

For let the impediment be what it may
His hands must clothe & nourish them & then
From hour to hour so constantly he feels
His obligation pressing him with weight
Inevitable that all offices
Which want this single tendency appear.
Obtrusional or redundant hence appears remaining
So little to be done which can atone
The appearance of a voluntary act
That his affection in their very love
Are false, there is no freedom in his love.
Nor would he err perhaps who should opine
That this perceiver's necessities creates
The same constriction of the heart, the same
in those with whom he lives
His wife & children. What then can we hope
From one who is the worst of slaves, the slave
Of his own house, the light that shines abroad
How can it lead him to an act of love
Whom can he comfort & will the afflicted turn
His steps to him or will the eye of grief
Behind sorrow seek him? O, the name of friend
Known to the poor man! Whence is it to hear
The sweet creature voice of gratitude?
While in the cave we sat should I & ear flow
With ~~the~~ love even for the unsubstantial clouds
And silent incorporeal colour & spread
Over the surface of the earth & sky.
~~But I had met thee with those eager eyes~~
~~And cheeks that rich with a tempestuous bloom~~
~~In the thought I might have thought that I had~~
A hopeleß being in a human shape

29
But had I met thee now thou wast with that keen look
Held as usual in its eager rest, the cheek
This rich with a tempestuous bloom, in truth
I might have half believed a god, I shall suppose
Oh what a crash was that with gentle hand
Touch those fair hazels, my beloved Maid,
Though 'tis a sight invisible to thee,
From such rude intercourse the woods all shrink,
As at the blowing of Astolophos horn. ~~It~~
It is a fancy, which will make thee smile
Again - ~~whether in the common~~ ~~whether in the~~
Was still as water when the winds are gone
And no one can tell whether, now in truth
I had met thee with those eager ~~eyes~~ eyes
And cheeks that rich with a tempestuous bloom
I should have thought that I had seen ~~in the~~
A houseless wanderer ~~with~~ a human shape,
An enemy of nature one who comes
From regions far beyond the Indian hills.
While in the cave we sat this ~~noon~~
Oh! what a countenance was there, come here
And rest on this light bed of purple heath
and let me see those eyes
As at that moment, rich with happiness
And still as water when the winds are gone
And no man can tell whether
An enemy of nature one who comes
From regions far beyond the Indian hills.
Come rest on this light bed of purple heath
And let me see the sink to a dreamy again
tell me those eyes
I see the thought
The heart of love & happiness
Yet still as water when the winds are gone
And no man can tell whether -

See those two stems

Both stretched upon the ground two brother trees
That in one instant at the touch of spring
Put forth their tender leaves and for nine years
In the dark night have both together heard
The driving storm. I would ^{not} strike a flower
So many a man will strike his horse, at least
If from the wantonness in which we play
With things we love, or from a freak of
Or from involuntary act of hand
Or from unruly with excess of life
It chanced that I gently used a lust
Or snapped the stem
Of foxglove bending over his nation's will
It should be both to pass along my road
With unreprieved indifference. I would stop
Self-questioned, asking wherefore that was done
For seeing little worth or sublime
In what we blazon with the pompous names
Of justice and action I was early taught
To love those unassuming things that fill
A silent station in this beauteous world
And dearest maiden those upon whose lap
I rest my head oh! do not dream that these
Are idle sympathies.

It seems a day

One of those heavenly days that cannot die
When through the autumnal woods a
Equipped with wallet and with craved stick ^{figure}
They led me and I followed in their steps
Frisht out in proud disguise of beggars
But on for the occasion by advice
And exhortation of my prying dame
With less accountment of power to smile
At thorns and brambles and briers
and in truth

More ragged than need was. They led me far
Thore Guardian Spirits into some near nook
Havistea, where not a broken bough
Droop'd with its wither'd leaves unvarious sign
Of deviation but the hazles rose
Full & erect with milk white clusters hanging
A virgin scene! A little while I stood
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delight in, and with wise restraint
Colupheous, fearful of a rival eye
The banquet, or beneath the trees I sat
Among the flowers with the flowers I lay'd
A temple known to those who after long hours
With sudden happiness beyond all hope
Perhaps it was a tower beneath whose leaves
The violet of five seasons reappear
And fade unseen by any human eye
Where faery water-breath do murmur on
Forever, and I saw the sparkling foam
And with my chest upon the mossy stones
That like a flock of sheep were fleec'd with moss
I heard the murmur of the murmuring sound
In that sweet mood then pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease and of its joy secure
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things
Wasting its kindling on stocks & stones
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose
And dragg'd to earth both branch & bough with
And natively savage and the shady nook
Of hazles and the green of mossy bowes

Deform'd & full of patiently gave up
Their quiet spirit and unloose! now.
Grown any present being with the past
Felt a sense of ^{from the bowes} ^{the green of mossy bowes} ^{the green of mossy bowes}
The silent trees and the intruding sky.
Then dearest maid move along these
In gentleness of heart with gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the wood.
Then dearest maid if I have not now
The skill to teach thy ^{teacher} think of him
The ragged boy that his looking look
In the old man how to move also these things
In gentleness of heart. - W. R. yet the
Touch, for there is a spirit in the wood.