

POEMS FROM WORDSWORTH

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649202621

Poems from Wordsworth by William Wordsworth

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**POEMS FROM
WORDSWORTH**

POEMS FROM WORDSWORTH.

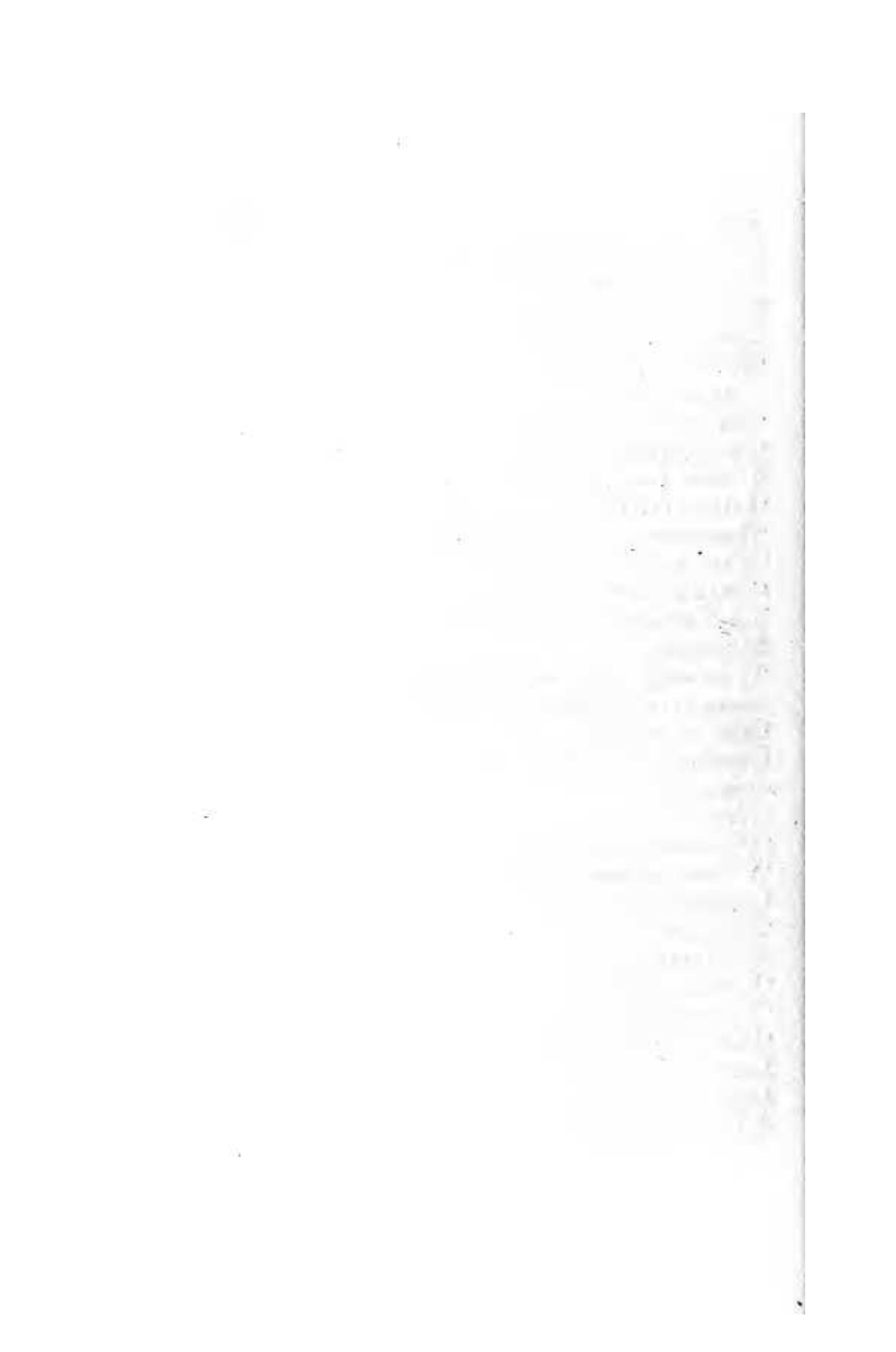
INDEX

	Page
Michael	v
'My heart leaps up'	xx
'The cock is crowing'	xx
To a Sky-lark	xxiii
The Sparrow's Nest	xxiv
To the Cuckoo	xxiv
'O Nightingale, thou surely art'	xxvi
The Danish Boy	xxvi
The Solitary Reaper	xxviii
'Yes, it was the mountain echo'	xxix
'A whirl-blast from behind the hill'	xxx
Stanzas written in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'	xxxi
'Nuns fret not'	xxxv
'Four fiery steeds'	xxxvi
'Wings have we'	xxxvi
'Nor can I not believe but that hereby'	xxxvii
'Most sweet it is'	xxxvii
'Life with yon lambs'	xxxviii
'I wandered lonely as a cloud'	xxxviii
To a Butterfly	xli
'This lawn, a carpet all alive'	xlii
To the Small Celandine	xlii
To the same Flower	xliv
The Green Linnet	xlvi
To the Daisy	xlviii
To the same Flower	l
'How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks'	lii
'Intent on gathering wool'	lii
Monastic Voluptuousness	liii
'The stars are mansions'	liii

	Page
' "There!" said a stripling'	liv
Mary Queen of Scots, Landing	liv
'The most alluring clouds that mount the sky'	lv
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cam- bridge	lv
'Lance, shield, and sword relinquished'	lvi
'Unquiet childhood'	lvi
'Sole listener, Duddon'	lvii
Louisa	lviii
'Strange fits of passion have I known' .	lviii
'She was a phantom of delight'	lix
'Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat'	lx
'Three years she grew'	lxi
'She dwelt among the untrodden ways'	lxii
'A slumber did my spirit seal'	lxiii
'I travelled among unknown men'	lxiii
'Why art thou silent?'	lxiv
'Surprised by joy'	lxiv
From the Italian of Michael Angelo	lxv
From the same	lxv
'I heard a thousand blended notes'	lxvi
'She had a tall man's height or more'	lxix
The Fountain	lxxi
The two April Mornings	lxxiii
Expostulation and Reply	lxxvi
The Tables Turned	lxxvii
'If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven'	lxxviii
'There is a pleasure in poetic pains'	lxxix
'A poet!—He hath put his heart to school'	lxxix
'High is our calling, friend!'	lxxx

	Page
On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott	lxxx
'There was a boy'	lxxxi
Nutting	lxxxii
Influence of Natural Objects	lxxxiv
Ode on Intimations of Immortality	lxxxvi
To Hartley Coleridge—six years old	xcii
To a Highland Girl	xciv
Glen-Almain	xcvi
Yarrow Unvisited	xcvii
'It is the first mild day of March'	xcix
'Dear Child of Nature, let them rail!'	ci
'Inmate of a mountain-dwelling'	cii
To Joanna	ciii
We are seven	cvi
Lucy Gray	cviii
Ruth	cxi
The Complaint of an Indian Woman	cxix
The Affliction of Margaret	cxxi
'I watch, and long have watched'	cxxiv
'Hail, Twilight!'	cxxv
'How clear, how keen'	cxxv
'Dark and more dark'	cxxvi
'Those words were uttered as'	cxxvi
Sonnet Suggested by the "Phædo" of Plato	cxxvii
'The shepherd, looking eastward'	cxxvii
'"With how sad steps, O moon"'	cxxviii
'Even as a dragon's eye'	cxxviii
'O Gentle Sleep!'	cxxix
'A flock of sheep that leisurely'	cxxix
'Methought I saw the footsteps'	cxxx
Hart-Leap Well	cxxx
'On his morning rounds the master'	cxxxvii

	Page
Fidelity	cxxxviii
Resolution and Independence	cxl
'Scorn not the sonnet; Critic'	cxlvii
Composed upon Westminster Bridge	cxlviii
'Fair star of evening'	cxlviii
'When I have borne in memory what has tamed'	cxliv
'Milton! thou should'st be living'	cxliv
'Pure element of waters!'	cl
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge	cl
'It is not to be thought of that the flood'	cli
'Another year!—another deadly blow'	clii
'Two voices are there'	clii
'Once did she hold the gorgeous east'	cliii
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	cliii
Mutability	cliv
'The world is too much with us'	cliv
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle	clv
Ode to Lycoris	clx
Character of the Happy Warrior	clxii
Ode to Duty	clxv
Dion	clxix
'With ships the sea was sprinkled'	clxxiii
'Where lies the land'	clxxiv
Composed by the Side of Grasmere	clxxiv
'It is a beauteous evening'	clxxv
'The stars are mansions'	clxxv
'From the Italian of Michael Angelo'	clxxvi
'Tranquillity! the sovereign aim'	clxxvi
'In my mind's eye a temple'	clxxvii
Loud is the vale!	clxxvii
Lines on 'Peele Castle in a Storm'	clxxviii
A Poet's Epitaph	clxxxi



MICHAEL.

IF from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that place a story appertains
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this tale, while I was yet a boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.