

**WILLIAM  
WORDSWORTH**

POEMS IN TWO  
VOLUMES,  
VOLUME 1

**William Wordsworth**  
**Poems in Two Volumes, Volume 1**

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*Poems in Two Volumes, Volume 1:*

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# **William Wordsworth**

## **Poems in Two**

### **Volumes, Volume 1**

#### **PART THE SECOND – SONNETS**

#### **DEDICATED TO LIBERTY**

#### **TO THE DAISY**

In youth from rock to rock I went  
From hill to hill, in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
    Most pleas'd when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make,  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
    Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears 10  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;  
    Spring cannot shun 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;  
If welcome once thou count'st it gain;  
    Thou art not daunted, 20  
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught;  
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 chuse;  
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
    Her head impearling;  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame; 30  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
    The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprison'd 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 scare  
His melancholy. 40

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couch'd 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;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn, 50  
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.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise alert and gay,  
Then, chearful Flower! my spirits play  
With kindred motion: 60  
At dusk, I've seldom mark'd thee press  
The ground, as if in thankfulness,  
Without some feeling, more or less,  
Of true devotion.

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, 70  
Coming one knows not how nor whence,  
    Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run  
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
And chearful when the day's begun  
    As morning Leveret,  
Thou long the Poet's praise shalt gain;  
Thou wilt be more belov'd by men  
In times to come; thou not in vain  
    Art Nature's Favorite. 80

# LOUISA

\* \* \* \* \*

I met Louisa in the shade;  
And, having seen that lovely Maid,  
Why should I fear to say  
That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;  
And down the rocks can leap along,  
Like rivulets in May?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own  
Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
That come and go with endless play, 10  
And ever, as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her Cottage-home;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak;  
And when against the wind she strains,  
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine 'beneath the moon',  
If I with her but half a noon 20  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook,  
To hunt the waterfalls.

# FIDELITY

\* \* \* \* \*

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a Dog or Fox;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scatter'd rocks:  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
From which immediately leaps out  
A Dog, and yelping runs about.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;  
It's motions, too, are wild and shy; 10  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its' cry:  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in Hollow or on Height;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
What is the Creature doing here?

It was a Cove, a huge Recess,  
That keeps till June December's snow;  
A lofty Precipice in front,

A silent Tarn [1] below! 20  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public Road or Dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

[Footnote 1: A Tarn is a small Mere or Lake mostly high up  
in the mountains.]

There, sometimes does a leaping Fish  
Send through the Tarn a lonely chear;  
The Crag repeat the Raven's croak,  
In symphony austere;  
Thither the Rainbow comes, the Cloud;  
And Mists that spread the flying shroud; 30  
And Sun-beams; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous Barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, a while  
The Shepherd stood: then makes his way  
Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground,  
Sad sight! the Shepherd with a sigh 40  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks,

The Man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear:  
He instantly recall'd the Name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remember'd, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake 50  
Of which this mournful Tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog had been through three months' space  
A Dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
On which the Traveller thus had died  
The Dog had watch'd about the spot, 60  
Or by his Master's side:  
How nourish'd here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

# SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

\* \* \* \* \*

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the chearful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath;  
A Traveller betwixt life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect Woman; nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light. 30

## **The REDBREAST and the BUTTERFLY**

Art thou the Bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,  
    Our little English Robin;  
The Bird that comes about our doors  
When Autumn winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?  
    Their Thomas in Finland,  
    And Russia far inland?  
The Bird, whom by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their Brother, 10  
The Darling of Children and men?  
Could Father Adam open his eyes,

And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend  
Hither his flight he would bend,  
And find his way to me  
Under the branches of the tree:  
In and out, he darts about;  
His little heart is throbbing: 20  
Can this be the Bird, to man so good,  
Our consecrated Robin!  
That, after their bewildering,  
Did cover with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?

What ail'd thee Robin that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful Creature,  
That is gentle by nature?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly; 30  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.

The Chearer Thou of our in-door sadness,  
He is the Friend of our summer gladness:  
What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together?  
Like the hues of thy breast  
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,

A brother he seems of thine own:  
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest, 40  
O pious Bird! whom Man loves best,  
Love him, or leave him alone!

# THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A Woman in 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: 10  
She begg'd an alms, like one in poor estate;  
I look'd at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
With the first word I had to spare  
I said to her, "Beneath your Cloak  
What's that which on your arm you bear?"  
She answer'd 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 20  
Sail'd on the seas; but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away;  
And I have been as far as Hull, to see  
What clothes he might have left, or other property."

"The Bird and Cage they both were his;  
'Twas my Son's Bird; and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
This Singing-bird hath gone with him;  
When last he sail'd he left the Bird behind;  
As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind." 30

"He to a Fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watch'd and fed,  
Till he came back again; and there  
I found it when my Son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I trail it with me, Sir! he took so much delight in it."

# TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

[Footnote: Common Pilewort.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
Long as there's a sun that sets  
Primroses will have their glory;  
Long as there are Violets,  
They will have a place in story:  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star; 10  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout!  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower! – I'll make a stir  
Like a great Astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself,  
Since we needs must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low, 20  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the Thrush  
Has a thought about it's nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless Prodigal; 20  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!  
Travel with the multitude;  
Never heed them; I aver  
That they all are wanton Wooers;  
But the thrifty Cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home,  
Spring is coming, Thou art come! 40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,

Kindly, unassuming Spirit!  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost shew thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood.  
In the lane – there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow Flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours! 50  
Buttercups, that will be seen,  
Whether we will see or no;  
Others, too, of lofty mien;  
They have done as worldlings do,  
Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorn'd and slighted upon earth!  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing, 60  
Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love!

# TO THE SAME FLOWER

Pleasures newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet:  
February last my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad;  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be, 10  
Who the first with pointed rays,  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)  
Set the Sign-board in a blaze,  
When the risen sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mold 20  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
With the proudest Thou art there,

Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sigh'd to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure;  
Sigh'd to think, I read a book  
Only read perhaps by me;  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and Thee, 30  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-peek;  
While the patient Primrose sits  
Like a Beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a Flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy shelter'd hold:  
Bright as any of the train  
When ye all are out again. 40

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing "beneath our shoon;"  
Let, as old Magellen did,  
Others roam about the sea;  
Build who will a pyramid;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little Flower.

## CHARACTER of the HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be?  
– It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That make the path before him always bright:  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human-nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate; 20  
Is placable because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,

As more expos'd to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
– Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;  
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which heaven has join'd  
Great issues, good or bad for human-kind, 50  
Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness like a Man inspired;  
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
– He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans  
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes; 60  
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:  
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70  
Where what he most doth value must be won;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpass:  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or He must go to dust without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name, 80  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;  
This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The above Verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the Death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this; though he is well aware that the Verses must suffer from any connection in the Reader's mind with a Name so illustrious.*

# THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE

When the Brothers reach'd the gateway,  
Eustace pointed with his lance  
To the Horn which there was hanging;  
Horn of the inheritance.  
Horn it was which none could sound,  
No one upon living ground,  
Save He who came as rightful Heir  
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record  
Had the House of Lucie born, 10  
Who of right had claim'd the Lordship  
By the proof upon the Horn:  
Each at the appointed hour  
Tried the Horn, it own'd his power;  
He was acknowledged: and the blast  
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
And to Hubert thus said he,  
"What I speak this Horn shall witness  
For thy better memory. 20  
Hear, then, and neglect me not!  
At this time, and on this spot,  
The words are utter'd from my heart,

As my last earnest prayer ere we depart."

"On good service we are going  
Life to risk by sea and land;  
In which course if Christ our Saviour  
Do my sinful soul demand,  
Hither come thou back straightway,  
Hubert, if alive that day; 30  
Return, and sound the Horn, that we  
May have a living House still left in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answer'd Hubert;  
"As I am thy Father's son,  
What thou askest, noble Brother,  
With God's favour shall be done."  
So were both right well content:  
From the Castle forth they went.  
And at the head of their Array  
To Palestine the Brothers took their way. 40

Side by side they fought (the Lucies  
Were a line for valour fam'd)  
And where'er their strokes alighted  
There the Saracens were tam'd.  
Whence, then, could it come the thought,  
By what evil spirit brought?  
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take  
His Brother's life, for Land's and Castle's sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,  
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood." – 50  
Stricken by this ill assurance,  
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
"Take your earnings." – Oh! that I  
Could have seen my Brother die!  
It was a pang that vex'd him then;  
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months pass'd on, and no Sir Eustace!  
Nor of him were tidings heard.  
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer  
Back again to England steer'd. 60  
To his Castle Hubert sped;  
He has nothing now to dread.  
But silent and by stealth he came,  
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,  
Night or day, at even or morn;  
For the sound was heard by no one  
Of the proclamation-horn.  
But bold Hubert lives in glee:  
Months and years went smilingly; 70  
With plenty was his table spread;  
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters;  
And, as good men do, he sate

At his board by these surrounded,  
Flourishing in fair estate.  
And, while thus in open day  
Once he sate, as old books say,  
A blast was utter'd from the Horn,  
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn. 80

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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