

**THE RIVER DUDDON, A SERIES OF
SONNETS: VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA:
AND OTHER POEMS. TO WHICH IS
ANNEXED, A TOPOGRAPHICAL
DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE
LAKES, IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND**

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The River Duddon, a Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: And Other Poems. To Which Is Annexed, a Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England by William Wordsworth

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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Hold
THE RIVER DUBDON rises upon *Wrynose-Tell*, on the
confines of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lanca-
shire; and, serving as a boundary to the two latter
counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles,
enters the Irish sea, between the isle of Walney
and the lordship of Millum.

1.

Not envying shades which haply yet may throw
 A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,
 Bandusia, once responsive to the string
 Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow ;
 Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
 Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling ;
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
 Through icy portals radiant as heaven's bow ;
 I seek the birth-place of a native Stream.—
 All hail ye mountains, hail thou morning light !
 Better to breathe upon this aëry height
 Than pass in needless sleep from dream to dream ;
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
 For Duddon, long lov'd Duddon, is my theme !

II.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;
 Thine are the honors of the lofty waste ;
 Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
 Thy hand-maid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
 Thy cradle decks ; — to chaunt thy birth, thou hast
 No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
 And Desolation is thy Patron-saint !
 She guards thee, ruthless Power ! who would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
 Where stalk'd the huge deer to his shaggy lair *
 Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
 Thousand of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen !

* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

III.

How shall I paint thee? — Be this naked stone
My seat while I give way to such intent ;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care ;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare ;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth !