

**Wordsworth, William, 1770-1850 : XVI. INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS IN
CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD
AND EARLY YOUTH.
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. [from The Poetical Works (1849-1850)]**

1

1 **Wisdom** and Spirit of the universe!
2 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
3 And giv'st to forms and images a breath
4 And everlasting motion! not in vain,
5 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
6 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
7 The passions that build up our human soul;
8 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
9 But with high objects, with enduring things,
10 With life and nature; purifying thus
11 The elements of feeling and of thought,
12 And sanctifying by such discipline
13 Both pain and fear,---until we recognise
14 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

15 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
16 With stinted kindness. In November days,
17 When vapours rolling down the valleys made
18 A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
19 At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
20 When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
21 Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
22 In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
23 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
24 And by the waters, all the summer long.
25 And in the frosty season, when the sun
26 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
27 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
28 I heeded not the summons: happy time

29 It was indeed for all of us; for me
30 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
31 The village-clock tolled six---I wheeled about,
32 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
33 That cares not for his home.---All shod with steel
34 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
35 Confederate, imitative of the chase
36 And woodland pleasures,---the resounding horn,
37 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
38 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
39 And not a voice was idle: with the din
40 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
41 The leafless trees and every icy crag
42 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
43 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
44 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,

45 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
46 The orange sky of evening died away.

47 Not seldom from the uproar I retired
48 Into a silent bay, or sportively
49 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
50 To cut across the reflex of a star;
51 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
52 Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
53 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
54 And all the shadowy banks on either side
55 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
56 The rapid line of motion, then at once
57 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
58 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
59 Wheeled by me---even as if the earth had rolled
60 With visible motion her diurnal round!
61 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
62 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
63 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799.

From *Recollections of a Tour Made In Scotland, 1803*, by Dorothy Wordsworth

Tuesday, August 23rd: Glasgow, Dumbarton

Dined, and left [Glasgow](#) at about three o'clock, in a heavy rain. We were obliged to ride through the streets to keep our feet dry, and, in spite of the rain, every person as we went along stayed his steps to look at us; indeed, we had the pleasure of spreading smiles from one end of [Glasgow](#) to the other - for we travelled the whole length of the town. A set of schoolboys, perhaps there might be eight, with satchels over their shoulders, and, except one or two, without shoes and stockings, yet very well dressed in jackets and trousers, like gentlemen's children, followed us in great delight, admiring the car and longing to jump up.

At last, though we were seated, they made several attempts to get on behind; and they looked so pretty and wild, and at the same time so modest, that we wished to give them a ride, and there being a little hill near the end of the town, we got off, and four of them who still remained, the rest having dropped into their homes by the way, took our places; and indeed I would have walked two miles willingly, to have had the pleasure of seeing them so happy. When they were to ride no longer, they scampered away, laughing and rejoicing. New houses are rising up in great numbers round [Glasgow](#), citizen-like houses, and new plantations, chiefly of fir; the fields are frequently enclosed by hedgerows, but there is no richness, nor any particular beauty for some miles.

The first object that interested us was a gentleman's house upon a green plain or holm, almost close to the Clyde, sheltered by tall trees, a quiet modest mansion, and, though white-washed, being an old building, and no other house near it, or in connexion with it, and standing upon the level field, which belonged to it, its own domain, the whole scene together brought to our minds an image of the retiredness and sober elegance of a nunnery; but this might be owing to the greyness of the afternoon, and our having come immediately from [Glasgow](#), and through a country which, till now, had either had a townish taint, or at best little of rural beauty.

While we were looking at the house we overtook a foot-traveller, who, like many others, began to

talk about our car. We alighted to walk up a hill, and, continuing the conversation, the man told us, with something like a national pride, that it belonged to a Scotch Lord, Lord Semple; he added, that a little further on we should see a much finer prospect, as fine a one as ever we had seen in our lives. Accordingly, when we came to the top of the hill, it opened upon us most magnificently. We saw the Clyde, now a stately sea-river, winding away mile after mile, spotted with boats and ships, each side of the river hilly, the right populous with single houses and villages - Dunglass Castle upon a promontory, the whole view terminated by the rock of [Dumbarton](#), at five or six miles distance, which stands by itself, without any hills near it, like a sea-rock.

We travelled for some time near the river, passing through clusters of houses which seemed to owe their existence rather to the wealth of the river than the land, for the banks were mostly bare, and the soil appeared poor, even near the water. The left side of the river was generally uninhabited and moorish, yet there are some beautiful spots: for instance, a nobleman's house, where the fields and trees were rich, and, in combination with the river, looked very lovely. As we went along William and I were reminded of the views upon the Thames in Kent, which, though greatly superior in richness and softness, are much inferior in grandeur.

Not far from [Dumbarton](#), we passed under some rocky, copse-covered hills, which were so like some of the hills near Grasmere that we could have half believed they were the same. Arrived at [Dumbarton](#) before it was dark, having pushed on briskly that we might have start of a traveller at the inn, who was following us as fast as he could in a gig. Every front room was full, and we were afraid we should not have been admitted. They put us into a little parlour, dirty, and smelling of liquors, the table uncleaned, and not a chair in its place; we were glad, however, of our sorry accommodations.

Wordsworth, William, 1770-1850 : I. SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF THE BROWNIE'S CELL. [from The Poetical Works (1849-1850)]

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I

- 1 To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
- 2 Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
- 3 Or into trackless forest set
- 4 With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
- 5 World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
- 6 (Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
- 7 And in the wilderness were bound
- 8 To such apartments as they found;
- 9 Or with a new ambition raised;
- 10 That God might suitably be praised.

II

11 High lodged the *Warrior* , like a bird of prey
12 Or where broad waters round him lay:
13 But this wild Ruin is no ghost
14 Of his devices---buried, lost!
15 Within this little lonely isle
16 There stood a consecrated Pile;
17 Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
18 For them whose timid Spirits clung
19 To mortal succour, though the tomb
20 Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III

21 Upon those servants of another world
22 When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
23 Their habitation shook;---it fell,
24 And perished, save one narrow cell;
25 Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
26 Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
27 He, struggling in the net of pride,
28 The future scorned, the past defied;
29 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
30 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV

31 Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
32 Who stood and flourished face to face
33 With their perennial hills;---but Crime,
34 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
35 Brought low a Power, which from its home
36 Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
37 And, taking impulse from the sword,
38 And, mocking its own plighted word,
39 Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
40 Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V

41 All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
42 Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
43 No right had he but what he made
44 To this small spot, his leafy shade;
45 But the ground lay within that ring
46 To which he only dared to cling;
47 Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
48 The craven few who bowed the head
49 Beneath the change; who heard a claim

50 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI

51 From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
52 (So seemed it) down a strange descent:
53 Till they, who saw his outward frame,
54 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
55 Him, free from all malicious taint,
56 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
57 A pen unwearied---to indite,
58 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
59 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
60 The faded glories of his Clan!

VII

61 Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
62 And stars that in their courses fought;
63 Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
64 Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
65 And beast and bird that from the spell
66 Of sleep took import terrible;---
67 These types mysterious (if the show
68 Of battle and the routed foe
69 Had failed) would furnish an array
70 Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII

71 How disappeared He?---ask the newt and toad,
72 Inheritors of his abode;
73 The otter crouching undisturbed,
74 In her dank cleft;---but be thou curbed,
75 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
76 Of aspect winning and serene;
77 For those offensive creatures shun
78 The inquisition of the sun!
79 And in this region flowers delight,
80 And all is lovely to the sight.

IX

81 Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
82 When she applies her annual test
83 To dead and living; when her breath
84 Quickens, as now, the withered heath;---
85 Nor flaunting Summer---when he throws

86 His soul into the briar-rose;
87 Or calls the lily from her sleep
88 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
89 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
90 Is warbling near the **Brownie** 's Den.

X

91 Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot
92 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;
93 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
94 (High Servant of paternal Love)
95 Young Bacchus was conveyed---to lie
96 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
97 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
98 Close-crowding round the infant-god;
99 All colours,---and the liveliest streak
100 A foil to his celestial cheek!

Smith, Alexander, 1830?-1867 : [Like clouds or streams we wandered on at will] [from Poems (1856)]

1 **Like** clouds or streams we wandered on at will,
2 Three glorious days, till, near our journey's end,
3 As down the moorland road we straight did wend,
4 To Wordsworth's "Inversneyd," talking to kill
5 The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air,
6 'Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
7 An old fort like a ghost upon the hill,
8 Stare in blank misery through the blinding rain,
9 So human-like it seemed in its despair---
10 So stunned with grief---long gazed at it we twain.
11 Weary and damp we reached our poor abode,
12 I, warmly seated in the chimney-nook,
13 Still saw that old Fort o'er the moorland road
14 Stare through the rain with strange woe-wildered look.

Hopkins, Gerard Manley, 1844-1889 : 33
***Inversnaid* [from Poems (1918)]**

1 **This** darksome burn, horseback brown,
2 His rollrock highroad roaring down,
3 In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
4 Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

5 A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-fróth

6 Turns and twindles over the broth
7 Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning,
8 It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

9 Degged with dew, dappled with dew
10 Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
11 Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern,
12 And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

13 What would the world be, once bereft
14 Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
15 O let them be left, wildness and wet;
16 Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

+ Burnside Poem