

**COLERIDGE SAMUEL TAYLOR,  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH**

**LYRICAL  
BALLADS, WITH  
A FEW OTHER  
POEMS (1798)**

**Samuel Coleridge**  
**William Wordsworth**  
**Lyrical Ballads, With a**  
**Few Other Poems (1798)**

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*Lyrical Ballads, With a Few Other Poems (1798):**

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# Samuel Taylor Coleridge Lyrical Ballads, With a Few Other Poems (1798)

## ADVERTISEMENT

It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind. The evidence of this fact is to be sought, not in the writings of Critics, but in those of Poets themselves.

The majority of the following poems are to be considered as experiments. They were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure. Readers accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will perhaps frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. It is desirable that such readers, for their own sakes, should not suffer the solitary word Poetry, a word of very disputed meaning, to stand in the way of their gratification; but that, while they are

perusing this book, they should ask themselves if it contains a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents; and if the answer be favourable to the author's wishes, that they should consent to be pleased in spite of that most dreadful enemy to our pleasures, our own pre-established codes of decision.

Readers of superior judgment may disapprove of the style in which many of these pieces are executed it must be expected that many lines and phrases will not exactly suit their taste. It will perhaps appear to them, that wishing to avoid the prevalent fault of the day, the author has sometimes descended too low, and that many of his expressions are too familiar, and not of sufficient dignity. It is apprehended, that the more conversant the reader is with our elder writers, and with those in modern times who have been the most successful in painting manners and passions, the fewer complaints of this kind will he have to make.

An accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by severe thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself; but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous, and that in many cases it necessarily will be so.

The tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill is founded on a well-

authenticated fact which happened in Warwickshire. Of the other poems in the collection, it may be proper to say that they are either absolute inventions of the author, or facts which took place within his personal observation or that of his friends. The poem of the Thorn, as the reader will soon discover, is not supposed to be spoken in the author's own person: the character of the loquacious narrator will sufficiently shew itself in the course of the story. The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere was professedly written in imitation of the *style*, as well as of the spirit of the elder poets; but with a few exceptions, the Author believes that the language adopted in it has been equally intelligible for these three last centuries. The lines entitled Expostulation and Reply, and those which follow, arose out of conversation with a friend who was somewhat unreasonably attached to modern books of moral philosophy.

# **THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE, IN SEVEN PARTS**

## **ARGUMENT**

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

# I

It is an ancyent Marinere,  
And he stoppeth one of three:  
"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye  
"Now wherefore stoppest me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide  
"And I am next of kin;  
"The Guests are met, the Feast is set, —  
"May'st hear the merry din. —

But still he holds the wedding-guest —  
There was a Ship, quoth he —  
"Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,  
"Marinere! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
Quoth he, there was a Ship —  
"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!  
"Or my Staff shall make thee skip."

He holds him with his glittering eye —  
The wedding guest stood still  
And listens like a three year's child;  
The Marinere hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,  
He cannot chuse but hear:  
And thus spake on that ancyent man,  
The bright-eyed Marinere.

The Ship was cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd —  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,  
Below the Light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the Sea came he:  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the Sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon —  
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry Minstralsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot chuse but hear:  
And thus spake on that ancyent Man,  
The bright-eyed Marinere.

Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,  
A Wind and Tempest strong!  
For days and weeks it play'd us freaks —  
Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,  
And it grew wond'rous cauld:  
And Ice mast-high came floating by  
As green as Emerald.

And thro' the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken —  
The Ice was all between.

The Ice was here, the Ice was there,  
The Ice was all around:  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd —  
Like noises of a swound.

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the Fog it came;  
And an it were a Christian Soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name.

The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,  
And round and round it flew:  
The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit;

The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,  
The Albatross did follow;  
And every day for food or play  
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud  
It perch'd for vespers nine,  
Whiles all the night thro' fog-smoke white  
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancyent Marinere!  
"From the fiends that plague thee thus —  
"Why look'st thou so?" – with my cross bow  
I shot the Albatross.

## II

The Sun came up upon the right,  
Out of the Sea came he;  
And broad as a weft upon the left  
Went down into the Sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet Bird did follow  
Ne any day for food or play  
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird  
That made the Breeze to blow.

Ne dim ne red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay  
That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow follow'd free:  
We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the Sea.

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

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, ne breath ne motion,  
As idle as a painted Ship  
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The Death-fires danc'd at night;

The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue thro' utter drouth  
Was wither'd at the root;  
We could not speak no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah wel-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young;  
Instead of the Cross the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

### III

I saw a something in the Sky  
No bigger than my fist;  
At first it seem'd a little speck  
And then it seem'd a mist:  
It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it ner'd and ner'd;  
And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,  
It plung'd and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd  
Ne could we laugh, ne wail:  
Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood  
I bit my arm and suck'd the blood  
And cry'd, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd  
Agape they hear'd me call:  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin  
And all at once their breath drew in  
As they were drinking all.

She doth not tack from side to side —

Hither to work us weal  
Withouten wind, withouten tide  
She steddies with upright keel.

The western wave was all a flame,  
The day was well nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars  
(Heaven's mother send us grace)  
As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd  
With broad and burning face.

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

Are these *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd  
The sun that did behind them peer?  
And are these two all, all the crew,  
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

*His* bones were black with many a crack,  
All black and bare, I ween;  
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust

Of mouldy damp and charnel crust  
They're patch'd with purple and green.

*Her* lips are red, *her* looks are free,  
*Her* locks are yellow as gold:  
Her skin is as white as leprosy,  
And she is far liker Death than he;  
Her flesh makes the still air cold.

The naked Hulk alongside came  
And the Twain were playing dice;  
"The Game is done! I've won, I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind  
And whistled thro' his bones;  
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth  
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea  
Off darts the Spectre-ship;  
While clombe above the Eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright Star  
Almost atween the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon  
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang  
And curs'd me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,  
With never a sigh or groan,  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump  
They dropp'd down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly, —  
They fled to bliss or woe;  
And every soul it pass'd me by,  
Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.

## IV

"I fear thee, ancyeut Marinere!

"I fear thy skinny hand;

"And thou art long and lank and brown

"As is the ribb'd Sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye

"And thy skinny hand so brown" —

Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!

This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone

Alone on the wide wide Sea;

And Christ would take no pity on

My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful,

And they all dead did lie!

And a million million slimy things

Liv'd on – and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting Sea,

And drew my eyes away;

I look'd upon the eldritch deck,

And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and try'd to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my lids and kept them close,  
Till the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Ne rot, ne reek did they;  
The look with which they look'd on me,  
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell  
A spirit from on high:  
But O! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse  
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky  
And no where did abide:  
Softly she was going up  
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main

Like morning frosts yspread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt always  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd the water-snakes:  
They mov'd in tracks of shining white;  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black  
They coil'd and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushes from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

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

## V

O sleep, it is a gentle thing  
Belov'd from pole to pole!  
To Mary-queen the praise be yeven  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew  
And when I awoke it rain'd.

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

I mov'd and could not feel my limbs,  
I was so light, almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed Ghost.

The roaring wind! it roar'd far off,  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen  
To and fro they are hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out  
The stars dance on between.

The coming wind doth roar more loud;  
The sails do sigh, like sedge:  
The rain pours down from one black cloud  
And the Moon is at its edge.

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,  
And the Moon is at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning falls with never a jag  
A river steep and wide.

The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd  
And dropp'd down, like a stone!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes:  
It had been strange, even in a dream  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steerd, the ship mov'd on;

Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The Mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do:  
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools —  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me knee to knee:  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said nought to me —  
And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
How frightful it would be!

The day-light dawn'd – they dropp'd their arms,  
And cluster'd round the mast:  
Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths  
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun:  
Slowly the sounds came back again  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky  
I heard the Lavrock sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargonings,

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceas'd: yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!  
"Marinere! thou hast thy will:  
"For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make  
"My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told  
To a man of woman born:  
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!  
Thou'lt rise to morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard  
By a man of woman born:  
The Mariners all return'd to work  
As silent as before.

The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes,  
But look at me they n'old:

Thought I, I am as thin as air —  
They cannot me behold.

Till noon we silently sail'd on  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship  
Mov'd onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep  
From the land of mist and snow  
The spirit slid: and it was He  
That made the Ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune  
And the Ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast  
Had fix'd her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir  
With a short uneasy motion —  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell into a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;

But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air,

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

"The spirit who 'bideth by himself  
"In the land of mist and snow,  
"He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man  
"Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he the man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.

# VI

## FIRST VOICE

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
"Thy soft response renewing —  
"What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
"What is the Ocean doing?"

## SECOND VOICE

"Still as a Slave before his Lord,  
"The Ocean hath no blast:  
"His great bright eye most silently  
"Up to the moon is cast —  
"If he may know which way to go,  
"For she guides him smooth or grim.  
"See, brother, see! how graciously  
"She looketh down on him."

## FIRST VOICE

"But why drives on that ship so fast  
"Withouten wave or wind?"

## SECOND VOICE

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

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,  
"Or we shall be belated:  
"For slow and slow that ship will go,  
"When the Marinere's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes  
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my een from theirs  
Ne turn them up to pray.

And in its time the spell was snapt,  
And I could move my een:  
I look'd far-forth, but little saw  
Of what might else be seen.

Like one, that on a lonely road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round, walks on  
And turns no more his head:  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,  
Ne sound ne motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea  
In ripple or in shade.

It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale of spring —  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,

Yet she sail'd softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —  
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?  
Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray —  
"O let me be awake, my God!  
"Or let me sleep away!"

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moon light lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those dark-red shadows were;  
But soon I saw that my own flesh  
Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
And by the holy rood,  
The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
They held them strait and tight;  
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,  
A torch that's borne upright.  
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on  
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
Forth looking as before.  
There was no breeze upon the bay,  
No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:

I turn'd my eyes upon the deck —  
O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;  
And by the Holy rood  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight:  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,  
No voice did they impart —  
No voice; but O! the silence sank,  
Like music on my heart.

Eftsones I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the pilot's cheer:  
My head was turn'd perforce away  
And I saw a boat appear.

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;  
The bodies rose anew:  
With silent pace, each to his place,  
Came back the ghastly crew.  
The wind, that shade nor motion made,  
On me alone it blew.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy,  
The dead men could not blast.

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

## VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the Sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with Marineres  
That come from a far Contrée.

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

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

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —  
"And they answer'd not our cheer.  
"The planks look warp'd, and see those sails  
"How thin they are and sere!  
"I never saw aught like to them  
"Unless perchance it were

"The skeletons of leaves that lag  
"My forest brook along:

"When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
"And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below  
"That eats the she-wolf's young.

"Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look" —  
(The Pilot made reply)  
"I am a-fear'd. – "Push on, push on!"  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The Boat came closer to the Ship,  
But I ne spake ne stirr'd!  
The Boat came close beneath the Ship,  
And strait a sound was heard!

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reach'd the Ship, it split the bay;  
The Ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote:  
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat:  
But, swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the Ship,  
The boat spun round and round:  
And all was still, save that the hill

Was telling of the sound.

I mov'd my lips: the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit.

The Holy Hermit rais'd his eyes  
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro,  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he – "full plain I see,  
"The devil knows how to row."

And now all in mine own Countrée  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man!"  
The Hermit cross'd his brow —  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say  
"What manner man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forc'd me to begin my tale  
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,  
Now oftimes and now fewer,  
That anguish comes and makes me tell  
My ghastly aventure.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
The moment that his face I see  
I know the man that must hear me;  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The Wedding-guests are there;  
But in the Garden-bower the Bride  
And Bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little Vesper-bell  
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the Kirk  
With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk

And all together pray,  
While each to his great father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And Youths, and Maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest!  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

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

The Marinere, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

# THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE, A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

## FOSTER-MOTHER

I never saw the man whom you describe.

## MARIA

'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly  
As mine and Albert's common Foster-mother.

## FOSTER-MOTHER

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,  
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady,  
As often as I think of those dear times  
When you two little ones would stand at eve  
On each side of my chair, and make me learn

All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk  
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you —  
'Tis more like heaven to come than what *has* been.

## MARIA

O my dear Mother! this strange man has left me  
Troubled with wilder fancies, than the moon  
Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it,  
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye  
She gazes idly! – But that entrance, Mother!

## FOSTER-MOTHER

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

## MARIA

No one.

## FOSTER-MOTHER

My husband's father told it me,  
Poor old Leoni! – Angels rest his soul!  
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw  
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam  
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?  
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree  
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined  
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool  
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,  
And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost.  
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,  
A pretty boy, but most unteachable —  
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,  
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,  
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:  
And all the autumn 'twas his only play  
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them  
With earth and water, on the stumps of trees.  
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,  
A grey-haired man – he loved this little boy,  
The boy loved him – and, when the Friar taught him,  
He soon could write with the pen: and from that time,  
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.  
So he became a very learned youth.

But Oh! poor wretch! – he read, and read, and read,  
'Till his brain turned – and ere his twentieth year,  
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:  
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray  
With holy men, nor in a holy place —  
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,  
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.  
And once, as by the north side of the Chapel  
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,  
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,  
That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen  
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;  
A fever seized him, and he made confession  
Of all the heretical and lawless talk  
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized  
And cast into that hole. My husband's father  
Sobbed like a child – it almost broke his heart:  
And once as he was working in the cellar,  
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,  
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,  
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah,  
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,  
And wander up and down at liberty.  
He always doted on the youth, and now  
His love grew desperate; and defying death,  
He made that cunning entrance I described:  
And the young man escaped.

## MARIA

'Tis a sweet tale:  
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,  
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears. —  
And what became of him?

## FOSTER-MOTHER

He went on ship-board  
With those bold voyagers, who made discovery  
Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother  
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,  
He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,  
Soon after they arrived in that new world,  
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,  
And all alone, set sail by silent moonlight  
Up a great river, great as any sea,  
And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,  
He lived and died among the savage men.

**LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN  
A YEW-TREE WHICH STANDS  
NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE,  
ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE  
SHORE, YET COMMANDING  
A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT**

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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