

Putting an ^{un} air

Ah! what a crash was that! with gentle hand
 Touch these fair hazels— My beloved maid!
 Though 'tis a sight invisible to thee,
 From such intercourse the woods all shrink
 As at the blowing of Asolophos' horn. —
~~The spot in which we are both sitting~~
~~For hearts like mine: how miserably~~ does the sun
 Shine in between the fading leaves! the air
 In the habitual silence of this wood
 Is more than silent, and this bed of death,
 Where shall we find so sweet a resting place?
 Come, let me see thee sink into a dream
 Of ^{quiet} gentle thoughts! protracted till thine eye
 Be calm as water when the winds are gone
 And no one can tell whither. See those stems ^{or man}
 Both stretch'd upon the ground, two brother trees
 That in one instant at the touch of spring
 Put forth their tender buds, and, through nine years,
 In the dark nights have both together heard
 The driving storm— Well! blessed be the power
 That teach philosophy and good desires—
 This their still Lycæum, land of mine
 Might not this ruin—I am guiltless here.
 A little worthy or sublime
 We blazon with the pompous names
 And action, I was early taught
 The feelings of paternal love
 Unassuming things which hold
 A station in this cautious world.

Ye gentle Stewards of a Poet's time!
Ye Powers! without whose aid the idle man
Would waste full half of the long summer's day,
Ye who by ~~windows~~ of this dome of leaves
And these cool pathways, make the forenoon walk
Where July suns are playing, to his verse
Propitious as a range of moorland cliffs,
Above the breathing sea - ~~And the sea left,~~
Ye too! who with ^{and yet not left,} most necessary care,
Within the concentration of your groves
Restore the springs of his exhausted frame;
And ye! whose general ministry it is
To interpose the ~~effect~~ of these shades,
Even as a sleep, betwixt the heart of man
And the uneasy world, 'twixt man himself,
Not seldom, and his own unquiet heart,
Oh! that I had a music and a voice,
~~A voice~~
Harmonious as your own, to tell ~~the world~~
What ye have done for me. It seems a day,
One of those heavenly days which cannot die,
When through the autumnal woods, a figure quaint
Equipped with wallet and with crooked stick
Ye led me, and I followed in your steps,
Tricked out in proud disguise of beggar's
Put on for the occasion, by advice
And exhortation of my fingered Dames.
Not that accountment! of power to smile
At thorns and brakes and brambles, nor
More ragged than need was. They led to
Those guardian Spirits! into some dear

Prelude

XII. 24-31