

**LYRICAL BALLADS: WITH
PASTORAL AND
OTHER POEMS, IN
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649640904

Lyrical Ballads: With Pastoral and Other Poems, in Two Volumes, Vol. II by W. 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

W. WORDSWORTH

**LYRICAL BALLADS: WITH
PASTORAL AND
OTHER POEMS, IN
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

*W. Wordsworth
Care to
Smith 1810*

LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

PASTORAL

AND OTHER

Poems,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By W. WORDSWORTH.

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND G. KEEL, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
BY SIGGS AND COTTE, CRANE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1802.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Hart-leap Well - - - - -	1
There was a Boy, &c. - - - - -	14
The Brothers - - - - -	16
Ellen Irwin, or the Braes of Kirtle - - - - -	40
Strange Fits of Passion I have known, &c. - - - - -	50
She dwelt among th' untrodden ways, &c. - - - - -	52
A slumber did my spirit seal, &c. - - - - -	56
The Waterfall and the Eglantine - - - - -	54
The Oak and the Broom, a Pastoral - - - - -	58
The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman - - - - -	65
Lucy Gray - - - - -	71
'Tis said that some have died for Love, &c. - - - - -	76
The Idle Shepherd-Boys, or Dungeon-Gill Force, a Pastoral - - - - -	80
Poor Susan - - - - -	87
Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwent-Water - - - - -	89
Lines written with a Pencil upon a stone in the wall of the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Grasmere - - - - -	91
To a Sexton - - - - -	98
Andrew Jones - - - - -	99
Ruth - - - - -	99
Lines written with a Slate-Pencil, &c. - - - - -	117



CONTENTS.

	Page
Lines written on a Tablet in a School - - -	120
The two April Mornings - - -	122
The Fountain, a Conversation - - -	127
Nutting - - - - -	129
Three years she grew in sun and shower -	130
The Pet-Lamb, a Pastoral - - - - -	139
Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days of the Century - - - - -	144
The Childless Father - - - - -	147
The Old Cumberland Beggar, a description -	149
Rural Architecture - - - - -	168
A Poet's Epitaph - - - - -	163
A Fragment - - - - -	169
Poems on the Naming of Places - 178 to	192
Lines written when sailing in a Boat at Evening	193
Remembrance of Collins, written upon the Thames, near Richmond - - - - -	197
The Two Thieves, or the last stage of Avarice -	199
A whirl-blast from behind the Hill, &c. - -	202
Song for the Wandering Jew - - - - -	203
Michael, a Pastoral Poem - - - - -	207
Appendix - - - - -	227
Notes - - - - -	249

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 Ashrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chace, 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 about 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 Horseman 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 up the weary 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 race?
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
 —This Chase it looks not like an earthly Chase;
 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 smak'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 year'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 climbing up the hill—(it was at least
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted 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.