

# Poems

William Wordsworth



# Table of Contents

<b>Poems</b> .....	<b>1</b>
<u>William Wordsworth</u> .....	2
<u>ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS</u> .....	3
<u>THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS</u> .....	5
<u>LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS</u> .....	10
<u>THE MOTHER'S RETURN</u> .....	13
<u>SHE DWELT AMONG UNTRODDEN WAYS</u> .....	16
<u>THE SPARROW'S NEST</u> .....	17
<u>STANZAS</u> .....	18
<u>THE COMPLAINT Of a Forsaken Indian Woman</u> .....	20
<u>THE FORSAKEN</u> .....	22
<u>THE GREEN LINNET</u> .....	23
<u>THE SEVEN SISTERS. Or, The Solitude Of Binnorie</u> .....	34
<u>A WREN'S NEST</u> .....	38
<u>TO THE CUCKOO</u> .....	44
<u>TO THE DAISY</u> .....	47

# Poems

## William Wordsworth

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.  
<http://www.blackmask.com>

- ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS
  - THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS
  - LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
  - THE MOTHER'S RETURN
  - SHE DWELT AMONG UNTRODDEN WAYS
  - THE SPARROW'S NEST
  - STANZAS
  - THE COMPLAINT Of a Forsaken Indian Woman
  - THE FORSAKEN
  - THE GREEN LINNET
  - THE SEVEN SISTERS. Or, The Solitude Of Binnorie
  - A WREN'S NEST
  - TO THE CUCKOO
  - TO THE DAISY
-

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

I HAVE a boy of five years old;  
His face is fair and fresh to see;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mold  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Or quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermitted talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when spring began,  
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,  
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me——and each trace  
Of inward sadness had its charm;  
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,  
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress!  
And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,  
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so:  
My little Edward, tell me why."——

## Poems

"I cannot tell, I do not know."——  
"Why, this is strange," said I;

"For, here are woods, hills smooth and warm:  
There surely must one reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm  
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;  
And three times to the child I said,  
"Why, :Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised——there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain——  
Upon the house—top, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,  
And eased his mind with this reply:  
"At Kilve there was no weather—cock;  
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

## THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS

The valley rings with mirth and joy;  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never never ending song,  
 To welcome in the May.  
 The magpie chatters with delight;  
 The mountain raven's youngling brood  
 Have left the mother and the nest;  
 And they go rambling east and west  
 In search of their own food;  
 Or through the glittering vapors dart  
 In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
 Two boys are sitting in the sun;  
 Their work, if any work they have,  
 Is out of mind---or done.  
 On pipes of sycamore they play  
 The fragments of a Christmas hymn;  
 Or with that plant which in our dale  
 We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
 Their rusty hats they trim:  
 And thus, as happy as the day,  
 Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge  
 The sand-lark chants a joyous song;  
 The thrush is busy in the wood,  
 And carols loud and strong.  
 A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
 All newly born! both earth and sky  
 Keep jubilee, and more than all,  
 Those boys with their green coronal;  
 They never hear the cry,  
 That plaintive cry! which up the hill  
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
 "Down to the stump of yon old yew  
 We'll for our whistles run a race."  
 Away the shepherds flew;  
 They leapt---they ran---and when they came  
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
 "Stop! " to his comrade Walter cries---  
 James stopped with no good will:  
 Said Walter then, exulting; "Here

You'll find a task for half a year.

Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross----  
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."  
The other took him at his word,  
And followed as he led.  
It was a spot which you may see  
If ever you to Langdale go;  
Into a chasm a mighty block  
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock:  
The gulf is deep below;  
And, in a basin black and small,  
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
The challenger pursued his march;  
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
The middle of the arch.  
When list! he hears a piteous moan----  
Again !---his heart within him dies----  
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
And, looking down, espies  
A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
And safe without a bruise or wound  
The cataract had borne him down  
Into the gulf profound.  
His dam had seen him when he fell,  
She saw him down the torrent borne;  
And, while with all a mother's love  
She from the lofty rocks above  
Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
The lamb, still swimming round and round,  
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
That sent this rueful cry; I ween  
The Boy recovered heart, and told  
The sight which he had seen.  
Both gladly now deferred their task;  
Nor was there wanting other aid----  
A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
Far better than the sages' books,  
By chance had thither strayed;  
And there the helpless lamb he found  
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,

And brought it forth into the light:  
 The Shepherds met him with his charge,  
 An unexpected sight!  
 Into their arms the lamb they took,  
 Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;  
 Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
 And placed him at his mother's side;  
 And gently did the Bard  
 Those idle Shepherd-Boys upbraid,  
 And bade them better mind their trade.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!  
 What a pretty baby-show!  
 See the kitten on the wall,  
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
 Withered leaves---one---two---and three---  
 From the lofty elder-tree!  
 Through the calm and frosty air  
 Of this morning bright and fair,  
 Eddying round and round they sink  
 Softly, slowly: one might think,  
 From the motions that are made,  
 Every little leaf conveyed  
 Sylph or Faery hither tending,---  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Each invisible and mute,  
 In his wavering parachute.  
 ---But the Kitten, how she starts,  
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
 First at one, and then its fellow  
 Just as light and just as yellow;  
 There are many now---now one---  
 Now they stop and there are none  
 What intensesness of desire  
 In her upward eye of fire!  
 With a tiger-leap half way  
 Now she meets the coming prey,  
 Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again:  
 Now she works with three or four,  
 Like an Indian conjurer;  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics played in the eye  
 Of a thousand standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little Tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the crowd?  
 Over happy to be proud,

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS

Over wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!  
     'Tis a pretty baby—treat;  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
 Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
 Other play—mate can I see.  
 Of the countless living things,  
 That with stir of feet and wings  
 (In the sun or under shade,  
 Upon bough or grassy blade)  
 And with busy revellings,  
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
 Made this orchard's narrow space,  
 And this vale so blithe a place;  
 Multitudes are swept away  
 Never more to breathe the day:  
 Some are sleeping; some in bands  
 Travelled into distant lands;  
 Others slunk to moor and wood,  
 Far from human neighborhood;  
 And, among the Kinds that keep  
 With us closer fellowship,  
 With us openly abide,  
 All have laid their mirth aside.

    Where is he that giddy Sprite,  
 Blue—cap, with his colors bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple—tree;  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out;  
 Hung——head pointing towards the ground——  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound;  
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!  
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!  
 Light of heart and light of limb;  
 What is now become of Him?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time.  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighboring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain;  
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure;  
 Creature none can she decoy

Into open sign of joy:  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?  
     Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every creature;  
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,---  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Dora's face;  
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!  
 And I will have my careless season  
 Spite of melancholy reason,  
 Will walk through life in such a way  
 That, when time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladsomeness.  
 ---Pleased by any random toy;  
 By a kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy;  
 I would fare like that or this,  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
 And have faculties to take,  
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
 Matter for a jocund thought,  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

## LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

SMILE of the Moon!— for I so name  
 That silent greeting from above;  
 A gentle flash of light that came  
 From her whom drooping captives love;  
 Or art thou of still higher birth?  
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
 My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!— alas,  
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
 Pondering that Time tonight will pass  
 The threshold of another year;  
 For years to me are sad and dull;  
 My very moments are too full  
 Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
 That struck perchance the farthest cone  
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
 To visit me, and me alone;  
 Me, unapproached by any friend,  
 Save those who to my sorrow lend  
 Tears due unto their own.

To night the church-tower bells will ring  
 Through these wide realms a festire peal;  
 To the new year a welcoming;  
 A tuneful offering for the weal  
 Of happy millions lulled in deep;  
 While I am forced to watch and weep,  
 By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
 Still higher to be cast thus low!  
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
 On aught of more ambitious show  
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields  
 —It is my royal state that yields  
 This bitterness of woe.

Yet how?— for I, if there be truth  
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
 And beauty, for confiding youth,  
 Those shocks of passion can prepare  
 That kill the bloom before its time;  
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,

The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains:  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit; for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

A Woman rules my prison's key;  
A sister Queen, against the bent  
O law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me, doubtful of the event;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court!  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;  
Nought but the world—redeeming Cross  
Is able to support my loss,  
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death—note of the year  
Sounded by the castle—clock!  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen  
Reposed upon the block!

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

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

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

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

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

## Poems

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

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

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

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past  
Since your dear Mother went away,---  
And she tomorrow will return;  
Tomorrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!  
The eldest heard with steady glee;  
Silent he stood; then laughed amain,---  
And shouted, " Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near;  
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!  
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off town,  
And long, long vale to travel through;---  
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day;  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glee;  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower;  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,---  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,

## Poems

Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and sing  
And all "since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

---But, see, the evening star comes forth!  
To bed the children must depart;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart;

'Tis gone---and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race;  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past---and, O the change!  
Asleep upon their beds they lie;  
Their buy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

### ODE COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
    The star that led the dawn,  
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
    For May is on the lawn.  
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
    Foreran the expected Power,  
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
    Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
    Tempers the year's extremes;  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,  
    Like morning's dewy gleams;  
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
    The tremulous heart excite;  
And hums the balmy air to still  
    The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youth and maids  
    At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
    Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song---to grace the rite  
    Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;

### THE MOTHER'S RETURN

## Poems

Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings  
    In love's disport employ;  
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things  
    Awake to silent joy:  
Queen art thou still for each gay plant  
    Where the slim wild deer roves;  
And served in depths where fishes haunt  
    Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,  
    Instinctive homage pay;  
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath  
    To honor thee, sweet May!  
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
    Behold a smokeless sky,  
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares  
    To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
    The pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
    Of song and dance and game;  
Still from the village-green a vow  
    Aspires to thee address,  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
    Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach  
    The soul to love the more;  
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
    That never loved before.  
Stript is the haughty one of pride,  
    The bashful freed from fear,  
While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
    In flow the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse  
    The service to prolong!  
To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
    Entrusts the imperfect song;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
    Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver star appear,  
    The sovereignty of May.

## SHE DWELT AMONG UNTRODDEN WAYS

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

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

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

## THE SPARROW'S NEST

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance—discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
I started—seeming to espy  
The home and sheltered bed,  
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
My Father' house, in wet or dry  
My sister Emmeline and I  
          Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;  
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:  
Such heart was in her, being then  
A little Prattler among men.  
The Blessing of my later year  
Was with me when a boy:  
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble care, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
          And love, and thought, and joy.

## STANZAS

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)  
 The Moon re-entering her monthly round,  
 No faculty yet given me to espy  
 The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,  
 That thin memento of effulgence lost  
 Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost. .

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,  
 Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;  
 All that appeared was suitable to One  
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;  
 To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
 And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
 A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;  
 A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
 Its brightest splendor round a leafy wood;  
 But not a hint from under-ground, no sign  
 Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
 Before me ?---nothing blemished the fair sight;  
 On her I looked whom jocund fairies love,  
 Cynthia, who puts the little stars to flight,  
 And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
 For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape  
 As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
 If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;  
 Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,  
 To see or not to see, as best may please  
 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,  
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern;  
 Emblem of thought too eager to advance  
 While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;  
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain  
 Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal life with fleeting years;  
 A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
 The timely insight that can temper fears,  
 And from vicissitude remove its sting;

## STANZAS

While Faith aspires to seats in that domain  
Where joys are perfect---neither wax nor wane.

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION

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

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

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

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

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

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped:  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped.

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

## THE COMPLAINT Of a Forsaken Indian Woman

Before I see another day,  
Oh let my body die away!  
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
The stars, they were among my dreams;  
In rustling conflict through the skies,  
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
And yet they are upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive;  
Before I see another day,  
Oh let my body die away!

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;  
Yet is it dead, and I remain:  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;  
And they are dead, and I will die.  
When I was well, I wished to live,  
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire.  
Then here contented will I lie  
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on  
Another day, a single one!  
Too soon I yielded to despair;  
Why did ye listen to my prayer  
When ye were gone my limb were stronger;  
And oh, how grievously I rue,  
That, afterward, a little longer,  
My friends, I did not follow you!  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother.  
When from my arms my Babe they took,  
On me how strangely did he look !  
Through his whole body something ran,  
A most strange working did I see;  
---As if he strove to be a man,  
That he might pull the sledge for me:  
And then he stretched his arm, how wild!  
Oh mercy! like a helpless child.

My little joy! my little pride!  
In two day more I must have died.

## Poems

Then do not weep and grieve for me;  
I feel I must have died with thee.  
O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
The way my friends their course did bend,  
I should not feel the pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a message end;  
Too soon, my friend, ye went away;  
For I had many thing to say.

I'll follow you across the snow;  
Ye travel heavily and slow;  
In spite of all my weary pain  
I'll look upon your tent again.  
---My fire is dead, and snowy white  
The water which beside it stood:  
The wolf has come to me to-night,  
And he has stolen away my food.  
Forever left alone am I;  
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

Young as I am, my course is run,  
I shall not see another sun;  
I cannot lift my limb to know  
If they have any life or no.  
My poor forsaken child, if I  
For once could have thee close to me,  
With happy heart I then would die,  
And my last thought would happy be;  
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,  
Nor shall I see another day.

## THE FORSAKEN

The peace which other seek they find;  
The heaviest storms not longet last;  
Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind  
An amnesty for what is past;  
When will my sentence be reversed?  
I only pray to know the worst;  
And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle! silent year  
Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;  
And yet they leave it short, and fear  
And hopes are strong and will prevail.  
My calmest faith escapes not pain;  
And, feeling that the hope in vain,  
I think that he will come again.

## THE GREEN LINNET

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

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

While bird, and butterflies, and flowers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
     Art sole in thy employment:  
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair;  
     Thyself thy own enjoyment.

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

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

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE

THE GREEN LINNET

I

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
 Like harebells bathed in dew,  
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
 And veins of violet hue;  
 Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
 A likening to frail flowers;  
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
 For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
 Stepped One at dead of night,  
 Whom such high beauty could not guard  
 From meditated blight;  
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
 As doth the hunted fawn,  
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,  
 Seven nights her course renewed,  
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,  
 Or berries of the wood;  
 At length, in darkness travelling on,  
 When lowly doors were shut,  
 The haven of her hope she won,  
 Her foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof  
 I come," said she, "from far;  
 For I have left my Father's roof,  
 In terror of the czar."  
 No answer did the Matron give,  
 No second look she cast,  
 But hung upon the fugitive,  
 Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat  
 Beside the glimmering fire,  
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
 Prevented each desire:---  
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
 And on that simple bed,  
 Where she in childhood had reposed,  
 Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,  
 Whose curtain, pine or thorn,  
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,

THE GREEN LINNET

## Poems

Who comforts the forlorn;  
While over her the Matron bent  
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,  
And soon again was dight  
In those unworthy vestments worn  
Through long and perilous flight;  
And "O beloved Nurse," she said,  
"My thanks with silent tears  
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:  
Now listen to my fears !

"Have you forgot"----and here she smiled----  
"The babbling flatteries  
You lavished on me when a child  
Disporting round your knees?  
I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
Your star, your gem, your flower;  
Light words, that were more lightly heard  
In many a cloudless hour!

"The blossom you so fondly praised  
Is come to bitter fruit;  
A mighty One upon me gazed;  
I spurned his lawless suit,  
And must be hidden from his wrath:  
You, Foster--father dear,  
Will guide me in my forward path;  
I may not tarry here!

"I cannot bring to utter woe  
Your proved fidelity."----  
"Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!  
For you we both would die."  
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned  
And cheek embrowned by art;  
Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?  
A poor Man's counsel take;  
The Holy Virgin gives to me  
A thought for your dear sake;  
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,  
And soon shall you be led  
Forth to a safe abiding--place,  
Where never foot doth tread."

II

THE dwelling of this faithful pair  
     In a straggling village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
     A dangerous neighbourhood;  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
     With thickets rough and blind;  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
     Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the eight,  
     Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
 On which the noonday sun shed light  
     As from a lonely lamp;  
 And midway in the unsafe morass,  
     A single Island rose  
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass  
     Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft  
     This Russian vassal plied,  
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
     Of archer, there was tried;  
 A sanctuary seemed the spot  
     From all intrusion free;  
 And there he planned an artful Cot  
     For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
     Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
 The bold good Man his labor sped  
     At nature's pure command;  
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
     While, in a hollow nook,  
 She moulds her sight-eluding den  
     Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
     The twain ere break of day  
 Creep forth, and through the forest wind  
     Their solitary way;  
 Few words they speak, nor dare to slack  
     Their pace from mile to mile,  
 Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,  
     And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
     A bright and cheerful face;  
 And Ina looked for her abode,  
     The promised hiding-place;  
 She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;

THE GREEN LINNET

No threshold could be seen,  
Nor roof, nor window; all seemed wild  
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
The front with such nice care  
Is masked, 'if house it be or bower,'  
But in they entered are;  
As shaggy as were wall and roof  
With branches intertwined,  
So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,  
And cups in seemly rows,  
And couch—all ready to a wish  
For nurture or repose;  
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
That here she may abide  
In solitude, with every want  
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,  
Led on in bridal state,  
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
Entering her palace gate:  
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
No saintly anchoress  
E'er took possession of her cell  
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care  
And mercy am I thrown;  
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer  
When she was left alone,  
Kneeling amid the wilderness  
When joy had passed away,  
And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,  
Diffused through form and face,  
Resolves devotedly serene;  
That monumental grace  
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame  
That Reason should control;  
And shows in the untrembling frame  
A statue of the soul.

III

'TIS sung in ancient minstrelsy

THE GREEN LINNET

## Poems

That Phoebus wont to wear  
The leaves of any pleasant tree  
    Around his golden hair;  
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
    Of his imperious love,  
At her own prayer transformed, took root,  
    A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn  
    His brow with laurel green;  
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
    No meaner leaf was seen;  
And poets sage, through every age,  
    About their temples wound  
The bay; and conquerors thanked the Gods,  
    With laurel chaplets crowned,

Into the mists of fabling Time  
    So far runs back the praise  
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb  
    Along forbidden ways;  
That scorns temptation; power defies  
    Where mutual love is not;  
And to the tomb for rescue flies  
    When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate  
    More mild doth Heaven ordain  
Upon her Island desolate;  
    And word, not breathed in vain,  
Might tell what intercourse she found,  
    Her silence to endear;  
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground  
    Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,  
    Her soothed affections clung,  
A picture on the cabin wall  
    By Russian usage hung---  
The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright  
    With love abridged the day;  
And, communed with by taper light,  
    Chased spectral fears away.

And oft as either Guardian came,  
    The joy in that retreat  
Might any common friendship shame,  
    So high their heart would beat;  
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er  
    They brought, each visiting  
Was like the crowding of the year

With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,  
The pang was hard to bear;  
And, if with all things not enwrought,  
That trouble still is near.  
Before her flight she had not dared  
Their constancy to prove,  
Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark  
The future still must be,  
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark  
Into a safer sea---  
Or gentle Nature close her eyes,  
And set her Spirit free  
From the altar of this sacrifice,  
In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms  
The white swans southward passed,  
High as the pitch of their swift plume  
Her fancy rode the blast;  
And bore her toward the fields of France  
Her Father's native land,  
To mingle in the rustic dance,  
The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft  
Had heard her Father tell  
In phrase that now with echoes soft  
Haunted her lonely cell;  
She saw the hereditary bowers,  
She heard the ancestral stream;  
The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
Forgotten like a dream !

#### IV

THE ever-changing Moon had traced  
Twelve times her monthly round,  
When through the unfrequented Waste  
Was heard a startling sound;  
A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
At speed a wounded deer,  
Bounding through branches interlaced,  
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
And toward the Island fled,  
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh

## Poems

Above his antlered head;  
This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,  
    Shrunk to her citadel;  
The desperate deer rushed on, and near  
    The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
    The Hunter followed fast,  
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew  
    A death-proclaiming blast;  
Then, resting on her upright mind,  
    Came forth the Maid—"In me  
Behold," she said, " a stricken Hind  
    Pursued by destiny!

"From your deportment, Sir! I deem  
    That you have worn a sword,  
And will not hold in light esteem  
    A suffering woman's word;  
There is my covert, there perchance  
    I might have lain concealed,  
My fortunes hid, my countenance  
    Not even to you revealed.

"Tears might be shed, and I might pray,  
    Crouching and terrified,  
That what has been unveiled to day,  
    You would in mystery hide;  
But I will not defile with dust  
    The knee that bend to adore  
The God in heaven;—attend, be just;  
    This ask I, and no more!

"I speak not of the winter's cold,  
    For summer's heat exchanged,  
While I have lodged in this rough hold,  
    From social life estranged;  
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:  
    High Heaven is my defence;  
And every season has soft arms  
    For injured Innocence.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness  
    It was my choice to come,  
Lest virtue should be harborless,  
    And honor want a home;  
And happy were I, if the Czar  
    Retain his lawless will,  
To end life here like this poor deer,  
    Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,  
 "From Gallic parents sprung,  
 Whose vanishing was rumored wide,  
 Sad theme for every tongue;  
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?  
 You, Lady, forced to wear  
 These rude habiliments, and rest  
 Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;  
 And in her face and mien  
 The soul's pure brightness she beheld  
 Without a veil between:  
 He loved, he hoped,——a holy flame  
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
 The passion of a moment came  
 As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
 Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,  
 Preparing your deliverance,  
 To me the charge hath given.  
 The Czar full oft in words, and deeds  
 Is stormy and self-willed;  
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
 His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
 And I to her will go;  
 From that humane and heavenly source,  
 Good, only good, can flow."  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question, dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,——his hopes, more light,  
 Kept pace with his desires;  
 And the fifth morning gave him sight  
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
 He sued:——heart-smitten by the wrong,  
 To the lorn Fugitive  
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
 As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er  
 Amazement rose to pain,  
 And joy's excess produced a fear  
 Of something void and vain;  
 'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned  
 So long the lost as dead,

Beheld their only Child returned,  
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
Within the Maiden's breast:  
Delivered and Deliverer move  
In bridal garments drest;  
Meek Catherine had her own reward;  
The Czar bestowed a dower;  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial feast  
Was held with costly state;  
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,  
The foster-parent sate;  
Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
They shrank not into shade;  
Great as their bliss, the honor high  
To them and nature paid!

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

ONE morning (raw it was and wet---  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A Woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime:  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;  
Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair:  
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;  
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,  
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,  
Protected from this cold damp air? "  
She answered, soon as she the question heard,  
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,  
"I had a Son, who many a day  
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away:  
And I have travelled weary miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

#### THE GREEN LINNET

## Poems

The bird and cage they both were his:  
'Twas my Son's bird; and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
The singing-bird had gone with him;  
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;  
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety;---there  
I found it when my Son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I bear it with me, Sir;---he took so much delight in it."

## THE SEVEN SISTERS. Or, The Solitude Of Binnorie

SEVEN Daughter had Lord Archibald,  
All children of one mother:  
You could not say in one short day  
What love they bore each other.  
A garland, of seven lilies, wrought!  
Seven sisters that together dwell;  
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
Their Father, took of them no thought,  
He loved the wars so well.  
    Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
    The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
And from the shores of Erin,  
Across the wave, a Rover brave  
To Binnorie is steering:  
Right onward to the Scottish strand  
The gallant ship is borne;  
The warriors leap upon the land,  
And hark! the Leader of the band  
Hath blown his bugle horn.  
    Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
    The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,  
With boughs above them closing,  
The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
They lie like fawns reposing.  
But now, upstarting with affright  
At noise of man and steed,  
Away they fly to left, to right.  
Of your fair household, Father-knight,  
Methinks you take small heed!  
    Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
    The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the even fair Campbells fly,  
And, over hill and hollow,  
With menace proud, and insult loud,  
The youthful Rovers follow.  
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:  
Enough for him to find  
The empty house when he comes home;  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
For us be fair and kind!"  
    Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,

The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side to side,  
Like clouds in stormy weather;  
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,  
And let us die together."  
A lake was near; the shore was steep;  
There never foot had been;  
They ran, and with a deperate leap  
Together plunged into the deep,  
Nor ever more were seen.

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
As through the glen it rambles,  
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
For those seven lovely Campbells.  
Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
Have risen from out the deep:  
The fishers say, those sisters fair,  
By faeries all are buried there,  
And there together sleep.

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

THE WISHING GATE

[In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of an old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, from time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.]

HOPE rules a land forever green:  
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
Are confident and gay;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear;  
Points she to aught?——the bliss draws near,  
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
And thoughts with things at strife;  
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart  
Ye superstitions of the heart,  
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
One tender claim abate;  
Witness this symbol of your sway,

Surnving near the public way,  
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race  
Shed kindly influence on the place,  
Ere northward they retired;  
If here a warrior left a spell,  
Panting for glory as he fell;  
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all arouud is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest care,  
And in her fondest love---  
Peace to embosom and content---  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,  
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
Unknowing, and unknown,  
The infection of the ground partakes,  
Longing for his Beloved---who maker  
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear  
The mystic stirrings that are here,  
The ancient faith disclaim?  
The local Genius ne'er befriends  
Desires whose course in folly ends,  
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
Here crave an easier lot;  
If some have thirsted to renew  
A broken vow, or bind a true,  
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
Upon the irrevocable past,  
Some Penitent sincere  
May for a worthier future sigh,  
While trickles from his downcast eye  
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed  
From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
The current of his fate,  
Might stop before this favored scene,  
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
Upon the Wishing-gate.

## Poems

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak  
Is man, though loth such help to seek,  
    Yet, passing, here might pause,  
And thirst for insight to allay  
Misgiving, while the crimson day  
    In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
To Time's first step across the bound  
    Of midnight makes reply;  
Time pressing on with starry crest,  
To filial sleep upon the breast  
    Of dread eternity.

## A WREN'S NEST

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds  
 In field or forest with nice care,  
 Is none that with the little Wren's  
 In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,  
 And seldom needs a laboured roof;  
 Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
 Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
 In perfect fitness for its aim,  
 That to the Kind by special grace  
 Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
 An opportune recess,  
 The hermit has no finer eye  
 For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,  
 A canopy in some still nook;  
 Others are pent-housed by a brae  
 That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate  
 Warbles by fits his low clear song;  
 And by the busy streamlet both  
 Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
 Where, till the flitting bird's return,  
 Her eggs within the nest repose,  
 Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,  
 There is a better and a best;  
 And, among fairest objects, some  
 Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved  
 In a green covert, where, from out  
 The forehead of a pollard oak,  
 The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,

Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfill.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things; but once  
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone——a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian Flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove  
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft  
In foresight, or in love.

### THREE YEARS SHE GREW

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

### A WREN'S NEST

A Lady of my own.

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

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
And her's the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

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

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

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

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

TO MAY

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
    Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
    Thy gift, thy beauty scorn;  
There are who to a birthday strain

A WREN'S NEST

Confine not harp and voice,  
But evermore throughout thy reign  
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odor! music sweet,  
Too sweet to pass away!  
Oh for a deathless song to meet  
The soul's desire---a lay  
That, when a thousand year are told,  
Should praise thee, genial Power!  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel---nor less,  
If yon ethereal blue  
With its soft smile the truth express,  
The heavens have felt it too.  
The inmost heart of man if glad  
Partakes a livelier cheer;  
And eye that cannot but be sad  
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
Of hope that grew by stealth,  
How many wan and faded cheeks  
Have kindled into health!  
The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
"Another year is ours;"  
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
Amid his playful peers?  
The tender Infant who was long  
A prisoner of fond fears;  
But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
Is quiet in its sheath,  
His Mother leaves him free to taste  
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
Along the humblest ground;  
No cliff so bare but on its steeps  
Thy favors may be found;  
But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have drest,  
Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
When May is whispering, "Come!"

"Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
The happiest for your home;  
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
For lilies that must fade,  
Or ' the rathe primrose as it dies  
Forsaken' in the shade!  
Vernal fruitions and desires  
Are linked in endless chase;  
While, as one kindly growth retires,  
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known  
Mishap by worm and blight;  
If expectations newly blown  
Have perished in thy sight;  
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
Were caught as in a snare;  
Such is the lot of all the young,  
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check  
Are patient of thy rule;  
Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
Loitering in glassy pool:  
By thee, thee only, could be sent  
Such gentle mists as glide,  
Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
Through which yon house of God  
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale  
By few but shepherds trod!  
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,  
No sooner stand attired  
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour,  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower!  
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part!

TO A BUTTERFLY

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

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

TO A BUTTERFLY

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

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

## TO THE CUCKOO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

## TO THE DAISY

IN youth from rock to rock I went  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;

## TO THE CUCKOO

But now my own delights I make,——  
Thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake,  
    Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

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

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

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

If to a rock from rain he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
    Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He need but look about, and there  
Thou art!——a friend at hand, to care  
    His melancholy.

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

If stately passions in me burn,

TO THE CUCKOO

## Poems

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

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

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
    Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
    Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run  
Thy pleasant course,---when day's begun  
As ready to salute the sun  
    As lark or leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;  
Nor be less dear to future men  
Than in old time;---thou not in vain  
    Art Nature's favourite.

## TO THE DAISY

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is everywhere,  
Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
    Of joy or sorrow;  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
    The forest thorough!

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

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
With friend to greet thee, or without,  
    Yet pleased and willing;  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffering from all,  
Thy function apostolical  
    In peace fulfilling.