent temple, in the which 195
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!—

[263] 195
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:
The light has left the summit of the hill, 205
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^o*: Fears &c. Written April 1798, &c. *P. R.*

[19] that] which *4^o, P. R.*

[33] It is indeed a melancholy thing
 And weighs upon the heart

4^o, P. R., S. L.

[40] groans] screams *4^o, P. R.*

[43] And have been tyrannous *4^o, 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^o, P. R.

[Lines 54-8 of the text were added in *Sibylline Leaves, 1817.*]

- [69] know] *know MS. W., 4^o, P. R.*
- [110] from] of 4^o, *P. R.*
- [112] defeats] deceit *S. L. [Probably a misprint].*
- [121] translated] *translated 4^o, 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^o, *P. R., 1802, 1809.*
- [146] we] ye *1809.*
- [148] toss] float *1809.*
- [149] sea-weed] sea-weeds *MS. W., 4^o, 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^o, *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^o.*

[214] nook] scene *MS. W., 4^o, P. R.*

[264]

THE NIGHTINGALE^[264:1]

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 10
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!^[264:2]
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy. 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 20
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 25
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 30
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, 35
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.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt 40
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, 45
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!

[265]

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge, 50
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.	55
[266]	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,	60
	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.	65
	You may perchance behold them on the twigs, Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full, Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade Lights up her love-torch.	
	A most gentle Maid, Who dwelleth in her hospitable home	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, That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,	75
	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
[267]	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.

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.

THE THREE GRAVES^[267:1]

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE

The Author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale.^[268:1] 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:—

[268]

'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^[268:2] 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."[\[269:1\]](#)" *S. L. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[PART I—FROM MS.]

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.

And hither too the old man came, 5
The maiden and her feer,
'Then tell me, Sexton, tell me why
The toad has harbour here.

'The Thorn is neither dry nor dead,
But still it blossoms sweet; [10](#)
Then tell me why all round its roots
The dock and nettle meet.

'Why here the hemlock, &c. [*sic in MS.*]

'Why these three graves all side by side,
Beneath the flow'ry thorn, 15
Stretch out so green and dark a length,
By any foot unworn.'

There, there a ruthless mother lies
Beneath the flowery thorn;
And there a barren wife is laid, 20
And there a maid forlorn.

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, [30](#)
'I would you were my bride,'
And she was scarlet as he spoke,
And turned her face to hide.

'You know my mother she is rich,
And you have little gear; 35
And go and if she say not Nay,
Then I will be your fere.'

Young Edward to the mother went.
To him the mother said:
'In truth you are a comely man;
You shall my daughter wed.'

[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.]

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.

And here within the flowering thorn
How deep they drank of joy:
The mother fed upon the sight,
Nor . . . [*sic in MS.*]

[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.

'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.

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.

[272] She stood, her back against the door,
And when her child drew near—
'Away! away!' the mother cried,
'Ye shall not enter here.

'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.

Fast rooted to the spot, you guess,
The wretched maiden stood,
As pale as any ghost of night
That wanteth flesh and blood.

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.

The mother she to Edward went
Where he sate in the bower,
And said, 'That woman is not fit
To be your paramour.

'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 110
Her deadly sin so long;
She is my child, and therefore I
As mother held my tongue.

'She is my child, I've risked for her
My living soul's estate: 115
I cannot say my daily prayers,
The burthen is so great.

'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, 130
And he laughed loud and long—
'In truth, good mother, you are mad,
Or drunk with liquor strong.'

To him no word the mother said,
But on her knees she fell, 135
And fetched her breath while thrice your hand
Might toll the passing-bell.

'Thou daughter now above my head,
Whom in my womb I bore,
May every drop of thy heart's blood 140
Be curst for ever more.

'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, 150
And turning round he sees
The mother looking up to God
And still upon her knees.

Young Edward he to Mary went
When on the bed she lay: 155
'Sweet love, this is a wicked house—
Sweet love, we must away.'

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. *MS. erased.*]

The mother still was in the bower,
And with a greedy heart 165
She *drank perdition* on her knees,
Which never may depart.

But when their steps were heard below
On God she did not call;
She did forget the God of Heaven, 170
For they were in the hall.

She started up—the servant maid
Did see her when she rose;
And she has oft declared to me 175
The blood within her froze.

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? 180
For with a smile she cried:
'Unblest ye shall not pass my door,
The bride-groom and his bride.

[275]

'Be blithe as lambs in April are,
As flies when fruits are red; 185
May God forbid that thought of me
Should haunt your marriage-bed.

'And let the night be given to bliss,
The day be given to glee:
I am a woman weak and old, 190
Why turn a thought on me?

'What can an aged mother do,
And what have ye to dread?
A curse is wind, it hath no shape 195
To haunt your marriage-bed.'

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, 200
And why the maid forlorn,
And why the ruthless mother lies
Beneath the flowery thorn?

Three times, three times this spade of mine,
In spite of bolt or bar, 205
Did from beneath the belfry come,
When spirits wandering are.

And when the mother's soul to Hell
By howling fiends was borne,
This spade was seen to mark her grave 210
Beneath the flowery thorn.

And when the death-knock at the door
Called home the maid forlorn,
This spade was seen to mark her grave 215
Beneath the flowery thorn.

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 220
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane 225
Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
There leads from Edward's door 230
A mossy track, all over boughed,
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— 245
I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
The married maiden set: 250
That moment—I have heard her say—
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 270
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 'tis a gloomy season.'

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
And on the few fine days

She stirred not out, lest she might meet
Her mother in the ways. 275

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, 310
And audibly she cried—
'Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!

'O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven. 315
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

[279]

'By night and day, in bed and bower,
O let her curséd be!!!'
So having prayed, steady and slow, 320
She rose up from her knee!
And left the church, nor e'er again
The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still, 325
So pale! I guessed not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and asked her why: 330
Giddy she seemed, and sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped
She smiled and told us why: 335
'It was a wicked woman's curse,'
Quoth she, 'and what care I?'

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, 340
This was her constant cry—
'It was a wicked woman's curse—
God's good, and what care I?'

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled: 345
'It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?'

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature! and she hid it all: 350
She told it not to Mary.

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, 360
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!

You see, good sir! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath: 365
He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's name 370
Fast-linked they both together came,
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike: 375
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his looks
They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with their arms,
Both Ellen and his wife. 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, 385
But closelier did she cling,
And turned her face and looked as if
She saw some frightful thing.

PART IV

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark; 390
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

[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 410
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came; 415
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward looked as if he thought 420
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time. 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 435
She gently pressed her hand;

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

And once her both arms suddenly 440
Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
Had she the words to smother: 445
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
'Oh Christ! you're like your mother!'

So gentle Ellen now no more
Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways 450
Drove Edward wild and weary.

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, 460
And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer: 465
'Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
It is too great to bear!'

[283] 'Twas such a foggy time as makes
Old sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring 470
Was late uncommonly.

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 480
To any pasture-plot;
But clustered near the chattering brook,
Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbour took, 485
A close, round arbour; and it stands
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still
With scarlet berries hung,
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn, 490
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell. 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
A perfect glory too; 510
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory gay and bright
Round that small orb, so blue.'

And then they argued of those rays,
What colour they might be; 515
Says this, 'They're mostly green'; says that,
'They're amber-like to me.'

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast. 520

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

525

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
Had had time to depart,
'O God, forgive me!' (he exclaimed)
'I have torn out her heart.'

[530](#)

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shivered, where she sat,
And never she smiled after.

535

1797-1809.

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

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 *Sibylline 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 *Sibylline Leaves, 1817.*

- [221] as ripe] as they *MS.*
[224] High on the hedge-elms in the lane *MS. erased.*
[225] spikes] strikes *Sibylline 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 *Sibylline 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.

[285] **THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN** [285:1]

PREFATORY NOTE

[286] 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 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 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.

[287] 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 below'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).

[288]

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. 5

'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.' 10

'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 25

stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

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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!

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[289]

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.

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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.

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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.'

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[290]

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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

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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.

[105](#)

[110](#)

[291] 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, 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!'

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[160](#)

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[170](#)

1798.

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 affeared 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*.

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.

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*.

[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, 5
 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 10
 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— 15
 Oh wherefore can he stay?

[294] She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
 She sees far off a swinging bough!
 'Tis He! 'Tis my betrothéd 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, 30
I gave what I can ne'er recall,
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all.'

The Knight made answer to the Maid, 35
While to his heart he held her hand,
'Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

'The fairest one shall be my love's, 40
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

'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 50
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

[295]

But first the nodding minstrels go 55
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

And then my love and I shall pace. 60
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids.

* * * * *

1798.

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^[295:1]:

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.

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[296] In the summer of the year 1797^[295:2], 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.'^[296:1] 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!

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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.

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[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 αδιου ασω^[297:1] [Αυριον αδιον ασω 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.^[297:2]

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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. 5

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, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

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!^[297:3]
^[297:4]And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced: 20
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
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 momently the sacred river. 25
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 30
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
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!^[298:1]

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!^[298:2]
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.

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 ἄσῶ.
- [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.*

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— 15
'Halloo!' the parish is up in arms,
(A *hoaxing*-hunt has always charms)
'Halloo! the ox is mad.'

IV

The frightened beast scamper'd about—
Plunge! through the hedge he drove: 20

[299]

[300]

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 35
Of a Presbyterian wh—re!'

VII

'You'd have him gore the Parish-priest,
And run against the altar!
You fiend!' the sage his warnings ceas'd,
And north and south, and west and east, 40
Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob and Walter.

VIII

[301]

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, 45
The ox ran o'er him mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.

IX

The frightened beast ran on—(but here,
No tale, (tho' in print, more true is) 50
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!)

X

The frightened beast ran through the town, 55
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. 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, 65
They're both alike the Ague.

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, 70
And not a chick of all this brood
But had his belly full!

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,^[302:1] right o'er the steer,
 Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

75

XIV

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

80

XV

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

85

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),
 A *sight* of golden guineas!

95

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,
 No! not a school-boy's farthing top
 For all the parish-fences.'

100

XVIII

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

105

XIX

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

110

XX

As thus I sat, in careless chat,
 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.

115

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.

1798.

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,

[304]

HEXAMETERS [304:1]

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, [304:2]
 Gently sustain them in air, and extending the digit didactic,
 Rest it a moment on each of the forks of the five-forked left hand, 5
 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:
 Yea, and I feel it not right! But O! my friends, my beloved! 20
 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 <i>bore</i> the heavenly Lord!	25

? 1799.

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 belovéd, 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;— 20
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 [309:1]

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG

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, 5
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers use to pray.

III

'Vouchsafe him health, O God! and give 10
The child thy servant still to live!'
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an arméd power.

IV

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin, 15
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

[310]

V

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, 25
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery—the which he broke!

? 1799.

FOOTNOTES:

[309:1] First published in *Sibyline 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 [310:1]

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; 5
Lo! Phoebus the Glorious descends from his throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With Divinities fills my

Terrestrial hall!

How shall I yield you 10
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire?

[311]

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! 15
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my soul!
O give me the nectar!
O fill me the bowl!

Give him the nectar!
Pour out for the poet, 20
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! 25
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

? 1799.

FOOTNOTES:

[310:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829 ('Vision of the Gods', Contents, vol. i, pp. 322-3 of both editions), and in 1834. For Schiller's original (*Dithyrambe*) see Appendices of this edition.

FROM THE GERMAN^[311:1]

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? 5
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend!

? 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^[311:2]

[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 5
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

[312]

'Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my father-land.'— 10
'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 15
I'd have thee by my side.'

The happy bridal over
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home. 20
And still they sang together
As steering o'er the tide:
'Row on through wind and weather
For ever by my side.'

? 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^[312:1]

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.

5

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?

10

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!

15

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.*

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST

I stood on Brocken's^[315:2] 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, 5
 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 10
 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 15
 In low and languid mood:^[315:3] 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 20
 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, 25
 O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
 Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
 Thy sands and high white cliffs!

[316]

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
 Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view 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, 35
 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 *Sibylline 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.*

[317] THE BRITISH STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG^[317:1]

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,
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!

25

? 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

MS., *MS. correction in An. Anth.*, *L. R.*

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.*

NAMES^[318:1]

[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.

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, 5
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

III

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best: 10
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

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 15
Of Cain and his brother, Abel.

V

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend 20
Death in the Revelations. [\[320:1\]](#)

[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, 25
Quoth he! we are both of one college!
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge. [\[321:1\]](#)

[322]

VIII

Down the river did glide, with wind and tide, 30
A pig with vast celerity;
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 35
A solitary cell;
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 40
Fetter a troublesome blade;
'Nimble,' quoth he, 'do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade.'

XI

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man, 45
With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long debate
On the Slave-trade abolition.

XII

He saw an old acquaintance
 As he passed by a Methodist meeting;—
 She holds a consecrated key,
 And the devil nods her a greeting.

[323]

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 55
 (A minister to his mind)
 Go up into a certain House,
 With a majority behind.

XV

The Devil quoted Genesis 60
 Like a very learned clerk,
 How 'Noah and his creeping things
 Went up into the Ark.'

XVI

He took from the poor,
 And he gave to the rich,
 And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
 For he was not afraid of the — 65

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.

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' ἐξογήν*, 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 Potheary 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.*

[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 5
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 10
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, 15
(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
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, 25
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.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed 30
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 35
 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. 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 45
 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, 50
 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 55
 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.]

[326] WESTPHALIAN SONG [326:1]

[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 ^[326:2]

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLVI

Gōd is ous Strēngth ānd ous Rēfūge: thērefōre will wē nōt trēmblē,
Thō' thē Earth bē rēmōved ānd thō' thē pērpētual 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. 5
Thē Idōlātērs rāgēd, 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. 10
Halleluja! th' Eternal is with us, the God of our Fathers!

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.

[327]

HYMN TO THE EARTH ^[327:1]

[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG'S *HYMNE AN DIE ERDE*]

HEXAMETERS

[328]

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, 5
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,
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 $\bar{\quad}$; and *vice versâ*, unaccented syllables for short marked $\check{\quad}$. 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 wĭth ā | shōut: oūr | Lōrd wĭth 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 $\bar{\quad}\check{\quad}$, 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 ĩs ā | rĭvēr thē | flōwĭng whēre|ōf shāl | glāddēn thē | cĭtŷ,
 Hālĭē|lŷjāh thē | cĭtŷ | 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 trocheeo-iambic language, there must, I fear, be other licenses granted—in the *first* foot, at least—*ex. gr.* a superfluous $\check{\quad}$ prefixed in cases of particles such as 'of', 'and', and the like: likewise $\bar{\quad}\check{\quad}$ 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

MAHOMET^[329:1]

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.
 Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
 Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts 10
 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.

^[330]

? 1799.

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.

LOVE^[330:1]

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; 30
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

[333] I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, 35
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed 40
Too fondly on her face!

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, 45
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright; 50
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death 55
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate 60
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

[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 65
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve; 70
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued, 75
Subdued and cherished long!

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, 85
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'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.

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' 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.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE^[335:1]

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.
Yet these delight to celebrate
Laurell'd War and plummy State;
Or in verse and music dress

25

30

35

[337]	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 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 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 With living Nature, in her joys and woes!	[337:1] 70 75
[338]	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

1799.

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 24th 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.*

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, 5
 A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

II

They told her how a glorious light,
 Streaming from a heavenly throng,
 Around them shone, suspending night!
 While sweeter than a mother's song, 10
 Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III

She listened to the tale divine,
 And closer still the Babe she pressed;
 And while she cried, the Babe is mine! 15
 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.

[339]

IV

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
 Poor, simple, and of low estate! 20
 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?

V

And is not War a youthful king, 25
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. 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. 35
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

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; 40
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

VIII

'Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease: 45
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.'

[340]

1799.

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.

TALLEYRAND TO LORD GRENVILLE^[340:1]

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 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

[341]

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. 5
I dar'd not presume on your Lordship to bounce,
But thought it more *exquisite* first to *announce*!

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, 10
As boys pick up ha'pence on April fool-day.
I'm no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier
That your Lordship's *ungautleted* 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 15
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 Moralists [341:1] prates,
'Tis the keystone and cement of *civilized States*. 20
Those American *Reps*! [342:1] 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.

[342]

My Lord! though the vulgar in wonder be lost at 25
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. 30
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: 35
'Twill be *Non sine pulvere palma*^[342:2] for ever!

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. 40
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 45
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, 50

[343]

What a plentiful vintage of initiations^[342:3]
Would Noble Lords lose in your Lordship's orations.
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!^[343:1] 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!^[343:2]
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^[343:3] of Scotland, your snuffs ye must trim;
Your Geminies, 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*.

[344]

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; 105
 Yet their presses and types I could shiver in splinters,
 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* plaster. 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.

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 tenebrosity. 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.

5

1800.

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. notebook, 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.*

[7] His eye can see *MS.*

THE KEEPSAKE ^[345:2]

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!^[346:1]
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline 15
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
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, 20
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
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!

FOOTNOTES:

- [345:2] First published in the *Morning Post*, September 17, 1802 (signed, ΕΣΤΗΣΕ): included in *Sibylline 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
- M. P.*
- 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

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]

[348] 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; 5
But him I could not see:
And thus the music flow'd along,
In melody most like to old Sicilian song:

'There was a time when earth, and sea, and skies,
The bright green vale, and forest's dark recess, 10
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; 15
If I must live to know that such a time has been!'
A silence then ensued:
Till from the cavern came
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, 25
For, when I woke, beneath mine eyes I found
The plot of mossy ground,
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, 30
Whose colours to a *murder'd* maiden's blood,
Such sad resemblance wear?—

'*I struck the wound*,—this hand of mine!
For Oh, thou maid divine,
I lov'd to agony! 35
The youth whom thou call'd'st thine
Did never love like me!

[349] 'Is it the stormy clouds above
That flash'd so red a gleam?
On yonder downward trickling stream?— 40
'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!' 45

Here ceas'd the voice. In deep dismay,
Down thro' the forest I pursu'd my way.

[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.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT BY THE ROAD SIDE HALF-WAY UP A STEEP HILL FACING SOUTH ^[349:1]

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 scanty 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,

[350]

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,
Then wake in Heaven, and find the dream all true.

40

1800.

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'!

A STRANGER MINSTREL [\[350:1\]](#)

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](#)

[352]	<p>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 (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, 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!</p>	45
	<p>Now to the "haunted beach" can fly,^[352:1] Beside the threshold scourged with waves, Now where the maniac wildly raves, "Pale moon, thou spectre of the sky!"^[352:2] No wind that hurries o'er my height Can travel with so swift a flight. 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, Soft, various, and sublime, Exempt from wrongs of Time!</p>	50 55
	<p>Thus spake the mighty Mount, and I Made answer, with a deep-drawn sigh:— Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear, I would, I would that she were here!</p>	60 65 70

November, 1800.

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.

[353] ALCAEUS TO SAPPHO ^[353:1]

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

5

In shades of changing blue, 10
 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! 15
 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! 20

1800.

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.

THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE ^[353:2]

[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, 5
 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. 10
 'Twould be a square tomb, if it were not too long;
 And 'tis fenced round with irons sharp, spear-like, and strong.

[355] 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 privy
 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.

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! *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
Inclin'd 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

[358]

Thy petals boast a white more soft, 25
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 30
To seek the woven arboret
Where Laura lies reclin'd.

5

All them whom Love and Fancy grace,
When grosser eyes are clos'd in sleep,
The gentle spirits of the place 35
Waft up the insuperable steep,
On whose vast summit broad and smooth
Her nest the Phœnix Bird conceals,
And where by cypresses o'erhung

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.

1

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.

2

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!

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, 5
 '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, 10
 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 15
 A thousand recollections bland,
 Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
 Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams (the Soul herself forsaking),
 Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
 Silent adorations, making 20
 A blessed shadow of this Earth!

[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.

FOOTNOTES:

[359:1] First published in the *Morning Post* (signed Εοθησε), 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] Gravelly said the [mild *MS. A.*
sage Physician *MS. Letter.*

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^[360:1]

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, 5
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.

[361] Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine, 10
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: 15
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

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; 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, 25
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— 30
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

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! 5
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,
[362] This Love that seeming great beyond the power 10
Of growth, yet seemeth ever more to grow,
Could I transmute the whole to one rich Dower
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.
-

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.

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.

For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(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,
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!

^[363]

5

10

15

20

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!

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.

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!

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,
 All colours a suffusion from that light. 75

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, 80
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth:

[367]

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
 But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth, 85
 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— 90
 This was my sole resource, my only plan:
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream! 95
 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, 100
 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, 105
 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? 110
 '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, 115
 With groans, and tremulous shuddering—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,— 120
 '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. 125

[368]

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, 130
 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, 135
 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.

1802.

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 *Gests 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, 5
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, 10
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 [\[369:1\]](#)

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, [\[369:2\]](#) while oft unseen, 5
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind, 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
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back. 45

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 50
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 55
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, 60
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 65
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song, 70
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 75
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, 80
(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, 85
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, 90
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! 95
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 100
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 105
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, 110
The Naiad of the mirror!

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: 115

[371]

[372]

Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

	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 parted 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 blessed couch! For this may'st thou flower early, and the sun, Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long Upon thy purple bells! O 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]		

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*

- [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
 To seek their fortune in this motley world, 10
 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,
 And fitted each to each, and made them one! 20
 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,
 That our own Britain, our dear mother Isle, 25
 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
 Around the brows of patriot Hope! But thou 30
 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
 Of mighty oaks, pay homage to the gales, 35
 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
 Of Truth and Nature in the howling storm, 40
 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,
- [376]

Yet hurried onward by thy wings of fancy
Swift as the whirlwind, singing in their quills.
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?

45

1802.

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*.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI^[376:2]

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, [\[378:1\]](#) 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
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low 75
 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.

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](#) *fol.*

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** [\[381:1\]](#)

'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.'

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? 10
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, 15
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL DEATH!

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.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH ^[381:2]

[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, ^[382:1]
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 *Sibylline 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^[382:2]

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. 5
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight, 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

[384] 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!

IV

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy, 40
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,

And with him came my sister dear;
 After long absence now first met,
 Long months by pain and grief beset—
 We three dear friends! in truth, we groan 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.

1802.

FOOTNOTES:

[382:2] First published in the *Morning Post* (?), Oct. 7, 1802: included in *Sibylline 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 [385:1]

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.
 O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow! 5
 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^[386:1]

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, 5
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!' 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^[386:2]

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, 5
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

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, 10
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss 15
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
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 ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

[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, 5
My spirit I to Love compose,
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
In anguish and in agony, 15
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong! 20
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl! 25
And shame and terror over all!

[390]

Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe, 30
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, 40
I wept as I had been a child;

And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin,— 45
For aye entempesting anew

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, 50
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

[391]

1803.

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*.

THE EXCHANGE^[391:1]

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.

5

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.

[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 *fol.*

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^[392:1]

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.

SONNET^[392:2]

[TRANSLATED FROM MARINI]

Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same!
Thou, that in me thou kindled'st such fierce heat;

[393]

I, that my heart did of a Sun so sweet
 The rays concentre to so hot a flame. 5
 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— 10
 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.

? 1805.

FOOTNOTES:

[392:2] First published in 1893. For the Italian original, 'Alia Sua Amico,' *Sonetto*, vide Appendices of this Edition.

PHANTOM^[393:1]

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 5
 But of one spirit all her own;—
 She, she herself, and only she,
 Shone through her body visibly.

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^[393:2]

[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.
 The boughs, the sprays have stood 10
 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?^[394:1]

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?—
Is very life by consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

5

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 the age of 15 and 16'.

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;
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,
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
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!

[397]

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
She hears her own voice with a new delight; 70
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
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake? 75
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*.

SEPARATION^[397:1]

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
Than outward Form, though fair to see, 10
Wealth's glittering fairy-dome of ice,
Or echo of proud ancestry?—

O! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of Love for thee, 15
As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear;
O! take my life, or let me pass 20
That life, that happy life, with her!)

[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.

Strong spirit-bidding sounds!
 With deep and hollow voice,
 'Twixt Hope and Dread,
 Seven Times I said
 Iohva Mitzoveh 5
 Vohoeen![\[399:2\]](#)

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
 black Lamb— 15
 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,
 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! 55
 I am burnt ashy white, and you yet are but ruby.'

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.

[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 '*Omniana* 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 [401:2]

LESSON FOR A BOY

Trōchēē trīps frōm lōng tō shōrt;
From long to long in solemn sort

[402]

Slōw Spōndēe stālks; strōng foot! yet ill able
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllāble. 5
 Iambics march from short to long;—
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anāpæsts thrōng;
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,
 Amphibrāchys hāstes with a stātelȳ stride;—
 First and last being long, middlē short, Amphimācer
 Strikes his thūndering hoofs like a proud high-brēd Rācer. 10
 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,—
 May crown him with fame, and must win him the love 15
 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 [402:1]

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.

[403]

While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving 5
 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.

'*Cælica*'. Sonnet lxxiv.

Farewell sweet Boy, complaine not of my truth;
 Thy Mother lov'd thee not with more devotion;

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. 55

Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linkéd lay of Truth, 60

Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn, 65

[407]

The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as Life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe 70
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; 75

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, 80
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

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 85
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 90
By pity or grief, already felt too long!

[408]

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 95
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,

Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
 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.

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.*

Mid festive crowds, *thy* Brows too garlanded,
A Brother of the Feast: of Fancies fair,
Hyblaeon 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 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.

15

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.

[409] **AN ANGEL VISITANT**^[409:1]

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.

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. 5

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.

TO TWO SISTERS ^[410:1]**[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 10
 Waste daily with the poison of sad thought,
 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^[412:1]

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—^[412:2]
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, 5
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

1808.

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.

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 20
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
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

^[413]

^[414]

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!
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.

35

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 viith, 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.

FOR A MARKET-CLOCK^[414:1]

(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.

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 'Omnia' 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.

THE MADMAN AND THE LETHARGIST^[414:2]

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, 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! 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.	5
	'Fighting with a ghostly stare 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, Seem'd living only when he snor'd. The <i>Citizen</i> enraged to see This fat Insensibility, Or, tir'd with solitary labour, Determin'd to convert his neighbour; 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:— Yet, still, with flying fingers fleet, Duly accompanied by feet, With some short intervals of biting, He executes the self-same strain, 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 Gives demonstration full and ample— That <i>Chance</i> may bring a thing to bear, Where <i>Art</i> sits down in blank despair.'	15 20 25 30 35
[416]	'That's true enough, Dick,' answer'd I, 'But as for the <i>Example</i> , 'tis a lie.'	40 45

? 1809

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.'

THE VISIONARY HOPE^[416:1]

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, 10
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed,
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 dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

? 1810.

FOOTNOTES:

[416:1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

LINENOTES:

[22] can] *can S. L. 1828, 1829.*

[417] EPITAPH ON AN INFANT^[417:1]

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! 5
Oh tell, rude stone! the passer by,
That here the pretty babe doth lie,
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

1811.

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^[417:2]

**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, 5
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH^[417:3]

[418] Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly! 10
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

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.

TO A LADY^[418:1]

**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^[418:2]

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.

5

? 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*.

[419] THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT^[419:1]

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.

NATURE'S ANSWER

Is't returned, as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear? 5
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! 10
Then die—if die you dare!

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^[419:2]

AN ALLEGORY

[420] 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, 5
 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, 10

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^[420:1]

FROM REMORSE

[Act III, Scene i. ll. 69-82.]

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, [5](#)
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine! [10](#)

Hush! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

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.

THE NIGHT-SCENE^[421:1]

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

Sandoval. You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?

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, 5
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 10
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. 15

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 20
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. 25
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
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.—

[423]

[*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!

1813.

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^[423:1]

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

[424]

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^[424:1]

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;

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 15
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
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, 25
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.

? 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.*

[5] are] *are S. L., 1828, 1829. whole] whole S. L., 1828, 1829.*

[19] the] each *1887-80, 1893.*

SONG^[426:1]

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!'

[427]

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^[427:1]

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. 5
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.

Leave the hearth and leave the house 10
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 15
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

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^[427:2]**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;
And whoso loves no earthly song,
But does for heavenly music long,
Faith, Hope, and Charity for him,
Shall sing like wingéd Cherubim.

30

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 ^[429:1]

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
Lessons of love and earnest piety. 5
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.

LIMBO ^[429:2]

* * * * *

[430]

The sole true Something—This! In Limbo's Den
It frightens Ghosts, as here Ghosts frighten men.
Thence cross'd unseiz'd—and shall some fated hour
Be pulveris'd by Demogorgon's power,
And given as poison to annihilate souls— 5
Even now it shrinks them—they shrink in as Moles
(Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)
Creep back from Light—then listen for its sound;—
See but to dread, and dread they know not why—
The natural alien of their negative eye. 10

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place,
Yet name it so;—where Time and weary Space
Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,
Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;—
Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands 15
Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,
Not mark'd by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they
As moonlight on the dial of the day!
But that is lovely—looks like Human Time,—
An Old Man with a steady look sublime, 20

That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;
 But he is blind—a Statue hath such eyes;—
 Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,
 Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,
 With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high, 25
 He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye;—
 As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,
 His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!
 Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—
 He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him! 30
 No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immure,
 Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,
 By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,
 Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthrall.
 A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation, 35
 Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
 Hell knows a fear far worse,
 A fear—a future state;—'tis positive Negation!

[431]

1817.

FOOTNOTES:

[429:2] First published, in its present shape, from an original MS. in 1893 (inscribed in a notebook). Lines 6-10 ('they shrink . . . negative eye') were first printed in *The Friend* (1818, iii. 215), and included as a separate fragment with the title 'Moles' in *P. W.*, 1834, i. 259. Lines 11-38 were first printed with the title 'Limbo' in *P. W.*, 1834, i. 272-3. The lines as quoted in *The Friend* were directed against 'the partisans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the *Nihil nisi ab extra*'. The following variants, now first printed, are from a second MS. (*MS. S. T. C.*) in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge. In the notebook *Limbo* is followed by the lines entitled *Ne Plus Ultra*, vide *post*, p. 431.

LINENOTES:

[Title] Another Fragment, but in a very different style, from a Dream of Purgatory, alias *Limbus MS. S. T. C.* [*Note.*—In this MS. *Phantom*, 'All Look and Likeness,' &c. precedes *Limbo*.]

Between 2-3:

For skimming in the wake it mock'd the care
 Of the old Boat-God for his farthing fare;
 Tho' Irus' Ghost itself he ne'er frown'd blacker on
 The skin and skin-pent Druggist cross'd the Acheron,
 Styx, and with Periphlegeton Cocytus,—
 (The very names, methinks, might frighten us)
 Unchang'd it cross'd—*and shall some fated hour*

MS. Notebook.

[Coleridge marks these lines as 'a specimen of the Sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery Four-in-Hand round the corner of Nonsense.']

[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, 5
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,
And his good sword rust;— 10
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

? 1817.

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]

ON DONNE'S POETRY^[433:1]

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

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.

ISRAEL'S LAMENT^[433:2]

'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 5
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, 15
So dear, so lovely, and so young!

[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!	25
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.	30
O press again that murmuring string! Again bewail that princely Sire! A destined Queen, a future King, He mourns on one funereal pyre.	35
Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd, Her daughters wail their dear defence; Their fair example, prostrate laid, Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.	40
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.	45
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.	50
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!	55
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!	55
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

[435]

1817.

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.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS [\[435:1\]](#)

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.

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*?' 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*.

[436] **THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE** [[436:1](#)]

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, 15
 Raise up a mourning for our King.

Lo! of his beams the Day-Star shorn, [[436:2](#)]
 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; 25
 Each diverse Race, each distant Clan
 He govern'd by this truth sublime,
 'God only knows the heart—not man.'

[437] His word appall'd the sons of pride,
 Iniquity far wing'd her way; 30
 Deceit and fraud were scatter'd wide,
 And truth resum'd her sacred sway.

He sooth'd the wretched, and the prey
 From impious tyranny he tore;
 He stay'd th' Usurper's iron sway, 35
 And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

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 45
 The moonlight splendour of his sway,
 Yet still the light remain'd, and shed
 Mild radiance on the traveller's way.

But he is gone—the Just! the Good!
 Nor could a Nation's pray'r delay 50
 The heavenly meed, that long had stood
 His portion in the realms of day.

Beyond the mighty Isle's extent
 The mightier Nation mourns her Chief:
 Him Judah's Daughter shall lament, 55
 In tears of fervour, love and grief.

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, 65
 As round our common Parent's grave;
 And pouring out our heart in prayer,
 Our heav'nly Father's mercy crave.

[438] Until Jehovah from his throne
 Shall heed his suffering people's fears; 70
 Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan,
 To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.

Praise to the Lord! Loud praises sing!
 And bless Jehovah's righteous hand!
 Again he bids a George, our King, 75
 Dispense his blessings to the Land.

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, 95
And train up for us from the royal root,
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. 100
Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine,
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.

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 ^[439:1]

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
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

[440]

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!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 25

'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that Thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
 And thou wert 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:

[441] That only serves to make us grieve 45
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 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.

1823-1832.

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?* Vërse ã 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*.
- [25] many] merry *Bijou*.
- [27] fond] false *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[32] make believe] *make believe* 1828, 1829.

[34] drooping] dragging *MS. 1, Bijou*.

[42-4] That only serves to make me grieve
Now I am old!
Now I am old,—ah woful Now

MS. 1.

[44-5] In our old age
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars of the still narrowing cage.

Inserted in 1832.

[49] *Two lines were added in 1832:—*

O might Life cease! and Selfless Mind,
Whose total Being is Act, alone remain behind.

THE REPROOF AND REPLY^[441:1]

Or, The Flower-Thief's Apology, for a robbery committed in Mr. and Mrs. —'s garden, on Sunday morning, 25th of May, 1823, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

"Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?
Break two commandments? and in church-time too!
Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,
The birth-and-parentage-recording strain?—
Confessions shrill, that out-shrill'd mack'rel drown 5
Fresh from the drop—the youth not yet cut down—
Letter to sweet-heart—the last dying speech—
And didn't all this begin in Sabbath-breach?
You, that knew better! In broad open day,
Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away? 10
What could possess you? Ah! sweet youth. I fear
The chap with horns and tail was at your ear!"

Such sounds of late, accusing fancy brought
From fair Chisholm to the Poet's thought.
Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply:— 15
A bow—a pleading look—a downcast eye,—
And then:

[442] "Fair dame! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your Poet's wont to roam, 20
And many a morn, on his becharméd sense
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deem'd himself, as it flowed warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern, 25
A Nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn,—
Say, can you blame?—No! none that saw and heard
Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirr'd;
A muse beholding in each fervent trait, 30
Took Mary H—— for Polly Hymnia!
Or haply as there stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole array'd,
If with regretful thought he hail'd in *thee*
Chisholm, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene! 35
But most of *you*, soft warblings, I complain!
'Twas ye that from the bee-hive of my brain
Did lure the fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witch'd the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

"Thus all conspir'd—each power of eye and ear, 40
And this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,
To cheat poor me (no conjuror, God wot!)
And Chisholm's self accomplice in the plot.
Can you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they;— 45
All Nature *day-dreams* in the month of May.

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, [\[442:1\]](#) 50
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;
[\[443\]](#) For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing 55
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! 60
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!'" [\[443:1\]](#)

1823.

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.

FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE [\[443:2\]](#)

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 5
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

? 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

LINENOTES:

[Title] Love's First Hope 1893.

THE DELINQUENT TRAVELLERS [443:3]

[444]	<p>Some are home-sick—some two or three, Their third year on the Arctic Sea— Brave Captain Lyon tells us so [444:1]— 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</p>
	<p>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, 20 The law and fashion of the Age. 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</p>
[445]	<p>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,) 40 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>. The atmosphere, too, can do no less Than ventilate her emptiness, 45 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, 50 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. 55 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, 60 No traveller so bold as she. From Fear and Poverty released</p>

I'll saddle Pegasus, at least,
 And when she's seated to her mind,
 I within I can mount behind: 65
 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—
 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
 Beneath the cliffs of Dumpton Bay. [446:1]
 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 *French leave* 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,
 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.

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^[447:1]

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY 1825

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—^[447:2]
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

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! 10
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.

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*^[448:1]

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! 5
These mark the spot where lies the treasure—Worth!

Milner, made up of impudence and trick,^[448:2]
With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,
Rome's Brazen Serpent—boldly dares discuss 10
The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss!
And with grim triumph and a truculent glee^[448:3]
Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,
That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,
And fix'd a broad stare on the Devil's eye— 15
(Pleas'd with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart
To stand outmaster'd in his own black art!)
Yet Milner—

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 20
When courteous Butler—

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, 25
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 30
Against such gentle foes to take the field
Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus wield?

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 35
When the *shown* feeling points a different way.
Smooth Butler can say grace at slander's feast,^[449:1]
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; 40
But duly decks his mitred comrade's flanks,^[450:1]
And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks!

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— 45
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!

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's mood, 50
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, 55
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!

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 $\bar{ } \acute{ } \bar{ }$. N. B. If our accent, a *quality* of sound were actually equivalent to the *Quantity* in the Greek $\bar{ } \acute{ } \bar{ }$, or dactyl $\bar{ } \acute{ } \acute{ }$ 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*.

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.

MS.

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
[\[452\]](#) 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 barter;— 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.

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 puny 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 [\[454:1\]](#)

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 5
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.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin 10
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,

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense, 15
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow, 20
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;

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, 25
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence thro' her crystal shrine!)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing, 30
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring,
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found 35
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?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam 40
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;

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, 45
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!

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.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT^[455:1]

- [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,^[456:1]
 Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death! 10
 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
 With answering look a ready ear to lend, 15
 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^[456:2] with a glory round its head; 30
 The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
 Nor knows he makes the shadow, he pursues!

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

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 55
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!

[459]

? 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.

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.

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.*

HOMELESS^[460:1]

'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.

5

1826.

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*.

LINES^[460:2]

SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088

[461] 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.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed, 5
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
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 cirlet 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.

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.

[462]

EPITAPHIUM TESTAMENTARIUM^[462:1]

Τὸ τοῦ ἙΣΤΗΣΕ τοῦ ἐπιθανοῦς Epitaphium testamentarium αὐτόγραφον.

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.

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 ΑΥΤΟΓΡΑΠΤΟΝ 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. ἐπιθενοῦς (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.

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.

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.

[\[464\]](#)

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 believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment!

(*Then, after a pause of a few minutes*).

ANSWER, *ex improviso*

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!
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;
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

[467]

5

10

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
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,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows, 60
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.

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'.

TO MARY PRIDHAM^[468:1]

[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.

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 *Improvvisatore* (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^[469:1]

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
To wed you on a day, 10
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,	
[470]	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!	
	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	
	The lattice of her bower—	30
	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	
	Thy wanton gaze on me?	45
	And why, against my earnest suit,	
	Does Julian send by thee?	
[471]	'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.'	
	She said: and with a baleful smile	
	The vassal knight reel'd off—	
	Like a huge billow from a bark	
	Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,	55
	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	60
	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.	
	There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree!	65
	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!	70
[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.	75
	'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,	80
	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.

The huntress is in her dress of green,— 85
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. 90

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, 95
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,
Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbour knight prick'd on to join
The huntsmen in the wood. 100

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. 105

[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, 110
That names so seldom meet with Love,
Yet Love wants courage without a name!

Straight from the forest's skirt the trees
O'er-branching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chaunt 115
As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome glade. 120

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. 125

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,
In an unwelcome hour; 145

And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the lattic'd bower.

'But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine; 150
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,
Lies bleeding on the glade.

? 1828.

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
huge 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^[475:1]

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.'

5

[476]

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.

LINES^[476:1]

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

(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,

Swore they mistook him for their own good man.

This Momus—Aristophanes on earth

Men call'd him—maugre all his wit and worth,

5

10

Was croak'd and gabbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
'I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!'

? 1825.

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 *coll.*

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.*

COLOGNE^[477:1]

In Köhln^[477:2], a town of monks and bones^[477:3],
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^[477:4]? 10

1828.

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 virgin 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^[477:5]

FROM THE SAME CITY

As I am a Rhymer^[477:6],
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer^[477:7]
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone 5
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

1828.

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 *apotheosis* of Rhenish wine.

^[478] THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO^[478:1]

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; 5
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; 10
O Friend^[478:2]! 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, 15
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream 20
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, 25
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; 30
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
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
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, 40
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,

^[479]

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: 45
 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, 50
 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, 55
 And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

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; 60
 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. 65
 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. 70
 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! 75
 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. 80
 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; 85
 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, 90
 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! 95
 Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
 See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees
 The new-found roll of old Maeonides; [\[480:1\]](#)
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
 Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart! [\[480:2\]](#) 100
 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!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks, 105
 And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
 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!

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 *Filocopo* 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.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION^[481:1]

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 5
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show, 10
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. 15
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. 20

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,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth, 25
And both supporting does the work of both.

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.

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!

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 improvviso* ^[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^[484:2]

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, 5
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 10
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can't just then be seen.

? 1830.

FOOTNOTES:

[484:2] First published in 1834.

PHANTOM OR FACT^[484:3]

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, 5
'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! 10
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

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 15
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

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^[485:1]

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^[486:1]

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^[486:2]

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]^[486:3]

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^[487:1]

['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! 5
—'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^[487:2]

—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?— 5
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! 10

1832.

FOOTNOTES:

[487:2] First published in 1834.

LINENOTES:

[Title] The heading 'Self-knowledge' appears first in 1893.

[488]

FORBEARANCE^[488:1]

Beareth all things.—1 COR. xiii. 7.

Gently I took that which ungently came,^[488:2]
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^[488:3]

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 30
 That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
 In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

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, 5
 That makes the absent present at our will;
 And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives
 Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!
 Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind 10
 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.

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^[490:2]

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— 5
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 10
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]

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^[491:1]

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 5
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame^[492:1]
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

[492]

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 αὐτοεπιτάφιον.' *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.*

[1189]

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A bird, who for his other sins	451
A blesséd lot hath he, who having passed	173
A green and silent spot, amid the hills	256
'A heavy wit shall hang at every lord'	973
A joke (cries Jack) without a sting	961
A little further, O my father	288
A long deep lane	992
A lovely form there sate beside my bed	484
A low dead Thunder mutter'd thro' the night	1005
A Lutheran stout, I hold for Goose-and-Gaundry	975
A maniac in the woods	993
A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep	155
A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd	967
A sumptuous and magnificent Revenge	1000
A sunny shaft did I behold	426 , 919
A sworded man whose trade is blood	397
A wind that with Aurora hath abiding	1011
Ah! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life	91
Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams	424
All are not born to soar—and ah! how few	26
All look and likeness caught from earth	393
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair	447 , 1111
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	330

Almost awake? Why, what is this, and whence	211
An evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late!	964
An excellent adage commands that we should	971
An Ox, long fed with musty hay	299
And arrows steeled with wrath	994
And cauldrons the scoop'd earth, a boiling sea	989
And in Life's noisiest hour	1002
And my heart mantles in its own delight	1002
And Pity's sigh shall answer thy tale of Anguish	990
And re-implace God's Image of the Soul	994
And this place our forefathers made for man	185
And this reft house is that the which he built	211
And with my whole heart sing the stately song	994
And write Impromptus	989
Are there two things, of all which men possess	361
As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking	960
As I am a Rhymer	477
As late each flower that sweetest blows	45
As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain	11
As late I lay in Slumber's shadowy vale	80
As late, in wreaths, gay flowers I bound	33
As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine	350
As long as ere the life-blood's running	961
As oft mine eye with careless glance	104
As some vast Tropic tree, itself a wood	1001
As the shy hind, the soft-eyed gentle Brute	1013
As the tir'd savage, who his drowsy frame	1023
As when a child on some long Winter's night	85
As when far off the warbled strains are heard	82
As when the new or full Moon urges	1005
At midnight by the stream I roved	253
Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song	131 , 1024
Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh	90
Be proud as Spaniards! Leap for pride ye Fleas!	980
'Be, rather than be called, a child of God'	312
Behind the thin Grey cloud	992
Behold yon row of pines, that shorn and bow'd	1006
Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun	396
Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie	962
Beneath this thorn when I was young	269
Beneath yon birch with silver bark	293
Benign shooting stars, ecstatic delight	1015
Bob now resolves on marriage schemes to trample	953
Bright cloud of reverence, sufferably bright	998
Britannia's boast, her glory and her pride	970
Britons! when last ye met, with distant streak	150
Broad-breasted Pollards, with broad-branching heads	992
Broad-breasted rook-hanging cliff that glasses	988
By many a booby's vengeance bit	953
Charles, grave or merry, at no lie would stick	964
Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first	154
Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand	483
Come, come thou bleak December wind	1001
Come hither, gently rowing	311
Come; your opinion of my manuscript	967
Cupid, if storying Legends tell aright	46
Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween	158
Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West	48
Dear tho' unseen! tho' I have left behind	468
Deep in the gulph of Vice and Woe	12
Depart in joy from this world's noise and strife	177
Didst thou think less of thy dear self	965
Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar	96
Discontent mild as an infant	991

Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come	962
Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove	386
Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet	417
Due to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power	989
Each Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf	968
Each crime that once estranges from the virtues	1011
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother	327
Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan	76
Encinctured with a twine of leaves	287
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay (1803)	389
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay (1806)	401
Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade	68
Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no	419
Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus	981
Farewell, parental scenes! a sad farewell	29
Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth	402
Fear no more, thou timid Flower	356
'Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?	441
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like	1085, 1086
Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?	984
[1191] For ever in the world of Fame	1013
Frail creatures are we all! To be the best	486
Friend, Lover, Husband, Sister, Brother	392
Friend of the wise! and Teacher of the Good	403
Friend pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt	1008
Friends should be <i>weigh'd</i> , not <i>told</i> ; who boasts to have won	963
From his brimstone bed at break of day	319
From me, Aurelia! you desired	966
From Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart	952
From yonder tomb of recent date	955
Gently I took that which ungently came	488
Γνώθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime	487
Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee	1016
God be with thee, gladsome Ocean	359
Gōd is oŭr Strēngth ānd oŭr Rēfŭge	326
God no distance knows	989
God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all	490
God's Image, Sister of the Cherubim	994
Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire	969
Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better	96
Grant me a Patron, gracious Heaven! whene'er	995
Great goddesses are they to lazy folks	1008
Hail! festal Easter that dost bring	1
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star	376 , 1074
He too has flitted from his secret nest	457
Hear, my belovéd, an old Milesian story	307
Hear, sweet Spirit, hear the spell	420 , 552, 849
Heard'st thou yon universal cry	10
Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony	28
Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe	157
Hence! thou fiend of gloomy sway	34
Her attachment may differ from yours in degree	484
Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses	983
Here lies a Poet; or what once was he	1089
Here lies the Devil—ask no other name	964
Here sleeps at length, poor Col., and without screaming	970
High o'er the rocks at night I rov'd	1050, 1051
High o'er the silver rocks I rov'd	1049
Hippona lets no silly flush	955
His native accents to her stranger's ear	1011
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead	1005
Hoarse Maevius reads his hobbling verse	955
How long will ye round me be swelling	39

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits	381
'How sweet, when crimson colours dart	353
How warm this woodland wild Recess	409
Hush! ye clamorous Cares! be mute	92
I ask'd my fair one happy day	318
I fancy whenever I spy Nosy	953
I from the influence of thy Looks receive	999
I have experienced the worst the world can wreak on me	1004
I have heard of reasons manifold	418
I heard a voice from Etna's side	347
I heard a voice pealing loud triumph to-day	1014
I hold of all our viperous race	959
I know it is dark; and though I have lain	382
I know 'tis but a dream, yet feel more anguish	998
I love, and he loves me again	1118
[1192] I mix in life, and labour to seem free	292
I never saw the man whom you describe	182
I note the moods and feelings men betray	448
I sigh, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate	152
I stand alone, nor tho' my heart should break	1010
I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw	315
I too a sister had! too cruel Death	21
I touch this scar upon my skull behind	984
I wish on earth to sing	1017
I yet remain To mourn	1124
If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom	425
If fair by Nature	1012
If I had but two little wings	313
If Love be dead	475
If Pegasus will let <i>thee</i> only ride him	21
If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit	954
If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light	386
If while my passion I impart	58
Imagination, honourable aims	396
Imagination, Mistress of my Love	49
In a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer	993
In darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock	990
In Köhln, a town of monks and bones	477
In many ways does the full heart reveal	462
In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes	974
In the corner <i>one</i>	1012
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column	308
In this world we dwell among the tombs	991
In vain I praise thee, Zoilus	966
In vain I supplicate the Powers above	1087
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	297
It is an ancient Mariner	187
It is an ancycnt Marinere	1030
It may indeed be phantasy, when I	429
It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breath'd	87
Its balmy lips the infant blest	417
Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing	958
Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground	971
Jack Snipe	982
Jem writes his verses with more speed	956
Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace	6
Kayser! to whom, as to a second self	490
Know thou who walk'st by, Man! that wrapp'd up in lead, man	961
Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow	311
Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same	392
Last Monday all the Papers said	956
Leanness, disquietude, and secret Pangs	990
Lest after this life it should prove my sad story	1090

[1193]

Let clumps of earth, however glorified	1008
Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar	1001
Let those whose low delights to Earth are given	427
Light cargoes waft of modulated Sound	988
Like a lone Arab, old and blind	488
Like a mighty Giantess	991
Little Miss Fanny	987
Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves	33
Lov'd the same Love, and hated the same hate	994
Lovely gems of radiance meek	17
Low was our pretty Cot! our tallest Rose	106
Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!	979
Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve	19
Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth	66
Maiden, that with sullen brow	171
Mark this holy chapel well	309
Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune played	374
Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night	5
Money, I've heard a wise man say	972
Most candid critic, what if I	962
Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn	433
Much on my early youth I love to dwell	64
My dearest Dawtie	984
My eyes make pictures, when they are shut	385
My father confessor is strict and holy	969
My heart has thanked thee, Bowles! for those soft strains	84 , 85
My heart seraglios a whole host of Joys	990
My Lesbia, let us love and live	60
My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation	341
My Maker! of thy power the trace	423
My Merry men all, that drink with glee	979
My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined	100 , 1021
Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped	172
Names do not always meet with Love	997
Nature wrote Rascal on his face	991
Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?	418
Near the lone pile with ivy overspread	69
Never, believe me	310
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day	264
No cold shall thee benumb	1015
No doleful faces here, no sighing	954
No more my visionary soul shall dwell	68
No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope	460
No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high	1004
No private grudge they need, no personal spite	972
Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest	824
Nor travels my meandering eye	97
Not always should the Tear's ambrosial dew	83
Not hers To win the sense by words of rhetoric	1007
Not, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name	89
Nothing speaks our mind so well	975
Now! It is gone—our brief hours travel post	974
Now prompts the Muse poetic lays	13
O —! O —! of you we complain	977
O beauty in a beauteous body dight	999
O! Christmas Day, Oh! happy day!	460
O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind	443
O form'd t'illum a sunless world forlorn	86
O Friend! O Teacher! God's great Gift to me	1081
O! I do love thee, meek <i>Simplicity</i>	210
O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease	435
O leave the Lily on its stem	1053
O man! thou half-dead Angel!	994
O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze	16

[1194]

O mercy, O me, miserable man	1005
O Muse who sangest late another's pain	18
O Peace, that on a lily bank dost love	94
O! Superstition is the giant shadow	1007
O th' Oppressive, irksome weight	1000
O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more	51
O thron'd in Heav'n! Sole King of kings	438
O what a loud and fearful shriek was there	82
O what a wonder seems the fear of death	125
O would the Baptist come again	959
O'er the raised earth the gales of evening sigh	996
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule	481
O'erhung with yew, midway the Muses mount	1003
Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie	961
Of late, in one of those most weary hours	478
Of one scrap of science I've evidence ocular	985
Of smart pretty Fellows in Bristol are numbers, some	952
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll	153
Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee	388
Oh! might my ill-past hours return again	7
Oh! the procrastinating idle rogue	817
Old age, 'the shape and messenger of Death'	989
Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air	965
On nothing, Fanny, shall I write?	973
On stern Blencartha's perilous height	347
On the broad mountain-top	992
On the sky with liquid openings of Blue	1109
On the tenth day of September	1084
On the wide level of a mountain's head	419
On wide or narrow scale shall Man	30
Or Wren or Linnet	1002
Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee	1018
Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze	17
Once more! sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near	58
One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd	63
Oppress'd, confused, with grief and pain	436
Our English poets, bad and good, agree	968
Outmalic'd Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue	989
Over the broad, the shallow, rapid stream	998
Pains ventral, subventral	985
Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn	71
Parry seeks the Polar ridge	972
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night	963
Pensive at eve on the <i>hard</i> world I mus'd	209
Perish warmth	989
Phidias changed marble into feet and legs	984
Pity! mourn in plaintive tone	61
Plucking flowers from the Galaxy	978
Pluto commanded death to take away	957
Poor little Foal of an oppressed race	74
Promptress of unnumber'd sighs	55
Quae linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes	462
Quoth Dick to me, as once at College	414
Repeating Such verse as Bowles	977
Resembles life what once was deem'd of light	394
Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards	57
Rush on my ear, a cataract of sound	990
Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling	416
Said William to Edmund I can't guess the reason	951
Say what you will, Ingenious Youth	954
Scarce any scandal, but has a handle	965
Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die	72
Sea-ward, white gleaming thro' the busy scud	997
Semper Elisa! mihi tu suaveolentia donas	1010

[1195]

Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng	5
She gave with joy her virgin breast	306
'She's secret as the grave, allow!'	971
Since all that beat about in Nature's range	455
Sing, impassionate Soul! of Mohammed the complicate story	1016
Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel	93
Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?	237
Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling	417
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions	957
Smooth, shining, and deceitful as thin Ice	990
So great the charms of Mrs. Mundy	976
So Mr. Baker heart did pluck	973
Sole maid, associate sole, to me beyond	1004
Sole Positive of Night	431
Some are home-sick—some two or three	443
Some, Thelwall! to the Patriot's meed aspire	1090
Some whim or fancy pleases every eye	970
Songs of Shepherds and rustical Roundelays	1018
Southey! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear	87
Speak out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose	958
Spirit who sweepst the wild Harp of Time	160
Splendour's fondly-fostered child	335
Stanhope! I hail, with ardent Hymn, thy name	89
Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God	491 , 1088
Stranger! whose eyes a look of pity shew	248
Stretch'd on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall	73
Strong spirit-bidding sounds	399
Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows	307
Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye	991
Such love as mourning Husbands have	998
Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing	960
Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem	148
Sweet Gift! and always doth Elisa send	1009
Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled	93
Sweet Muse! companion of my every hour	16
Tell me, on what holy ground	71 , 501
Terrible and loud	991
That darling of the Tragic Muse	67
That France has put us oft to rout	968
That Jealousy may rule a mind	484
The angel's like a flea	1009
The body, Eternal Shadow of the finite Soul	1001
The Brook runs over sea-weeds	992
The builder left one narrow rent	1003
The butterfly the ancient Grecians made	412
The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar	653
The Devil believes that the Lord will come	353
The dubious light sad glimmers o'er the sky	36
The dust flies smothering, as on clatt'ring wheel	56
The early Year's fast-flying vapours stray	148
The fervid Sun had more than halv'd the day	24
The Fox, and Statesman subtile wiles ensure	1089
The Frost performs its secret ministry	240
The grapes upon the Vicar's wall	276
The guilty pomp, consuming while it flares	990
The hour-bell sounds, and I must go	61
The indignant Bard composed this furious ode	27
The mild despairing of a Heart resigned	991
The Moon, how definite its orb	997
The piteous sobs that choke the Virgin's breath	155
The Pleasures sport beneath the thatch	997
The poet in his lone yet genial hour	345
The reed roof'd village still bepatch'd with snow	1002
The rose that blushes like the morn	973
The shepherds went their hasty way	338
The silence of a City, how awful at Midnight	999

The singing Kettle and the purring Cat	1003
The sole true Something—This! In Limbo's Den	429
The solemn-breathing air is ended	59
The spruce and limber yellow-hammer	1002
The stars that wont to start, as on a chace	486
The stream with languid murmur creeps	38
The subtle snow	993
The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink)	990
'The Sun is not yet risen	469
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises	1010
The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall	993
The swallows Interweaving there	992
The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry	20
The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil	345
The tongue can't speak when the mouth is cramm'd with earth	994
Then Jerome did call	1019
There are, I am told, who sharply criticise	816
There are two births, the one when Light	362
There comes from old Avaro's grave	954
There in some darksome shade	1018
Thicker than rain-drops on November thorn	1010
This be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo	391
This day among the faithful plac'd	176
This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case	981
This is now—this was erst	22
This is the time, when most divine to hear	108
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees	381
This way or that, ye Powers above me	974
This yearning heart (Love! witness what I say)	362
Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress	72
Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile	47
Thou who in youthful vigour rich, and light	349
Though friendships differ endless <i>in degree</i>	1012
Tho' Miss —'s match is a subject of mirth	952
Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker	37
Tho' no bold flights to thee belong	9
Though rous'd by that dark Vizir Riot rude	81
Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath	450
Three truths should make thee often think and pause	966
Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood	369
Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme	78
Thus she said, and all around	1015
Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name	960
Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast	960
Thy smiles I note, sweet early Flower	149
Thy stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow	994
'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try	26
'Tis mine and it is likewise yours	997
'Tis not the lily-brow I prize	483
'Tis sweet to him who all the week	314
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock	215
'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane	413
[1197] To be ruled like a Frenchman the Briton is both	953
To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part	410
To praise men as good, and to take them for such	486
To tempt the dangerous deep, too venturous youth	2
To wed a fool, I really cannot see	963
Tom Hill, who laughs at Cares and Woes	974
Tom Slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems	967
Tranquillity! thou better name	360
Trôchèe trips frõm long tõ shõrt	401
Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way	1008
'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be	454
'Twas not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud	1000
'Twas sweet to know it only possible	992
Two things hast thou made known to half the nation	964
Two wedded hearts, if ere were such	1003

Unboastful Bard! whose verse concise yet clear	102
Unchanged within, to see all changed without	459
Under the arms of a goodly oak-tree	1048
Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie	962
Underneath an old oak tree	169
Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk	70
Unperishing youth	308
Up, up! ye dames, and lasses gay	427
Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay	942
Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting	393
Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed	329
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying	439
Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay	482
Verse, that Breeze mid blossoms straying	1085
Virtues and Woes alike too great for man	37
Vivit sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita	56
Water and windmills, greenness, Islets green	1009
We both attended the same College	955
We pledged our hearts, my love and I	391
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made	362 , 1076
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain	178
We've conquer'd us a Peace, like lads true metalled	972
We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last	972
What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal	1010
What boots to tell how o'er his grave	1011
What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole	963
What never is, but only is to be	999
What now, O Man! thou dost or mean'st to do	414
What pleasures shall he ever find	4
What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus	476
Whate'er thou giv'st, it still is sweet to me	1010
When British Freedom for an happier land	79
When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt	1004
When Surface talks of other people's worth	969
When the squalls were flitting and fleering	980
When they did greet me father, sudden awe	152
When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still	966
When thou to my true-love com'st	326
When thy Beauty appears	1016
When Youth his faery reign began	62
Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee	487
Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles	988
Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream	35
[1198] Where graced with many a classic spoil	29
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn	432
Where true Love burns Desire is love's pure flame	485
Where'er I find the Good, the True, the Fair	1011
Wherefore art thou come?	989
While my young cheek retains its healthful hues	236
Whilst pale Anxiety, corrosive Care	69
Whom should I choose for my Judge?	1000
Whom the untaught Shepherds call	40
Why is my Love like the Sun?	1109
Why need I say, Louisa dear	252
William, my teacher, my friend	304
Wisdom, Mother of retired Thought	991
With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots	433
With many a pause and oft reverted eye	94
With many a weary step at length I gain	56
With secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound	988
With skill that never Alchemist yet told	995
Within these circling hollies woodbine-clad	409
Within these wilds was Anna wont to rove	16
Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause	243

Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free	978
Ye fowls of ill presage	1017
Ye Gales, that of the Lark's repose	35
Ye harp-controlling hymns	1006
Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse	8
Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high	317
Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat	466
Yet art thou happier far than she	62
Yon row of bleak and visionary pines	1006
You're careful o'er your wealth 'tis true	958
You come from o'er the waters	987
You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?	421
You mould my Hopes, you fashion me within	1002
Your Poem must <i>eternal</i> be	959

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES:

Transcriber has copied the Index of First Lines from the end of Vol. II and appended it to this volume.

Page xxviii is 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 on the Errata page. The Errata page is included for completeness.

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}.

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.

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