

Once, when my love was strong & gay,  
And like a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way  
Beneath the evening moon.  
Upon the moon I fixed my eye  
All over the wide sea  
My horse trudged on, & we drew nigh  
Those latter so dear me.

And now we reached the orchard-flat,  
and as we climbed the hill,  
Toward the roof of Lucy's cot  
The moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
And nature's gentlest boon,  
and all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

I will now copy those lines which you will find mentioned on the other side of the paper. It is the conclusion of a poem of which the beginning is not written.

Among the autumnal wood, a figure quaint,  
Equipped with wallet and with crooked stick  
They led me, & I followed in their steps,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of beggar's weeds  
Put on for the occasion, by advice  
and exhortation of my fungal dame.  
Molly accoutrement! of power to smile  
at thorns, & brambles, & branches, & in truth  
More ragged than need was. They led me far,  
Those guardian spirits, into some dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious signs  
Of devastation, but the hazels towered  
tall & erect, with milk-white clusters hung,  
A surger's sign! a little while I stood,  
Breathless with such supposition of the heart.  
As joy delights in, & with wary restraint  
Voluptuous, fearful of a rival eye  
The banquet, or beneath the trees I ate  
Among the flowers, & with the flowers I played.  
A temper known to those who after long  
And fruitless expectation have been elated  
With sudden happiness, by and all hope.

— Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear & fade  
And fade, warmer by any human eye,  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever, and I saw the sparkling foam  
and shivered upon the map. I loved the sound  
In that sweet mood when pleasure love to say.

5  
They horn moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised and never stopped,  
When down behind the cottage roof  
At once the planet dropped.

6  
Strange are the fancies that we slide  
Into a lover's head,  
"O mercy" to myself I cried  
Of duty should be dead!

7  
I told her this; her laughter light  
to ring in my ears;  
When I think upon that night  
My eyes are dim with tears.

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9  
If your eyes are not quite well, I am a-  
prised they will suffer from this long ill-  
written letter & I am to be half afraid that you will be tired before you get through it. But no you will not.

10  
You speak in raptures of the pleasure of shooting - it must be a delicious  
- but I wish to know you, you might enjoy it with every possible ad-  
- vantage. A race with William upon his native lakes would learn to the  
heart & the imagination something more dear & valuable than the  
gay sight of ladies & courtiers whirling along the lake of Ratzeburg.  
I will transcribe some lines which are connected with this subject. It is a description of William's boating  
of course will be interesting to you now. It is a description of William's boating  
And in the frosty season when the sun  
was out, and visible for many a mile  
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons: clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six, & wheeled about  
Broad and exulting like an untamed horse  
That cares not for his harness, all shod with steel  
We hurried along the polished ice, in games  
Cordedate imitation of the chase  
And wood land pleasures, the resounding horn,  
The prach loud belaboured the hurried horse,  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew  
And not a word was idle: tooth & den  
The anvil the precipices of the land,  
The leafless trees and every hill  
Tinkled like iron, while the tumultuous throng  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, & in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

11  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
And hid me by a sporty  
Gladly leaving the tumultuous throng  
To sweep the shadow of a star  
That gleamed upon the ice. And oftentimes  
When we had given our bodies to the winds  
and all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
I have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Dropped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Squeaked by me, even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round;  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train  
Tumblers & jetties, & I stood & watched  
Still all was tranquil as a summer sea &c

12  
I will give you a sketch of a lake scene of another kind. I sold it from  
the map of what portion was artless, because it may be easily detached  
from the rest, & because you have now a lake daily before your eyes.

13  
I went alone into a shepherd's boat  
a shiff, which to a willow tree was tied  
Within a rocky cave, its usual home,  
The moon was up; the lake was shining clear  
Among the hoary mountains: from the shore  
I pushed, and struck the oars, & struck again  
In cadence, & my little boat moved on  
Just like a man who walks with stately step  
Though bent on speed. It was an act of stealth

14  
It is a scene of evening, the  
all cannot go the  
towers. I wonder  
when it will reach  
One of your was the  
- day upon the  
road - for will not  
by the first post.

15  
We intend to lay out  
a little money in  
books on our journey  
What would you advise  
us to buy?



Dear Sister, my dear  
 dear friends, - D. Bonds  
 - worth

I will now describe a section from the coal-bed in the north of England, some 600 ft. in the latter end of next year.

I thought I should ask you, and ask  
 after what we are finally telling you, and  
 how, & we will explain further, every word.

brother says you will persevere  
in your views which we have met you  
in the past, that in travelling  
we may lose the copy. I  
have with me, God love you!

My black and white, no longer soft  
of heavenly beauty, since I had  
of you or I, no colour of your face  
I had large & mighty for me that I do  
take living from heaven's early morning  
My day, and were the world of my  
dream.