

# WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LYRICAL BALLADS WITH  
OTHER POEMS, 1800,  
VOLUME 2

William Wordsworth

**Lyrical Ballads with Other  
Poems, 1800, Volume 2**

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# William Wordsworth

## Lyrical Ballads with Other Poems, 1800, Volume 2

### HART-LEAP WELL

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road which leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley moor  
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;  
He turn'd aside towards a Vassal's door,  
And, "Bring another Horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another Horse!" – That shout the Vassal heard,  
And saddled his best steed, a comely Grey;  
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes;  
The horse and horsemen are a happy pair;  
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
That as they gallop'd made the echoes roar;  
But horse and man are vanish'd, one and all;  
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:  
Brach, Swift and Music, noblest of their kind,  
Follow, and weary up the mountain strain.

The Knight halloo'd, he chid and cheer'd them on  
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;  
But breath and eye-sight fail, and, one by one,  
The dogs are stretch'd among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the chace?  
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?  
– This race it looks not like an earthly race;  
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side;  
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died;  
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he lean'd against a thorn;  
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:  
He neither smack'd his whip, nor blew his horn,  
But gaz'd upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter lean'd,  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious act;  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeon'd,  
And foaming like a mountain cataract.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretch'd:  
His nose half-touch'd a spring beneath a hill,  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd  
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
Was never man in such a joyful case,  
Sir Walter walk'd all round, north, south and west,  
And gaz'd, and gaz'd upon that darling place.

And turning up the hill, it was at least  
Nine roods of sheer ascent, Sir Walter found  
Three several marks which with his hoofs the beast  
Had left imprinted on the verdant ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now  
Such sight was never seen by living eyes:  
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
Down to the very fountain where he lies."

I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small Arbour, made for rural joy;  
Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame  
A bason for that fountain in the dell;  
And they, who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth, shall call it Hart-leap Well.

And, gallant brute! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be rais'd;  
Three several pillars, each a rough hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have graz'd.

And in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my paramour,  
And with the dancers, and the minstrel's song,  
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My mansion with its arbour shall endure,  
— The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure.

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretch'd above the spring.  
And soon the Knight perform'd what he had said,  
The fame whereof through many a land did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steer'd,  
A cup of stone receiv'd the living well;  
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter rear'd,  
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees were interwin'd,  
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,  
Sir Walter journey'd with his paramour;  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

## PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade.  
To curl the blood I have no ready arts;  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts,

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
It chanc'd that I saw standing in a dell  
Three aspins at three corners of a square,  
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine,  
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
I saw three pillars standing in a line,  
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;  
Half-wasted the square mound of tawny green;  
So that you just might say, as then I said,  
"Here in old time the hand of man has been."

I look'd upon the hills both far and near;  
More doleful place did never eye survey;  
It seem'd as if the spring-time came not here,  
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
When one who was in Shepherd's garb attir'd,  
Came up the hollow. Him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then inquir'd.

The Shepherd stopp'd, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehears'd.  
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old,  
But something ails it now; the spot is curs'd."

You see these lifeless stumps of aspin wood,  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms,  
These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms.

The arbour does its own condition tell,  
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream,  
But as to the great Lodge, you might as well  
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;  
And, oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
I've guess'd, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have pass'd!  
To this place from the stone upon the steep  
Are but three bounds, and look, Sir, at this last!  
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lull'd by this fountain in the summer-tide;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wander'd from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing,  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

But now here's neither grass nor pleasant shade;  
The sun on drearier hollow never shone:  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain all are gone.

Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine;  
This beast not unobserv'd by Nature fell,  
His death was mourn'd by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves.  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For them the quiet creatures whom he loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust: – behind, before,  
This, is no common waste, no common gloom;  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay  
That what we are, and have been, may be known;  
But, at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shews, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

## There was a Boy, &c

There was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye Cliffs  
And Islands of Winander! many a time,  
At evening, when the stars had just begun  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake,  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Press'd closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls  
That they might answer him. And they would shout  
Across the wat'ry vale and shout again  
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled, a wild scene

Of mirth and jocund din. And, when it chanced  
That pauses of deep silence mock'd his skill,  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprize  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents, or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, receiv'd  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

Fair are the woods, and beauteous is the spot,  
The vale where he was born: the Church-yard hangs  
Upon a slope above the village school,  
And there along that bank when I have pass'd  
At evening, I believe, that near his grave  
A full half-hour together I have stood,  
Mute – for he died when he was ten years old.

## THE BROTHERS, A PASTORAL POEM

### The BROTHERS.<sup>1</sup>

These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live  
A profitable life: some glance along  
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air.  
And they were butterflies to wheel about  
Long as their summer lasted; some, as wise,  
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag  
Sit perch'd with book and pencil on their knee,  
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,  
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.  
But, for that moping son of Idleness  
Why can he tarry *yonder*? – In our church-yard  
Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tomb-stone nor name, only the turf we tread.  
And a few natural graves. To Jane, his Wife,  
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.  
It was a July evening, and he sate  
Upon the long stone seat beneath the eaves  
Of his old cottage, as it chanced that day,  
Employ'd in winter's work. Upon the stone  
His Wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,  
While, from the twin cards tooth'd with glittering wire,  
He fed the spindle of his youngest child,  
Who turn'd her large round wheel in the open air  
With back and forward steps. Towards the field  
In which the parish chapel stood alone,  
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,  
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent  
Many a long look of wonder, and at last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snowy ridge  
Of carded wool – which the old Man had piled  
He laid his implements with gentle care,  
Each in the other lock'd; and, down the path  
Which from his cottage to the church-yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.

'Twas one well known to him in former days,  
A Shepherd-lad: who ere his thirteenth year

---

<sup>1</sup> This Poem was intended to be the concluding poem of a series of pastorals, the scene of which was laid among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I mention this to apologise for the abruptness with which the poem begins.

Had chang'd his calling, with the mariners  
A fellow-mariner, and so had fared  
Through twenty seasons; but he had been rear'd  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees; and when the regular wind  
Between the tropics fill'd the steady sail  
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence would often hang  
Over the vessel's aide, and gaze and gaze,  
And, while the broad green wave and sparkling foam  
Flash'd round him images and hues, that wrought  
In union with the employment of his heart,  
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
Below him, in the bosom of the deep  
Saw mountains, saw the forms of sheep that graz'd  
On verdant hills, with dwellings among trees,  
And Shepherds clad in the same country grey  
Which he himself had worn.<sup>2</sup>

And now at length,  
From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
Acquir'd by traffic in the Indian Isles,  
To his paternal home he is return'd,  
With a determin'd purpose to resume  
The life which he liv'd there, both for the sake  
Of many darling pleasures, and the love  
Which to an only brother he has borne  
In all his hardships, since that happy time  
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two  
Were brother Shepherds on their native hills.  
– They were the last of all their race; and now,  
When Leonard had approach'd his home, his heart  
Fail'd in him, and, not venturing to inquire  
Tidings of one whom he so dearly lov'd,  
Towards the church-yard he had turn'd aside,  
That, as he knew in what particular spot  
His family were laid, he thence might learn  
If still his Brother liv'd, or to the file  
Another grave was added. – He had found  
Another grave, near which a full half hour

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<sup>2</sup> This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, Author of the Hurricane.

He had remain'd, but, as he gaz'd, there grew  
Such a confusion in his memory,  
That he began to doubt, and he had hopes  
That he had seen this heap of turf before,  
That it was not another grave, but one,  
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,  
As up the vale he came that afternoon,  
Through fields which once had been well known to him.  
And Oh! what joy the recollection now  
Sent to his heart! he lifted up his eyes,  
And looking round he thought that he perceiv'd  
Strange alteration wrought on every side  
Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks,  
And the eternal hills, themselves were chang'd.

By this the Priest who down the field had come  
Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate  
Stopp'd short, and thence, at leisure, limb by limb  
He scann'd him with a gay complacency.  
Aye, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself;  
'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path  
Of the world's business, to go wild alone:  
His arms have a perpetual holiday,  
The happy man will creep about the fields  
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring  
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles  
Into his face, until the setting sun  
Write Fool upon his forehead. Planted thus  
Beneath a shed that overarch'd the gate  
Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appear'd  
The good man might have commun'd with himself  
But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,  
Approach'd; he recogniz'd the Priest at once,  
And after greetings interchang'd, and given  
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one  
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

## LEONARD

You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life:  
Your years make up one peaceful family;  
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come  
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,  
They cannot be remember'd. Scarce a funeral  
Comes to this church-yard once, in eighteen months;  
And yet, some changes must take place among you.  
And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks

Can trace the finger of mortality,  
And see, that with our threescore years and ten  
We are not all that perish. – I remember,  
For many years ago I pass'd this road,  
There was a foot-way all along the fields  
By the brook-side – 'tis gone – and that dark cleft!  
To me it does not seem to wear the face  
Which then it had.

### **PRIEST**

Why, Sir, for aught I know,  
That chasm is much the same —

### **LEONARD**

But, surely, yonder —

### **PRIEST**

Aye, there indeed, your memory is a friend  
That does not play you false. – On that tall pike,  
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,  
As if they had been made that they might be  
Companions for each other: ten years back,  
Close to those brother fountains, the huge crag  
Was rent with lightning – one is dead and gone,  
The other, left behind, is flowing still. —  
For accidents and changes such as these,  
Why we have store of them! a water-spout  
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast  
For folks that wander up and down like you,  
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff  
One roaring cataract – a sharp May storm  
Will come with loads of January snow,  
And in one night send twenty score of sheep  
To feed the ravens, or a Shepherd dies  
By some untoward death among the rocks:  
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge —  
A wood is fell'd: – and then for our own homes!  
A child is born or christen'd, a field plough'd,

A daughter sent to service, a web spun,  
The old house cloth is deck'd with a new face;  
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates  
To chronicle the time, we all have here  
A pair of diaries, one serving, Sir,  
For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side,  
Your's was a stranger's judgment: for historians  
Commend me to these vallies.

### LEONARD

Yet your church-yard  
Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,  
To say that you are heedless of the past.  
Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,  
Cross-bones or skull, type of our earthly state  
Or emblem of our hopes: the dead man's home  
Is but a fellow to that pasture field.

### PRIEST

Why there, Sir, is a thought that's new to me.  
The Stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg their bread  
If every English church-yard were like ours:  
Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth.

We have no need of names and epitaphs,  
We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.  
And then for our immortal part, *we* want  
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale:  
The thought of death sits easy on the man  
Who has been born and dies among the mountains:

### LEONARD

Your dalesmen, then, do in each other's thoughts  
Possess a kind of second life: no doubt  
You, Sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these Graves?

### **PRIEST**

With what I've witness'd; and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might, and, on a winter's evening,  
If you were seated at my chimney's nook  
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round,  
Yet all in the broad high-way of the world.  
Now there's a grave – your foot is half upon it,  
It looks just like the rest, and yet that man  
Died broken-hearted.

### **LEONARD**

'Tis a common case,  
We'll take another: who is he that lies  
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three graves; —  
It touches on that piece of native rock  
Left in the church-yard wall.

### **PRIEST**

That's Walter Ewbank.  
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produc'd by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.  
For five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflow'd the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage,  
You see it yonder, and those few green fields.  
They toil'd and wrought, and still, from sire to son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little – yet a little – and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burthens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still preserv'd  
A chearful mind, and buffeted with bond,  
Interest and mortgages; at last he sank,  
And went into his grave before his time.  
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurr'd him  
God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:

His pace was never that of an old man:  
I almost see him tripping down the path  
With his two Grandsons after him – but you,  
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,  
Have far to travel, and in these rough paths  
Even in the longest day of midsummer —

### LEONARD

But these two Orphans!

### PRIEST

Orphans! such they were —  
Yet not while Walter liv'd – for, though their Parents  
Lay buried side by side as now they lie,  
The old Man was a father to the boys,  
Two fathers in one father: and if tears  
Shed, when he talk'd of them where they were not,  
And hauntings from the infirmity of love,  
Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,  
This old Man in the day of his old age  
Was half a mother to them. – If you weep, Sir,  
To hear a stranger talking about strangers,  
Heaven bless you when you are among your kindred!  
Aye. You may turn that way – it is a grave  
Which will bear looking at.

### LEONARD

These Boys I hope  
They lov'd this good old Man —

### PRIEST

They did – and truly,  
But that was what we almost overlook'd,  
They were such darlings of each other. For  
Though from their cradles they had liv'd with Walter,  
The only kinsman near them in the house,

Yet he being old, they had much love to spare,  
And it all went into each other's hearts.  
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,  
Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to see,  
To hear, to meet them! from their house the School  
Was distant three short miles, and in the time  
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course  
And unbridg'd stream, such as you may have notic'd  
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,  
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,  
Would Leonard then, when elder boys perhaps  
Remain'd at home, go staggering through the fords  
Bearing his Brother on his back. – I've seen him,  
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,  
Aye, more than once I've seen him mid-leg deep,  
Their two books lying both on a dry stone  
Upon the hither side: – and once I said,  
As I remember, looking round these rocks  
And hills on which we all of us were born,  
That God who made the great book of the world  
Would bless such piety —

### LEONARD

It may be then —

### PRIEST

Never did worthier lads break English bread:  
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw,  
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
Could never keep these boys away from church,  
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.  
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner  
Among these rocks and every hollow place  
Where foot could come, to one or both of them  
Was known as well as to the flowers that grew there.  
Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills:  
They play'd like two young ravens on the crags:  
Then they could write, aye and speak too, as well  
As many of their betters – and for Leonard!  
The very night before he went away,  
In my own house I put into his hand  
A Bible, and I'd wager twenty pounds,  
That, if he is alive, he has it yet.

## LEONARD

It seems, these Brothers have not liv'd to be  
A comfort to each other. —

## PRIEST

That they might  
Live to that end, is what both old and young  
In this our valley all of us have wish'd,  
And what, for my part, I have often pray'd:  
But Leonard —

## LEONARD

Then James still is left among you —

## PRIEST

'Tis of the elder Brother I am speaking:  
They had an Uncle, he was at that time  
A thriving man, and traffick'd on the seas:  
And, but for this same Uncle, to this hour  
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud.  
For the Boy lov'd the life which we lead here;  
And, though a very Stripling, twelve years old;  
His soul was knit to this his native soil.  
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak  
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,  
The estate and house were sold, and all their sheep,  
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,  
Had clothed the Ewbauks for a thousand years.  
Well – all was gone, and they were destitute.  
And Leonard, chiefly for his brother's sake,  
Resolv'd to try his fortune on the seas.  
'Tis now twelve years since we had tidings from him.  
If there was one among us who had heard  
That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,

From the great Gavel<sup>3</sup>, down by Leeza's Banks,  
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a very festival,  
And those two bells of ours, which there you see  
Hanging in the open air – but, O good Sir!  
This is sad talk – they'll never sound for him  
Living or dead – When last we heard of him  
He was in slavery among the Moors  
Upon the Barbary Coast – 'Twas not a little  
That would bring down his spirit, and, no doubt,  
Before it ended in his death, the Lad  
Was sadly cross'd – Poor Leonard! when we parted,  
He took me by the hand and said to me,  
If ever the day came when he was rich,  
He would return, and on his Father's Land  
He would grow old among us.

### LEONARD

If that day  
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him;  
He would himself, no doubt, be as happy then  
As any that should meet him —

### PRIEST

Happy, Sir —

### LEONARD

You said his kindred all were in their graves,  
And that he had one Brother —

### PRIEST

That is but

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<sup>3</sup> The great Gavel, so called I imagine, from its resemblance to the Gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale. The Leeza is a River which follows into the Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.

A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth  
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate,  
And Leonard being always by his side  
Had done so many offices about him,  
That, though he was not of a timid nature,  
Yet still the spirit of a mountain boy  
In him was somewhat check'd, and when his Brother  
Was gone to sea and he was left alone  
The little colour that he had was soon  
Stolen from his cheek, he droop'd, and pin'd and pin'd;

### **LEONARD**

But these are all the graves of full grown men!

### **PRIEST**

Aye, Sir, that pass'd away: we took him to us.  
He was the child of all the dale – he liv'd  
Three months with one, and six months with another:  
And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love,  
And many, many happy days were his.  
But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief  
His absent Brother still was at his heart.  
And, when he liv'd beneath our roof, we found  
(A practice till this time unknown to him)  
That often, rising from his bed at night,  
He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping  
He sought his Brother Leonard – You are mov'd!  
Forgive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,  
I judg'd you most unkindly.

### **LEONARD**

But this youth,  
How did he die at last?

### **PRIEST**

One sweet May morning,

It will be twelve years since, when Spring returns,  
He had gone forth among the new-dropp'd lambs,  
With two or three companions whom it chanc'd  
Some further business summon'd to a house  
Which stands at the Dale-head. James, tir'd perhaps,  
Or from some other cause remain'd behind.  
You see yon precipice – it almost looks  
Like some vast building made of many crags,  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,  
Whence by our Shepherds it is call'd, the Pillar.  
James, pointing to its summit, over which  
They all had purpos'd to return together,  
Inform'd them that he there would wait for them:  
They parted, and his comrades pass'd that way  
Some two hours after, but they did not find him  
At the appointed place, a circumstance  
Of which they took no heed: but one of them,  
Going by chance, at night, into the house  
Which at this time was James's home, there learn'd  
That nobody had seen him all that day:  
The morning came, and still, he was unheard of:  
The neighbours were alarm'd, and to the Brook  
Some went, and some towards the Lake; ere noon  
They found him at the foot of that same Rock  
Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after  
I buried him, poor Lad, and there he lies.

### LEONARD

And that then *is* his grave! – Before his death  
You said that he saw many happy years?

### PRIEST

Aye, that he did —

### LEONARD

And all went well with him —

**PRIEST**

If he had one, the Lad had twenty homes.

**LEONARD**

And you believe then, that his mind was easy —

**PRIEST**

Yes, long before he died, he found that time  
Is a true friend to sorrow, and unless  
His thoughts were turn'd on Leonard's luckless fortune,  
He talk'd about him with a chearful love.

**LEONARD**

He could not come to an unhallow'd end!

**PRIEST**

Nay, God forbid! You recollect I mention'd  
A habit which disquietude and grief  
Had brought upon him, and we all conjectur'd  
That, as the day was warm, he had lain down  
Upon the grass, and, waiting for his comrades  
He there had fallen asleep, that in his sleep  
He to the margin of the precipice  
Had walk'd, and from the summit had fallen head-long,  
And so no doubt he perish'd: at the time,  
We guess, that in his hands he must have had  
His Shepherd's staff; for midway in the cliff  
It had been caught, and there for many years  
It hung — and moulder'd there.

The Priest here ended —  
The Stranger would have thank'd him, but he felt  
Tears rushing in; both left the spot in silence,

And Leonard, when they reach'd the church-yard gate,  
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turn'd round,  
And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother."  
The Vicar did not hear the words: and now,  
Pointing towards the Cottage, he entreated  
That Leonard would partake his homely fare:  
The other thank'd him with a fervent voice,  
But added, that, the evening being calm,  
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.

It was not long ere Leonard reach'd a grove  
That overhung the road: he there stopp'd short,  
And, sitting down beneath the trees, review'd  
All that the Priest had said: his early years  
Were with him in his heart: his cherish'd hopes,  
And thoughts which had been his an hour before.  
All press'd on him with such a weight, that now,  
This vale, where he had been so happy, seem'd  
A place in which he could not bear to live:  
So he relinquish'd all his purposes.  
He travell'd on to Egremont; and thence,  
That night, address'd a letter to the Priest  
Reminding him of what had pass'd between them.  
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
That it was from the weakness of his heart,  
He had not dared to tell him, who he was.

This done, he went on shipboard, and is now  
A Seaman, a grey headed Mariner.

*ELLEN IRWIN,  
Or the BRAES of KIRTLE.<sup>4</sup>*

Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
Upon the Braes of Kirtle,  
Was lovely as a Grecian Maid  
Adorn'd with wreaths of myrtle.  
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,  
And there did they beguile the day  
With love and gentle speeches,  
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires  
The Brace had been selected,  
And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
By Ellen was rejected.  
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!  
For it may be proclaim'd with truth,  
If Bruce hath lov'd sincerely,  
The Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face?  
And what are Gordon's crosses  
To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes  
Upon the verdant mosses?  
Alas that ever he was born!  
The Gordon, couch'd behind a thorn,  
Sees them and their caressing,  
Beholds them bless'd and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts  
That through his brain are travelling,  
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart  
He launch'd a deadly jav'lin!  
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,  
And, stepping forth to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The Youth her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus from the heart of her true-love  
The mortal spear repelling.  
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain

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<sup>4</sup> The Kirtle is a River in the Southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

The Gordon, sail'd away to Spain,  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days and many months,  
And many years ensuing,  
This wretched Knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing:  
So coming back across the wave,  
Without a groan on Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkconnel church-yard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen:  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid,  
And, for the stone upon his head,  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn 'Hic jacet'.

## Strange fits of passion I have known, &c

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

When she I lov'd, was strong and gay  
And like a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath the evening moon.

Upon the moon I fix'd my eye,  
All over the wide lea;  
My horse trudg'd on, and we drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reach'd the orchard plot,  
And, as we climb'd the hill,  
Towards the roof of Lucy's cot  
The moon descended still.

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

My horse mov'd on; hoof after hoof  
He rais'd and never stopp'd:  
When down behind the cottage roof  
At once the planet dropp'd.

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

## SONG

She dwelt among th' untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.

A Violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the Eye!  
– Fair, as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky!

She *liv'd* unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceas'd to be;  
But she is in her Grave, and Oh!  
The difference to me.

## **A slumber did my spirit seal, &c**

A slumber did my spirit seal,  
I had no human fears:  
She seem'd a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force  
She neither hears nor sees  
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees!

## The WATERFALL and the EGLANTINE

"Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf,  
Exclaim'd a thundering Voice,  
Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice!"  
A falling Water swoln with snows  
Thus spake to a poor Briar-rose,  
That all bespatter'd with his foam,  
And dancing high, and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
Off, off! or, puny Thing!  
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling."  
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;  
The patient Briar suffer'd long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be pass'd:  
But seeing no relief, at last  
He venture'd to reply.

"Ah!" said the Briar, "Blame me not!  
Why should we dwell in strife?  
We who in this, our natal spot,  
Once liv'd a happy life!

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