WORDSWORD'S "SALISBURY PLAIN": AN
EDITION OF THE THREE TEXTS WITH AN
ESSAY ON THEIR PLACE IN THE DEVELOP-
MENT OF HIS POETRY

by

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ABSTRACT OF THESIS

The thesis is in two parts. The first consists of an edition of the three poems which grew from Wordsworth's experiences on Salisbury Plain in 1793. The texts are prefaced by two chapters. The first records the history of the composition of A Night on Salisbury Plain (1793-1795), Adventures on Salisbury Plain (1795-1799) and Guilt and Sorrow (1841-1842) and discusses the nature of Wordsworth's developing conception of the poems. The second describes the manuscripts involved and discusses problems of dating and composition. The texts follow. In the case of the two early poems the text established is that of the earliest complete version, taken from manuscript. In an apparatus criticus all manuscript revision is recorded. In the case of Guilt and Sorrow the text is that of the first published version, 1842, with an apparatus criticus of all later variants to 1850, the date of the poet's last authorised edition. Supporting material concerning other manuscript work of interest and a possible source for part of Adventures on Salisbury Plain is given in appendices.

The second part of the thesis examines the poems and their place in the development of Wordsworth's art as seen from two points of view. The first traces the growth of
Wordsworth's ideas on the relationship of man to his world. A movement is followed from *A Night on Salisbury Plain* where this relationship is conceived in social and political terms only, to *The Ruined Cottage* where it is conceived in quasi-mystical or philosophic terms. *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* is seen as the vital transitional poem for here Wordsworth changes the focus of his interest from man the social, political being to man the solitary being who has to come to terms not only with alien social conditions but with himself and his relation to his fellow men. The second point of view sees Wordsworth's development as shaped in part by the need to solve certain problems inherent in didactic writing. The problems are outlined in an introduction and in a study of a passage from *An Evening Walk* which suggest the kind of relationship necessary in any didactic work between the poet and the raw materials of his 'message', the imaginative world he creates to project this, and the reader and the world of his own experience and judgment which he brings to bear on the poem. The poems are then examined as evidence of the way in which Wordsworth repeatedly tried to establish the right relationship. The *Salisbury Plain* are valuable because of the way they make the issues clear to Wordsworth: *The Ruined Cottage* because of a successful discovery of form, in which the poet can take an acceptable role in his own poem, parallel to the role adopted by the reader.
It has seemed sensible to recognise that there are two centres of interest in this study by dividing its contents and by introducing each volume separately. For, although the two interests of textual criticism and literary criticism are in this case complementary, it is convenient to have the material relating to each quite distinct for ease of reference. Accordingly the first volume contains the texts of the poems which are my subject and explanatory notes, a discussion of the chronology of composition and a description of the manuscripts, that is, largely, whatever is concerned with the poems as literary facts and not as poetry. The introduction to this volume is concerned solely to explain why attention is being paid to the text of the poems. The second volume examines the poems as literature and seeks to show how they contribute to our understanding of a great poet and in what ways they challenge us as poetry in their own right. The introduction here is concerned to show how these poems can usefully be considered afresh on the basis of the texts already established.

Many people have helped me in various ways and I wish to thank them and acknowledge their help here: Mr. P.G.M. Dickinson, the Reverend Harry Eastwood, the late Professor John Finch, Mr. Norman Higham, Mr. N. Higson, Professor Michael Lewis, Mr. Robert Osborne, Professor Mark Reed and Mr. Jonathan Wordsworth. I wish to thank especially Professor Basil Willey...
as Chairman of the Dove Cottage Trustees for permission to work with the Wordsworth manuscripts, Mrs. H. Marsden-Smedley for permission to consult the Pinney family papers and finally my supervisor Mr. Geoffrey Carnall for many personal as well as academic favours.
ABBREVIATIONS

The following list includes all those abbreviated references which occur in two or more chapters. Those which occur in one chapter only are cited with the first full reference given in the footnotes.

AdSP: Adventures on Salisbury Plain

ANSF: A Night on Salisbury Plain


BNYPL: Bulletin of the New York Public Library


Collier: Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. By the Late S.T. Coleridge, ed. J. Payne Collier (London, 1856)


DUJ: Durham University Journal

DW: Dorothy Wordsworth

Early Recollections: Joseph Cottle, Early Recollections; Chiefly Relating to the Late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 2 vols. (London, 1837)

EIC: Essays in Criticism
ELH: ELH, A Journal of English Literary History


FV: The Female Vagrant pub. Lyrical Ballads (1798)


GS: Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents Upon Salisbury Plain

HLQ: The Huntington Library Quarterly


MRL: The Modern Language Review


MLN: Modern Language Notes
5.

MP: Modern Philology

MW: Mary Wordsworth


N&Q: Notes and Queries

PMLA: Publications of the Modern Language Association of America


REL: Review of English Literature

RES: Review of English Studies

SIR: Studies in Romanticism


SP: Studies in Philology

STC: Samuel Taylor Coleridge


TLS: Times Literary Supplement

UTQ: University of Toronto Quarterly

And thus it is
That in such regions, by the sovereignty
Of forms still paramount to every change
Which years can bring into the human heart,
Our feelings are indissolubly bound
Together, and affinities preserved
Between all stages of the life of man.  

This passage embodies one of Wordsworth's most enduring pre-occupations. It reveals, as does so much of his poetry, his belief in organic development and organic wholeness. To the ordinary man this means that he should recognise the vital connection of his acts, thoughts and experiences from childhood to old age. For the poet it involves the recognition that all his work, however varied in kind and quality, belongs to the same, whole, vision. But organic development can be seen in two ways. For the mature Wordsworth the wholeness of his poetry revealed itself independent of chronological sequence, and he demonstrated this when he grouped his works into non-chronological categories. But the development may also be seen as a sequence of growth, and it is this view which the modern reader finds most sympathetic. We are concerned not just to examine the chapels and oratories of the Gothic cathedral and to wonder at the mighty design but to discover the process by which and the sequence in which it was built.

To do so goes against Wordsworth's wishes and involves prying into papers he chose in many cases not to publish and might have wished destroyed. But the result in so many cases has been illuminating criticism which has helped us to a fuller understanding of the poet's aims that few would deny the justification of such research. I think, however, that one can go further and make a case not just for the examination of all available papers, but for the establishing of a text of all of Wordsworth's poems in their earliest complete form. One reason is simply historical. When a piece such as the description of the Discharged Soldier is incorporated in The Prelude a poem of great beauty which belongs to Wordsworth's earlier years is absorbed into a larger whole of much more varied quality belonging to a later period of Wordsworth's growth. Another reason is literary-critical. An early text of The Ruined Cottage restores a very fine poem whose quality is obscured by the alterations and additions made to it as part of The Excursion.

With Salisbury Plain literary and historical considerations

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2The three poems in the title of this thesis are A Night on Salisbury Plain (1793-1795), Adventures on Salisbury Plain (1795-1799) and Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents Upon Salisbury Plain (pub. 1842). When referring generally to all of the poems which sprang from the original inspiration of 1793, I shall refer to Salisbury Plain. Some confusion could be caused, however, by the fact that this is also both the alternative title to the first poem and the title used consistently by the Wordsworth circle when referring to the developing poem over more than forty years. I think the context will always make clear, however, whether the single poem is referred to or the whole group. In abbreviation the poems appear as ANSP., AdSP., G & S., SP. FV. refers to the extract of the poem published in 1798 as The Female Vagrant. All quotations will be taken from my own text of the poems unless otherwise noted. Quotations from The Female Vagrant considered separately from Salisbury Plain will be taken from the 1798 Lyrical Ballads text.
unite. Wordsworth's revisions to this poem have, for the general reader, hidden two substantial poems and, for the literary critic and biographer, obscured the development of Wordsworth's most vital years. One may further suggest that with this poem almost more than any other the normal respect paid to the last revised text the author chooses to publish should not be demanded, for the Wordsworth of 1841-1842 and of 1845 who reworked passages of his original poems was not the poet of 1793-1794 or of 1795-1799 who wrote them. He was as much an editor of the early work as any scholar since, and, it may not be too much to say, one who had less sympathy with that work than we would want to give.

The poem published as Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents Upon Salisbury Plain in the 1842 volume Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years was a lately revised version of an unpublished poem begun in 1795 and completed in 1799, called in MS Adventures on Salisbury Plain. This in turn was a development of a poem begun in 1793 and completed in 1794, called in MS Salisbury Plain or A Night on Salisbury Plain. Attempts were made to publish versions of the poems in 1796 and 1798, but they failed and the idea was allowed to lapse. The poems thus span the most turbulent and some of the most fruitful years of Wordsworth's life and were considered at that time as independent works worthy of publication. But they are known, if at all, only as variants in an apparatus criticus to a revised poem of 1842. For the editorial policy adopted by Professor De Selincourt
when he first presented the MS evidence in 1940, was that the canonical edition of 1849-1850, which recorded the latest revisions of Wordsworth's lifetime, should stand as base text for all of Wordsworth's published poems. A Night on Salisbury Plain and Adventures on Salisbury Plain were not published in the poet's lifetime, but Guilt and Sorrow was, and so the two earlier poems are recorded as variants to the later.3

This was in itself, I think, a wrong decision for these particular poems and one which defeats the editor's professed intention of making possible the study of a poem's "development from the earliest existing copy, through its successive stages in manuscript and print till it received its final revision." 4For in the Oxford text it is not possible to read the poems as Coleridge, Cottle or Lamb did, that is as independent poems. Nor is it possible to see the development of, say, A Night on Salisbury Plain on its own, since, although De Selincourt records where the poem differs from Guilt and Sorrow, he does not record the variations within the MS itself. The apparatus is, moreover, inaccurate in what it records, inconsistent in what it leaves out and mis-leading in its notes on MSS and texts.5

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3See PW., I, 94-127; 330-341. For the explanation of editorial policy see the Preface, v-viii.

4PW., I, viii.

5Detailed evidence for this assertion is given in Appendix III.
It is for these reasons that I have returned to the texts of *Salisbury Plain*. I have tried to present the material so that the way in which Wordsworth worked on the poems is clear. The poem that resulted from his experiences on the plain in 1793 is established in its earliest complete form and presented with the cluster of revisions that belong to it. These can now be seen apart from the revisions in the same MS which form the second part of the poem's growth and which culminate in the poem recorded as *Adventures on Salisbury Plain*. Finally, a gap of forty years is jumped to the poem which again fired Wordsworth's imagination in 1841 and to the revisions in the two late MSS which represent his final wrestle with a problem left unsolved so long before. The aim has always been to return to the earliest complete text shaped in those periods of intense imaginative activity. It should be possible from these texts to read the poems as poems, representing certain stages in Wordsworth's development, and also to establish the full details of MS readings without the obscurity inherent in a facsimile text. Details of editorial procedure are explained in the note that precedes the texts.
In the early summer of 1841 Wordsworth revisited Alfoxden and the Quantocks as part of a tour of the south of England. Such a visit, recalling to the old man exactly the nature of places long hallowed by sentiment and happy memories, must have been dangerous, but there is no record that the poet was disappointed in the country which had meant so much to him forty years earlier. The visit to Salisbury Plain, however, was another matter. Mary Wordsworth's keen sense that this spot had failed them is evident in her comment to Isabella Fenwick that the "country, except immediately about Blandford, we thought very dull - and cultivation going on in many parts of the Plain takes sadly from the poetical feelings we had so elaborately attached to that region." That Mary should mention "poetical feelings" could not have surprised one so intimate with the Wordsworth circle, for the greater part of the spare time of Wordsworth's scribes had recently been devoted to copying out the poems of his early years, among

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which was the poem originally entitled *Salisbury Plain* or *A Night on Salisbury Plain*. Nor is it a surprise that Wordsworth, one of a party of elderly tourists, should have found the cultivated plain dull, for if Alfoxden recalled moments of companionable delight, Salisbury plain recalled one of the most lonely and turbulent periods of his youth.

In late July or early August 1793 Wordsworth and William Calvert began the second part of their holiday in the West Country. With no employment in sight, Wordsworth had already spent a month in the Isle of Wight with Calvert and was presumably happy to accompany him in a wider tour. But whatever itinerary had been planned, it was not completed. As they crossed Salisbury plain the horse dragged their whiskey into a ditch and shattered it. "Happily", Dorothy reported, "neither Mr C. nor William were the worse but they were sufficiently cautious not to venture again the same way; Mr C. mounted his Horse and rode into the North and William's firm Friends, a pair of stout legs, supported him from Salisbury, through South into North Wales, where he is now quietly sitting down in the Vale of Clywd." 7

The accident and the sudden isolation must have produced the shock that follows any violent change of plan, but it is doubtful whether Wordsworth had been in holiday mood even at the

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start of the journey. In February war had been officially declared between France and England. For Wordsworth this was proof that his country had become the enemy of liberty, against all her old traditions. The war was "unnatural strife" and the thought of it ravaged his heart: "there lay it like a weight/At enmity with all the tenderest springs/Of my enjoyments." By June or shortly after his feelings had erupted in his Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff which attempted to fan just the smouldering fires Bishop Watson had been so anxious to douse. And in July he spent a month constantly reminded of his own powerlessness by the sight of the fleet preparing for war. The sense of personal involvement in the national outrage, which he recalled when trying to describe his feelings in the lines just quoted from The Prelude, is confirmed by the lines most probably written now which begin with personal enjoyment, "How sweet to walk along the woody steep" and end with nature disturbed by man's barbarity:

But hark from yon proud fleet in peal profound Thunders the sunset cannon; at the sound The star of life appears to set in blood, And ocean shudders in offended mood, Deepening with moral gloom his angry flood.  

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8 The Prelude, ed. Ernest De Selincourt, 2nd ed. revised Helen Darbishire (Oxford, 1959), X, 251-254. Future citations to Prelude. All quotations unless otherwise noted are from the 1805 text.

9 PW., I, 307-308. De Selincourt is wrong, I think to suggest (374) that this is a fragment. The experience described is complete and so is the form of the poem, where the couplets are enclosed by the triplet.
The sight assured Wordsworth that the war "would be of long continuation, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation", and he left the place with "melancholy forebodings" of the wretchedness to come. Add to these emotions Wordsworth's sense that he was himself, for the moment, at an impasse, unable to accept the church appointment to which his education would naturally lead, but without alternative employment or sufficient income, and it is not surprising that the most striking image Wordsworth recalled to depict his feelings at this time is that of a man alone in a crowded church, alienated from his countrymen: "I only, like an uninvited Guest/Whom no one own'd, sate silent, ... [and] Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come."

What happened to Wordsworth during these two or three days wandering over Salisbury plain is not clear. His account to John Kenyon over forty years later was unsensational. Though he did mention the "solitude and solemnities" of the plain, he preferred to lighten the vein by anecdote and joke, recalling that "overcome with heat and fatigue I took my siesta among the Pillars of Stonehenge; but was not visited by the muse in my Slumbers." But the account in The Prelude, XII,

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10 Advertisement to Guilt and Sorrow (1842). A text of this Advertisement precedes Guilt and Sorrow in this first volume of the thesis.


312-353, tells a different and more expected story. Alone in
the immense waste, his solitude made more solitary by the
companionship of the dead in the barrows which dot the plain,
extended by what was even for Wordsworth an arduous physical
ordeal, possibly soaked in one of the worst storms of the
century,\textsuperscript{13} Wordsworth encountered the long dead inhabitants of
the plain, saw the ancient Britons stride across the wold and
heard the shrieks of men sacrificed by the Druids.

The \textit{Prelude} account shows none of the mature reconsidera-
tion of youthful experience which is the mark of the rest of
the poem. Wordsworth has followed one of his deepest instincts
and returned to as yet unpublished material to save the labour
of original composition. Lines ten years old re-appear, trans-
formed by their context, but relatively unchanged in themselves,
such as:

\begin{quote}
A Traveller at that time

Upon the Plain of Sarum

\textit{(Prelude, XII, 313-314)}
\end{quote}

\begin{quote}
A traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

\textit{(AdSP. 1)}
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{13} J.R. McGillivray noted that Southern England was swept by
a violent storm on 7 August, 1793. See Mark L. Reed,
\textit{Wordsworth: The Chronology of the Early Years 1770-1799},
(Harvard U.P., 1967), 146. Future citations to Reed,
\textit{The Gentleman's Magazine}, LXIII (1793), 856-857, records
amongst other incidents that at Brighton the sea ebbed
and flowed 100 yards alternately through half an hour
and that in Leicestershire hailstones were measured at
from 4 1/2 to 6 inches.
A single Briton in his wolf-skin vest
With shield and stone axe, stride across the Wold.

(Prelude, XII, 322-323)

With shield and stone-ax [striding o'er the wold.]
(AdSP. 240)

and lo! again
The desert visible by dismal flames!
It is the sacrificial Altar, fed
With living men, how deep the groans ...

(Prelude, XII, 329-332)

And oft a night-fire mounting to the clouds
Reveals the desert and with dismal red
Clothes the black bodies of encircling crowds.
It is the sacrificial altar fed
With living men. How deep it groans
(ANSP., 181-185)

For once, however, this instinct was sound. Wordsworth returned to his early poems because this was how a unique experience shaped itself in his imagination at the time or immediately afterwards. For once The Prelude can be trusted as an historical account, for although A Night on Salisbury Plain recounts the visions objectively and The Prelude as if they appeared to Wordsworth himself, the nature of the imaginative formulation of the experience has not been changed.

To Wordsworth the experience was important as a factor in his growth as a poet. He introduces the episode in The Prelude by declaring that he had come to see that:

Nature through all conditions hath a power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life.

14Prelude, XII, 282-286.
He began to see the poets as guardians of the truth and to hope that he the "meanest of the band" might be permitted to produce an "enduring and creative" work "proceeding from the depth of untaught things" and it was to such an exalted mood that the experiences on Salisbury plain raised him. It is not clear why these particular experiences should have confirmed Wordsworth's belief in his vocation, nor why he should suggest at lines 354-379 that the poetry of this period began to transmit his sight of the "new world" that had for its base "That whence our dignity originates, / That which both gives it being and maintains/ A balance, an ennobling interchange / Of action from within and from without." What is clear is that whether the experiences on Salisbury plain were produced by the violence of Wordsworth's attitude to English society, or whether they merely appealed to him as a focussing image, he at once began to shape them into a poem. His time "quietly sitting in the vale of Clywd" was spent, in part, in transmuting his impressions into poetry.

In the following Spring, at Windy Brow, Wordsworth and Dorothy copied the poem into a notebook specially prepared for the purpose and on 23 May 1794 he could write to William Mathews, his friend and projected collaborator:

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15 *Prelude*, XII, 305-312.

16 ibid., 371, 373-377.
I have another poem written last summer ready for the press, though I certainly should not publish it unless I hoped to derive from it some pecuniary recompence.

The piece was called Salisbury Plain but this was not entirely satisfactory, as Wordsworth explained to Mathews later in a letter whose awkward facetiousness does not hide the poet's pride:

You inquired after the name of one of my poetical bantlings, children of this species ought to be named after their characters, and here I am at a loss, as my offspring seems to have no character at all. I have however christened it by the appellation of Salisbury Plain, though, A night on Salisbury plain, were it not so insufferably awkward would better suit the thing itself.

(ii)

The MS of A Night on Salisbury Plain is described below, pp. 52-55. The poem is neatly copied and could obviously be regarded as "ready for the press." The question is, however, what does this fair copy represent? Is it a copy of a poem conceived at the earliest only nine to twelve months before, or is it a poem which incorporates material composed two or three years earlier?

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17WW. to William Mathews, 23 May [1794]. EY., 120

18WW. to William Mathews, 7 November, 1794. EY., 136.
Towards the end of his life Wordsworth was clearly not sure. In the Fenwick note to Guilt and Sorrow he said:

Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and 1794; but in fact much of the "Female Vagrant's" story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way.

We know nothing more about the unfortunate friend, so Wordsworth's dating cannot be checked in this way. It is a pointer, however, to Wordsworth's memory of his own poem that he should refer to the female vagrant as a sailor's wife, for it is quite clear from the poem that her husband was originally described as an enlisted soldier. We note such a mistake and remembering that Wordsworth was not concerned to be "unnecessarily particular" are not surprised that the Fenwick note to The Female Vagrant gives a different account:

I find the date of this is placed in 1792 in contradiction, by mistake, to what I have asserted in Guilt and Sorrow. The correct date is 1793-4.

This is rather involved, but quite clearly shows Wordsworth in confusion. What he has said in the Guilt and Sorrow note is that the woman's story belongs to 1791-92. The editions of the poetical works after 1840 referred to in the cryptic "here" of the quotation place The Female Vagrant in 1792. This is

\[19\] PW., I. 330.

\[20\] ibid.
now said to be an error, but instead of re-asserting, as the note would lead us to expect, that the poem belongs to 1791-92, Wordsworth now pushes the date on to 1793-94.

These Fenwick notes were meant to give biographical and chronological support for a reading of the poems, but in this case the information is confusing. The evidence of the only extant MS of the notes in the Dove Cottage collection suggests that momentarily Wordsworth knew it. The copy was made by Edward and Dora Quillinan, presumably from Isabella Fenwick's own transcript. What is interesting is that in the note to The Female Vagrant, in this otherwise complete volume, the date which should end the sentence "The correct date is ..." was left blank and was filled later by Wordsworth in pencil. The scribe must have found a gap in the copy being followed, a gap that suggests the poet's doubt about the exact date while dictating the note. Further support for the argument that Wordsworth was confused is found in the only MS of the "Advertisement" to Guilt and Sorrow published with the poem in 1842. Part of this originally read: "The whole was written before the close of the year 1795" but Wordsworth has corrected the date to 1794, which is how it appeared.

In the same series of Fenwick notes Wordsworth gives two dates. The other evidence also seems to point in two directions. In the Fenwick note to The Excursion Wordsworth remarked of Bk. I that the "state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the
commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant, as told in the poem on Guilt and Sorrow."

The woman's story was thus composed after February 1793. But the story itself reads as if it were very early work. Even in a poem so varied in style as *A Night on Salisbury Plain* the woman's narrative stands out, both in language and emotional attitudes, as a whole, a vignette in the sentimental vein of Goldsmith or Cowper, that is to say in just the vein Wordsworth was following around 1788. As Mark Reed shows in his full discussion in Appendix V to the *Chronology* Wordsworth tried to shape the description of the vagrant family which appears in *An Evening Walk*, 257-300, into a blank verse episode, possibly as part of a poem including other blank verse passages in the Dove Cottage MSS. Verse 4, 5 and 6, and reshaped it in couplets for a fair copy in MS. Verse 7. Since this vagrant too has lost her soldier husband in America and is watching her children die, it may be that in 1843 Wordsworth was thinking of his work on this episode or that the story of the female vagrant was developed from these early sentimental drafts before *A Night on Salisbury Plain* in a form now lost and was incorporated into the larger poem.

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21 *PW.*, V, 376.
On the 26th of September, 1795 Wordsworth and Dorothy arrived at Racedown to begin a period of settled life together. Excited perhaps by his recent meeting with Coleridge and Southey and counting on a settled period for reflection and work, Wordsworth must have begun extensive revision to *A Night on Salisbury Plain* almost at once, for within two months what had seemed a finished poem was dismissed in a letter to Wrangham as a mere draft of a poem now ready for the press.²² The reshaping of the poem began tentatively enough. Drafts on 29⁵-30⁵ of MS.A show Wordsworth considering a new structure in which the existing introduction and conclusion should be revised and fused to form just an introductory peroration before the actual story. The bulk of the poem would have remained unchanged.²³ The next step, however, was more adventurous. A prose outline of new incidents for the poem was entered in the Racedown notebook, Dove Cottage MS.

Verse 12. Only one stub of this, 4⁵, remains, yet it is enough to show that Wordsworth had conceived the theme which is the core of the new poem, the human sympathy remaining in the sailor which redeems him. The torn page obscures some words, but the most connected passage can be read as follows:

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²²WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EX., 159.

²³It is possible that these drafts were composed after the MS.A fair copy but before the Racedown revisions, since they cling so closely to the original form of the poem. The sequence of revision is clear.
The woman continues her story. Her feelings and forlorn situation. Sympathy of the [traveller del.] sailor and his benevolent exertion to console her [ [ ?? ] del.]. Still from this exhibition he sees the choice to which the [sailor del.] he is exposed and his humanity. They arrive at Cottage where the woman leaves him and [she soon del.] ere she is gone far meets an object with an occurrence which induces her to return [to him del.] seek him again.

Phrases where very little of the page remains read:

[ in hope of finding her friend del.], of cottager's wife, of parish officers, which afflicts the, remorse, sailor['s] resolve, Salisbury.

Attempts were then made to shape the details of the story to the Spenserian stanza in the blank spaces in MS.A itself and eventually the whole poem was drawn together in such a way that it could be "looked on almost as another work."²⁵

If Wordsworth's attitude to his poem as a work of art changed considerably, his attitude to it in another way remained constant: he was interested in publishing it advantageously.

In late August or early September an offer was made for one of his poems, as Dorothy announced to Jane Marshall in the course of a long account of financial plans for the future:

By the bye I must not forget to tell you that he [William] has had the offer of ten guineas for a work which has not taken him up much time, and half the profits of a second edition if it should be called for.

²⁴ Editorial symbols used throughout the thesis for MS quotations are explained in the note that precedes the presentation of the texts of the poems below.

²⁵ WW. to Francis Wrangham, loc. cit.

²⁶ DW. to Jane Marshall, 2 [-3] September [1795]. EX., 149
It is possible that this was an offer for the much discussed but never completed *Imitation of Juvenal*, but in view of Wordsworth's earlier certainty that *A Night on Salisbury Plain* was ready for the press it seems more likely that this is the poem in question. Revision followed hard on this letter and by 20 November Wordsworth was soliciting Wrangham's help in placing the more ambitious work:

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Have you any interest with the booksellers
I have a poem I should wish to dispose of
provided I could get anything for it. I
recollect reading the first draught of it
to you in London. But since I came to
Racedown I have made alterations and
additions so material as that it may be
looked on almost as another work. Its
object is partly to expose the vices of
the penal law and the calamities of war
as they affect individuals.
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The appeal to Wrangham was probably forlorn, but very soon Wordsworth was beginning negotiations which did promise results. A courteous letter to Coleridge's publisher friend Cottle is the beginning of a great bustle to get the poem in the press:

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I have not for some time been more flattered than
by the highly acceptable present of Southey's
Joan of Arc, with which you honoured me by the
hands of Mr Pinney. I should have returned you
my acknowledgements immediately, had I not
imagined that they would be more acceptable if
accompanied with an Mss copy of my Salisbury
plain, which I have been prevented from trans-
mitting you by unforeseen engagements. I am
now at leisure and promise myself, in a few
days, that pleasure.
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27 *WW.* to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. *EX.*, 159.

28 *WW.* to Joseph Cottle, [January, 1796]. *EX.*, 163.
What led to this exchange is not clear. Wordsworth's bald reference to his MS of *Salisbury Plain* implies that Cottle already had some knowledge of the poem. This he could have gained if, as seems most likely, he and Wordsworth had met in Bristol the previous Autumn. It is even just possible that the meeting took place early enough in Wordsworth's stay in Bristol for it to be Cottle who had made the offer of ten guineas for the poem. On the other hand, the letter itself, endorsed by Cottle "Wm Wordsworth 1st Letter recd", suggests no more than a formal knowledge of each other. Wordsworth's address is "Dear Sir" compared with the standard "Dear Cottle" of later letters and the closing words are very formal against the later effusions of affection. Possibly Cottle had only heard of Wordsworth through Coleridge or the Pinneys or had only met him fleetingly and had chosen the present as a suitable way of making himself known, accompanying it perhaps with an invitation to Wordsworth to submit any work he had ready.

However the negotiations began, they went ahead quickly. On 6 March Azariah Pinney ended a stay at Racedown and set off for Bristol carrying the MS of *Salisbury Plain* for Cottle. This exciting move occupied the minds of both Dorothy and William the next day as they wrote their letters. Dorothy spilled it out to Jane Marshall: "Wm. is going to publish a

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29Cottle's later assertion in his *Early Recollections; Chiefly relating to the Late Samuel Taylor Coleridge* 2 vols. (London, 1837) that he met Wordsworth first in 1797 is plainly wrong in view of the 1796 correspondence. See *EY.* and Reed, *Chronology*, 167-168. Future citations to *Early Recollections.*
poem. The Pinneys have taken it to the booksellers', and it was the burden of Wordsworth's letter to Wrangham. Although he was anxious to allay Wrangham's fears about the publication of their joint project when he wrote, "I assure you I do not mean to drop the Juvenal scheme; on the contrary I am determined to bring it to a speedy conclusion", the protestation cannot have seemed very convincing, for the ending of the letter turns back to Wordsworth's own poem and shows what is uppermost in his mind:

I mean to publish volume-wise; could you engage to rid for me of a dozen copies or more among your numerous acquaintances. The damages to use a Lancashire phrase, will be four or five shillings per copy. I do not mean to put forth a [ny] formal subscription; but could wish upon my acquaintances and their acquaintances to quarter so many as would ensure me from positive loss; further this adventurer wisheth not.

By 25 March Aza. Pinney could encouragingly report the outcome of sending the MS to Cottle:

You would have heard from me before, but I waited to collect all the intelligence, that lay in my power, concerning the publication of your Poem. I delivered it on my arrival here to Cottle and requested that Coleridge would inspect it, which he appears to have done with considerable attention for, I understand he has interleaved it with white paper to mark down whatever may strike him as worthy your notice and intends forwarding it to you in that form; To avoid expense he promised to inclose it, in the first parcel, that is sent from his Booksellers to Gidley at Crewkerne.

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30 Dw. to Jane Marshall, [7th March, 1796]. EX., 166.

31 Ww. to Francis Wrangham, 7 March [1796]. EX., 168.

32 This letter was first published in part by Bergen Evans and Hester Pinney in "Racedown and the Wordsworths", RES., VIII (1932), 12-13. I have reproduced Pinney's somewhat eccentric punctuation.
Coleridge’s critical esteem was welcome, but the news Pinney was so anxious to give Wordsworth was still more so:

I have the pleasure to inform you that he [Coleridge] feels so lively an interest to bring forward so valuable a Poem (as he terms it) that he assures me his Bookseller will assist him in such a manner in the publication that he can secure you from every Expence, without risque to himself, and you will receive the profits that may arise after the expences are paid. He recommends having 500 Copies struck off instead of 250 - He is now engaged in a weekly publication entitled the Watchman, the method he intends to adopt in the sale of your Work is, to persuade his Bookseller to get the People that sell the Watchman to take a few Copies of your Poem, by which means he can ascertain how far it be practicable, to publish it without hazard to any party.

This must have delighted Wordsworth and so great was Pinney’s enthusiasm that had sales been left to him the hope that personal expense might be avoided must have been realised.

On 12 April he urged the poem on James Tobin:

His Salisbury Plain is so much altered that I think it may in truth be called a new Poem-I brought it with me to Bristol- It is now at Coleridge’s, by whom it has been attentively read and pronounced a very fine Poem- I doubt not but you will see it in Print within the duration of a few Weeks--

The letter is interesting not only because it looks forward so confidently to an early publication date, but also because it

33 Ibid.

34 Pinney originally wrote only that Coleridge had "pronounced" it a very fine poem, but altered this to "attentively read and pronounced" presumably to impress on Tobin the trustworthiness of the judgement. Letter published in F.W. Bateson, Wordsworth: A Re-Interpretation, 2nd ed. (London, 1956), 15. Future citations to Bateson.
shows how widely the original version of the poem was known. However much Pinney is just echoing the admired poet—and clearly he does echo Wordsworth's comments to Wrangham of November 1795—both he and Tobin must have had some knowledge of the poem in its earlier form and thus must be included with Wrangham in that London circle to which Wordsworth read the first draft.  

In May the poem was still to be published and Coleridge could comment to Thelwall: "A very dear friend of mine, who is in my opinion the best poet of the age (I will send you his Poem when published) thinks that ..." but the haste for publication had slowed. After keeping the MS for two months Coleridge sent it to Lamb. He wrote immediately on receiving the parcel that had hurried through the poem "not without delight" and promised to return it to Wordsworth when he should come to London. Wordsworth was not in London until the beginning of June when, presumably, Lamb kept his word.

But the impetus had passed, perhaps with the passing of

35 The letter also supports Reed's suggestion that Wordsworth met Tobin in 1795 against Mrs. Moorman's apparent suggestion that the date was 1797. See Reed, 163 and Mary Moorman, William Wordsworth: A Biography, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1957-65), I, 333. Future citations to Moorman.


The Watchman, and by October the zealous Pinney could write no more than that the "Poem, written by a Mr. Wordsworth, that I promised to send to Ireland, has not yet appeared."\textsuperscript{38} Nothing more is heard about the publication of Salisbury Plain for a year and a half.\textsuperscript{39}

(iv)

This pause in the chronological evidence is the opportunity to consider two problems about the poem at this date. The first concerns Coleridge's part in the plans for publication. The letters of Charles Lamb and Aza Pinney record that Coleridge read Salisbury Plain sometime between March and June 1796. In \textit{Biographia Literaria} Coleridge suggests that his knowledge of the poem began when Wordsworth recited the poem during his (Coleridge's) twenty-fourth year, i.e. strictly during the period 21 October, 1795 to 20 October, 1796.\textsuperscript{40} The problem


\textsuperscript{39}F.W. Bateson suggested that the poem Joseph Gill was supposed to have sent to \textit{The Weekly Entertainer} on 1 January 1797 was not the \textit{Address to Silence}, which Mr. Bateson would not ascribe to Wordsworth, but Salisbury Plain. R.S. Woof has shown, however, that Gill's diary entry has been misread and misunderstood. Gill was reminding himself to send to Pinney the Wordsworth poem which had already appeared in \textit{The Weekly Entertainer}, i.e. the Address to the Ocean. There is thus no need to ascribe to \textit{Address to Silence} to Wordsworth or to wonder why it was not published in the magazine. See Bateson, 136-137 and R.S. Woof, letter to TLS., 6 July, 1962, 493.

\textsuperscript{40}\textit{Biographia Literaria}, ed. J. Shawcross, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1907), I, 58. Future citations to BL.
that the only likely date for such a recitation is June 1796, when Wordsworth could have called in at Bristol on his way back to Racedown from London, and this, of course, was after Coleridge had already read the MS and passed it on to Lamb. Mr. Bateson suggests that Coleridge's memory played him false and that he made the acquaintance of the poem in manuscript. But Coleridge clearly had some very striking recitation in mind when he recorded the episode in later years and so some other explanation seems needed. Mrs. Moorman thinks it quite probable that Coleridge did not read the poem before sending it to Lamb, but even more probable that "Wordsworth's recitation so impressed him by its manner that it was like an entirely new revelation of Wordsworth's powers." Even assuming that Aza Pinney's "attentively read" was fiction, this blurs what is in Biographia Literaria a sharply drawn account of a single event.

Following Miss Coburn's suggestion, however, that Coleridge's dating here as elsewhere may be anything up to a year out, it is possible to see a more likely sequence. In late August or early September 1795 Wordsworth met Coleridge and Southey in Bristol. All were radical, political activists, all were

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41 Bateson, 15.

42 Moorman, I, 293.

What could be more natural than that Wordsworth should read to them, as he had read to Wrangham and others earlier, *A Night on Salisbury Plain*, a statement of a liberal political testament. Immediately after this the poem was so altered that it was considered another work and so had to be submitted to Coleridge afresh in the spring of 1796.

It is not clear, however, why when Coleridge had pronounced so favourably on the poem the publication did not take place. Wordsworth seems to suggest in the Fenwick note to *Guilt and Sorrow* that the delay was caused by artistic scruple when he says: "Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it." But this sounds like later rationalisation. In November 1795 after revision Wordsworth regarded the poem as ready for publication and in early 1796 he urged it on Cottle and Coleridge. It was only after plans for publication had broken down that he began to revise again. What seems most likely is that purely commercial

44 *PW.*, I, 330.

45 It is possible that Wordsworth had in mind the period 1797-1798 when he first became really acquainted with Coleridge, in which case the question whether Wordsworth himself delayed the publication does not arise.
factors were decisive. Although Aza Pinney took the MS for Cottle, the publisher does not mention in his *Early Recollections* any dealings with Wordsworth at this date. Completely unreliable as Cottle is, this does suggest nonetheless that no plans were made for ordinary publication. Coleridge's idea of selling through the *Watchman* circle would have seemed the main hope, but this was soon dashed when by the second week of May 1796 Coleridge had to tell his readers that the periodical could not continue.

The second problem is more basic: what was the poem like? Aza Pinney took an MS to Cottle in March 1796 which was presumably ready for him to set up if he felt the poem good enough for publication. Coleridge interleaved it and Lamb returned it, no doubt by this time covered with suggestions for alterations. But we have no record of this MS and thus no detailed idea of what the poem was like at this date. The problem is that on the basis of MS.B, *Adventures on Salisbury Plain*, discussion has proceeded as if we have. The MS dates from 1799, yet De Selincourt asserts that "though this manuscript probably dates from 1798, it represents composition of some two and a half years earlier"; Mark Reed agrees substantially and Miss Welsford accepts it without question for her discussion of the poem. But it seems to me that we must regard the

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assertion with caution. That the main plot of *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* remained unchanged from 1795 to the copying of MS.B is unquestioned. The drafts in MS.A show Wordsworth developing the character of the sailor in a way consistent with the MS.B poem. The prose outline in the *Racedown* note-book contains most of the incidents that appear in MS.B. But other evidence suggests that we can go no further than this.

In February 1799 Wordsworth wrote to Coleridge that as part of a revision of *Salisbury Plain* he was "resolved to discard Robert Walford." This seems to be one more instance of Wordsworth's astonishing laziness about inventing names for his characters, since the name was taken from a true story told to him by Poole not long after their meeting in March 1797. John Walford married a near-idiot woman, the mother of his two children, even though he was in love with Anne Rice the daughter of a local miller. After two weeks of marriage he murdered his wife and was hanged on the spot where the crime took place. On hearing this simple tale Wordsworth developed it into a poem called *The Somersetshire Tragedy*, a full account of which has recently been published. What concerns our argument is that he used the name again. Mr. Bateson remarked the same fact, but commented that "it is interesting . . . that when *Salisbury

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47*WW.* and *DW.* to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799]. *EX.*., 256.

Plain was being revised in 1799 the only name he could think of for his murderer-hero was Walford, whereas there is no doubt that Wordsworth is referring not to his hero but to the old soldier who opens the poem. The complicated re-arrangement of plot outlined in the letter to Coleridge ties the sailor into the story still more inextricably. He could not be discarded. But the old man could disappear and when the poem was published in 1842 had done so without any obvious loss. Since it is most improbable that Wordsworth would have used the name Walford before meeting Poole, a date can be fixed for the soldier's entry into the poem, a date supported by the fact that whereas revisions in MS.A touch on the sailor the cottagers and the woman, there is no mention of the old soldier before the MS.B of 1799. As Mr. Wordsworth suggests in his article the sombre ending of MS.B may owe something to the details in Poole's narrative of Walford's end. In this particular, then, MS.B does not represent the poem of 1795.

Again, in the fragment De Selincourt called "A Gothic Tale" three lines appear which are also found in a slightly different form in Adventures on Salisbury Plain:

Only the crimson moon, her lustre spent
With orb half-visible was seen to sink,
Leading the storm's remains along th' horizon's brink.

(AGT., 200-202. PW., I, 292)

49 See Bateson, 134.
The whilst the crimson moon her lustre spent
With orb half-visible was seen to sink
Leading the storm's remains along the horizon brink

(AdSP., 412-414)

The "Gothic Tale" is a fragment in process of composition, dated between 1795 and c. October 1796,50 that is after the completion of the version of the poem mentioned to Wrangham on 20 November 1795, but before the copying of MS.B in 1799. The lines can thus be considered as belonging to the 1795 poem, worked into the drafting of 1795-1796 and recorded in the MS of 1799; or, equally likely, as being composed during the drafting of 1795-1799 and incorporated by WW. into Adventures on Salisbury Plain for the first time during work on the poem in 1798. If the latter is the case, the MS of 1799 again does not represent exactly the poem of 1795.

Caution is also needed when considering Adventures on Salisbury Plain as an embodiment of views Wordsworth held in 1795. He wrote to Wrangham that the poem was meant "partly to expose the vices of the penal law and the calamities of war as they affect individuals",51 a theme consistent with the views expressed in A Night on Salisbury Plain and the Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff. But Adventures on Salisbury Plain has advanced on such a cut-and-dried position. The law is brutal

50 For further discussion of this fragment see Appendix I.

51 WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. Ex., 159
with its gallows and barbaric iron case, but is it vicious? The sailor, however pressed, is wrong to shed blood, and he eventually realises this. Indeed the poem turns on just this point. The cottagers are right to claim that however much they deplore it the law must judge him. Wordsworth has moved on from the over-simple attitudes of *A Night on Salisbury Plain* to involvement in the experience of human sufferers, with all the widening of his vision of man in society that this entails. That the poem was originally more simple explains why Wordsworth felt at some point that the sailor's fate was so "tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression", and why between March and June 1798 Wordsworth was revising *Salisbury Plain* yet again. *MS.B* represents in detail not the work of two and a half years before simply, but the then latest version of a much revised poem.

(v)

The history of *Salisbury Plain* is picked up once more in Spring 1798. *Dove Cottage MS. Verse 4* contains work in pseudo-Spenserians on a new structure for the woman's tale and on the episode later incorporated into *The Borderers* where the youth is tempted to murder the old man in his charge.  

52 *PW.*, I, 330.

53 For a full discussion of these fragments see Appendix I.
The tinkering with the woman's tale may represent Wordsworth's response to his failure to publish *Salisbury Plain*; it may on the other hand show his dissatisfaction with the poem which led to the abandonment of publishing plans. It is not important, for the revision stuck and soon Wordsworth was absorbed in the much more advanced creation, *The Borderers*. But this was also a failure commercially, and this disappointment added to the near-miss of 1796 seems to have robbed Wordsworth of his self-assertion, for he wrote to Tobin the following Spring: "There is little need to advise me against publishing; it is a thing which I dread as much as death itself. This may serve as an example of the figure by rhetoricians called hyperbole, but privacy and quiet are my delight."\(^{54}\)

The plan for a visit to Germany, however, outlined in the letter to Losh of 11 March 1798, demanded vigorous self-assertion if money was to be raised. On 7 March Coleridge had already declared to Cottle that Wordsworth's recent 1200 lines of blank verse were "superior . . . to anything in our language which any way resembles it."\(^{55}\) To a bookseller anxious not to miss opportunities for publishing such promising but unknown poets,\(^{56}\) this was just the right prelude to Coleridge's next

\(^{54}\) *WW. to James Tobin, 6 March [1798]. EX., 211.*

\(^{55}\) *STC. to Joseph Cottle [7 March, 1798]. Griggs, I, 391.*

\(^{56}\) *See Cottle's remarks in Early Recollections, I, 309.*
letter which contained a fully worked out request:

I am requested by Wordsworth to put the following questions-

What could you conveniently and prudently, and what would you, give for

1. Our two Tragedies- with small prefaces containing an analysis of our principal characters.

... To be delivered to you within a week of the date of your answer to this letter- and the money, which you offer, to be payed to us at the end of four months from the same date-none to be payed before-all to be payed then.-

2. Wordsworth's Salisbury Plain and Tale of a Woman which two poems with a few others which he will add and the notes will make a volume [of . . . pages.-] This to be delivered to you within 3 weeks of the date of your answer-and the money to be payed, as before, at the end of four months from the same date.-

According to Cottle his answer was to offer Coleridge and Wordsworth "thirty guineas each, as proposed, for their two Tragedies; but which, after some hesitation, was declined, from the hope of introducing one, or both, on the stage." But this must be seen, I think, as another working of Cottle's self-justifying memory, for Coleridge's letter of early April makes it quite clear that he and Wordsworth are declining to publish the tragedies because Cottle has not offered enough. There seems no question that Cottle had offered anything "as proposed." They wanted Cottle to have the offer, says Coleridge, but:

At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety, advance such a sum, as we should want at the time we specified . . .

It is not impossible but that in happier times, they may be brought on the stage: and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the

57STC. to Joseph Cottle [c. 13 March, 1798]. Griggs, I, 399-400.
58Early Recollections, I, 299.
present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

As a second try Coleridge asked whether Cottle would still consider the volume of poems at thirty guineas and ended by urging him to visit them before Midsummer. On 12 April Wordsworth reinforced the invitation with the enticing information:

You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you, under the old trees in the park.

The details of the next stage are obscure. On 30 April Dorothy wrote to Richard Wordsworth that William "is about to publish some poems. He is to have twenty guineas for one volume, and he expects more than twice as much for another which is nearly ready for publishing." Dorothy's wording suggests not that Wordsworth is preparing two volumes to be published together but two completely separate projects. On 9 May Wordsworth again urged Cottle to come, adding "I say nothing of the Salisbury plain 'till I see you, I am determined to finish it, and equally so that You shall publish." The suggestion here is quite clear. At this point Wordsworth is considering publishing Salisbury Plain, perhaps with The Ruined

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59STC. to Joseph Cottle [Early April, 1798]. Griggs, I, 402.
60 WW. to Joseph Cottle, 12 April, 1798. EX., 215.
61 DW. to R.W., 30 April [1798]. EX., 216.
62 WW. to Joseph Cottle, 9 May, 1798. EX., 218.
Cottage, on his own account, quite apart from any plan the two poets may have had for joint publication. Although according to Cottle he visited Wordsworth in 1797 and also in 1798 when he urged Wordsworth to publish some of the lyric pieces he recited and although Cottle says that Wordsworth's letter of 12 April was urging him to make "another visit", it seems most likely that he did not make the visit until c. 22 May 1798. He stayed a week until c. 30 May. If we accept that Dorothy Wordsworth had some ground for her good news to Richard, we can see that the negotiations during Cottle's visit must have been more complex than is usually assumed. Cottle must have made an offer to Wordsworth after making an unsatisfactory bid for the tragedies and prior to his visit. Naturally enough in trying to persuade Richard that their plans were modest and that the proposed German trip was not an extravagance, Dorothy turned a tentative offer into a positive agreement. She had some grounds, though, for the offer was not immediately rejected. Cottle suggested that it was during his week's stay that the contents and payment of the Lyrical Ballads volume was agreed and this account has been generally accepted. But the letter

63 See Early Recollections, I, 320 and 309-311; and Reed, Appendix VIII, 318-320.

64 DW.'s zealous pacification of Richard also made her claim on 31 May that "William has now some poems in the Bristol press . . . [he] has sold them very advantageously" (Ex., 219), when plans were still in fact at the tentative stage.

65 Early Recollections, I, 314-315; Moorman, I, 373; Reed, 238.
Coleridge sent immediately after Cottle's return to Bristol on his own and Wordsworth's behalf makes it clear that far from being this simple, the negotiations must have concerned two plans, one for the publication of Wordsworth's poems as Dorothy mentioned on 30 April and the other for the *Lyrical Ballads* as they appeared. For Coleridge is having to argue hard in favour of the second project, in favour, that is, of his share in the publication. He began by disposing of any hope that Wordsworth might agree to the publication of his own work in the form proposed: "W[ordsworth] would not object to the publishing of Peter Bell or the Salisbury Plain, singly; but to the publishing of his poems in two volumes he is decisively repugnant and oppugnant." Coleridge then urged joint publication by declaring that the volumes were "one work, in kind tho' not in degree, as an Ode is one work", and that the proposal for anonymous publication should be accepted.  

In the excitement of their *annus mirabilis* and the sense of the incalculable debt each owed to the other, there could be no question that only Wordsworth's poems should be published. But for once perhaps Cottle was right. Had Wordsworth published his poems now, the bitterness that soon appeared towards Coleridge's share in the *Lyrical Ballads* and towards *The Ancient Mariner* in particular would have had no cause.

This second opportunity missed, *Salisbury Plain* was not considered for publication as a whole for forty years.

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Salisbury Plain was not entirely forgotten by the Wordworth circle. The extract published in *Lyrical Ballads* was continuously revised for later editions. In 1805 Dorothy told the Beaumonts that the poem was still in manuscript and that it "contains many very fine passages;"67 in 1817 Coleridge tantalised a wider public by recalling the astounding quality of a "manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished, but of which the stanza, and tone of style, were the same as those of the 'Female Vagrant';"68 and in 1837 Cottle remarked in a footnote to his *Early Recollections* that the "Poem of 'Salisbury Plain' (except an extract in Vol. I, *Lyrical Ballads*) has not yet been published. It was always with me a great favourite, and, with the exception of the 'Excursion,' the poem of all others, on which I thought Mr. Wordsworth might most advantageously rest his fame as a poet."69 Despite such hints, however, The Female Vagrant was the only part of the poem Wordsworth released until 1842.

The monologue in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), however, while not contradicting any of the woman's story in MS.A, is somewhat different in that the details of her life are now filled out.

68 *BL.*, I, 58.
69 *Early Recollections*, I, 314.
Whereas the woman ends her tale in MS.A with her return to England, she now tells of her wanderings, of how she was treated with indifference and cruelty in hospital and how she was sheltered by gypsies before leaving them to tramp the roads alone. The account of her father's misfortune is also expanded. In MS.A he is the victim of only abstract evils, "cruel chance", "oppression" and "wilful wrong", but now these hints are particularised into a tale of the grasping landowner who finally drives out the proud and independent old man.  

It is uncertain when these changes took place. Internal evidence is surprisingly unhelpful. In some revisions Wordsworth has moved away from the over-emphatic tone of his early period towards the more assured simplicity of the later, away that is from such abstractions as:

How changed at once! for Labour's cheerful hum  
Silence and Tears, and Misery's weeping train  

(ANSP., 298-299)

to:

'Twas a hard change, an evil time was come;  
We had no hope, and no relief could gain.  

(FV., 91-92)

Other changes, however, deny any temptation to suggest a late date for the revisions. The following stanza is an addition

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to the story, a stanza which Wordsworth later recognized as a good example of a "mind inattentive to the nature of the subject on which it was employed":71

Yet does that burst of woe congeal my frame,
When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape,
While like a sea the storming army came,
And Fire from Hell reared his gigantic shape,
And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape
Seized their joint prey, the mother and the child!

(FV., 154-159)

External evidence for dating is negative only. Whereas the revisions made at Racedown in 1795 which concern the sailor are mainly traceable through very rough draft to the final conception, there is no trace of alterations to the woman's story. Since Wordsworth's interest in the poem had shifted from the plight of the destitute woman to the character of the conscience haunted sailor, it seems unlikely that the substantial changes in the woman's story were made at this time. The most likely moment is thus Spring 1798 when Wordsworth was clearly doing something to the poem (on 9 May he was "determined to finish it"), and Summer 1798 when he needed to extract from his complicated poem something short enough to be called reasonably a lyrical ballad but long enough to be an interesting story. This is one more reason for thinking that MS.B plus The Female Vagrant does not represent the poem exactly as it stood in late 1795.

71 See WW's revisions to The Female Vagrant outlined in his letter to Anne Taylor, 9 April, 1801. FV., 326-329.
It is natural that towards the end of a long career a poet should begin to think about what work he has still in manuscript that might be published and whether he wants it included in his poetic canon, but with Wordsworth the natural process was hastened by a number of factors forty years after he had last devoted "two days (O Wonder)" to the poem. In 1838 John Kenyon's "Moonlight", caught Wordsworth's attention, not, one suspects, for its own merit but because it recalled his own past. This blank verse work, published in his Poems, for the most part occasional (1838) which Kenyon had presented to Wordsworth, described some of the wonder of Stonehenge and obviously recalled for Wordsworth not only his own earlier feelings but also the poetic labours that followed. He wrote to Kenyon:

Stonehenge has given you al[eat] your advanced years just such a feeling as he gave me when in my 23rd year, I passed a couple of days rambling about Salisbury Plain, the solitude and solemnities of which prompted me to write a Poem of some length in the Spenserian Stanza. I have it still in Mss and parts may be perhaps thought worth publishing after my death among the 'juvenilia'. Overcome with heat and fatigue I took my siesta among the Pillars of Stonehenge; but was not visited by the muse in my Slumbers.

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72WW. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799]. EX., 256.

If Wordsworth did not look up his old MSS now, he most probably came across Salisbury Plain a year later. Thomas Powell was pressing him for a contribution to a volume of The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, Modernised, (eventually published in 1841). Late in 1839 Wordsworth affirmed that he would help but remarked that he could not find his work on Troilus and Cressida. Early in 1840 he had to repeat that he had looked "in vain among my papers for the MS which contains the Manciple's Tale, and if I am not mistaken a small portion of Troilus and Cressida." Turning over old MSS must have brought back many memories which were still more indulged a year later when the Wordsworths returned to Alfoxden and Salisbury Plain.

By the time Mary wrote the letter already quoted about the literary feelings attached for her to Salisbury Plain, however, the result of so many reminders of the past was already taking shape. In June 1840 Mary Wordsworth told Christopher Wordsworth Junior that his uncle had been "hard at work for the last 3 or 4 months", and (perhaps tartly) remarked that though he complained a lot about his eyes, yet "in reality he has had very little suffering." The suffering was probably all


75 MW. to Isabella Fenwick, 2 June [1841]. Letters 246.

76 MW. to Christopher Wordsworth Jnr., 24 June 1840. Letters 244.
Mary's, for Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson that he had been so hard at work that Mary had had to put in long hours as his scribe. The work progressed quickly, however and by February 1841 Wordsworth had a sufficiently coherent idea of the volume to propose a scheme to Moxon. After explaining his disinclination to publish the Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death in a magazine, he suggested that:

it might answer to publish them in connection with a certain number of smaller pieces which I have in MSS. These I have been correcting, and in a few days they will be fairly transcribed — but the whole would not amount to more than about 80 or 90 pages — and we think, and you probably concur with us in opinion, that it would be injurious to the sale of the 6 Vols: to venture upon such a Publication — therefore I have given it up —

There is no mention of Salisbury Plain here, but there can be no question that the poem was considered as part of the volume. Pencil jottings on the free and paste-down front end papers of MS.C which show Wordsworth calculating how much material he had ready, include: "Salisbury Plain and Sonnets = 90 pages." But it is not clear that at this stage Wordsworth conceived the poem as it eventually appeared in Guilt and Sorrow, for another jotting is the sum $47 \times 9 = 423$, which total is then added to the list of the number of lines in each

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78 WW. to Edward Moxon, 4 February [1841]. LX., III, 1064.
poem. *Salisbury Plain* is the only poem in nine line stanzas involved, but *Guilt and Sorrow* appeared with 74 and not 47. The only solution which seems to be likely, namely that during this period of hard work Wordsworth had considered considerable revision of the poem, is supported by the evidence of the fragmentary MS itself, and is considered in detail in the discussion of MS.C below, pp. 65-72.

With so much work already invested, Wordsworth was committed to the idea of a new volume, despite the doubts expressed to Moxon, and the very next letter let Moxon a little more into the scheme:

> By way of secret I must let you know, that I have just been copying out about 2,000 lines of miscellaneous Poems from MSS., some of which date so far back [as] 1793; ... If I could muster 1000 lines more, there would be enough for another volume to match pretty well in size with the rest, but this being not the case, I am rather averse to publication. You will hear more of this hereafter.

Throughout the rest of the year Wordsworth maintained the near-contradictory stand revealed by this letter. He was pleased at the thought of rescuing old poems - as he told Powell, but for this labour they would have been utterly lost. But he had doubts about publication. Such was the state of the book trade that in November 1841 Wordsworth was still asking (presumably as a rhetorical question only), whether Moxon would

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79 *WW.* to Edward Moxon, 4 March [1841]. *LY.*, III, 1069.

80 *WW.* to Thomas Powell [March, 1841]. *LY.*, III, 1070.
consider another volume of poems, and was inquiring privately into his publisher's solvency. As he said to Crabb Robinson, he was deterred from preparing the volume for the press "by the fear which has been expressed to me 'that Moxon may Crash [?]" Robinson reported that though Moxon's sales were bad, the publisher saw no harm and some good in the publication of a new volume, and at last Wordsworth proposed the scheme in detail to Moxon:

Your account of the depressed state of the book-trade makes me almost indifferent about publishing the volume which I was preparing. I nevertheless went on making corrections, and getting it transcribed by my kind friends and inmates. It is now quite ready for the Press, — and I'll give you a slight sketch of its Contents. Ist a Poem of 75 Spenserian stanzas, 23 of which have already been published, in the former Edn, under the title of "The Female Vagrant". The whole poem was written in the years 1793 -4; but the yet unpublished Parts have been carefully revised. ... In future editions "The Female Vagrant" will, of course, be omitted as a separate piece — but the reprinting of it here is indispensable.

81 WW. to Henry Crabb Robinson [November, 1841]. CR., I, 448.


83 WW. to Edward Moxon, 18 January, 1842. Ly., III, 1111-1112. WW. later changed his mind over the printing of The Female Vagrant as well as Guilt and Sorrow. See WW. to Edward Moxon, 22 July, 1843. Ly., III, 1172.
The volume was published in April 1842 as Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years. Wordsworth was worried about sales, but refused nonetheless to allow Moxon to send copies to the Reviews. His high-minded reasons are well-known from his letter of 3 April 1842, but Moxon's still more persuasive objections have not before been published:

I am not certain that we acted wisely in deviating from the usual custom of sending copies to the Reviewers, especially as we cannot prevent parties from purchasing the Book and noticing it. Besides we shall be obliged, in order to make the volume known, to spend more money in advertising it. A review, even with a sprinkling of abuse in it, is in my opinion, worth a hundred advertisements.

The volume was little noticed and did not sell. When Moxon sent the accounts of nearly twelve months sales to Wordsworth he felt he had to apologise for the small amount and excuse it with "the fact . . . that the publishing business was never, I believe, before in so deplorable a state as it is at present and has been for the last two years." But we may conjecture that neither lack of reviews or the state of the

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84 WW. had always considered the volume as a uniform addition to the currently available set of six volumes. In March 1842 Crabb Robinson suggested how owners of the six and prospective buyers of the seventh might be accommodated: namely by having the choice of two title leaves. One would refer to the volume only as Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years and the other to The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, 'Volume the Seventh'. The suggestion was taken up and the second title leaf inserted at the back of the volume. See HCR. to Mary Wordsworth, 15 March 1842. CR., I, 457-458.


trade was the real cause. In April 1842 Wordsworth had declared that he had found that scarcely any books were being sold to university students and that "Dr. Arnold told me that his lads seemed to care for nothing but Bozzy's next No., and the Classics suffered accordingly. — Can that Man's public and others of like kind materially affect the question — I am quite in the dark." It is a sad and revealing comment. The passions that had torn Wordsworth and his generation were quietened before "Dr Arnold's lads" were born. To Wordsworth The Borderers and Salisbury Plain were the fruit of suffering and meditation, but what had the psychology of the tragedy (or the idyll of the Female Vagrant) to offer a public fascinated by Quilp and moved by the outcast Little Nell? What in fact had poetry itself to offer "that man's public"? At the end of his writing life Wordsworth began to ask himself the questions which had concerned him at its beginning.

87WW. to Edward Moxon [1 April, 1842]. LW., III, 1120.
CHAPTER TWO

MANUSCRIPTS OF THE POEM

Four MSS of the poem which eventually became Guilt and Sorrow survive. A, B, and D contain full texts, C preserves a copy of only part of the poem. A represents the earliest stage of the work in 1793-1794 and D the latest in 1841-1842. In describing the MSS I have included stubs in the numbering of the leaves, and, where they exist free endpapers, but not paste-down endpapers.

I  MS A. Salisbury Plain or A Night on Salisbury Plain

This is in MS. Verse 11 of the Dove Cottage collection, usually called the Windy Brow Notebook. It is a notebook 7 7/8 x 6 1/4 ins. Thirty-seven leaves survive intact: 1-32, 35, 37-39. Stubs only are left at 33-34, 36, 40. Leaves are sewn in conjugate pairs. The notebook, which is home-made and has a mottled cardboard cover, has been made by tearing in half and then folding folio sheets of white laid paper watermarked with Britannia in a circle surmounted by a crown and counter-marked with a trefoil device within a circle. The watermark and countermark on the two halves of the folio are now in the centre of the two leaf sheet and are thus divided by the sewing fold on each leaf. Leaves 1-4, 6-16, 25-35, 37-40 show the Britannia watermark and 5, 17-24, 36 the trefoil device.
The poem, which was the first entry in the notebook, is entitled *Salisbury Plain* but *A Night on Salisbury Plain*, which Wordsworth told Mathews "would better suit the thing itself" has been entered as an alternative title. The text begins on 1r and runs through 37r. It lacks stanzas 53½ - 56 inclusive where leaves 33-34 are missing and stanzas 59-60 where leaf 36 is missing. Stanzas 1-8, 9½-12, 26-36 are in the hand of DW. and the rest in that of WW. Drafting for the revision and enlargement of the poem begins on leaf 20v and runs continuously 23v-32v, 37v-38v, 39v-39v. The inside front cover also contains a few draft lines.

The rest of the notebook is composed of other early work, such as "Corrections and Additions" for *An Evening Walk*, *Sentimi Gades*, *Inscription for a Seat by the Pathway Side Ascending to Windy Brow*, but leaf 35v contains a draft in WW.'s hand of *The Prelude*, XI, 164-176. DW. could have begun the copy of *Salisbury Plain* when she and WW. were together at Halifax after circa 17 February, 1794, but it seems most likely that the bulk of the text was copied between early April and mid-May during the Wordsworths' stay at Windy Brow. The notebook as a whole suggests that DW. and WW. decided at Windy Brow during their leisure together to make fair copies of some of WW.'s work to date, but this *Prelude* draft suggests that the notebook was to hand until 1804 at the earliest and that leaves 33-34 and 36 may

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88 WW. to William Mathews, 7 November, 1794. EY., 136.
have been cut out not for their Salisbury Plain but for their Prelude material.

This first poem has a very simple structure. The opening apostrophe, which contrasts the destitution of the savage with that of the supposedly civilised man, leads to the figure of the traveller alone and terrified in the immense waste. He is not, however, important himself - we learn nothing about him save that he suffered young - but as the willing listener who draws out of the female vagrant he meets the terrible story of her life. It is her story, not his, that tells of the suffering in modern society and that leads the poem back to the voice of the poet, who concludes it with a resounding call to the forces of progress.

The corrections and revisions suggest two stages of development. It is clear that there was no immediate complication of the simple structure. The stanzas copied fairly by WW. on leaves 29V-30V are an alternative opening to the poem and the directions to any future scribe "see second page" show that he was envisaging that at some time a fair copy should be made which would incorporate this alternative version. But in these stanzas there is no change in the rhetorical structure of the poem. The poem still opens with the poet's apostrophe, pointing the comparison of savage and civilised. Other rough drafts however, notably on 31V, 38V-39T, mark out a much more developed story. Some identity and story are now given to the
traveller, as Wordsworth tries in repeated drafts to work out the idea that the man, although a criminal, can still respond with human sympathy. Many of the details of the second poem as we know them from MS.B, such as the sailor's cheerful words to the woman and their descent to the cottage where they eat, are present here in draft. The revisions cannot be dated with certainty but they most likely represent work up to and including Autumn 1795, when Wordsworth told Wrangham he had extensively revised the poem.89

II MS B, Adventures on Salisbury Plain

This is in MS. Verse 18a of the Dove Cottage collection. The notebook, measuring 7 5/8 x 4 7/8 ins., has fifty-nine leaves extant: 1, 4-7, 10-12, 28-34, 39-69, 74-82, 87-90. Stubs only remain at 2-3, 8-9, 13-27, 35-38, 70-73, 83-86. The white laid paper is watermarked at the top inner edge of the leaves with an undeciphered design that is possibly the fleur-de-lys, as found in some of the letters of the Alfoxden period.

This red-leather covered professionally made notebook was Dorothy Wordsworth's pocket book and bears her initials. In it she has made fair copies of some of Wordsworth's recent poems from 1797-1800. A full account of the contents of the notebook and its very close relation to the Alfoxden and Christabel

89WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EY., 159.
Notebooks is given in Appendix IX to Reed's *Chronology* and so only those parts of the notebook which have a particular bearing on *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* will be dealt with here.

The poem is now headed *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* and divided into two parts. Part First runs from 28r through versos and rectos to 33r and Part Second from 40r to 45v. Outside the main text, drafts occur on llv-12r in WW.'s hand, working on alternative openings for stanza III and on 39r working on stanza LXIV; on 39v in DW.'s hand, fair copies of two stanzas, ultimately unused, tying the soldier and the female vagrant more closely into the poem; on 79v in the late hand of MW. a copy of *Guilt and Sorrow* LXXII and the opening of LXIII.

Four layers of work can be traced in MS.B, which is the most heavily worked MS of the four. Three of these layers are linked and relate to the poem of 1795-99: (i) The text of the poem is copied beautifully by DW. with three stanzas on each small page (ii) Some lines have been erased and new material substituted very carefully by DW. and WW. (iii) Some of the revisions, both interlinings and the more elaborate fair copies such as those on 39v and 40r, seem to have been made immediately after the fair copy. These may represent some work of the two days Wordsworth devoted to the poem early in 1799 and immediate second thoughts on reading the fair copy.

It is difficult to date the copying of this text of the poem exactly. De Selincourt assumed, at first, that the red-leather notebook was, like its exact counterpart the Christabel
Notebook, in use at Alfoxden and that the copy of Adventures on Salisbury Plain was the one made by Dorothy after William's letter of 9 May, 1798 declaring, "I am determined to finish it . . .". As a second possibility he suggested that the text "may have been copied by DW. not in May 1798, but at Goslar, but it must have been before WW.'s letter to Coleridge in Feb. 1799." This dating must be revised on the evidence De Selincourt advances himself and on the evidence of the other contents of the notebook.

Wordsworth's letter certainly shows him at work on Adventures on Salisbury Plain:

I also took courage to devote two days (O Wonder) to the Salisbury Plain. I am resolved to discard Robert Walford and invent a new story for the woman. The poem is finished all but her tale. Now by way of a pretty moving accident and to bind together in palpable knots the story of the piece I have resolved to make her the widow or sister or daughter of the man whom the poor Tar murdered. So much for the vulgar. Further the Poet's invention goeth not. This is by way of giving a physical totality to the piece, which I regard as finished minus 24 stanzas, the utmost tether allowed to the poor Lady.

Since MS.B has no story for the woman it must post-date the publication of The Female Vagrant in Lyrical Ballads 1798 and since Wordsworth declares his intention to invent a new story for her the MS must pre-date the letter of February 1799.

90 PW., I, 331.

91 WW. and DW. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799]. EX., 256-257.
Such must have been De Selincourt's reasoning. In this view the stanzas on 39v and 46v represent the two days work in progress, tying the story together in "palpable knots." The MS evidence itself, however, refutes this. Whatever the relation of these stanzas to Wordsworth's growing conception of the poem, they are not draft. They are entered very neatly into blank spaces left after the completion of some work on The Prelude and of the copying of Part Second of Adventures on Salisbury Plain. They are entered in the same neat unvarying hand as the fair copy text, as are also the directions on 45v for their insertion into later copies. They are fair copies of the corrections Wordsworth may have been making in February 1799 and like all fair copies may have been entered anytime after the original date of composition.

This establishes only that the MS does not, as De Selincourt asserts, pre-date the letter of February 1799. Other material in the notebook confirms this and also suggests more helpful dates. Mark Reed, in Appendix IX to the Chronology, has demonstrated that poems in the Alfoxden, Christabel and 18a notebooks are usually in their most developed form in MS. 18a and that most of the copies in this MS can be dated as post Goslar.92 For Adventures on Salisbury Plain the crucial evidence is that Parts First and Second are divided by work on The Prelude. Part First is followed on

92See Reed, 321-328, Appendix IX and 333-336, Appendix XII.
33r, 34r-34v by draft work for lines appearing in *The Prelude* Bk. V, and then by four stubs which contained work on the first book of *The Prelude*. 39v contains the ending of Bk. I and 39v the abortive opening to Bk. II:

Friend of my heart and genius we had reach'd
A small green island which I was well pleased
To pass not lightly by for though I felt
Strength unabated yet I seem'd to need
Thy cheering voice or ere I could pursue
My voyage, rests else for ever there. 93

The Bk. I material is in a more developed form than the drafts of MS.JJ dating from Goslar and the opening to Bk. II seems to refer to the period in early 1799 when the Wordsworths, locked away in Goslar, deeply missed Coleridge and when Wordsworth, not for the last time, felt the need of his friend to breathe life into a flagging work. The need might have been fulfilled by the finding of Coleridge's long delayed letters and the resumption of correspondence in February 1799, but as Reed argues, is much more likely to have been met only by the actual meeting with Coleridge in Göttingen in April 1799. The abortive opening, the result of the stimulation of Coleridge's "cheering voice" is thus after this time and the copying of Part Second in turn is later than this.

By the same argument it would seem logical that Part First was copied before the *Prelude* material and with any other poet than Wordsworth this would probably be so. But his methods of entering work in a notebook were so odd that it does not surprise that the evidence suggests that Part First was copied

93*Prelude*, II, 1 app.crit.
in at about the same time as Part Second and was thus dovetailed around the work on *The Prelude*. The evidence is that the letter of February 1799 shows Wordsworth still thinking of a new story for the woman, 24 stanzas long. But in MS.B there is no room for such a story either in the first or second part. In Part Second asterisks are left to show what is missing; in Part First there is not even this. This is a fair copy of the poem made after Wordsworth has decided that, for the time being at least, invention does not run to another story for the woman and, since the poem is not to be published at once, the story can wait for the future.

Later than April 1799 and before the summer of 1800 when the Wordsworths became absorbed by the 1800 edition of *Lyrical Ballads* and the working up of the first two books of *The Prelude*, the copying of *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* was most likely the work of early May onwards, 1799, when the Wordsworths began their visit to Sockburn. Returned from Germany after a period of great activity, Wordsworth was taking stock of his achievement. *The Ruined Cottage* was entered into MS.18a in probably its finest form. Work on the two part poem on his own life was slowly drawn together. *Adventures on Salisbury Plain*, a relic of an earlier phase of Wordsworth's development, was finally entered as a fair copy, despite gaps and only half-worked revisions. The poem was left so that the mature work could advance.
Although MS.B does not contain a story for the woman, the intended structure of the poem is clear. Whereas in MS.A the coming of dawn was the occasion for the break in the vagrant's story, Wordsworth now keeps the whole of her narration during the night and makes a break with the sailor's swoon at the end of Part First. Part Second opens with his recovery, which should lead to the continuation of the woman's story and the coming of daylight. Since the woman tells no tale, however, the transition in the actual manuscript seems chaotic. Stanza XXIX ends "The woman then began her story to relate", but the next line opens "She paused, ..." There is nothing to indicate that anything is to be inserted here, but the sailor's words in Part Second that the woman's tale has moved him make it clear that some of her new story was to be told before the end of Part First.

This is the most rambling, though not the most complicated, of all the plots Wordsworth conceived for Salisbury Plain. The traveller now meets an old soldier struggling along to meet his daughter. After telling his story, however, the old man rides out of the poem on the post-boy's chariot. The sailor's past is then sketched in and he meets the woman as in MS.A. As they descend to the valley an incident is introduced for which there is no drafting in MS.A, the incident of the boy beaten by his father. At the end of the poem the sailor and the female vagrant meet the sailor's dying wife, driven from home because of local suspicion that her husband
was a murderer. His guilty anguish on hearing her lament makes him eager to seek death.

The story is now so intricate that it is small wonder Wordsworth did not match the new material to the old entirely happily. The more restrained treatment of Stonehenge causes one problem. In stanza XVI the sailor sees what seems an "antique castle" and runs to it to shelter from the pouring rain. Two stanzas of apostrophe and description follow and then the narrative continues with the sailor in flight again. Apparently he chooses not to shelter there because of the force of the wind trapped in the ruins, but since he blunders on "All track quite lost, through rain and blinding storm" apparently heedless of discomfort, this seems an inadequate motive and certainly does not explain why the episode exists at all. The fact is that it has no real justification in this version of the poem. In MS.A the antique pile is part of the acceptable machinery of a gothic poem. The traveller flees because he has been warned away by a spectral voice. But in MS.B Wordsworth has tried to retain much of the fine description of darkness falling on Stonehenge, but without the supernatural machinery, and in doing so has obscured motive and action at this point of the sailor's story.

Inevitably, too, in such a complicated story there are loose ends. The revisions in the MS show Wordsworth's attempts to draw them together. In MS.B the sailor is the husband of the woman brought in on the wain. The old soldier met at the
beginning disappears from the story. In the revisions on 39\textsuperscript{v} and 46\textsuperscript{v}, however, the soldier becomes the father of the woman brought in dying, and this ties in his earlier explanation that he was journeying to meet a daughter. The sailor is still her husband and is said to be the soldier's "son." The female vagrant is called Rachel and it is her husband the sailor has murdered. Obviously, from the stanza on 39\textsuperscript{v}, the dying woman tells her story but even so it does not occur to Rachel to suspect the sailor whom she and the old soldier are so vainly comforting. These three stanzas offer a coherent restatement of the relationships of the characters. On a blank half page curiously left after the copying of the first stanza of Part Second, 40\textsuperscript{r}, Wordsworth has entered a fair copy of the only stanza we have of a new story for the woman. As a beginning to her life history it is not very different from the old one.

Two revision stanzas, however, which have still to be considered are much less easily understood. The more puzzling is the one on 11\textsuperscript{v} which seems to reverse all the earlier attitudes to the old sailor. He speaks now of having a pension and of living well in his own home, changing considerably his force as an undeservedly suffering figure. But he speaks in the past tense and it may be that Wordsworth meant the old man's earlier security, now lost, to be a contrast to his present destitution. One has to be as tentative about the stanza on 33\textsuperscript{r} printed below:
A man of knotty and [alt. with withered face, of] stature small
Rose up and from the cool seat which he had found
Beneath the scanty shade of a stone-wall:
He bore a scythe of which the blade was bound
With twisted straw and on the grassy ground
That edged the road like one who would inquire
His road he saunter'd slowly, looking round.
He seem'd a travelling peasant in attire
Bound to some distant land [del. to spot] to earn
the mowers hire.

Although this seems to merge at first glance with the rough drafting below, the stanza is in fact a fair copy by DW. with lines by WW. written over erasure. It looks as if this is a fair copy of revision work, just like the stanzas already discussed on 39^r and 46^v. But whereas they are clearly intelligible as a tying up of the story, the details of this stanza do not fit the poem as it has survived. The atmosphere of the cool seat beneath the shade of the wall suggests the beginning of The Ruined Cottage rather than the usual atmosphere of Salisbury Plain. It is just possible that this is one more example of Wordsworth multiplying incidents and characters for this poem and that here is one more itinerant the sailor and the woman might encounter.

The fourth layer of work mentioned earlier belongs to the period forty years on, when Wordsworth returned to the poem he had left incomplete. Many of the revisions, the numbering and deletion of stanzas in Part First are in hand and ink strikingly different from those of the revisions already discussed. The hand is the large bold hand of MW. late in life and the ink is scarcely faded and very black. This work
can be assigned to 1841-42 when Wordsworth was working towards Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years. The corrected readings are all close to the last MS.D text and the published Guilt and Sorrow. Thus the 1799 fair copy text of stanza VII:

The proud man might relent and weep to find That now in this wild waste so keen a pang Could pierce a breast to life's best ends inclined,

was corrected with piecemeal underlinings in 1841-42 and then deleted altogether in favour of a new opening which was copied at the foot of the previous page, MS.B 29v:

Alas alas no spot so lonely is But it salutes him with some deadly pang Brought from without to inward miseries.

MW. then incorporated this into the fair text of MS.D, where it was in turn deleted in favour of still more extensive revision. The belief that it was to MS.B that Wordsworth returned when he began to consider revising the poem is supported by the fact that the one and a half stanzas tried out by MW. at the back of MS.B, 79v, are also added by her as an afterthought to the text of the unquestionably late MS.C

III MS.C, Various Sonnets and Poems

This is a half-leather bound notebook, measuring 7 11/12 x 6½ ins., MS. Verse 92 of the Dove Cottage collection. 96 leaves, including the free endpapers, are extant: 1-6, 13-18, 20-21, 23-51, 56-65, 67-72, 75-82, 89-99, 107-110, 114-125, 129. Stubs only remain at: 7-12, 19, 22, 52-55, 66, 73-74, 83-88, 100-106, 111-113, 126-128. After 129 an indeterminate number
of leaves have been removed. The stub of the rear free endpaper remains. The gathering 89-106 has been crudely sewn with green tape into the MS onto the last of the stubs 83-88.

The white wove paper of leaves 1-88 and 107 to the end is countermarked RR 1803. The inserted gathering is of blue tinted laid paper, watermarked with Britannia in a circle surmounted by a crown and countermarked with a monogram that could be EFC or JC 1838.

The contents of this bulky volume, which is almost entirely in the hand of MW., is sufficiently described by the label she made for it: Various Sonnets and Poems Scotch Tour Italian Tour. These poems are all fair copies, running on rectos from front to back. The Guilt and Sorrow material is written, in MW.'s hand, with the notebook inverted, on the blank versos, running from 51V back to 47V. This copy consists of Guilt and Sorrow stanzas LXI to the end, but they are numbered here 28-41. Originally the numbering ran 27-40, but through erasure and alteration the numbers have all been raised. Stanzas LXXI-LXXII were not included in the consecutive copying but have been copied on 47V after the end of the poem. Instructions at the foot of the page direct the future copyist to insert them in the familiar place in the poem.

It will be seen that the episode of the beaten boy is not included in the fair copy as it stands. It was, however, meant to be considered as part of this copy at some stage in Wordsworth's work on the poem at this time. In the "Miscellaneous
Scraps" file of the Dove Cottage collection there is one sheet containing, unnumbered, Guilt and Sorrow LIV-LVII. The paper is that of the inserted gathering in MS.C, blue tinted and countermarked 1838. It has not come from the gathering, since all the stubs in it have initials on them and since this loose sheet is a full and not a torn leaf. But there is no need to pursue the tempting idea that there was a fair copy of the poem in a notebook entirely of this blue paper, for other half-folio sheets of the same paper exist with fragmentary work of the same period on them (one for instance containing lines for The Borderers was sent to the printers and is postmarked 1841) and this is clearly just such another fragmentary sheet. It is my belief that these odd stanzas were all that was copied out and that they were meant to stand before 51v at the beginning of the Guilt and Sorrow copy in MS.C, where pages have been torn out and stubs only remain. Corroborative evidence is that a tear in the corner of the loose sheet matches exactly the pin-holes in the stub of leaf 52 and that indentations can be seen in the heavy white paper made by the pressure on the pin when the notebook was closed.

It is clear I think that MS.C was always a fragmentary text. Before the beginning of the copy of Guilt and Sorrow there are only five stubs, that is 15-16 stanzas before stanza LXI, "A cart and horse beside a rivulet there stood." No version of the whole poem which was meant to retain the last fourteen
stanzas so fully could reach this point in the narrative in
15-16 stanzas. But if we examine the corrected Part Second of
MS.B, we find that 16 stanzas are now allowed, after deletion and
revision, from the opening to "A cart and horse ...." MS.C is
thus most likely a copy of the corrected Part Second of MS.B.

Such a suggestion that Wordsworth was working with two
MSS contemporaneously and expected a future copyist to do so is
supported by the evidence of the MS corrections. One would
assume that MS.C would be copied from a MS.B already fully
corrected and that any future corrections would be made in the
later copy MS.C. At first glance the assumption seems
justified. Examination of Guilt and Sorrow stanza LXXXI, for
example, shows just this expected progression. But in many
cases corrections in MS.B are not found in MS.C but do appear
in MS.D. Again, in some cases both MSS. B and C are corrected
in the same way over the same base text (see for example Guilt
and Sorrow LXXXVII). This suggests that MS. B and C were in
use at the same time and that the work of correction and
revision was going on not in one MS exclusively but across
both. Supporting evidence is also provided by stanzas
LXXI-LXXII which, as already mentioned, were added after the
main copying of MS.C. As explained in the description of
MS.B., LXXII, "The Soldier's Widow lingered in the Cot" is the
stanza MW, added in a blank space at the back of MS.B.
On MS.B 45V she has also added a directional footnote "She
slept in peace" which is the beginning of stanza LXXI, the
first of the two added as afterthought to MS.C.

One puzzling question remains: what stage of the poem does MS.C represent? The problem is simply stated. As already mentioned on p.47-8, the front paste-down and free endpapers of MS.C are covered in calculations which show Wordsworth working out how much material he had for the projected volume. One calculation concerns a poem of 47 nine-line stanzas and at the end of stanza LXXIV in the MS.C copy Wordsworth has pencilled the figure 423. Guilt and Sorrow was eventually printed with 74, so what could have been the poem's shape at this earlier stage? A second problem arises from the numbering of stanzas in MS.C, where the fragmentary copy is numbered 28-41. To what version of the poem could this numbering apply?

At the most, only tentative suggestions can be advanced, but it may be helpful to consider Wordsworth's likely attitudes to the poem when he began to re-examine his old MSS. In 1799 with ideas of publishing Adventures on Salisbury Plain still in his mind, Wordsworth realised that a new focus would have to be given to the poem now that the woman's story had been excerpted. By 1841 the story had been in print so long as an accepted part of the Lyrical Ballads canon that the problem can only have seemed more pressing. The letters show, moreover, that Wordsworth was worried about any possible check to the sale of the current six volume edition of his works and duplication of
material did seem a danger. Again, the contents of the story obviously needed reconsideration. Could a poet who had proclaimed to his readers in 1800:

The moving accident is not my trade
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts,

and who had been ridiculed in criticism and parody for dwelling on the simple things of life, offer now a tale of Druidic visions, terrifying ruins, murder and gibbeted bodies?

In response to worries perhaps such as these Wordsworth seems to have considered complete revision of the poem, for this is what the evidence of MSS. B and C points to. The calculations in MS. C show Wordsworth adding to his contents list a 47 stanza poem. If we refer to MS. B we find that what remains of Adventures on Salisbury Plain after the extensive deletions is a poem of 46-48 stanzas. The cuts are very considerable, deleting the meeting of the soldier, sailor and post-boy, some of the sailor's story, the woman's visions on the heath and some of the stanzas about the cottagers at the end, but since all the correction in MS. B seems to have been made at the same time we have to assume that for a while Wordsworth considered this a possible version of the story.


95 Hart-Lean Well, II, 97-98. FW., II, 252.

96 The doubt rests on whether some stanzas are to be regarded as completely or only partially deleted.
The numbering of stanzas in MSS. B and C is also more intelligible if we assume a stage of extensive revision. MS.B, corrected, is numbered in the same hand as MS.C, but is numbered only in Part First. The stanzas are unnumbered in Part Second. As I have already suggested, MS.C is a fair copy of the revised MS.B Part Second, so we can assume that the poet was working with the two MSS of the poem before him, Part First in MS.B and Part Second in MS.C. The stanzas in MS.B are numbered 1-20; those in MS.C 28-41. The stubs before stanza 28 most likely contained the early stanzas of the corrected Part Second of MS.B, including the descent to the valley and the episode of the beaten boy. The gap in numbering between the 20 of MS.B and the 28 of MS.C suggests that these stanzas were pared before the pages were finally torn out. This would leave 7 stanzas for the sailor and the female vagrant to cross the plain, descend to the valley and arrive at the stream. Later, when the idea of a truncated poem was abandoned, the stanzas giving the episode of the beaten boy were copied out on the loose sheet already described and pinned back into the MS.

The poem that eventually appeared as Guilt and Sorrow was a compromise between drastic revision and mere reprinting of the poem as it stood 45 years before. The female vagrant's story was duplicated, but an apology for this added in an "Advertisement." Other unnecessary figures were cut out in attempt to simplify the poem, but since its spirit was still
so different from much that was considered typically Wordsworthian, the reader was to be encouraged to read it in a special way. The original "Advertisement" read in part:

Whatever be the demerits of the production, some readers will, I hope, set a value upon it not merely for what it is in itself but as a memorial of that early period of my life.

IV MS D, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain

MS.D is part 6 of MS. Verse 102 of the Dove Cottage collection. A collection of various fair copies, the MS has been made by laying folded sheets, each of two leaves, on top of each other and then sewing them together on the outside of the fold as a series of paired leaves. 3½ leaves are extant: 1-14, 16-29, 31-36. Stubs only remain at 15 and 30. The leaves are of different sizes.

1-2: 9 5/6 x 7 5/6 ins.
3-22: 9 1/24 x 7 11/24 ins.
25: 4 1/24 x 4 3/4 ins.
26-35: 9 1/24 x 7 5/12 ins.
36: 13 x 7 1/2 ins.

Leaf 36 is a composite, made of pieces stuck on to a leaf originally 8 11/12 x 7 1/6 ins. The original leaf which contained the first few stanzas of Guilt and Sorrow was so heavily corrected that it was not included in the final
collection. Another fair copy was made on the present leaf 2. The original remains as a loose sheet.

The collection is made up of varying papers. 1-2, 23-25, 36: blue-tinted wove. 3-32, 26-35 and the loose sheet: white wove, embossed "London Superfine". Many of the pages have been so heavily corrected, that the final correction has been written on a separate sheet which was stuck over the original with sealing wax. Often the paper is of a different kind — usually a piece of the blue-tinted over the white.

**Incidents upon Salisbury Plain** is the first copy in the collection. The "Advertisement" occupies 1r and 1v and the poem the rectos and versos from 2r through 21r. 22 is blank and the rest of the notebook consists of poems such as "At the Grave of Burns", "To Sir G.H. Beaumont, Bart. from the Southern Coast of Cumberland", in fair copy. **Incidents upon Salisbury Plain** was copied by MW., but the female vagrant's story was entered by an unidentified hand. This is not the hand of WW.'s usual scribes. Possibly some luckless visitor was commadered, for whoever it was did not have to decipher WW.'s hand or follow his dictation. The copyist has written Guilt and Sorrow 11. 199-306 and 335-447, that is the female vagrant's story as already printed, and has left the transitions and the end of the vagrant's story for MW. to fill in. **Guilt and Sorrow** stanzas XII and XIII are copied in reverse order, but the correct order is given in marginal directions.
The complications of the story have now been pruned, but in such a way that it is even more difficult to remember the details of character and episode in all three versions. The meeting with the old soldier and the post-boy is omitted, so that the sailor is the focus of interest at once. But Wordsworth has not simply cut out all his earlier description of the soldier, and by looking at the corrections and deletions at the beginning of MS.B it is possible to see the poet working out how he can use some of his existing material with the minimum of writing. The result was that the characteristics of the two men are fused. Whereas in MS.B the soldier's coat of "military red" (8) is distinguished from the sailor's "vest of blue" (75), the sailor now wears the red coat and instead of his earlier brisk strength has taken on the soldier's weariness.

For the woman's story Wordsworth has returned to the simple structure of MS.A. The pause in her story comes with the first light of day and the sailor, instead of swooning, goes to the door and comforts her with the promise of a cheerful morning.

The "Advertisement" is different in places from the printed version of 1842. Wordsworth was anxious that the reader should regard the poem as an example of early work and should judge with sympathy, but he clearly had no time for literary detectives. One sentence which read much more temperately in 1842, originally read:
The whole was written before the close of the year 1795; how it came to be so long suppressed is of no importance to the Reader; but it may not be improper to mention under what circumstances it was composed.
Note on the Texts
NOTE ON THE TEXTS

A Night on Salisbury Plain and Adventures on Salisbury Plain, previously unpublished in their entirety, are edited from the only known surviving manuscripts. The text in each case is that of the earliest complete version of the poem, that is to say of the fair copies William and Dorothy entered into the notebooks before Wordsworth began revision. In MS, Adventures on Salisbury Plain does not contain the narrative of the female vagrant's life, although asterisks and the sense of the verse structure indicate that a story was intended. To complete the poem, I have inserted the woman's narrative as published in 1798, that is The Female Vagrant. This clearly did not represent Wordsworth's intention for Adventures on Salisbury Plain after the publication of Lyrical Ballads, but does approximate to his intention around 1795-1796 when the poem was first shaped. The addition of the story has meant some awkwardness at stanza LXII, but this was thought preferable to the presentation of a truncated and thus only partially intelligible poem.

The apparatus criticus to A Night on Salisbury Plain and Adventures on Salisbury Plain aims to record all of Wordsworth's revisions and to provide useful information about the MSS themselves, when it is thought that comments
on handwriting, for instance, or layout are of importance for our understanding of the process of composition. I have not made any attempt to provide the quantity of information that could be gleaned from a facsimile text. A photograph of the original is the only sure way of providing this, and such an edition effectively obscures the poems as literature. With the female vagrant's story in *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* the *apparatus criticus* records for the sake of completeness all the variants in the published volumes in which *The Female Vagrant* appeared as a separate poem, that is in the editions 1798-1843. The *apparatus criticus* to *Guilt and Sorrow* records both the revision variants to be found in the two late MSS, C, D, and those in the editions of the poetical works published between 1842 and 1849-1850, when the canonical edition was established. I have not recorded differences in punctuation between MSS C, D and *Guilt and Sorrow*. Whereas the differences in textual readings between the late MSS and published text are few but very interesting and for this reason are included in the *apparatus*, differences in punctuation are very many and, since the MSS were compiled in four hands and were not prepared for the press, are quite inconsequential. As is explained in the description of MS.D certain passages in this MS are written on paper that is stuck over the original. I have not attempted to pull these off, for obvious reasons, and so the possibility remains that
some readings are still unrecorded. I think, however, that it is a slight one only. My impression is that the top sheet merely copies out the corrections to the original when it was felt that the MS was nearing illegibility. The original readings are preserved, of course, in MS.C.

A number of problems are encountered in handling the Dove Cottage MSS. Two are worth mentioning. The first is that there is no adequate descriptive catalogue of the MSS collection. But the notebooks are listed by numbers, and thus one can identify an MS by referring either to its place in the Dove Cottage list or to its place in the compositional history of the poem in question. I have listed the MSS in order of composition, A to D, but it must be understood that this is my scheme of lettering only. Their place in the Dove Cottage list is given in the description of the MSS. The reason for giving two means of identification is that it is frequently essential in discussion to make a distinction between the whole notebook (for instance, MS. 18a which includes not only Adventures on Salisbury Plain but also The Ruined Cottage and numerous other poems) and the individual MS of the poem (for instance, MS.B of Salisbury Plain, that is, the fair copy of Adventures on Salisbury Plain to be found, with other poems, in MS. 18a).

The second problem is that there is no agreed system of numbering MS pages. Many of the notebooks were paginated in ink by Wordsworth or his scribes. Some have been
numbered in pencil by later scholars. Some have not been numbered. In face of this modern scholars have used their own systems of identifying MS pages, but with quite different results, depending on whether they have included stubs in the pagination sequence or not. I have included them.

The punctuation of the reading text is mine. It was not a matter to which Wordsworth or Dorothy paid any attention and there is no evidence that the MSS were prepared for printer. In the apparatus criticus, however, where the poetry is not the major concern, I have not interfered with Wordsworth's eccentric punctuation. In the reading text as well as in the apparatus criticus Wordsworth's spelling, capitals, apostrophe and -ed endings are all reproduced. I have erred on the side of caution in indicating indecipherable words. Wordsworth's handwriting in revision is generally very bad indeed, but this is no reason to substitute one's own guesses for what he actually wrote. All editorial matter in the apparatus criticus is underlined. If a revision is given without a following page number it can be assumed that it is written somewhere on the same page as the stanza to which it refers. Editorial symbols used in the apparatus criticus are as follows:

*var.* = variant reading between MS and published text.

he [alt. she] = alternative reading when original not deleted.

he [del. to she] = reading when original is deleted.

[he del.] she = when original is deleted but not replaced.
(he) = supplied reading when, for instance, too much was crossed out and word not reinstated though clearly needed.

[ - ] = presumed omission, for instance in an otherwise complete line which does not scan.

[?he] = doubtful reading.

[?he ?she] = series of doubtful readings.

[?he/?she] = alternative speculations.

[?] = all words illegible and not possible to state how many.

[?? ? ? ?] = four words identifiable but not decipherable.

[ ] = gap in MS. Not indicated in draft revision when a line is simply not completed.

scarce[ly] = letters supplied by editor.

interlined = additional matter written between lines and not replacing anything.

del. in transcription = indicates a correction that was made in the first copying of a line, i.e. when the copyist made a simple error and corrected it.

A distinction is made between two types of correction in the following way:

(a) he killed him alt. he murdered her

(b) killed him alt. murdered her

In (a) Wordsworth wrote "he" twice, that is in the fair copy and in the revision.

* asterisk = An asterisk in the text indicates that a note will be found in the following section "Notes on the Poems."
A NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN
A NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN

I

Hard is the life when naked and unhoused
And wasted by the long day's fruitless pains,
The hungry savage, 'mid deep forests, rouzed
By storms, lies down at night on unknown plains
And lifts his head in fear, while famished trains
Of boars along the crashing forests prowl,
And heard in darkness, as the rushing rains
Put out his watch-fire, bears contending growl
And round his fenceless bed gaunt wolves in armies howl.

Title: The original title is Salisbury Plain. Above has been added the title which WW. told Mathews in November 1794 "would better suit the thing itself" (EY, 136). I begins MS 1R. Lines 1-72 are in the hand of DW.

3: forests alt. thickets

At the back of the notebook WW. has worked on 27V, 29V, 30V towards an alternative opening which combines material from the opening and closing declamations. This is given below in full:

(a)

Hard is the life [del. to lot] when mid deep forests rouzed
By storms, the savage, weak from fruitless pains
Of the long day, alone, unclad unhoused
Lies down in the cold night on unknown plains,
And lifts his head in fear and (29V)
Hard was that [del. to the] lot [alt. time] when
naked and unhoused
And wasted by the long days fruitless pains
The savage mid deep woods by tempests rouzed
Lay down in the cold night on these wide plains
And reared [ --- ] in fear while famished trains
Of Boars along the crashing thickets prowled
And heard in darkness as the rushing rains
Put out his watchfire bears contending growled
And round his fenceless bed gaunt wolves in armies
howled

(29v)

The next stanza is a combination of stanza XXI from the narrative section of the poem and new material emerging, to judge from the draft that follows, from the ideas behind the original stanza II:

(a)

Nor less when he beheld at night
[Naked] bodies dimly tinged with sullen red
What viewed [del. to watched] he in these wild [?assemble]

(27v)

(b)

Nor less when he beheld at night from far
Black bodies dimly tinged with sullen red
Exulting round the idol Gods of war
While the great flame by living captives fed
Scattered such horror as might make the dead
Thrilled in their yawning tombs their helms uprear
The sword that slept beneath the warriour's head
Thunder in fiery air red arms appear
Uplifted though the gloom and shake the rattling spear

(29v)

See also app. crit. to 181-182 and 184-188
The next stanza on 30v follows the original stanza II but with verbs in the past tense and the following variants:

10: Yet... suffer alt. Yet was that savage patient also at 1r

14: scarce has reached alt. has hardly reached del. to scarcely has [reached]

Directions in MS. indicate that original stanzas III-IV follow here as stanzas IV-V in the new opening.

Stanza VI of the new opening is a variation on the original stanza XLVIII:

For here though naked without home or friends
Man on the casual rock no longer lies
No more to ears of Demon Gods ascend
In peals the groans of human sacrifice
Though Treachery her sword no longer dies
In the cold blood of Truce still Reason's ray
What does it more than while the tempest rise
Shew with short [del. to still[born]?see line 432] glimpse the terrors [alt. horrors] of our way
For proof look round the world as far as there is day.
II

Yet is he strong to suffer, and his mind
Encounters all his evils unsubdued;
For happier days since at the breast he pined
He never knew, and when by foes pursued
With life he scarce has reached the fortress rude,
While with the war-song’s peal the valleys shake,
What in those wild assemblies has he viewed
But men who all of his hard lot partake,
Repose in the same fear, to the same toil awake?

III

The thoughts which bow the kindly spirits down
And break the springs of joy, their deadly weight
Derive from memory of pleasures flown
Which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate,
Or from reflection on the state
Of those who on the couch of Affluence rest

14 begins MS 2r

10, 14: For variants at 30v see the reconstructed opening in the app. crit. to stanza I.

15: peal alt. howl

19: kindly spirits alt. common spirits 27v and in reconstructed opening 30v
By laughing Fortune's sparkling cup elate,
While we of comfort reft, by pain depressed,
No other pillow know than Penury's iron breast.

IV

Hence where Refinement's genial influence calls
The soft affections from their wintry sleep
And the sweet tear of Love and Friendship falls
The willing heart in tender joy to steep,
When men in various vessels roam the deep
Of social life and turns of chance prevail
Various and sad, how many thousands weep
Beset with foes more fierce than e'er assail
The savage without home in winter's keenest gale.

V

The troubled West was red with stormy fire,
O'er Sarum's plain the traveller with a sigh
Measured each painful step, the distant spire

28 begins MS 3r

25: By laughing By del. and whole phrase alt. With joyous
38: the del. to a
   with a sigh del. to wearily
39: each painful step del. to his lonesome way
That fixed at every turn his backward eye
Was lost, tho' still he turned. In the blank sky
By thirst and hunger pressed he gazed around
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save wastes of corn that stretched without a bound,
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

VI

No shade was there, no meads of pleasant green,
No brook to wet his lips or soothe his ear,
Huge piles of corn-stack[s] here and there were seen
But thence no smoke upwreathed his sight to cheer;

40 begins MS 4r

43: descry alt. esp'y

44: wastes del. to wilds
stretched without a a del. and as inserted between stretched
and without and whole line alt. Save dreary cornfields stretching
without bound

48: Huge del. to [Deep] del. to Vast

49: smoke upwreathed alt. farm smoke curl'd
And see the homeward shepherd dim appear
Far off - He stops his feeble voice to strain;
No sound replies but winds that whistling near
Sweep the thin grass and passing, wildly plain;
Or desert lark that pours on high a wasted strain.

VII

Long had each slope he mounted seemed to hide
Some cottage whither his tired feet might turn,
But now, all hope resigned, in tears he eyed
The crows in blackening eddies homeward borne,

53 begins MS 5r

50: shepherd del. to peasant

51: stops ... strain del. to he sends a feeble shout in vain

57: Three stages of revision:
  (a) all del. to such
  (b) hope and in tears del. and whole phrase alt. without a hope or [?wish]
  (c) Whole line alt. But now perplexed disheartened stupefied/viewed [del. watched] but no alt. to line 58 to follow this new opening.
Then sought, in vain, a shepherd's lowly thorn
Or hovel from the storm to hide his head.
On as he passed more wild and more forlorn
And vacant the huge plain around him spread;
Ah me! the wet cold ground must be his only bed.

VIII

Hurtle the rattling clouds together piled
By fiercer gales, and soon the storm must break.
He stood the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage could wreak,
Save that the bustard of those limits bleak
Shy tenant, seeing there a mortal wight
At that dread hour, outsent a mournful shriek, *

64 begins MS 6r

59: interlined at line ending [ ? ]

61: alt. For as he onward passed more wild forlorn

66: stood alt. seemed

70: that dread alt. such late alt. late [?night] and whole phrase alt. At such an hour
And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

IX

The Day unheeded sunk, while on a mound
He stands beholding with astonished gaze,
Frequent upon the deep entrenched ground,
Strange marks of mighty arms of former days,
Then looking up at distance he surveys

---

Lines 73-77 are in the hand of WW. At 78 DW. continues to 108.

72/73: Between 72 and 73 is a very faded draft:

Roofless and bare and not of earthly form
Ill fitted did [?that] pile for comfort [alt. shelter]

These lines, which suggest some work for stanza IX and the description of the antique castle repeat a draft on the inside front cover:

Huge [?and ?bare] and wild
Roofless and bare and not of human form
Ill fitted did that [?pile] for shelter seem

These last two lines are found later in the MS. at 23\* where WW. was drafting material for the description, but with variant:

that [?pile] alt. such spot

Work for the same drafting is also found at the foot of 7\*:

Roofless and bare and not of [? ] form
Again he [?wilder] through the

At 23\* also are a few words seemingly on this idea:

Ill did [alt. [? ]] that naked circles glow
For

77: at distance alt. before him
What seems an antique castle spreading wide.
Hoary and naked are its walls and raise
Their brow sublime. While to those walls he hied,
A voice as from a tomb in hollow accents cried:

X

"Oh from that mountain-pile avert thy face
Whate'er betide at this tremendous hour.
To hell's most cursed sprites the baleful place
Belongs, upreared by their magic power.
Though mixed with flame rush down the crazing shower
And o'er thy naked bed the thunder roll
Fly ere the fiends their prey unwares devour
Or grinning, on thy endless torture scowl
Till very madness seem a mercy to thy soul.

78 begins MS 7

82: Every line of this and of the following stanza is introduced in MS, with inverted commas.

82/83: alt. And from that pile, he cried, avert thy face
Whateer [ ] at dark night hour

85: interlined above line opening Again

88: unwares del. to at once del.
at once inserted between ere and the
"For oft at dead of night, when dreadful fire
Unfolds that powerful circle's reddening stones,
'Mid priests and spectres grim and idols dire,
Far heard the great flame utters human moans,
Then all is hushed: again the desert groans,
A dismal light its farthest bounds illumes,
While warrior spectres of gigantic bones,
Forth issuing from a thousand rifted tombs,
Wheel on their fiery steeds amid the infernal glooms."

91 begins MS 8r

92: Unfolds written over original now illegible

93: spectres alt. shadows

95: Then . . . hushed alt. Silenced by death

91-99: At 23V and 24V WW. has made some jottings on the theme of travellers reaching Stonehenge and being overwhelmed by its strange power. Since no full draft can be constructed I record the jottings as they appear:

(a)

[ ] [?thither] forced
[ ] by storms to fly
And [I have heard from del.] travellers [pale del.] that
[ ] have said that [ ? ] soon or late
[?From ?divers] when [that?] stupendous [?monument]
Enclosed them in its black immensity
[At once del.] the local genius forth has sent
Strong horrors/?terrors] in that [?mystic/?rustic]
And travellers thither forced by storms to fly

(23V)

(b)
And tales are told of those [?that] forced [ ]
Enclosed [ ] till that stupendous monument
Enclosed him in its [blank] immensity
[At once as if del.] the Genius forth had sent
Each form [del. to shape] of horror in that [ ]
Strange [horror del.] fear fell [del. to horror seized] on him [ ] round the walls
The thunder burst earth groaned [ ]
Earth groaned the thunder burst

(24V)

(c)
soon as [del. to when] that stupendous monument
Has closed them in its black immensity
At once the local Genius forth has sent
All forms of horror in that [ ]
The earth has groaned

(24V)

(d)
Travellers humble when forced by storms [ ]
Its shelter that stupendous monument
The sign was from beneath but face or form
He saw not, mocked as by a hideous dream.
Three hours he wildered through the watery storm
No moon to open the black clouds and stream
From narrow gulph profound one friendly beam;
No watchdog howled from shepherd's homely shed. *
Once did the lightning's pale abortive gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
Sole object where he stood had day its radiance [spread].

106 begins MS 9

102: Three hours alt. Again (23)

100-103: The sign . . . storm del. to
He heard no more [alt. And struggling long as] for
fear oppress'd his form
In shape more hideous than a madman's dream
At last he fled and wildered through the storm
all del. save alt. opening And struggling long as

105: del. to Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led

106: pale abortive del. to faint disastrous

108: where he stood alt. miles around
spread orig. reading shed altered in MS. to spread
whole line alt. Though lost at once the sight some comfort shed
alt. [Which del.] Sight which though lost at once some
gleam of comfort shed
'Twas dark and waste as ocean's shipless flood
Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom.

Where the wet gypsey in her straw-built home
Warmed her wet limbs by fire of fern and broom.

Nor transient meteor burst upon his sight
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room.

Along the moor no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night. *

At 109 WW. takes up the fair copy to 225

109-112: These lines are deleted. There is no line 111 in MS, but a space was left for it in which WW. has drafted the following alternative opening to the stanza:

The desart sounded to the whirlwind's sweep
Though tree was none to top his raven [alt. labouring] plume
tWas dark and void as ocean's shipless [alt. barren] deep
Roaring with storms beneath nights starless gloom

112: Two stages:
(a) abortive line opening No shivering
(b) whole line alt. No gypsey cowered oer fire of fern or broom

113: Began Might del. in transcription to Warmed
Line 113 is deleted but these alt. lines are not completely tailored to the existing stanza.

114-115: transient ... room alt.
[?farmers] [kiln del. to red kilns] [?glared] up[on]
alt. attempt at whole line
Though nothing did to check [ ? ? ? ]
alt.
Though object none to thwart it
XIV

At length, deep hid in clouds, the moon arose
And spread a sickly glare. With flight unwilled,
Worn out and wasted, wishing the repose
Of death, he came where, antient vows fulfilled,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night-terrors of that waste to shield.
But there no human being could remain
And now the walls are named the dead house of the plain.

120 begins MS 10r

118: deep del. to though

119: Probable stages of revision:
   (a) un del. to scarce
   (b) scarce willed written in
   (c) flight alt. step
   (d) The downs were [ ? ] interlined above And spread
       a sickly

120: wasted del. to weak[,] half

121: alt. line opening it was a spot
Till then as if his terror dogged his road
He fled, and often backward cast his face;
But when the ambiguous gloom that ruin showed
How glad he was at length to find a place
That bore of human hands the shearing trace:
Here shall he rest till Morn her eye unclose.
Ah me! that last of hopes is fled apace;

127: his terrors del. to those demons del.

At 123/124, 126/127 and 127/128 are alt. openings to stanza XV:

(a) Though he had little cause to seek th'abode
    Of man or covet sight of mortal face
    (123/124)

(b) Though he had little need [alt. cause] on his [?cold ?road]
    To wish for mans abode or mortal face
    [ ] he had pursued his road
    (126/127)

(c) [?Reckless] of mans abode or mortal face
    (127/128)

129: But written over orig. And

131: That alt. Which
For, entering in, his hair in horror rose
To hear a voice that seemed to mourn in sorrow's throes.

XVI

It was the voice of one that sleeping mourned
A human voice! and soon his terrors fled:

136 begins MS llr

134: For, entering in alt. At the first step

132-135: Drafts at 31v record alt. endings to the stanza:

(a) He [ ? del. ] [interlined above A dry nook] where fern
    the floor [?bestrows]
    His limbs [ ? ] stretch and sleep began his eyes
    alt.
    His aching limbs he stretched [ ? ]

(b)
    In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
    He stretched his stiffened limbs his eyes began to close

(c)
    Till to the downs the early shepherd goes
    [Here del.] shall [?sweet] sleep [here del.] his rest¬
    less frame embrace

Also drafted at 31v is the following transition to replace
the end of stanza XV and the beginning of XVI:

When a deep sigh he heard from [?one] that moaned
In sleep forthsent [that way he turned del. to [ ? ? ]
he turned his [?head] alt. [ ? ? ]

137: human alt. womans
At dusk a female wanderer hither turned
And found a comfortless half-sheltered bed.
The moon a wan dead light around her shed;
He waked her and at once her spirits fail
Thrill'd by the poignant dart of sudden dread, *
For of that ruin she had heard a tale
That might with a child's fears the stoutest heart assail.

XVII

Had heard of one who forced from storms to shroud
Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat
Rock to his horse's neighings shrill and loud,
While the ground rang by ceaseless pawing beat,
Till on a stone that sparkled to his feet
Struck and still struck again the troubled horse.
The man half raised that stone by pain and sweat,
Half raised; for well his arm might lose its force
Disclosing the grim head of a new murdered corse.

144: That del. to Which
148: ground rang by ceaseless pawings beat del. to loose earth incessant pawings beat
151: that del. to the
by del. to with
XVIII

Such tales of the lone Spital she had learned,
And when that shape with eyes in sleep half-drowned
By the moon's sullen lamp she scarce discerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
But he to her low words of chearing sound
Addressed. With joy she heard such greeting kind
And much they conversed of that desert ground,
Which seemed to those of other worlds consigned
Whose voices still they heard as paused the hollow wind.

XIX

The Woman told that through a hollow deep
As on she journeyed, far from spring or bower,
An old man beckoning from the naked steep
Came tottering sidelong down to ask the hour;

154 begins MS 12r

154: she had alt. had she
158: But he to her del. to He to her fears
162: still they del. to she had
163: hollow alt. valley alt. bottom
There never clock was heard from steeple tower.
From the wide corn the plundering crows to scare
He held a rusty gun: in sun and shower,
Old as he was, alone he lingered there,
His hungry meal too scant for dog that meal to share.

XX

Much of the wonders of that boundless heath
He spoke, and of a swain who far astray
Reached unawares a height and saw beneath
Gigantic beings ranged in dread array.
Such beings thwarting oft the traveller's way
With shield and stone-ax stride across the wold,
Or, throned on that dread circle's summit gray
Of mountains hung in air, their state unfold,
And like a thousand Gods mysterious council hold.
XXI

And oft a night-fire mounting to the clouds
Reveals the desert and with dismal red
Clothes the black bodies of encircling crowds.
It is the sacrificial altar fed
With living men. How deep it groans - the dead 185
Thrilled in their yawning tombs their helms uprear;
The sword that slept beneath the warrior's head
Thunders in fiery air: red arms appear
Uplifted thro' the gloom and shake the rattling spear.

XXII

Not thus when clear moons spread their pleasing light. 190
-Long bearded forms with wands uplifted shew
To vast assemblies, while each breath of night

181 begins MS 14^r

181: a alt. at

181-182: alt. Nor less when he beheld from far
Black bodies dimly [ ? ] [alt. ?tinged] with sullen red

184-188: Interlinear drafts, apparently incomplete, read:
184/185: [That del.] [ ? scattered][ ? such][ ? horror][ ? might/
?night]
185/186: While the huge fire by living captives fed
See also app. crit. stanza I for use of this material in
the reconstructed opening.

192: breeze del. to breath
Is hushed, the living fires that bright and slow
Rounding th'etherial field in order go.
Then as they trace with awe their various files
All figured on the mystic plain below,
Still prelude of sweet sounds the moon beguiles
And charmed for many a league the hoary desert smiles.

XXIII

While thus they talk the churlish storms relent
And round those broken walls the dying wind
In feeble murmurs told his rage was spent.
With sober sympathy and tranquil mind
Gently the Woman gan her wounds unbind.
Might Beauty charm the canker worm of pain
The rose on her sweet cheek had ne'er declined:
Moved she not once the prime of Keswick's plain
Where Hope and Love and Joy composed her smiling train?

197 begins MS 15r

199: talk orig. talked del. to talk

His ear and now when round those walls the wind
and 199 alt.
So that to all she said he kindly lent [alt. [?traveller]]
XXIV

Like swans, twin swans, that when on the sweet brink
Of Derwent's stream the south winds hardly blow,
'Mid Derwent's water lillies swell and sink
In union, rose her sister breasts of snow,
(Fair emblem of two lovers' hearts that know
No separate impulse) or like infants played,
Like infants strangers yet to pain and woe.
Unwearied Hope to tend their motions made
Long Vigils, and Delight her cheek between them laid.

212 begins MS 16r

208-209: Apparently two stages of revision:
(a) 208: when on the sweet brink del. to on some secret brink
209: the del. to when
(b) 209: Of Derwent's stream alt. Often on Derwent hardly alt. scarce[ly]

212-215: alt. Emblem to her whose breast they taught to glow
Of two hearts by no separate impulse swayed
Oh [alt. But ye were strangers then to pain and woe
Obedient to the breath of joy ye played

215-216: alt. Their sensible warm motions transport swayed
By day, and Peace at night her cheek between them [del. to laid

Neither revision is fully tailored to the original stanza.
XXV

And are ye spread ye glittering dews of youth *
For this, - that Frost may gall the tender flower
In Joy's fair breast with more untimely tooth?
Unhappy Man! thy sole delightful hour
Flies first: it is thy miserable dower
Only to taste of joy that thou may'st pine
A loss, which rolling suns shall ne'er restore.
New suns roll on and scatter as they shine
No second spring, but pain, till Death release thee, thine. 225

XXVI

"By Derwent's side my father's cottage stood,"
The mourner thus her artless story told.

226 begins MS 17
At 226 DW, takes up the fair copy to 324

217: ye . . . ye, del. to they . . . the

218: For this orig. reading only del. in transcription

219: Joy's alt. Mornings
whole phrase alt. In Springs bare [ ? ] alt. In Springs green lap

224-225: del. to New suns roll on; nor any rest is thine
Nor hope till on the tomb thy willing limbs recline
"A little flock and what the finny flood
Supplied to him were more than mines of gold.
Light was my sleep, my days in transport rolled:
With thoughtless joy I stretched along the shore
My parent's nets, or watched, when from the fold
High o'er the cliffs I led his fleecy store,
A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar.

XXVII

"Can I forget my seat beneath the thorn,
My garden stored with peas and mint and thyme,
And rose and lily for the sabbath morn;
The church-inviting bell's delightful chime,
The merriment and song at shearing time,
My hen's rich nest with long grass overgrown,
The cowslip gathering at the morning prime,
The hazel copse with teeming clusters brown,

[ ]

242 begins MS 18r

240: My del. to The
"Can I forget the casement where I fed
The red-breast when the fields were whitened o'er
My snowy kerchiefs on the hawthorn spread
My humming wheel and glittering table store,
The well-known knocking at the evening door,
The hunted slipper and the blinded game,
The dance that loudly beat the merry floor,
The ballad chaunted round the brightening flame
While down the ravaged hills the storm unheeded came?

"The suns of eighteen summers danced along
Joyous as in the pleasant morn of May.

247: humming wheel alt. clean hearth stone
248: The well-known . . . the alt. My wheels loud buzz and at the
249: alt. The low knock and the softly whispered [?name]
250: loudly and merry both del. then merry and echoing interlined to give whole line alt.
   The merry dance that beat the echoing floor
253: eighteen summers orig. summers overwritten winters then whole phrase del. to twenty winters
At last by cruel chance and wilful wrong
My father's substance fell into decay.
Oppression trampled on his tresses grey:
His little range of water was denied;
Even to the bed where his old body lay
His all was seized and weeping side by side
Turned out on the cold winds, alone we wandered wide.

"Can I forget that miserable hour
When from the last hill-top my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple-tower
That on his marriage-day sweet music made?
There at my birth my mother's bones were laid
And there, till then, he hoped his own might rest.
Bidding me trust in God he stood and prayed:
I could not pray, by human grief oppressed,
Viewing our glimmering cot through tears that never ceased. 270

XXXI

"There was a youth whose tender voice and eye
Might add fresh happiness to happiest days.
At uprise of the sun when he was by
The birds prolonged with joy their choicest lays,
The soft pipe warbled out a wilder maze,
The silent moon of evening, hung above,
Showered through the waving lime-trees mellower rays;
Warm was the breath of night: his voice of love
Charmed the rude winds to sleep by river, field or grove.

274 begins 20r

269: human grief alt. tears ceaseless del.
then
by human grief oppressed whole phrase alt. through tears that fell in [?showers]
The readings at 269 and 270 are drawn together in a reading at 270/271:
for through grief ceaseless [? alas] Glimmered our dear lov'd cot our cot no longer ours
XXXII

"His father sent him to a distant town
To ply remote from groves the artist's trade. *
What tears of bitter grief till then unknown,
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!
To him our steps we turned, by hope upstayed.
Oh with what bliss upon his neck I wept;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief: his faith he kept
And sheltered from the winds once more my father slept.

XXXIII

"Four years each day with daily bread was blessed,
By constant toil and constant prayer supplied.
Three lovely infants lay within my breast
And often viewing their sweet smiles I sighed
And knew not why. My happy father died
Just as the children's meal began to fail.
For War the nations to the field defied:
The loom stood still unwatched, the idle gale
Waved in deserted shrouds the [?hardly][?] sail.

XXIV

"How changed at once! for Labour's cheerful hum
Silence and Tears, and Misery's weeping train.
But soon with proud parade the noisy drum
Beat round to sweep the streets of want and pain.
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view.
He could not beg: my prayers and tears were vain;
To join those miserable men he flew.
We reached the western world a poor devoted crew. *

303 begins MS 22v

295-297: del. to And round the silent loom for bread they cried
While in the crouded port no cheerful sail
Chequered the yellow mast or stayed the passing [?gale]

and alt. with 294 on opposite verso

When War's first threats reduced the childrens meal
Thrice happy that from him the grave did hide
The empty loom chill [del. to cold] hearth, and silent
And tears that [del. to which] flowed for ills which

298: cheerful del. to thoughtless

299: del. to Long supplicant looks and Fear's distracted [[ ? ]

304: He would not beg: my prayers and my prayers and del. and
whole phrase alt. To beg he was ashamed my
"Oh dreadful price of being! to resign
All that is dear in being: better far
In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine
Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star.
Better before proud Fortune's sumptuous car
Obvious our dying bodies to obtrude,
Than dog-like wading at the heels of War
Protract a cursed existence with the brood
That lap, their very nourishment, their brother's blood."

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
Disease and Famine, Agony and Fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.
All perished, all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children one by one, by sword
And scourge of fiery fever: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked as from a trance restored."
XXXVII

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn, 325
Living once more those hours that sealed her doom.
Meanwhile he looked and saw the smiling morn
All unconcerned with their unrest resume
Her progress through the brightening eastern gloom.
Oh when shall such fair hours their gleams bestow 330
To bid the grave its opening clouds illume?
Fled each raw blast and hellish fiend, and lo!
Day fresh from ocean wave uprears his lovely brow.

332 begins MS 24r

325-328: On 25v and 32v WW. tried drafts for an alternative opening to stanza XXXVII much closer to the version of MS.B:

(a)

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn
While he in [ ] was mute
Till Nature by excess [ --- ] oerborn
And with discharge of tears herself [ ? ]
No other solace could such anguish suit

(25v)

(b)

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn
Nor had she vainly [alt. vainly had she] told her wretched doom
He rose and left her silently to mourn
One on whose [ ] [?brow] might [ ]

(32v)
326: Living alt. And lived

330: hours . . . bestow alt. orient lustres glow

331: To del. to And

327-333: WW. wrote numerous revisions for this stanza:

(a) And now the beams of breaking day [?upshow] [alt. salute]
The [ ] [ ] his orient head
He feels his friendly beam a vital influence shed
(25V)

(b) He sees the sun uplift his [ ? del. to orient] head
And from his friendly beams feels comfort
second line alt. And ever from his beam [alt. beams] a
alt. And feels his friendly beam a vital influence shed
(23V)

(c) He looked and saw the morn along the [?gloom]
Of the dark [alt. [?grey]] orient [?opening del. to]
[? ] [fiery del.] red
All unconcerned with their unrest resume
Her progress now the sun uplifts his head
And feels his beams a vital influence shed
(32V)

(d) The sun in view uplifts his orient head
He feels his friendly beam a vital influence shed
(332/333)
XXXVIII

"Oh come," he said, "come after weary night
So ruinous far other scene to view."
So forth she came and eastward look'd. The sight
O'er her moist eyes [meek] dawn of gladness threw
That tinged with faint red smile her faded hue.
Not lovelier did the morning star appear
Parting the lucid mist and bathed in dew,
The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
Tempered sweet words of hope and the lark warbled near.

XXXIX

They looked and saw a lengthening road and wain
Descending a bare slope not far remote.
The downs all glistered dropt with freshening rain;
The carman whistled loud with cheerful note;
The cock scarce heard at distance sounds his throat;

346 begins MS 25r

334: said del. to cried
337: [meek] del. to like
340: Parting . . . bathed alt. When the bright mist he parted bathed
347: sounds del. to blew
But town or farm or hamlet none they viewed,
Only were told there stood a lonely cot
Full two miles distant. Then, while they pursued 350
Their journey, her sad tale the mourner thus renewed.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
By these extended beams of dawn impressed,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.
The very ocean has its hour of rest 355
Ungranted to the human mourner's breast.
Remote from man and storms of mortal care,
With wings which did the world of waves invest,
The Spirit of God diffused through balmy air
Quiet that might have healed, if aught could heal, Des¬pair. 360

"Ah! how unlike each smell, each sight and sound
That late the stupor of my spirit broke.

361 begins MS 26r
350-351: alt. Thence three long miles. While thither they [ -- ]
Their way my song shall tell how she her tale renewed.
356: Ungranted del. to [ ?? ?? ] del. to that comes not
362: That del. to Which
Of noysome hospitals the groan profound,
The mine's dire earthquake, the bomb's thunder-stroke;
Heart sickening Famine's grim despairing look;
The midnight flames in thundering deluge spread;
The stormed town's expiring shriek that woke
Far round the griesly phantoms of the dead,
And pale with ghastly light the victor's human head.

XLII

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed
I seemed transported to another world:
A dream resigned with pain when from the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And whistling called the wind that hardly curled
The silent seas. The pleasant thoughts of home
With tears his weather-beaten cheek imppearled:
For me, farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, my only wish to shun where man might come.

376 begins MS 27r

365: del. to Dire faces half betrayed through clouds of smoke

378: shun alt. fly
my ... shun alt. could I but [ ?? ] [del. to I but shun[ the place
XLIII

"And oft, robbed of my perfect mind, I thought
At last my feet a resting place had found.
'Here will I weep in peace,' so Fancy wrought,
'Roaming the illimitable waters round,
Here gaze, of every friend but Death disowned,
All day, my ready tomb the ocean flood.'
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

XLIV

"Three years a wanderer round my native coast
My eyes have watched yon sun declining tend
Down to the land where hope to me was lost;
And now across this waste my steps I bend:
Oh! tell me whither, for no earthly friend
Have I, no house in prospect but the tomb."
She ceased. The city's distant spires ascend
Like flames which far and wide the west illume,
Scattering from out the sky the rear of night's thin
gloom.
Along the fiery east the Sun, a show
More gorgeous still, pursued his proud career.
But human sufferings and that tale of woe
Had dimmed the traveller's eye with pity's tear,
And in the youthful mourner's doom severe
He half forgot the terrors of the night,
Striving with council sweet her soul to cheer,
Her soul for ever widowed of delight.
He too had withered young in sorrow's deadly blight.

401: And del. to He
402: He half forgot del. to His heart forgot
    terrors alt. [ ? ]

404: WW. tried a number of interlinear drafts:
    (a) And fancy from her [?long ?exiled ? ]
    (b) But that sad soul for aye [ ? ]
    (c) But she alas for [?aye] [ ? ] [?widowed] of del[?ight]
The major revision for this stanza is on 27V where WW.
picks up ideas already in draft on 26V about the background
of the sailor and develops his relationship with the woman.
The opening lines gave trouble:
    (a) Of general care by social order[?s] plan
    (b) Of blessings unforeseen times [ ? ] ever [ ? ]
    (c) Of time and sorrow still [?continuing] show
but after an incomplete opening the draft was written out
more connectedly:

Beguiled of [?self]
Of social orders all protecting plan
Delusion fond he spoke in tender [?styl...]
And of the general care man pays to man
Hope [del. to Joys] second spring and hopes long treasured
And oft the long sigh and oft repeated no light
As winds that moan there [del. to along] a ruined [alt.
forsaken] pile

Tell that the ruin is more perfect so
Did those deep breathed sighs her desolation show
XLVI

But now from a hill summit down they look
Where through a narrow valley's pleasant scene
A wreath of vapour tracked a winding brook
Babbling through groves and lawns and meads of green. 410
A smoking cottage peeped the trees between,
The woods resound the linnet's amorous lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds that in the meadows graze,
While through the furrowed grass the merry milkmaid strays.

406 begins 29r

409: Babbling through alt. That babbled on
and lawns del.

410: A smoking cottage peeped alt. A [?single] cottage smoked

411: woods del. to groves

410/411: interlining fresh groves with

whole line alt. The fresh groves ring with strife of
chearful lays
alt. At strife the fresh groves [ --- ] with amorous lays
Adieu ye friendless hope-forsaken pair!
Yet friendless ere ye take your several road,
Enter that lowly cot and ye shall share
Comforts by prouder mansions unbestowed.
For you yon milkmaid bears her brimming load,
For you the board is piled with homely bread,
And think that life is like this desart broad,
Where all the happiest find is but a shed
And a green spot 'mid wastes interminably spread

415: alt. How sweetly breathes the morning air

417: lowly alt. low roofed alt. roof of [thatch]

419: alt. There not in vain has Natures bounty flowed
XLVIII

Though from huge wickers paled with circling fire, *
No longer horrid shrieks and dying cries
To ears of Demon Gods in peals aspire,
To Demon Gods a human sacrifice;
Though Treachery her sword no longer dyes
In the cold blood of Truce, still, reason's ray,
What does it more than while the tempests rise,

424: Though from huge del. to For, though [from del.]

The stanza is interlined with only part completed drafts.
Alt. openings formed by insertion and part deletion read:

(a) For here though naked without hope
(b) For though man in winters keenest [gales]
(c) For though cold and naked without [fire del.] or [ ? ]
Man[on his [ ] del. to on his [ ? ]] no longer
(d) For here
(e) Man on his [ ] no longer lies and inserted above
without home or friend

On 30V the opening is written out more connectedly:
For here though naked without home or friends
Man on the casual rock no longer lies

425-426: alt. No more to ears of Demons or Gods
In peals the groans of human sacrifice
An alt. reading is recorded in the revisions on 30V for
the opening. See also app. crit. stanza I.
No more to ears of Demon Gods ascend
In peals the groans of human sacrifice
With starless glooms and sounds of loud dismay
Reveal with still-born glimpse the terrors of our way?

XLIX

For proof, if man thou lovest, turn thy eye
On realms which least the cup of Misery taste.
For want how many men and children die? 435
How many at Oppression's portal placed
Receive the scanty dole she cannot waste,
And bless, as she has taught, her hand benign?
How many by inhuman toil debased,
Abject, obscure and brute to earth incline
Unrespitcd, forlorn of every spark divine?

438 begins MS 317

432: Reveal del.
still-born alt. fearful
And in the revisions on 30V mentioned above 431-432 alt.:
Shew with short [del. to [?]] glimpse the terrors [alt. horrors] of our way
For proof look round the world as far as there is day (30V)

433: Pencil alt. only partially decipherable looks as if it is
draft for pencil addition of line 446, q.v.:
For proof [ ? ] either pole [ ? ]

435: For want alt. How many del.
whole line apparently untailored alt.
For proof the living [?word/?world] [?tell/?till ?mockery
?ends del. to till [?mockery] ends] [ ? ]
Nor only is the walk of private life
Unblessed by Justice and the kindly train
Of Peace and Truth, while Injury and Strife,
Outrage and deadly Hate usurp their reign;
From the pale line to either frozen main
The Nations, though at home in bonds they drink
The dregs of wretchedness, for empire strain,
And crushed by their own fetters helpless sink,
Move their galled limbs in fear and eye each silent link.

Lo! where the Sun exulting in his might
In haste the fiery top of Andes scales
And flings deep silent floods of purple light
Down to the sea through long Peruvian vales,

**446:** Line added by W.W. Omitted in first copy but gap left.

**447:** though alt. forced
they alt. to

**449:** crushed . . . sunk alt. when by their own fetters crushed they sink

**453:** flings alt. pours
At once a thousand streams and gentle gales
Start from their slumbers breathing scent and song;
But now no joy of man or woman hails
That star as once, ere with him came the throng
Of Furies and grim Death by Avarice lashed along.

Oh, that a slave who on his naked knees
Weeps tears of fear at Superstition's nod,
Should rise a monster Tyrant and o'er seas
And mountains stretch so far his cruel rod
To bruise meek nature in her lone abode.

Is it for this the planet of the pole
Sends through the storms its steadfast light abroad?
Nor star nor needle know the tempests of the soul.

Is it for this the Planet of the Pole
Hangs out his steadfast lamp?
Who viewest us ride with Misery to her goal:
Disclose thy light that star of truth to guide man's erring soul.
LIII

How changed that paradise, those happy bounds
Where once through his own groves the Hindoo strayed. 470
No more the voice of jocund toil resounds
Along the crowded banyan's high arcade.

Lines 473-504 missing.

LVII

How weak the solace such fond thoughts afford,
When with untimely stroke the virtuous bleed.
Say, rulers of the nations, from the sword
Can aught but murder, pain and tears proceed?
Oh! what can war but endless war still breed?
Or whence but from the labours of the sage
Can poor benighted mortals gain the meed
Of happiness and virtue, how assuage
But by his gentle words their self-consuming rage?

LVIII

Insensate they who think, at Wisdom's porch
That Exile, Terror, Bonds and Force may stand,

505 begins MS 35r
That Truth with human blood can feed her torch,
And Justice balance with her gory hand
Scales whose dire weight of human heads demand
A Nero's arm. Must Law with iron scourge
Still torture crimes that grew a monstrous band
Formed by his care, and still his victims urge,
With voice that breathes despair, to death's tremendous verge?

Lines 523-539 missing.

Who fierce on kingly crown hurled his own lightning blaze.

LXI

Heroes of Truth pursue your march, uptear
Th'Oppressor's dungeon from its deepest base;
High o'er the towers of Pride undaunted rear
Resistless in your might the herculean mace
Of Reason; let foul Error's monster race
Dragged from their dens start at the light with pain
And die; pursue your toils, till not a trace
Be left on earth of Superstition's reign,
Save that eternal pile which frowns on Sarum's plain.

540 begins MS 37r

541: of Truth del. to proceed
ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY PLAIN
ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

PART FIRST

A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
O'ertook an aged Man with feet half bare;
Propp'd on a trembling staff he crept with pain.

I begins MS 28r

The fair copy is in the hand of DW, unless otherwise noted.
The MS has been heavily corrected in very late revisions in the
hand of WW, and, with whole stanzas deleted, Part First has
been renumbered in Arabic numerals. See description of MS.B
for full details. The renumbering will be noted. This is
stanza 1.

2: O'ertook an aged del. to Pursued his way a

3: crept alt. walked

At the end of Part First WW, has tried numerous revision lines
in the blank space left. Those for this stanza read:

(a) He overtook a man with feet half bare
   An aged man [who [ ? ] [?alone] might know alt. he was
and walked with]

(b) He was an aged

(c) An aged man he was and walked with pain (33r)
His legs with slow disease distended were;
His temples just betrayed their silver hair
Beneath a kerchief's edge, that wrapped his head
To fence from off his face the breathing air.
Stuck miserably o'er with patch and shred
His ragged coat scarce showed the Soldier's faded red.

II

"And dost thou hope across this Plain to trail
That frame o'ercome with years and malady,
Those feet that scarcely can outcrawl the snail,
These withered arms of thine, that faltering knee?
Come, I am strong and stout, come lean on me."
The old man's eyes a wintry lustre dart,

Whole stanza deleted: late

11: frame o'ercome with del. to Those limbs so weak with
   alt. body weak with all del.

12: feet del. to limbs

11-12: both lines deleted possibly in favour of lines drafted
   at foot of page
   Tis a long way for one who like a snail
   Must crawl in whatsoever [reach] he be

15: old man's del. to soldiers and whole line alt.
   The soldier thanked him with a [peaceful] heart
And so [ ] he faced the open lea.
But short the joy that touched his melting heart.
For ere a while be gone his friend and he must part.

III

Nor of long absence failed he soon to tell
And how he with the Soldier's life had striven
And Soldier's wrongs; but one who knew him well
A house to his old age had lately given.
Thence he had limped to meet a daughter driven
By circumstance which did all faith exceed
From every stay but him. His heart was riven
At the bare thought: the creature that had need
Of any aid from him most wretched was indeed.

16: lacuna represents the original word which is now illegible because of overwritten correction for whole phrase
And so supported faced

19 begins 28V: Whole stanza deleted: late.

WW. worked on this stanza on 11V, 12V, 28V and 38V as follows.
It will be noted that (a) represents a new attitude to the soldier's lot.

(a) While [they were travelling alt. thus they travelled] he
began to tell
whole line alt. By this the old man had begun to tell
That he had been a soldier - [?they ?have ?given]
A pension to me and I was living well
In my own [?house/?home] whence I have [?limp'd] [ ? ]
There is also a faded spidery draft possibly for this on 29r.

In my own [? ] whence I [[ ] del.]
[[ ] del.]

(b) Meanwhile this aged man began to tell
[?Whence] he was journeying
His means and way of life - God has given
Much trouble [alt. sorrow] [whole phrase alt. My share of sorrow] to me
To me much sorrow said he but 'tis well
With three days [?weary]

(12r)

(c) Meanwhile the soldier had begun to tell
[?Whither/?Where] he was journeying - God sends [alt. has given]
My share of trouble [alt. A heavy trouble] to me but 'tis well
With three days weary journeying I have striven
And limp'd thus far to meet

(12r)

(d) While thus they travell'd he began to tell
That he had been a soldier - he had [?known ?pain]
[?] to [?] and was long

(28r)

Finally, after trying it at the foot of 28v, WW. transferred the reading below as interlinear correction to the text, making the necessary alterations.
Meanwhile this aged man began to tell
That he had been a Soldier and had striven
With a hard lot but one who knew him well
A kind good man to him a house had given
Thence he had

Thus sauntering on the [ ]
Erelong [ ]

(33r)

26: the creature that had need del. to but [ ? ] she had need

27: whole line alt. I'll cherish her with kindness bath in word and deed
He said that on his comrade's road there lay
One lonely inn upon the wilder moor.
But entrance none was there for such as they,
No board inscribed the needy to allure,
The grapes hung glittering at the gilded door.
But now their short-lived fellowship must end.
Down sat with pain the Soldier sick and poor,
Nor can the younger quit his helpless friend
Where thus the bare white roads their dreary line extend.

Whole stanza deleted: late

28-29: He . . . inn del. to
Thus journeying on he chanced ere long to see
An inn that stood
This is written over an original correction now illegible

29: wilder del. to open

30: they del. to he

31: No board inscribed del. to small [?shew] of [?bush]

32: whole line del. to No bush proclaimed here you will find a friend

34: with pain del. and weary inserted between the and Soldier
Soldier alt. old man del.
V

Ere long a post-boy's scarlet vest he spied
On the wide down, at distance flashing bright,
And when the wheels approached, he rose and cried,
"Have mercy on this broken Soldier's plight:
Deed of such sort shall well itself requite."
The old man then was on the cushion placed
And all his body trembled with delight.
Forthwith, self-satisfied, his comrade faced
And yet the sun was high the far-extended waste.

VI

The evening came with clouds and stormy fire;
That inn he long had pass'd and wearily
Measured his lonesome way; the distant spire

Stanza V deleted: late

38: down del. to plain

44: self-satisfied alt. with a light heart

46 begins 29r: stanza VI numbered 3.

46: evening . . . and del. to gathering clouds grow red with

That fix'd at every turn his backward eye
Was lost, though still he turn'd. In the blank sky,
By thirst and hunger press'd, he gaz'd around
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save dreary cornfields stretch'd as without bound:
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

VII

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
No brook to meet his lips or soothe his ear.
Vast piles of cornstacks here and there were seen,
But thence no smoke upwreathed his sight to cheer.

49: That . . . backward del. to Which oft as he look'd back
had fix'd his

50: turn'd del. to look'd

Stanza VII numbered 4.

58: not hence . . . cheer del. to not a dwelling place his heart
to cheer
He mark'd a homeward shepherd disappear
Far off and sent a feeble shout, in vain;
No sound replies but winds that whistling near
Sweep the thin grass and passing wildly plain,
Or desert lark that pours on high a wasted strain.

VIII

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Conceal'd some cottage, whither he might turn
And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope

59-63: 59 del.
60 Far . . . a del.
62 Sweep del.

corrected lines read
Some labourer thought he may perchance be near
And so he sent a feeble shout in vain
No voice made answer he could only hear
The thin grass whistling near him on the plain
Or lark above his head singing a [lonesome] strain

whole line del. to
Or lark that on his ears wasted its merry strain

Stanza VIII numbered 5.
He watch'd the crows in eddies homeward borne,  
Then sought in vain some shepherd's ragged thorn  
Or hovel, from the storm to shield his head.  
Far as he onward pass' d, more wild, forlorn  
And vacant, the huge plain around him spread.  
Ah me! the wet cold ground must be his only bed.

IX

And be it so— for to the chill night shower  
And the sharp wind his head he oft has bared;  
And he has counted many a wretched hour.  
— A Sailor, he the sailor's evils shared,  
For when from two full years of labour hard  
Home he return'd, enflam'd with long desire,  
Even while in thought he took his rich reward  
From his wife's lips, the ruffian press gang dire  
Hurried him far away to rouze the battle's fire.

67: He watch'd del. and pass by inserted between crows and in then pass by del. to swept by

68: Then . . . vain and ragged del. to  
And now meanwhile del. to whole line alt.  
Thus warned he sought some shepherd's guardian thorn

70: Two stages  
(a) as he onward pass'd del. to But as he went del. then
(b) whole phrase alt. But sought in vain ever

73 begins 29\textsuperscript{v}: 76-81 del. and stanza IX numbered 6.

The deleted lines have late, continuous interlinear correction. At the end of the stanza is the direction in the late hand of MW. See loose sheet for middle of 6th stan. Presumably these interlined corrections were copied out neatly here.

An early correction 76 reads

He is a mariner and ill hath fared

and another draft at 79\textsuperscript{v} reads

(a) A Sailor he with del. to and many a wretched hour
    Thus told

(b) For [?body] after labour hard

(c) thro years uncounted

(d) Thro years uncounted [[ ? ] del.] what was his reward

The interlined correction reads

A Sailor landing after labour hard
Three years enslaved what found he for reward
He in an armed fleet was forced away
By Seamen who perhaps themselves had shared
Like fate was hurried to be slain and slay
In spite of all that in his heart or theirs said nay
For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And Death's worst aspect daily he survey'd
Death's minister: then came his glad release,
And Hope returned and pleasure fondly made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By thought betray'd,
He seems to feel his wife around him throw
Her arms and she, the bloody prize of victory laid
In her full lap, forgets the years of woe
In the long joy and comfort from that wealth to flow.

Whole stanza deleted: late.

83: worst del. to dire

86-90: By . . . flow del. to

by fancy's aid
His happy arms already did he throw
Round his wife's neck the prize of victory laid
In her full lap he sees her joy o'erspread
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble could she know
He urged his claim: the slaves of Office spurn'd
The unfriended claimant: at their door he stood
In vain, and now towards his home return'd,
Bearing to those he loved nor warmth nor food,
In sight of his own house, in such a mood
That from his view his children might have run,
He met a traveller, robb'd him, shed his blood:
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

Whole stanza deleted: late.

91-95: He . . . house del. to
By fraud he lost what fairly he had earned
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desarts heart but he returned
Bears not to those he loves their needful food
His home approaching but

96: view alt. sight
The drafts for the enlarged portrait of the sailor are to be found in MS.A on 26, 28, 38. They most probably belong to the early Racedown period when WW. enlarged and revised A Night on Salisbury Plain. The drafts, though often disconnected, are given in full:

(a) Yet [ ] all the power
Of cold [del. to heat] and hunger has he long withstood
Since press'd by want in evil [?hour]
His [alt. with his] hand [he del.] [?mingled] in a
[?deed of blood
Yet [?until the ?murdered] [ ? ] mild and good
And when that fatal deed of death [alt. miserable work] was done
[?Black] horror seized [alt. Horror fell] on him in
Such horror seized him as might to [ ? ] since [ ? ]
From place to place not known one chearful sun
Such pangs were his and to relenting mood
Melted the hardest [ ? ] since hunted has he run

(b) Fled a poor vagrant since
man thenceforth he [?shunned]

And little [did del.] grieved he [alt. It little
grieved him] for the sleety shower
Cold wind and hunger he had long withstood
Long hunted down by mans confederate power
Since phrenzy-driven he dipped his hand in blood
Yet till that hour he had been mild and good
And when the miserable deed was done
Such pangs were his as to relenting mood
Might melt the hardest [ ? ] since has he run
For years from place nor [error for "to"?] place
nor known one chearful sun

(38V)
XII

Yet oft when Fear her withering grasp [forbears],
Such tendency to pleasure loved before
Do life and nature show, that common cares
Might to his bosom hours of joy restore.
Affliction's least complaints his heart explore
Even yet, though danger round his path be sown.
And fear defend the weak the best not more,
And wert not so, the hardest might bemoan
The pangs in sleepless nights, the miseries he has known.

100 begins 30r. Whole stanza deleted: late.

100: [forbears] MS reads forgoes but this must be a copyist's error in view of the rhyme scheme and the draft below from MS.A.

In MS.A WW. has made repeated attempts to express the idea of the sailor's innate sympathy

(a) Yet when cold fear her withering power forbears
Such tendency to pleasure known before
Does nature show that common cares
Might to his heart a second spring restore
[ ] from least complaint [alt. complaint of misery alt. wretchedness] explore
His heart strings trembling with responsive grief the best of human hearts not more

(37r)
(b) Yet oft as Fear her withering grasp forbears
Such tendency to pleasures loved before
Does Nature [?show] [ ] common cares
Might to his breast a second spring restore
The least complaint of wretchedness explore
His heart strings [alt. inmost del.] with
[del. to to] responsive grief [alt. tone]
Trembling the best of human hearts not more
From each excess of pain his days have known
Well has he learned to make all others ill his
own [alt. He nor
revenge nor hate has ever known

(38V)

(c) Very tentative drafts towards the ideas more fully
worked out above

But [del. to Yet] when the [?del.][?daybreak] of
terror [?shows]
To shrivel up [alt. breathe upon] [ ] so fair before
Such [[signs del.] ?appear][alt. ?renovation ?buds]
and to common [?cares/?cause]
Might to a [ ] a spring of joy restore
Such tendency appears [?as ?in] common [?cause]
Such tendency in Nature to restore
as common [ ]
[And del.] with surest touch each [ ] [ ? ]
The least complaint of sorrow doth explore
His heart trembles with [ ]
And when he hears a tale of grief
His heart [?strings][nor del.] the best of hearts
not more
The best of human hearts not more
Yet then [?at ?times] his fear her power forbears
Yet when [?bold] fear his withering power forbears

(39V)
XIII

The proud man might relent and weep to find
That now, in this wild waste, so keen a pang
Could pierce a breast to life's best ends inclined.
For as he plodded on, with sudden clang
A sound of chains along the desart rang;
He looked and saw on a bare gibbet nigh
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest sweeping by,
And hovering round it often did a raven fly.

Stanza XIII numbered 7.

The draft for this stanza in MS.A reads

Yet though to softest sympathy inclined
Most trivial cause will rouse the heaviest [?]pang]
Of terror [and del.] oerwhelm [ ] his mind
For then with scarce distinguishable clang
In the cold wind a sound of iron rang
He looked and saw on a bare gibbet nigh
In moving [alt. clanking] chains a human body hang
A hovering raven oft did round it fly
A grave there was beneath which he could not descry

(392)

The next stage was piecemeal correction in MS.B

109: alt. He from that moment lost all piece of mind

110: That del. to And
so keen del. to a deadly
111: Could del. to Did

112: For as del. to Now as
with sudden del. to with sullen

113: desert del. to wild waste and whole line del. to
As if it was of chains that near him rang

114: on a del. to upon a
bare del.
nigh del. to high

116: sweeping del. to rushing del. to whirling

Finally in late revision 109-111 were deleted. One draft was
tried at the foot of the page and then another copied neatly
at the foot of the previous page and numbered 7

(a) And travelling now along this [alt. now while he was in
this] spot forlorn
There came into his heart as [?] a pang
As e'er was felt by man of woman born

(30°)

(b) Alas alas no spot so lonely is
But it salutes him with some [alt. a del.] deadly pang
Brought from without to inward miseries

(29°)
It was a spectacle which none might view
In spot so savage but with shuddering pain
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to sweep him from the day,
Roll'd at his back along the living plain;
He fell and without sense or motion lay,
And when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way.

Stanza XIV numbered 8.

126: feebly del. to again

A draft in MS. A records the beginnings of this stanza

(a) More wanted not to conjure up each shape
    Of terror substantial or vain

(b) To all shapes of terror vain or solid

(c) The stones rolled after him in [ ] train
    And [?entranced] down he fell upon the plain

(37^v)
XV

As doth befall to them whom frenzy fires,
His soul, which in such anguish had been toss'd,
Sank into deepest calm; for now retires
Fear; a terrific dream in darkness lost
The dire phantasma which his sense had cross'd.
His mind was still as a deep evening stream;
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engross'd,
Moody, or inly-troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

127 begins 30\textsuperscript{v}: Stanza XV numbered 9.

127: doth . . . frenzy del. to one whose brain demoniac

128: His . . . been del. to When with severest fit the Soul hath

129: Sank del. to sinks
deepest del.
calm del. to quiet
for now del. to when the mood

130: del. to So when in darkness del. to whole line alt. So when to all but memory was lost
XVI

But all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;
His weary eye - which, whereso'er it strays
Marks nothing but the red sun setting round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
Left by gigantic arms - at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide;
Hoary and naked are its walls and raise
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
He ran; the pouring rain smoked thick as on he hied.

Stanza XVI numbered 10.

144: ran del. to turned
    as on he hied del. to on every side

A draft for this stanza in MS. A reads:

Though weak more tranquil than before [alt. more than before at ease]
His mind more calm his eye [which] he found
Marks nothing but the red suns setting round
Or on the plain [alt. ground] strange marks [?] former days
Works of gigantic arms [?] now surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide
Hoary and naked are its walls and raise
Their brow sublime to those [high] walls he hied
Hopings [alt. thinking] that sheltered there he [might] abide

(28V)
XVII

Hurtle the clouds by deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might wreak;
Save that the bustard, of those limits bleak
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wand’ring gave a mournful shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange affright
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwiddy flight.

XVIII

Thou hoary Pile! thou child of darkness deep
And unknown days, that lov’st to stand and hear
The desart sounding to the whirlwind’s sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature’s endless year;

Stanza XVII numbered 11.

145: by del. to in

154 begins 31:\ Stanza XVIII numbered 12.

154: Thou hoary Pile del. to Pile of Stonehenge
Even since thou sawest the giant Wicker rear *

Its dismal chambers hung with living men,

Before thy face did ever wretch appear,

Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain

Than he who travels now along thy bleak domain?

XIX

Beneath that fabric scarce of earthly form

More dreadful was the whirlwind's rage extreme.

All track quite lost, through rain and blinding storm 165

Three hours he wildered on, no moon to stream

From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,

Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led.

159: hung del. to thronged

162: along thy bleak domain alt. on the lonesome [?plain]

Stanza XIX numbered 13.

163: Beneath del. to Within

164-166: del. to

Winds met in conflict each by turns supreme

In power all track quite lost through battering storm

Two
Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
Sight which, though lost at once, some glimpse of pleasure shed.

XX

No swinging sign creaked from its cottage elm
To bid his weary limbs new force assume;
'Twas dark and void as ocean's wat'ry realm
Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom;
No gypsy cowr'd o'er fire of furze or broom; *
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room;
Along the heath no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night. *

Stanza XX numbered 14.

172: sign altered to signboard
its del.
XXI

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose;
The downs were visible: and now revealed
A structure stands which two bare slopes enclose.
It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfill'd,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build

A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night terrors of that waste to shield.
But there no human being could remain
And now the Walls are named the dead house of the Plain.

XXII

Though he had little cause to love the abode
Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
Yet when the ambiguous gloom that ruin shew'd,
How glad he was at length to find a place
That bore of human hands the shearing trace.

192: ambiguous del. to doubtful
193-194: a place . . . trace del. to
some trace
Of human shelter in this lonesome place
Till to the moor the early shepherd goes,
Here shall sweet sleep his senseless limbs embrace.
In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
He lays his stiffen'd limbs: his eyes began to close.

XXIII

When hearing a deep sigh, that seem'd forth sent
From one who mourn'd in sleep, he raised his head,
And saw a Woman on the pediment
Outstretched and turning from uneasy bed;
The moon a wan dead light around her spread.
He waked her and at once her spirits fail
From fear by instant recollection bred;
For of that ruin she had heard a tale
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail. *

Stanza XXIII numbered 17.

199: forth sent del. to to come
201: on the pediment del. to in that naked room
202: from uneasy del. to on a restless
203: spread del. to shed
XXIV

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shrouds,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat
Rock to his horse's neighings shrill and loud,
While his horse paw'd the floor with furious heat;
Till on a stone that sparkled to his feet
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse.
The man half-raised the stone with pain and sweat,
Half-raised, for well his arm might lose its force
Disclosing the grim head of a new murdered corse.

XXV

Such tales of this lone mansion she had learn'd,
And when that shape, with sleep half-drown'd
By the moon's sullen lamp she first discern'd,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.

208 begins 32nd: Stanza XXIV numbered 18.

210: his horse's del. to incessant

Stanza XXV numbered 19.
He spoke and in low words of chearing sound,
Him further to allure to purpose kind,
Quickly she conversed of that desart ground,
Which seemed to those of other worlds consign'd,
Whose voices she had heard as paused the hollow wind. 225

XXVI

She said as through a bottom bare and deep
That day she journey'd on the houseless moor,
An old man, beckoning from the chalky steep,
Came tottering sidelong down to ask the hour;
There never clock was heard from steeple tow'r. 230

221-225: del. to
Her he addressed in words of chearing sound
Recovering heart like answer did she make
And well it was that of the corse there found
In converse that ensued she nothing spake
She knew not what dire pangs she had power to
wake

Stanza XXVI deleted: late.
From the wide corn the plundering crows to scare
A rusty gun he held; in sun and shower,
Old as he was alone he lingered there,
His hungry meal too scant for dog that meal to share.

XXVII

Much of the wonders of that boundless heath
She spoke and of a swain who far astray
Reached unawares a height and saw beneath
Gigantic beings ranged in dread array;
Such beings, thwarting oft the traveller's way,
With shield and stone ax [stride across the wold;]
Or, throned on that dread circle's summit gray
Of mountains hung in air, their state unfold,
And like a thousand Gods mysterious council hold].

234: His . . . scant alt. Too scanty was his meal

235 begins 32⁷. Whole stanza deleted: late.

240b - 243 are wanting in MS, though the line spaces are marked out. A pencil jotting in the gap striding oer the wold indicates that 11. 177-180 of A Night on Salisbury Plain were thought to fit here and these have been supplied.
XXVIII

Much more of dreams from antient ages fetch'd,
And spectral sights that fill the shadowy plain,
And of wild sounds that mock the shepherd stretch'd
On the round barrow mid his fleecy train
She told, delighted that her fears were vain;
Nor of that corse there found did mention make,
And well it was, for surely once again
The fit had made his bones with horror quake:
She knew not what a hell such spot had power to wake.

XXIX

But soon her heart on other thoughts was bent
So friendly was his voice, and now the wind
In feeble murmurs told his rage was spent.


253: heart del. to mind

255: his del. to its
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest fail'd not to create.
And now to natural sympathy resign'd,
In that forsaken building where they sate
The woman then began her story to relate.

XXX

"By Derwent's side my father's cottage stood,"
(The Woman thus her artless story told)
"One field, a flock, and what the neighbouring flood
Supplied, to him were more than mines of gold.

260

261: then del. to thus

In MS.B there is no story for the woman and stanza XXIX is followed at once by stanza XLIV. The story that follows above is the extract as The Female Vagrant in Lyrical Ballads 1798. Textual variants of all authorised editions of the poem up to the appearance of Guilt and Sorrow in 1842 are given in the apparatus criticus. A date thus [1802] means that the variant appeared in that edition only. A date thus [1802-1805] gives first through to last appearances of a variant. A date thus [1800-] means that the variant appeared in 1800 and was the accepted reading through to the stereotype edition of 1836, the last edition recorded. References to [Taylor] refer to the variants outlined by WW. in a letter to Anne Taylor, 19 April, 1801. BY., 326-329.

Stanza XXX omitted Taylor, 1802-1836. Stanzas XXX-XLIV (I. 391) omitted 1815.
Light was my sleep; my days in transport roll'd:
With thoughtless joy I stretch'd along the shore
My father's nets, or watch'd, when from the fold
High o'er the cliffs I led my fleecy store,
A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar.

268-270: or watched . . . oar var.

or from the mountain fold
Saw on the distant lake his twinkling oar
Or watch'd his lazy boat less'ning more and more.

[1800]

At 40° WW. has copied an alternative opening to the woman's narrative

The Woman seem'd to wish her story to relate

[XXX]

My Father, thus did she begin her tale
Liv'd many years in plenty ease and rest
Our house stood [alt. was] in a corner of the vale
Of Taunton-Dean far distant in the west
Three fields we had as fruitful as the best
We were untroubled and our thoughts were gay
Our form was sheltered like a little nest
No greener fields than ours could eye survey
And happily indeed we liv'd from day to day
"My father was a good and pious man,  
An honest man by honest parents bred,  
And I believe that, soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:  
And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I read;  
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

"Can I forget what charms did once adorn  
My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,  
And rose and lily for the sabbath morn?"

271: father var. Father [1802-]  
272: bred, var. bred; [1802-]  
273: believe that, var. believe, that, [1805]  

Stanza XXXII omitted 1802-1805.  
281: pease var. peas [1832-]  
280-282: var.  
Can I forget our croft and plot of corn;  
Our garden, stored with peas, and mint, and thyme;  
And rose, and lily- for the sabbath morn?"
The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering at May's dewy prime;
The swans, that, when I sought the water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride.

XXXIII

"The staff I yet remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore

286: May's var. June's [1820- ]
288: pride. var. pride? [1820-1832]
287-288: var.
The swans, that with white chests upheaved in pride,
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the waterside.
[1836]

Stanza XXXIII omitted Taylor, 1802-1805.

290: sire var. Sire [1820- ]
291: honeyed var. honey'd [1827] honied [1836]
When the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I deck'd:
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,
When stranger passed, so often I have check'd;
The red-breast known for years, which at my casement peck'd.

XXXIV

"The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
Ah! little marked, how fast they rolled away:
Then rose a mansion proud our woods among

292: hummed var. humm'd [1827]
294: decked: var. decked; [1820- ]
295-296: var.
   Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
   The stranger, till its barking-fit I checked;
   [1836]
296: passed var. pass'd [1827]
299: marked var. mark'd [1827]
Ah! little marked, var. Ah! little marked [1802- ]
300: mansion proud var. stately hall [1800]
stately Hall [1802-1805]
And cottage after cottage owned its sway,
No joy to see a neighbouring house, or stray
Through pastures not his own, the master took;
My Father dared his greedy wish gainsay;
He loved his old hereditary nook,
And ill could I the thought of such sad parting brook.

XXXV

"But, when he had refused the proffered gold,
To cruel injuries he became a prey,
Sore traversed in whate'er he bought and sold:
His troubles grew upon him day by day,
Till all his substance fell into decay.
His little range of water was denied;
All but the bed where his old body lay,
All, all was seized, and weeping, side by side,
We sought a home where we uninjured might abide.

302: house var. House [1802-1805]

307: But, when var. But when [1800]

312-315: var.

They dealt most hardly with him, and he tried
To move their hearts - but it was vain - for they
Seized all he had; and, weeping side by side,
We sought a home where we uninjured might abide.

[1802-1805]
In 1820 stanzas XXXIV and XXV were combined

The suns of twenty summers danced along, -
Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away:
But, through severe mischance, and cruel wrong
My father's substance fell into decay;
We toiled, and struggled - hoping for a day
When Fortune should put on a kinder look;
But vain were wishes - efforts vain as they:
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part, - the summons came, - our final leave
we took.

But [5]: toiled var. toil'd [1827]
struggled -, var. struggled [1836]

[7]: wishes -, var. wishes, [1836]
they: var. they; [1832- ]
"Can I forget that miserable hour,
When from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower,
That on his marriage-day sweet music made?
Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,
Close by my mother in their native bowers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,-
I could not pray:-through tears that fell in showers,
Glimmer'd dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

316: var. It was in truth a lamentable hour [1802- ]
but hour var. hour, [1805]
lamentable var. miserable [1820- ]
in truth var. indeed [ 1827- ]

317: When from var. When, from [1802-1805]
sire var. Sire [1802-1805]
surveyed var. survey'd [1827]

318: tower, var. tower [1800- ]

319: marriage-day var. marriage day [1820- ]
made? var. made. [1800-1802] made! [1820- ]

321: mother var. Mother [1802-1805]

324: var.
I saw our own dear home, that was no longer ours.
[1802-1805]
glimmer'd var. glimmered [1820, 1832- ]
"There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say.
'Mid the green mountains many and many a song
We two had sung, like little birds in May.
When we began to tire of childish play
We seemed still more and more to prize each other:
We talked of marriage and our marriage day;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

325: youth var. Youth [1802-1805, 1832- ]
326: say. var. say: [1832- ]
327: and many a var. a thoughtless [1827- ]
329: little var. gladsome [1800- ]
330: seemed var. seem'd [1827]
other: var. other; [1800- ]
331: talked var. talk'd [1827]
332: brother, var. brother; [1802-1805]
"His father said, that to a distant town
He must repair, to ply the artist's trade.  *  335

What tears of bitter grief till then unknown!
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!
To him we turned:—we had no other aid.
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept,
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said
He well could love in grief: his faith he kept;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

334-335: var.
Two years were pass'd, since to a distant Town
He had repair'd to ply the artist's trade.
[1802- ]

but pass'd var. passed [1832- ]
passed, var. passed [1820- ]
Town var. town [1820- ]
repair'd var. repaired [1832- ]
the artist's var. a gainful [1836]

336: unknown! var. unknown? [1800]

337: delayed var. delay'd [1827]

338: turned var. turn'd [1827]

339: wept, var. wept: [1802-1805]

342: father var. Father [1802-1805]
"Four years each day with daily bread was blest,
By constant toil and constant prayer supplied.
Three lovely infants lay upon my breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died
When sad distress reduced the children's meal:
Thrice happy! that from him the grave did hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience could not heal.

343-344: var.
We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.

345: var.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast [1836]
Infants var. Infants [1802-1805]

346: sighed var. sigh'd [1827]

347: father var. Father [1802-1832]

348: children's var. Children's [1802-1805]

351: flowed var. flow'd [1837]
could var. might [1836]
"'Twas a hard change, an evil time was come; We had no hope, and no relief could gain. But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum Beat round, to sweep the streets of want and pain. My husband's arms now only served to strain Me and his children hungering in his view: In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain: To join those miserable men he flew; And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

354: with proud parade var. day after day [Taylor, 1802-1805]

355: to sweep var. and clear'd [Taylor] to clear [1836]

357: view: var. view; [1832-]

359: flew; var. flew: [1802-1805]
"There foul neglect for months and months we bore,
Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor stirred.
Green fields before us and our native shore,
By fever, from polluted air incurred,
Ravage was made for which no knell was heard.
Fondly we wished, and wished away, nor knew,
'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes deferr'd,
That happier days we never more must view:
The parting signal streamed, at last the land withdrew,
"But from delay the summer calms were past.  
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep  
Ran mountains-high before the howling blast.  
We gazed with terror on the gloomy sleep  
Of them that perished in the whirlwind's sweep,  
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,  
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,  
That we the mercy of the waves should rue.  
We reached the western world, a poor, devoted crew. *

370-374: var.  
But the calm summer season now was past.  
On as we drove, the equinoctial Deep  
Ran mountains-high before the howling blast;  
And many perish'd in the whirlwind's sweep.  
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,  
[1802- ]

but  
[2]: Deep var. deep [1820- ]  

[4]: perish'd var. perished [1805, 1820, 1832- ]

378: reached var. reach'd [1802-1805, 1827]  
western world var. Western World [1802-1805]
XLIII

"Oh! dreadful price of being to resign
All that is dear in being! better far
In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine,
Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star;
Or in the streets and walks where proud men are,
Better our dying bodies to obtrude,
Than dog-like, wading at the heels of war,
Protract a curst existence, with the brood
That lap (their very nourishment!) their brother's blood.

XLIV

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.
All perished - all, in one remorseless year,

Stanza XLIII omitted Taylor 1802-

In 1815 the poem was introduced: Having described her own
Situation with Her Husband, serving in America during the
War, she proceeds, whereupon follows stanza XLIV from l. 392

392: perished var. perish'd [1827]
Husband and children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

XLV

She paused - or by excess of grief oppress'd,
Or that some sign of mortal anguish broke
In strong convulsion from her comrade's breast -
She paused and shivering wrapp'd her in her cloak
Once more a horrid trance his limbs did lock.
Him through the gloom she could not then discern
And after a short while again she spoke;
But he was stretch'd upon the wither'd fern,
Nor to her friendly summons answer could return.

393: children var. Children [1802-1832]
394: perished var. perish'd [1827]

In The Female Vagrant printed as a separate poem there is no break at l. 396. The poem continues directly with l. 424 of the above text. Peaceful as some immeasurable plain

397 begins 33r.

397: She . . . of del. to Here paused she either by her
400: She . . . her del. to Shivering she wrapped her body
PART SECOND

XLVI

Now dim and dreary was the Plain around;
The ghosts were up on nightly roam intent;
And many a gleam of grey light swept the ground
Where high and low those ghostly wanderers went,
And whereso'er their rustling course they bent
The startled earth-worms to their holes did slink,
The whilst the crimson moon, her lustre spent,
With orb half-visible, was seen to sink,
Leading the storm's remains along the horizon brink.

406 begins 40r.

413: sink MS reads slink del. in transcription to sink
XLVII

The Sailor now awoke and, on his side
Upraised, inquired if she had nothing seen;
And when the maiden answered, "No," he cried,
"'Tis well. I am a wretched man I ween.
Your tale has moved me much and I have been
I know not where." Quoth she, "Your heart is kind,
And if no wish of sleep should intervene,
Till we by morning light some track can find,
I will relate the rest, 'twill ease my burden'd mind.

XLVIII

"Peaceful as some immeasurable plain
By the first beams of dawning light impress'd,

415 begins 40V.

415-416: now . . . had alt. waking now upraised his head/And asked his friend if she had

423 is followed in MS.B by a line of asterisks presumably indicating to any future copyist that the rest of the woman's story began here.

425: impressed var. impress'd [1800-1805] impress't [1815- ]
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.
The very ocean has its hour of rest,
That comes not to the human mourner's breast.
Remote from man, and storms of mortal care,
A heavenly silence did the waves invest;
I looked and looked along the silent air,
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

426: sunshine var. sun-shine [1802]
427: has var. hath [1827- ]
rest, var. rest [1802- ]
430: invest, var. invest: [1800]
428-432: var.
I too was calm, though heavily distress'd!
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were!
My heart was healed within me, I was bless'd,
And looked, and looked along the silent air,
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.
[1802- ]

but
[1]: distress'd var. distrest [1815- ]
[1-2]: var.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were!
[1827]

[3]: bless'd var. blest [1815- ]
healed var. heal'd [Taylor] hushed [1815- ]
var.
As quiet all within me. I was blest! [1827- ]

[4]: looked, and looked var. look'd, and look'd
[Taylor, 1827]

[5]: seemed var. seem'd [1827]
"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps!
And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke,
Where looks inhuman dwelt on festering heaps!
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke!
The shriek that from the distant battle broke!
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss'd
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

433: sleeps! var. sleeps, [1820- ]

434: spoke, var. spoke: [1800-1802] spoke! [1805- ]

435: var.
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps!
[1800- ]

440: toss'd var. tossed [1832- ]
"Yet does that burst of woe congeal my frame,
When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape,
While like a sea the storming army came,
And Fire from Hell reared his gigantic shape,
And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape
Seized their joint prey, the mother and child!
But from these crazing thoughts my brain, escape!
- For weeks the balmy air breathed soft and mild,
And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled.

Stanza L omitted 1815-
445: Hell var. hel [1800-]
442-450: var.

At midnight once the storming Army came,
Yet do I see the miserable sight,
The Bayonet, the Soldier, and the Flame
That followed us and faced us in our flight:
When Rape and Murder by the ghastly light
Seized their joint prey, the Mother and the Child:
But I must leave these thoughts. - From night to night,
From day to day, the air breathed soft and mild;
And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled.

but
[1]: Army var. army [Taylor]
[3]: Bayonet, Flame var. bayonet, flame [Taylor]
[4]: followed, faced, flight: var. follow'd, face'd, flight; [Taylor, 1805]
[6]: Seized, Child var. Seiz'd, child [Taylor]

[7]: thoughts-. var. thoughts- [Taylor]

[8]: day, the air var. day the air [Taylor]
mild; var. mild [Taylor]

[9]: smiled var. smil'd [Taylor]
"Some mighty gulph of separation past,
I seemed transported to another world:--
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurl'd,
And whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home,
And from all hope I was forever hurled.
For me - farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

452: seemed var. seem'd [1827]

453: resigned var. resign'd [1827]

454: unfurled var. unfurl'd [1815, 1826]

455: called, curled var. call'd, curl'd [1827]
"And oft, robb'd of my perfect mind, I thought
At last my feet a resting-place had found:
Here will I weep in peace, (so fancy wrought,)
Roaming the illimitable waters round;
Here watch, of every human friend disowned,
All day, my ready tomb the ocean-flood—
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound: *
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.

460-465: var.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I at last a resting-place had found;
Here will I dwell, said I, my whole life-long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round:
Here will I live:— of every friend disown'd, [5]
Here will I roam about the ocean flood.—

[Taylor, 1802- ]

but

punctuated for speech 1805-

[5]: disown'd var. disowned [1820]

[6]: var.

And end my days upon the ocean flood [1815- ]

468: pined var. pin'd [1802-1805]
"By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desart rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.
I lay, where with his drowsy mates, the cock
From the cross timber of an out-house hung;
How dismal tolled, that night, the city clock!
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could I frame my tongue.
"So passed another day, and so the third: 480
Then did I try, in vain, the crowd's resort,
In deep despair by frightful wishes stirr'd,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort:
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
Dizzy my brain, with interruption short
Of hideous sense; I sunk, nor step could crawl,
And thence was borne away to neighbouring hospital.
"Recovery came with food: but still, my brain was weak, nor of the past had memory. I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain of many things which never troubled me; of feet still bustling round with busy glee; of looks where common kindness had no part; of service done with careless cruelty; fretting the fever round the languid heart; and groans, which, as they said, would make a dead man start.

Borne to an hospital, I lay with brain drowsy and weak, and shatter'd memory; but shatter'd var. shattered [1832- ]

491: glee, var. glee; [1802- ]

492: part, var. part; [1802- ]

494: heart, var. heart; [1802]

495: groans, which var. groans which [1832- ]
"These things just served to stir the torpid sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
Memory, though slow, returned with strength; and thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired,
Came, where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;
The wild brood saw me weep, my fate enquired,
And gave me food, and rest, more welcome, more desired.

496: torpid var. slumbering [1836]
498: var.
   My memory and my strength returned; and thence [1802-1820]
   var. and thence var. and, thence [1820]
   var.
   With strength did memory return; and, thence [1827- ]
499: Dismissed var. Dismiss'd [1827]
501: and as var. and, as [1805- ]
503: wild brood, var. Travellers [1802-1832] travellers [1836]
   enquired var. inquired [1805-1827, 1836]
504: food, and rest var. food, - and rest [1805- ]
LVII

"My heart is touched to think that men like these, The rude earth's tenants, were my first relief: How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease! And their long holiday that feared not grief, For all belonged to all, and each was chief. No plough their sinews strained; on grating road No wain they drove, and yet, the yellow sheaf In every vale for their delight was stowed: For them, in nature's meads, the milky udder flowed.

Stanza LVII omitted 1815-

506: The rude earth's tenants var. Wild houseless Wanderers [1802-1805]

507: ease! var. ease, [1805]

508: grief, var. grief! [1802-1805]

512: stowed; var. stow'd; [1802-1805]

513: var.

In every field, with milk their dairy overflow'd. [1802-1805]
LVIII

"Semblance, with straw and panniered ass, they made
Of potters wandering on from door to door:
But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed,
And other joys my fancy to allure;
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted, and companions boon
Well met from far with revelry secure,
In depth of forest glade, when jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

514: var.

They with their pannier'd Asses semblance made
[1802- ]

but

pannier'd var. panniered [1820-1832- ]

515: potters var. Potters [1802-1832]

516: pourtrayed var. pourtray'd [1802-1805, 1827] portrayed [1832]

514-516: var.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
With panniered asses driven from door to door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
[1836]
"But ill it suited me, in journey dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch;
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch;
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill;
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

523: var.
But ill they suited me; those journeys dark [1802- ]
but
journeys var. journeys [1805- ]
suited me; var. suited me - [1827- ]

524: hatch; var. hatch! [1802- ]

525: house-dog's var. House-dog's [1802-1832]

526: latch; var. latch. [1815- ]

530: ill; var. ill: [1802- ]

531: still. var. still [1832: printers error?]
"What could I do, unaided and unblest?
Poor Father! gone was every friend of thine.
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help, and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Ill was I then for toil or service fit:
With tears whose course no effort could confine,
By high-way side forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.
"I lived upon the mercy of the fields,
And oft of cruelty the sky accused;
On hazard, or what general bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The fields I for my bed have often used:

But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
Is, that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

541-545: var.
I led a wandering life among the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
I liv'd upon what casual bounty yields
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used: [5]

[1]: var. The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields [1836]

[3]: var.
Trusted my life to what chance - bounty yields [1836]
liv'd var. lived [1805-1832]

549: youth. var. youth [1827: printer's error?]
"Three years a wanderer, often have I view'd,
In tears, the sun towards that country tend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
And now across this moor my steps I bend -
Oh! tell me whither - for no earthly friend
Have I. -"

550: a wanderer var. thus wandering [1802-1832]
view'd var. viewed [1820, 1832]

550-554: var.

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed;
Through tears have seen him towards that world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend -
Oh! [1836]

The Female Vagrant of 1798 ends:

Have I. - She ceased, and weeping turned away,
As if because her tale was at an end
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

[1]: turned var. turn'd [1827]
away, var. away; - [1820-]
She ended, of all present thought forlorn,
Nor voice nor sound that moment's pang oppress'd
Till nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
From her full eyes their wat'ry load releas'd.
He sate and spake not. Ere her weeping ceased,
She rose and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn salute the silvering east.
Meanwhile her sorrow failed not to relent,
And now with crimson fire kindled the firmament. *
"But come," [s]he cried, "come after weary night
Of such rough storm the breaking day to view."
So forth he came and eastward look'd: the sight
Into his heart a [lacuna] anguish threw;
His withered cheek was ting'd with ashy hue.
He stood and trembled both with grief and fear,
But she felt new delight and solace new,
And, from the opening east, a pensive cheer
Came to her weary thought while the lark warbled near.

569: [s]he MS reads in error he
568-573: At 33r, 39r and 41r WW. tried drafts for this stanza

(a) So forth he came into the open light
And look'd one look towards the [east] but do
Whate'er he will he must the woman view

(33r)

(b) But come she cried the sky is clear and bright
And safely we our journey may pursue
So forth he came into the open light
And look'd one look towards the east but do
Whate'er he will he must the woman view
He stood and trembled both with grief and fear

(39r)

(c) But come she cried the sky is [past] [del. to clear]
[alt. and clear] the light
Our journey [del. to And safely] [we ?our ?journey ?may]

(41r)

576: line written over erasure
LXV

They look'd and saw a lengthening road and wain
That rang down a bare slope not far remote;
The downs all glister'd dropp'd with freshening rain;
Whistled the waggoner with joyful note.

The cock scarce heard at distance sounds his throat,
But town or farm or hamlet none they view'd;
Only were told there stood a lonely cot
Thence three long miles. Together they renewed
Their journey and the road towards that cot pursued.

LXVI

The woman from that ruin'd tenement
Did with a light and cheerful step depart,
But deep into his vitals she had sent
Anguish that rankled like a fiery dart.

577: They del. to She
579: all . . . with del. to were glistering all bedropped with
586: The written over erasure. Original possibly That
587: Did . . . cheerful written over erasure
588: deep into his vitals alt. through his [ ? ] vitals
She with affectionate and homely art
His peace of mind endeavour'd to restore;
"Come let us be," she said, "of better heart."
Thus oftentimes the Woman did implore,
And still the more he griev'd, she loved him still the more.

LXVII

On themes indifferent often she began
To hold discourse, but nothing could beguile
His thoughts, still cleaving to the murder'd man.
When they had travelled thus a full half mile,
"Why should you grieve," she said, "a little while
And we shall meet in heaven." But now they hear
The mail come rattling on in scamp'ring file.
And when the coach man gave the morning cheer,
The Sailor's face was pale with momentary fear.

595: On . . . often alt. And now on themes indifferent

598: When . . . thus written over erasure
But now they view upon the darker heath
Small hillocks smoking in the early beam.
One volume mingles every various wreath
And steals along the waste its silver gleam.
To them the sight was pleasant, but a scream
Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;
They paused and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

604 begins 41v.

604: alt.
Soon when the cart was passed before their sight

605: in the del. to catch the
early alt. mornings

606: mingles every various del. and line altered to
Into one volume all the wreath[s] [unite]

607: steals . . . waste del. to softly mounts from earth

608: To . . . was del. and whole phrase alt.
Fair spectacle but instantly
LXIX

A woman stood with quivering lips and wan,
Near an old mat with broken bread bestrown;
And pointing to a child her tale began.
Trembling the infant hid his face. The clown
Meanwhile, in monster mood, with ugly frown
Cursing the very hour that gave her birth,
Strove, as she spoke, her voice to drown:
Yet still she told that on the covered earth
At breakfast they were set, the child their joy and mirth.

LXX

Her husband for that pitcher rose; his place
The infant took - as true as heaven the tale -

613: and wan alt. and pale
614-619: del. to

And pointing to a little child that lay
Upon the ground began a piteous tale
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
He had provoked his Father who straightway
Upon the boy a look of fury cast
And struck the Child as if he meant to slay

Between 617/618 is the beginning of an abortive re-
vision On every side

Stanza LXX deleted: late.
And when desired to move, with smiling face
For a short while did in obedience fail.
He was not five years old, and him to trail
And bruise, as if each blow had been his last,
She knew not what for life his brain might ail.
Shuddering the soldier's widow stood aghast
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired comrade cast.

LXXI

And with firm voice and indignation high
Such further deed in manhood's name forbad.
He, confident in passion, made reply
With bitter insult and reviling sad,
Calling him vagabond, and knave, and mad,
And ask'd what plunder he was hunting now;
The gallows would one day of him be glad.
Here cold sweat started from the sailor's brow,
Yet calm he seem'd, as thoughts so poignant would allow;

630 begins 42r.

635: del. to
Asking him with taunts what business here he had

636: And ask'd what del. to What kind of
Nor answer made, but stroked the child, outstretch'd
His face to earth, and as the boy turn'd round
His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetch'd.
The head with streaming blood had dy'd the ground,
Flow'd from the spot where he that deadly wound
Had fix'd on him he murder'd. Through his brain
At once the gridding iron passage found;
Deluge of tender thoughts then rush'd amain
Nor could his aged eyes from very tears abstain.

640: Nor . . . child alt. Softly he stroked the child who lay
641: His del. to With
644: Flow'd . . . deadly del.
645: Had fix'd . . . murder'd del. and with 643 not deleted
alternative reading for 645-645
As if he saw there and upon that ground
A repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted
648: aged del. to sunken
LXXIII

Within himself he said, "What hearts have we!
The blessing this the father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy, compared with me,
Suffering not doing ill, fate far more mild."
Such sight the father of his wrath beguil'd;
Relenting thoughts and self-reproach awoke;
He kiss'd the boy and all was reconcil'd.
Then with a voice which inward trouble broke
In the full swelling throat, the Sailor them bespoke.

LXXIV

"'Tis a bad world, and hard is the world's law;
Each prowls to strip his brother of his fleece;

653: Such . . . of del. to The strangers pitying looks of

654: Relenting . . . self del. to whole line alt.
The Father and relenting thoughts awoke

655: the boy del. to his Son

658 begins 42v.

659: alt.
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece
Much need have ye that time more closely draw
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
Your pains shall ever with your years increase."
While his pale lips these homely truths disclose,
A correspondent calm stole gently on his woes.

LXXV

And passing onward, down at length they look
Where through a narrow valley's pleasant scene
A wreath of vapour track'd a winding brook,
That tumbled on through groves and meads of green;
A single cottage smoked the trees between;
The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scatter'd herds, that in the meadows graze,
While through the furrow'd grass the merry milk-maid strays.

---

665: pale del. to wan
670: meads of del. to meadows
675: merry del. to lonely
LXXVI

[ the prospect shew'd;]

Down the thick woods they dropp'd into the vale.
Comfort by prouder mansions unbestow'd
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
Erelong they reach'd that cottage in the dale;
It was a rustic Inn; the board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lustily the master carved the head,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

676: half-line omitted in MS fair copy.

679: written over erasure.

Two drafts for this stanza in MS. A read

(a) They crossed the valley to that
[ ? ]
Entering they found a good mans table spread
They entered found a good man's table spread
Kindly the master pressed and they in comfort fed

(28^V)

(b) There not in vain has Nature's bounty flowed
They entered found the good mans table spread
And in the milkmaid bore her brimming load
The daughter [alt. housewife] piled with homely bread
Kindly the master pressed and they in comfort

(31^V)
LXXVII

But breakfast done, she learned they now must part. He had resolved to turn toward the seas
Since he that tale had heard, and while her heart
Struggled with tears, nor could its sorrow ease,
She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,
With his oak staff the cottage children play'd;
And soon she reach'd a spot o'erhung with trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runn[1] stray'd.

LXXVIII

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood,
And now approach'd the wain, wherein was one,
A single woman, lying spent and gone;

685 begins 43rd.

693: runne[1] MS reads runner This reading supplied from Guilt and Sorrow l. 540

697: And now approach'd the wain del. to As the wain fronted her

698: del. to A pale-faced woman in disease far gone
The carman wet her lips as well behoved;

* Bed under her lean [?shadow] there was none,

Though even to die near one she most had loved

She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXXIX

The Soldier's widow learn'd with honest pain
And home felt force of sympathy sincere,
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
The jolting road and morning air severe.
And crying, "Would my friend thy aid were here,
Of yours good cottagers," her steps retraced
To that same house, the wain still following.
She found her comrade there and cried in haste,
"Come, come my friends, and see what object here is placed."

699: The . . . lips written over erasure

700: [?shadow] del. to body

707-711: del. and correction interlined and at foot of page:

(a) The wain pursued its way and following now
In pure compassion she her steps retraced
[Back to the [del. to Far as the] Cottage house del.]
[Far as the house - finding her comrade there del.]

(b) For as the cottage - a sad sight is here
She cried aloud - and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past
As to the door with eager speed they ran,
From her bare straw the woman half uprais'd
Her bony visage, gaunt and deadly wan.
No pity asking, on the group she gazed,
As if with eye by blank suffusion glazed,
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
Fervently cried the housewife, "God be prais'd,
I have a house that I can call my own;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!"

So in they bear her to the chimney-seat,
And busily, though yet with fear, untie
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
With death's numb waters swoln, their hands apply,
And chafe her pulseless temples cold and dry.

Stanzas LXXXI and LXXXII are made up from original and correction over erasure. There is no gap between the stanzas in the MS, but there is a space of one line between 734/735 where the correction over erasure has taken less space than the original.
At last she strove her languid head to rear,
And said, "I thank you all; if I must die,
The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear;
Today I did not think my end had been so near.

LXXXII

"Barr'd every comfort labour could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
I was compell'd to seek my father's door,
But sickness stopp'd me in my pilgrimage.
I feared to be a burthen to his age;
The overseers placed me in this wain,
Thus to be carried back from stage to stage,
Unwilling that I should with them remain;
And I had hopes that I my home might yet regain.

726-727: written over erasure

731, 733-734: Thus . . . back written over erasure
"And thus far on my journey I am come:
Oh God, as I have meekly suffered, meek
Shall be my end. My lips will soon be dumb:
If child of mine e'er wander hither, speak
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek,
In a lone house beside the sea we dwelt,
Near Portland Light-house, in a lonesome creek.
I have a father too and he will melt
In tears to learn the end of woes so largely dealt.

_739 begins 44^p_
_739, 740-744: My ... beside written over erasure_
_739: del. to My lot in life has long been burdensome_
_740: as del. to if_
_741: Shall be my end del. to May my end be_
_742: If del. to Should_
_744: house del. to hut_
_745: lonesome del. to sheltered_
_745-746: Near ... melt written over erasure_
_746: I have del. and he del._
_747: to learn ... dealt del._

_746-747: whole lines alt. by insertion and the above deletions:_
_My father too the good old man will melt_
_If he should hear of all that I have felt_
"Long in that house I knew a widow's cares,
Yet still two children did partake my bed,
And strange hopes trembled through my dreams and prayers. 750
Strong was I then and labour gave us bread,
Till one was found by stroke of violence dead
And near my door the Stranger chanced to lie;
And soon suspicion drove us from our shed.
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together those poor boys and I.
"For one had seen, he said, in vest of blue,
That day my husband in the neighbourhood;
Now he had fled, and whither no one knew,
And he had done the deed in the dark wood
Near his own home! - but he was kind and good;
Never on earth was milder creature seen;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.
Oh had my husband 'mong the living been
I could not have beheld those hours of anguish keen."

But when he heard her thus with labouring breath
And pain and weakness tell the wretchedness
His hand had wrought, and, in the hour of death,

756: he . . . blue del. to that day as well he knew del. to
he said and swore it too

757: That day del. and lurking inserted between husband and in

762: My days had been [del. to passed] secure from misery so keen

766 begins lxxv.
Saw her lips move his name and deeds to bless,
At such a sight he could no more suppress
The feelings which did in his heart revive;
And, weeping loud, in this extreme distress
He cried, "O bless me now, that thou should'st live
I do not wish or ask: forgive me now, forgive."

LXXXVII

To speak the change that voice within her wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, there dead she lay;
Silently o'er her face the husband bent.
A look was on her lips which seem'd to say,
"Comfort to thee my dying thoughts have sent."
But not to him it seemed on other things intent.

771: The del.
which del. to that
in his heart revive del. to within his bosom strive

774: wish or ask reversed to ask or wish by late direction
in MS

Both early and late the poem was revised at this point. At the
of stanza LXXXVII DW, has written Meanwhile and by an asterisk
pointed to the directive at the foot of the page. Turn to the
beginning. This refers to stanzas on 39. The first reads:
Meanwhile the aged Soldier o'er the Plain
Towards that cottage inn his steps did bend
And from the man returning with the wain
He learned his daughter's miserable end
When to the house, he came and found his friend
And heard the cause for which he linger'd there
Much joy did with the old man's sorrow blend
And of his son he begg'd with fervent prayer

The second, though it does not fit so well here, may be
thought of as part of the same revision. It reads

Heart-struck had Rachael heard the haven's name
Near which in that lone creek the body lay
But never once into her thought it came
That it was he who did her husband slay
And she and the old Soldier all that day
Not knowing how they did their purpose thwart
Strove all they could his anguish to allay
But of the woman he with bursting heart
Entreated evermore that she would thence depart

A second directive comes at the end of stanza LXXXVII in
the hand of MW. and reads She slept in peace. This refers
to the two stanzas she has written in MS.C, 51. They are
to be inserted here in place of the deleted stanzas LXXXVIII-
LXL.

She slept in peace - his pulses throbbed and stopped
Breathless he gazed upon her face, then took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped
When on his own he cast a rueful look
His ears were never silent sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead
All night from time to time beneath [del. to under] him
shook

The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed
And oft he groaned aloud, "O God that I were dead."
The soldiers Widow lingered in the Cot
And when he rose he thanked her pious care
Thro' which his wife to that kind shelter brought
Died in his arms - and with these thanks a prayer
He breathed for her and for that merciful Pair.
The Corse interred not one how he remained
Under [del. to Beneath] their roof but to the open air
A burthen now with fortitude sustained
He carried in [del. to bore within] a breast where
dreadful quiet reigned.

MW. has also copied this stanza in MS.D, at 79⁵, with the notebook inverted
LXXXVIII

For him alternate throbbed his pulse and stopp'd;
And when at table placed the bread he took
To break it, from his faltering hands it dropp'd,
While on those hands he cast a rueful look.
His ears were never silent, sleep forsook
His nerveless eyelids stiffen'd even as lead;
All through the night the floor beneath him shock
And chamber trembled to his shuddering bed;
And oft he groan'd aloud, "Oh God that I were dead!"

784: For . . . throbbed, and stopp'd del. to only part line
his pulses throbb'd and stopp'd as in stanza in MS. C 51
given above

786: rough draft alt.
Which [ ? ] [at] his very hands did [drop]

787: While del. to And alt. Then

789: nerveless del. to burning
stiffen'd even as lead del. to that were stiff as lead

792: written over erasure

At the end of this stanza a large figure 2 in the right hand
margin and a directive by DW. Turn to the end refer to the
stanza at 45°, which reads

Thus pass'd for him that lamentable night
And Rachel seeing that they vainly tried
To ease his sufferings with the morning light
Renew'd her journey o'er the champaign wide
Yet in the cottage by the sailor's side
Or by his daughter's bed the old man stay'd
And he and his unhappy son supplied
The little wealth they had and they both pray'd
That in a decent grave the body might be laid.

The first three lines of this are in the hand of WW. and
written over erasure. The rest is in the hand of DW.
LXXXIX

Nor, bred in solitude, unus'd to haunt
The throngs of men, did this good cottage pair
Repine mortality's last claim to grant;
And in due time with due observance bear
Her body to the distant church. Their care
The husband thank'd, nor one more hour remain'd
Under their roof, but to the open air
And fields, a burden not to be sustain'd
He carried, in his breast a dreadful quiet reign'd.

LXL

But they, alone and tranquil, call'd to mind
Events so various; recollection ran
Through each occurrence and the links combin'd,
And while his silence, looks and voice they scan,
And trembling hands, they cried, "He is the man!"
Nought did those looks of silent woe avail.
"Though we deplore it much as any can,
The law," they cried, "must weigh him in her scale;
Most fit it is that we unfold this woful tale."

793 begins 45th: Stanzas LXXXIX and LXL deleted: late.
793-795: Nor . . . mortality's written over erasure
LXLI

Confirm'd of purpose, fearless and prepared,
Not without pleasure, to the city strait
He went and all which he had done declar'd:
"And from your hands," he added, "now I wait,
Nor let them linger long, the murderer's fate." 815

Whole stanza written over erasure save the following phrases:
812: the city strait
814: wait
815: them linger long, murderer's fate

812: Not without pleasure del. Unfinished revision towards
the version of the stanza published in Guilt and Sorrow
LXXII begins The Corse was buried

811-814: At the foot of the page, on 45v and on 79v are
drafts for three openings to the stanza

(a) Towards the City fearless and prepar'd
His way he bent and to [del. to He went and there
before] the magistrate
His crime with full confession he declared
(foot of page)

(b) Confirm'd in mind he to the city went
And there declared before the magistrate
His crime and the whole manner of the event
(45v)

(c) Confirmed of purpose fearlessly prepared
For act and suffering to the city straight
He journeyed
(79v)
Nor ineffectual was that piteous claim.
Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho' late, *
The pangs which from thy halls of terror came,
Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!

LXLII

They left him hung on high in iron case,
And dissolute men, unthinking and untaught,
Planted their festive [booth's] beneath his face;
And to the spot, which idle thousands sought,
Women and children were by fathers brought;

817: Blest . . . which del. to And be the sentence blest
that del.

818: thy halls of terror del. to [this] del. to a] guilty
creature

819: del.

820 begins 45v.

821: And dissolute del. to Warning for

822: del. to And such would come to gaze upon his face

823: thousands alt. numbers
And now some kindred sufferer driven, perchance,
That way when into storm the sky is wrought,
Upon his swinging corpse his eye may glance
And drop, as he once dropp'd, in miserable trance.

After 828 in DW.'s hand: The End
GUILT AND SORROW
or
INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN
ADVERTISEMENT

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail rather as a matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

4-7: The extract . . . position var. That extract is of such length that it seems to need an apology but [del. to an apology seems needful del. to pub. text] it was necessary to restore it here to its original position [MS.D]

9-12: close . . . produced var. close of the year 1795; how it came to be so long suppressed is of no [del. to cannot be of any del. to pub. text] importance to the Reader; but it may not be improper to mention under what circumstances it was composed del. to pub. text but with variant, detail var. add del. to pub. text [MS.D]
During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight in view of the Fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in the memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuation, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long stay in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury

17-19: forebodings . . . beginning var. forebodings, the American war was then fresh in the memory and I felt that the struggle which was beginning del. to pub. text [MS.D]
Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction, in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

29-31: though . . . retains var. tho' cultivation was then widely spread over [del. to through] parts of it had upon the whole more [alt. interlined much more desolate and del.] impressive appearance than it wears at present [MS.D]

33-34: scattered in abundance var. with which that region abounded del. to pub. text [MS.D]
35-37: and . . . subject *var.* particularly in what concerns the afflictions and calamities to which the poor are subject [MS.D]

38-40: In . . . originated *var.* [Of those reflections del.] The following stanzas were the result of those reflections del.] [MS.D]

40/41: After reflections *MS.D continues* and whatever may be the demerits of the production, some readers will, I hope, set a value upon it not merely for what it is in itself but as a memorial of that early period of my life. Nor can I forbear to add that it acted upon the youthful mind of my Friend Coleridge in a way he used to speak of with delight

41-45: to . . . two *var.* In conclusion it may be proper to say that of the real features described, two which need not be particularised corr. but not del. to pub. text [MS.D]
GUILT AND SORROW

or

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air
Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
Both of the time to come, and time long fled:
Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair;

Stanzas I-IV also exist on a loose sheet which represents an earlier stage of work than I-IV in MS.D. This will be cited as MS.D2 for the relevant stanzas. Title in MS.D is Incidents on [upon MS.D2] Salisbury Plain

2: vagrant del. and vagrant inserted between with and feet [MS.D2]

3: but not as if orig. read but if and if del. in transcription [MS.D]

5: cheek var. cheeks [MS.D]

7: fell in straggling locks his var. from his temples hung some del. to pub. text [MS.D2]
A coat he wore of military red
But faded and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

II

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such house for him was none.
No board inscribed the needy to allure

8: A var. And [MS.D]

8-9: variants for both lines

In straggling locks stuck o'er with patch and shred
His tattered coat retained the soldier's faded red

10: he ... on var. in thoughtful mood he journeyed on

11: inn var. Inn [MS.D]

and ... Inn var. [an del.] Inn that cheered him [? ]

12: welcome ... him var. entrance there for such as he

13: proclaimed ... poor so MS.D, but del. to hung out

proclaimed to him
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"

The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—
On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend.

III

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting high;
That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,

14: Hung there del. and old replaced by aged, sick [MS.D₂]
   line began Was del. in transcription [MS.D₂]
15: And var. Or [MS.D₂]
16: grapes written twice in MS.D₂. First del. to pendent
   pendent var. pendant [MS.D]
18: dreary . . . extend var. bare white roads dreary line
   extends changed by del. and adds. to bare white road
   its dreary line extends [MS.D] var. bare white roads
   their dreary lines extend [MS.D₂]
20-21: MS.D₂ orig. read
   That Inn he long hath passed and wearily
   Measures his lonely way: the distant spire
   this was all del. and variants for two phrases inter-
   lined though the rest not re-instated
   That inn . . . passed var. To halt were profitless
   Measures . . . way var. He kept his onward course
   These were del. and lines 20-21 of pub. text were then
   interlined between 21/22 of MS.D₂
21: inn var. Inn [MS.D]
229.

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,

Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

22: his var. the del to pub. text [MS.D]
23: though var. tho' [MS.D]
looked var. looks [MSS. D, D₂] alt. turn'd [MS.D]
24: var. By thirst and hunger pressed he gazed around
del. to Whether in hollow or from rising ground
del. and pub. text interlined between 24/25 [MS.D₂]
25: man var. Man [MS.D]
26: cornfields . . . stretching var. dreary cornfields
stretched as del. and adds. to pub. text [MS.D₂]
27: sower var. Sower [MSS. D, D₂]
IV

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
No voice made answer, he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

V

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope

28: lip var. lips [MS.D₂]; omitted [MS.D]
31: cheer var. cheer [MSS. D, D₂]
32: labourer var. Labourer [MS.D]
36: thin var. the del. to pub. text [MS.D]
38: cottage var. Cottage [MS.D]
The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne.

Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn
Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

VI

And be it so — for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared;
A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,
Three years endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armed fleet was forced away.

40: borne var. bound del. to pub. text [MS.D]

41: spreading var. guardian del. to pub. text [MS.D]

45: var. Ah! me, the wet cold ground must be his only bed
all del. and part reshaped to read The wet cold ground
thought he [tonight must be alt. must be tonight] my
bed alt. with tonight del. my only bed [MS.D]

50: Three years var. Full long [1845-]
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
"'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

VII

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister; then came his glad release,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

52: seamen var. Seamen [MS.D]

55: In MS.D stanza VII begins with a copy of the revision at the foot of MS.B, 29
Alas alas no spot so lonely is
But it salutes him with some deadly pang
This is deleted and corrected to pub. text, and two stanzas follow before the version of this opening used in stanza IX.

56: death's var. Deaths [MS.D]

59-60: MS.D orig. as pub. text. Incomplete variants all del.
read
his arms . . . victory var. around his neck
to throw/Her arms [/and o'er] del.] and his prize
	treasure
VIII

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned.
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart; but he, returned,
Bears not to those he loves their needful food.
His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have run,
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

IX

From that day forth no place to him could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a pang

64: fraud var. Fraud [MS.D]
   that he had var. so hardly del. to pub. text [MS.D]

65: lion var. Lion [MS.D]

66: desert's var. desart's [MS.D]

70: traveller var. Traveller [MS.D]

72: vagrant ... murderer's var. Vagrant ... Murderer's [MS.D]
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

X

It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay;
But when the trance was gone, rose and pursued his way.

80: whirling var. swirling [MS.D]
85: roused var. rouzed [MS.D]
90: two stages
   (a) But var. And del. rose and var. once more all del. to
   (b) But when var. And feebly and was del. [MS.D] rose and var. feebly [1845-]
XI

As one whose brain demoniac phrensy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might wreak;
Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak

91: demoniac var. habitual del. to pub. text and then re-instated [MS.D, 1845-]
    phrensy var. frenzy [1849]

92: soul var. Soul [MS.D]
    In MS.D stanzas XII and XIII are placed in reverse order.
    Directions in the MS transfer them to pub. order.

101: raven var. Raven [MS.D]
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

XIII

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;
The weary eye — which, wheresoe'er it strays,
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
Left by gigantic arms — at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide;
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every side.

XIV

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep
Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear
The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;
Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
For sacrifice its throngs of living men,
Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain
Than he who now at night-fall treads thy bare domain!

XV

Within that fabric of mysterious form,
Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;
And, from its perilous shelter driven, through storm
And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream
From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,

120: Plain resounding var. desert sounding [MS.D]
124: wretch var. Wretch [MS.D]
126: now . . . bare var. travels now along thy bleak del. to pub. text but with var. this instead of thy [MS.D]
   now . . . domain var. Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would gain [1845- ]
129-130: And . . . on var. In fearful power - thence driven thro battering storm/Two hours [alt. And rain] he wildered on del. to pub. text but thro for through [MS.D]
   its . . . driven var. the perilous ground dislodged [1845- ]
131: beam var. gleam del. to pub. text [MS.D]
Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;  
Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam  
Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed. 135

XVI

No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage elm  
To stay his steps with faintness overcome;  
'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery realm  
Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom;  
No gipsy cowered o'er fire of furze or broom;  
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,  
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room;  
Along the waste no line of mournful light  
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night. 140

XVII

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose; 145

133: lightning's var. lightenings [MS.D]
135: a gleam var. some glimpse del. to a doubtful [MS.D]
136: cottage var. Cottage, del. to pub. text [MS.D]
145: though var. tho'
The downs were visible - and now revealed
A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.
It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night terrors of that waste to shield:
But there no human being could remain,
And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the plain.

XVIII

Though he had little cause to love the abode
Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,
How glad he was at length to find some trace
Of human shelter in that dreary place.

147: structure var. Structure [MS.D]
150: swain var. Swain [MS.D]
153: plain var. Plain [MS.D]
154: Though var. Tho' [MS.D]
156: faint beams of light var. the doubtful gloom del. to the gleam of light [MS.D]
ruin showed var. Ruin shewed [MS.D]
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace. 160
In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
He lays his stiffened limbs, - his eyes begin to close;

XIX

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come
From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,
And saw a woman in the naked room 165
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:
The moon a wan dead light around her shed.
He waked her - spake in tone that would not fail,
He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped,
For of that ruin she had heard a tale 170
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers
assail; *

159: his flock var. the moor del. to pub. text [MS.D]
shepherd var. Shepherd [MS.D]

164: that seemed to come written in error at end of this
line and del. in transcription to pub. text [MS.D]

170: ruin var. Ruin [MS.D]
XX

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat;
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:
The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force
Disclosing the grim head of a late-murdered corse.

XXI

Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he addressed in words of cheering sound;

173: Retreat var. [?abode] del. to retreat [MS,D]
180: late-murdered var. late murdered [1845- ]
corse var. Corse [MS,D]
181: tale var. tales del. to pub. text [MS,D]
185: cheering var. chearing [MS,D]
Recovering heart, like answer did she make;
And well it was that, of the corse there found,
In converse that ensued she nothing spake;
She knew not that dire pangs in him such tale could wake.

XII

But soon his voice and words of kind intent
Banished that dismal thought; and now the wind
In fainter howlings told its rage was spent:
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create.
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sate
The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

189: in him such tale could wake var. such tale had power to wake del. to pub. text [MS.D]
192: fainter howlings var. feeblener murmures del. to pub. text [MS.D]
196: to a var. now to del. to pub. text [MS.D]
198: retraced her own untoward fate var. began her story to relate del. to enlarged the story of her fate del. to pub. text [MS.D]
XXIII

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt - a man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV

A little croft we owned - a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.

199-200: var.

My Father was a good and pious man
An honest man by honest parents bred
alt. 199 father, man, var. Father, Man
200 Honest and true by pious parents bred
all del. to pub. text [MS.D]

Stanza XXIV stuck over the original in MS.D
Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans that with white chests upreared in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet at the water-side!

XXV

The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on hast, myself I decked;
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked;
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

213: through var. thro' [MS,D]
215: swans var. Swans [MS,D]
217: well var. yet del. to pub. text [MS,D]
218: sire var. Sire [MS,D]
XXVI

The suns of twenty summers danced along, -
Too little marked how fast they rolled away:
But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay:
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
When Fortune would put on a kinder look;
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part; the summer came; - our final leave we took. *

XXVII

It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage day sweet music made!

227: Too var. Ah! del to pub. text [MS.D]

231: would put on var. should put on [MS.D]
     might put on [1845- ]

234: summer var. summons [MS.D, 1845]

236: sire var. Sire [MS.D]
Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid
Close by my mother in their native bowers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed;
I could not pray:— through tears that fell in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

XXVIII

There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say:
'Mid the green mountains many a thought less song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;
When we began to tire of childish play,
We seemed still more and more to prize each other;
We talked of marriage and our marriage day;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

XXIX

Two years were passed since to a distant town
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown!
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!
To him we turned: — we had no other aid:
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief; his faith he kept; And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died,
When threatened war reduced the children's meal:
Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience might
not heal.

XXXI

'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;
We had no hope, and no relief could gain:

\[267: \text{threatened war var. sad distress del. to pub. text [MS. D]}\]

\[271: \text{'Twas a hard change var. War was proclaimed del. to pub. text [MS. D]}\]
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

XXXII

There were we long neglected, and we bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed;
Green fields before us, and our native shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed
For our departure; wished and wished — nor knew,
'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,
That happier days we never more must view.
The parting signal streamed — at last the land withdrew.

275: husband's var. Husband's del. to pub. text [MS.D]

281: weighed, var. no punctuation 1849
XXXIII

But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains high before the howling blast,
And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should rue:
We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew

XXXIV

The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
All perished - all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear

291: mountains high var. mountain-high [MS.D]

301: unman the firmest heart var. thy brain unsettle even del. to pub. text [MS.D]
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

XXXV

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn
Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,
Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
From her full eyes their watery load released.

He too was mute; and, ere her weeping ceased,
He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward sent;
And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.*

XXXVI

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night
Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."

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307: forlorn var. bereft del. to pub. text [MS.D]
309: Yet var. Till, del. to pub. text [MS.D]
312: ruin's var. Ruin's, as a correction of pub. text [MS.D]
313: opening var. appearing del. in transcription [MS.D]
So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight
Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,
And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:
The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

XXXVII

They looked and saw a lengthening road, and wain
That rang down a bare slope not far remote:
The barrows glistered bright with drops of rain,
Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
But town, or farm or hamlet, none they viewed,
Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they pursued
Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

320: Upon so MS.D but del. to That on del. to pub. text

323: comrade var. Comrade [MS.D]
to var. with
"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;
The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
How quiet round me ship and ocean were!
As quiet all within me. I was blest,
And looked, and fed upon the silent air
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,
The shriek that from the distant battle broke,
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

XL

Some mighty gulf of separation past,
I seemed transported to another world;
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me - farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

XLI

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
"Here will I dwell," said I, "my whole life long,

363: said I var. I said del. to pub. text [MS.D]
Roaming the illimitable waters round;
Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,
And end my days upon the peaceful flood."
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound;
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

XLII

No help I sought, in sorrow turned adrift
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
From the cross-timber of an out-house hung:
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

365: all but heaven var. every friend del. to pub. text [MS.D]
366: peaceful var. ocean del. to pub. text [MS.D]
370-371: No help ... as if var.
   By grief enfeebled was I turn'd adrift
   Helpless as sailor del. to pub. text [MS.D]
373: raised var. dared del. to pub. text [MS.D]
XLIII

So passed a second day; and, when the third
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.
— In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:
Un sought for was the help that did my life recal.

XLIV

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbours in their beds complain
Of many things which never troubled me —
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee.
Of looks where common kindness had no part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man start.

387: recal var. recall [MS.D]

394: cold formality var. careless cruelty del. to pub. text [MS.D]
These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and, thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
And gave me food — and rest, more welcome, more

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
With panniered asses driven from door to door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure —
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.
XLVII

But ill they suited me - those journeys dark 415
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hand on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

XLVIII

What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;

425: father var. Father [MS.D]

429: Nor var. Ill [MS.D]
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

XLIX

The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

L

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend -
Oh! tell me whither - for no earthly friend

431: between In/open MS.D reads the del. in transcription
445: wanderer var. Wanderer [MS.D]
Have I." - She ceased, and weeping turned away;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

LI

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
His looks - for pondering he was mute the while.
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile,
'Twas not for him to speak - a man so tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

LII

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one unite
Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:
Fair spectacle, - but instantly a scream

453: social Order's var. Social Orders [MS.D]
Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;  
They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,  
And female cries. Their course they thither bent,  
And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.  

LI

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,  
And, pointing to a little child that lay  
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale;  
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play  
He had provoked his father, who straightway,  
As if each blow were deadlier than the last,  
Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay  
The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast;  
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

469: woman var. Woman [MS.D]
473: father var. Father; straightway var. straitway [MS.D]
474: deadlier than var. meant to be del. to pub. text [MS.D]
475: innocent var. Innocent [MS.D]
Pallid with dismay var. in the light of day del. to pub. text [MS.D]
476: MS.D orig. read [Shuddering alt. smitten] the Sailor's Widow stood aghast del. and adds. to pub. text
LIV

His voice with indignation rising high
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade;
The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
With bitter insult and revilings sad;
Asked him in scorn what business there he had;
What kind of plunder he was hunting now;
The gallows would one day of him be glad;
Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,
Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
With face to earth; and, as the boy turned round
His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched
As if he saw - there and upon the that ground -
Strange repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain

478: var. And with firm voice and indignation high del. to pub. text [MS. D]

480: The peasant wild in var. He confident in del. to pub. text but peasant var. Peasant [MS. D]

487: child var. Child This is on the loose sheet described in the account of MS.C containing ll. 482-513. It will be cited as MS.C2

491: Strange var. A del. to pub. text [MSS. C2, D] the var that del. to pub. text [MS. D]

492: Through var. Thro' [MSS. C2, D]
At once the gridding iron passage found;
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain. 495

LVI

Within himself he said - What hearts have we!
The blessing this a father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,
Suffering not doing ill - fate far more mild.
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
He kissed his son - so all was reconciled.
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

494: then var. that del. to pub. text [MS.D]
495: the starting tear restrain var. from very tears abstain
del. to from some weak tears refrain del. to some few
ears [MS.D]
497: a father var. the Father [MS.C₂]
father . . . child var. Father . . . Child [MS,D]
498: boy! var. Boy! [MSS.C₂, D]
500: looks and tears var. pitying looks del. to pub. text in
MS.D [MSS. C₂, D]
501: father var. Father [MSS. C₂, D]
502: son var. Son [MS.D]
504: Ere . . . came var. In the full swelling throat [MS.D]
"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
Much need have ye that time more closely draw
The bonds of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
Your pains shall ever with your years increase?"

While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look
Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene

505: man var. Man [MSS. C₂, D]
508: nature var. Nature [MS.C₂]
510: but var. that del. to pub. text [MS.C₂]
512: heart the appropriate var. lips [del. to tongues MS.D] this homely [MS.C₂] del. to pub. text [MS.D]
514-515: MS.D began with The pair then del. in transcription to And passing onward down at length they look Where thro a narrow valley's pleasant scene A wreath of vapour del. to pub. text but pair var. Pair Into var. Where thro [MS.D]
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,
That babbled on through groves and meadows green;
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;
The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

LIX

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:
It was a rustic inn; - the board was spread,

517: through var. thro' [MS.D]
518: low-roofed house peeped out var. single cottage smoked
del. to lowly house peeped out [MS.D]
522: Some ... rays. var. While thro the furrowed grass the
[?lonely] milk-maid strays del. to pub. text but amid
var. in the del. to pub. text [MS.D]
527: Erelong so NS,D but alt. Quickly del. cottage var.
Cottage [MS.D]
528: inn var. Inn [MS.D]
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lustily the master carved the bread, 530
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part;
Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease, 535
She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,
With his oak-staff the cottage children played;
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXI

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;

530: master var. Master [MS.D]

532: the pair, though loth var. the unhappy Pair del. to pub. text [MS.D]

540: the var. a del. to pub. text [MS.D]
runnel var. runner [MS.D]
Chequering the canvass roof the sunbeams shone. 
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood 
As the wain fronted her, — wherein lay one, 
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone. 545
The carman wet her lips as well behoved; * 
Bed under her lean body there was none, 
Though even to die near one she most had loved 
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain 550
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere, 
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain

542: canvass var. canvas [1845- ]

544: wain var. Wain [MS.D] 
one var. One [MS.C]

546: carman var. Carman [MSS. C, D]

547: body there was var. Body she had del. to pub. text [MS.D]

548: Though var. tho' [MSS. C, D] 
one var. One [MSS. C, D]
The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way; and following near
In pure compassion she her steps retraced
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

LXIII

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
From her bare straw the Woman half upraised
Her bony visage - gaunt and deadly wan;
No pity asking, on the group she gazed
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
Fervently cried the housewife - "God be praised,
I have a house that I can call my own;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!"

554: wain var. Wain [MS.C]
556: cottage var. Cottage [MS.C]
559: While var. As del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]
562: group var. ground del. to pub. text [MS.C]
LXIV

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
And busily, though yet with fear, untie
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.
Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear;
Then said - "I thank you all; if I must die,
The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear;
Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

LXV

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,

569: though var tho' [MS.C]

571-574: var.

With death's numb waters swoln their hands apply
And chafe her pulseless temples cold and dry.
At last she strove her languid head to rear
And said del. to pub. text [MS.C]

576: Till now var. Today del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]

577: Barred var. Barr'd [MS.C]
I was compelled to seek my father's door,
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.
But sickness stopped me in an early stage
Of my sad journey; and within the wain
They placed me—there to end life's pilgrimage,
Unless beneath your roof I may remain:
For I shall never see my father's door again.

LXVI

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome;
But if I have not meekly suffered, meek
May my end be! Soon will this voice be dumb:
Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,
My husband served in sad captivity
On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set him free.

591-594: var.

In a lone hut beside the sea we dwelt
Near Portland Light-house in a sheltered creek
My father too—the good old man would melt
In tears if he should hear of all that I have felt
  del. to pub. text [MS.C]

so MS.D but var. lone var. small
sheltered var. lonesome

del. to

Forced from our hut that stood beside the Sea
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek
On shipboard toiling, bleeding as might be
My husband served—fast bound till peace should
  set him free
  del. to pub. text

abortive variants

(1) On shipboard served three, del.

(ii) there fast bound till, fast bound del.
  [MS.D]
"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares, 595
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers
Our heavenly Father granted each day's bread;
Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,
Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie;
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together those poor boys and I;

595: Sailor's var. Soldier's del. to pub. texts [MS.D]

595-599: var.
Within that hut I knew a widow's cares
Two little Children did partake my bed
And strange hopes trembled thro' my dreams and prayers
Strong was I then and labour gave me bread
Until a man

del. to pub. text but with var. sailor's var. Sailor's [MS.C]

595-600: Stuck over in the original in MS.D. The original
can be seen to be close to MS.C. Revision as pub.
text, save for following variants:
sailor's, widow's var. Sailor's, Widow's
cheered my dreams var. cheared me and del. to pub. text
bread var. Food del. to pub. text
one var. One
"For evil tongues made oath how on that day
My husband lurked about the neighbourhood;
Now he had fled, and whither none could say,
And he had done the deed in the dark wood —
Near his own home! — but he was mild and good;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.

604-605: var.
For one had seen he said and swore it too
My husband lurking in the neighbourhood
del. to
For one made oath how he had seen that day
del. to pub. text but with var. lurked var. lurk'd
[MS.C]
var.
For one made oath del. to For oath was made
del. to
For cruel tongues made oath how on that day
[MS.D]

608: mild and good var. kind and good del. to pub. text
[MS. C, D]

609: gentler var. milder
My husband's loving kindness stood between
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen."

LXIX

Alas! the thing she told with labouring breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness
His hand had wrought; and when, in the hour of death, 615
He saw his Wife's lips move his name to bless

610-612 are stuck over original in MS. D

611-612: var.
Oh had my husband 'mong the living been
My days had passed secure from misery so keen
del. and altered to pub. text but with var.
harms var. pains [MS.C]

var.
For me my tender husband stood between
The wrongs of this bad world and wrongs however keen del. to pub. text [MS.D]

613-614: Alas . . . told/The . . . well over erasure in MS.C
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive;
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress.
He cried - "Do pity me! That thou shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish - forgive me, but forgive!"

**LXX**

To tell the change that Voice within her wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.

---

617-621 are stuck over original in MS.D. As text but with variant this extreme var. his extreme del. to pub. text.

617-618: var. At such a sight he could no more suppress Feelings that did within his bosom strive
del. to pub. text [MS.D]

620-621: var. He cried - "Ah pity me! that thou shouldst live I do not ask nor wish - forgive me but forgive
del. to pub. text. Ah pity me over erasure [MS.C]

622: tell var. speak del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]
Voice var. voice del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
"Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content." 630

LXXI

She slept in peace, - his pulses throbbed and stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face, - then took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.

626: MS.D read there between bed/in but del. in transcription
626-630: var.
there dead she lay
Silently o'er her face the husband bent
A look was on her lips which seemed to say
Comfort to thee my parting soul hath sent
But not to him it seemed on other thoughts intent
del. to pub. text, but with var.
soul var. Soul [MS.C]

Stanzas LXXI-LXXII were added at the end of the MS.C copy and directions given that they should be inserted as in pub. text. In MS.C the poem moved from 630-649 directly.
His ears were never silent; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;
And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

LXXII

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot;
And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care
Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,
Died in his arms; and with those thanks a prayer
He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.
The corse interred, not one hour he remained
Beneath their roof, but to the open air
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

637: under var. beneath del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]
643: those var. these [MS.C]
644: pair var. Pair [MSS. C, D]
645: corse var. Corse [MSS. C, D]
646: Beneath var. Under del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]
648: bore var. carried del. to pub. text [MS.C]
Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
For act and suffering, to the city straight
He journeyed, and forth with his crime declared:
"And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,
Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:
"O welcome sentence which will end though late,"
He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came
"Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!" 

649-653: var.
Confirmed of purpose fearless and prepared
The Corse [once] buried to the City strait
He went and all which he had done declared
"And from your hands" he added "now I wait
Nor let them linger long, the Murderer's fate.
del. to pub. text [MS.C]

653: murderer's var. Murderer's [MS.D]

655: "O welcome var. Blest be the del. to pub. text
but with var. which var. that [MS.C]
MS.D as pub. text but var. O welcome sentence alt.
Welcome the sentence and which var. that del. to
pub. text
His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not:— no one on his form or face
Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought
By lawless curiosity or chance,
When into storm the evening sky is wrought,
Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,
And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.

659: thought var. thoughts del. to pub. text [MS.D]
664: is lacuna but alt. was del. [MS.D]
658-666: var.

They left him hung on high in iron case
Warning for men unthinking and untaught
And such would come to gaze upon his face
And to that spot which idle thousands sought
Women and children were by fathers brought
And now some kindred sufferer driven perchance
That way when into storm the sky is wrought

alt.

When into storm the evening sky is wrought
Upon the swinging corpse his eye may glance
And drop as he once dropped in miserable trance.

del. to pub. text, but with variants

665: can var. could
NOTES TO THE POEMS
NOTES TO A NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN

1: Line 70: "outsent a mournful shriek": The compound use as in "outsent" can be traced back through eighteenth century Miltonic and Spenserian verse to Milton and Spenser themselves. Its most common appearance, however, seems to have been in participle constructions. Although it proves nothing, it is interesting in view of my suggestions below about the connection between Joseph Fawcett's little-known poem *The Art of War* and Wordsworth's *Salisbury Plain* to note that the OED cites this poem: "Into whose dragon broil and high-wrought rage . . . all her out-sent soul Alecto breath'd" (*Art of War*, l. 29).

2: Line 88: "Fly ere the fiends their prey unwares devour": It is difficult to be sure whether Wordsworth was consciously archaising in "unwares" or whether it was an accepted poetic usage still. It appears many times in *The Faerie Queene*, e.g. "The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest" (*The Faerie Queene*, II, XII, lxxxii, 8). All readings are

3: Line 105: "No watchdog howled from shepherd's homely shed":

The watchdog is a familiar Wordsworthian figure.

He appears in the early Dove Cottage MS. Verse 3, p. 9:

See where the son of other worlds sailing
slowly o'er the lake - no! 'tis the taper
that twinkling in the cottage casts a long
wan shadow over the lake. Loud howls the
village dog.

His howling closes the "sound-piece" at the end of *An Evening Walk*:

The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell in the deep woods of lonely hound.

(*EW*, ll. 443-446. *PW*, I, 38)

He is an early part of the work on the episode of the discharged soldier:

all the while
The chained mastiff in his wooden house
Was vexed and from among the village trees
Howled in the stillness.

(*Prelude*, p. 538)
4: Line 117: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": The diction of this poem reveals how far Wordsworth was from the position on poetic diction adopted in the "Preface to Lyrical Ballads" in its more developed form. A very memorable use of the same highly "poetic" formulation occurs in Pope:

Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light
Pursue the Stars that shoot athwart the Night.

(Rape of the Lock, II, 8182)


5: Lines 127-128: "Till then as is his terror dogged his road He fled, and often backward cast his face."

Compare Spenser: FQ., I, IX, xxi, 5-6:

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast, As if his feare still followed him behind.

The image is fairly common in FQ., see II, I xvi, 1 and V, VIII, iv, 9.
6: Line 134: "entering in, his hair in horror rose":
compare the moment in _FQ_, when the Redcrosse
Knight plucks at the man/tree Fradubio:

Astound he stood, and up his hair did hove
And with that sudden horror could no member
move.

(_FQ_, I, II, xxxi, 8-9)

7: Line 142: "Thrill'd by the poignant dart of sudden dread":
Wordsworth's metaphor has a consistency which is
now unrecognised. "Thrill'd" comes from the
metathetic form of the Old English "thirlian", to
pierce. The meaning was quite clear to Spenser
as many examples show: e.g. _FQ_. I, VIII, xxxix,
1-2:

Which when that Champion, heard with piercing point
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore,

and _FQ_. II, I, xxxci, 5:

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing pain.
in view of _ANSP_. I. 186, however, one could not
maintain that Wordsworth always respected the
metaphoric use.
8: Line 157: "Cold stony horror all her senses bound":

Compare Ex., I, VI, xxxvii, 2-3:

That suddein cold did runne through every vaine
And stony horrour all her senses find.

9: Lines 212-216: app. crit.:

"Their sensible warm motions transport swayed
By day, and Peace at night her cheek between
them laid."

Ernest De Selincourt pointed out in "The Early
Wordsworth", The English Association Presidential
Address, (1936), p. 28, note 16, that Wordsworth
echoes Claudio's words from Measure for Measure,
III, i, 119-120:

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod.

10: Lines 217-223:

"And are ye spread ye glittering dews of youth
For this,-that Frost may gall the tender flower
In Joy's fair breast with more untimely tooth?
Unhappy Man! thy sole delightful hour
Flies first: it is thy miserable dower
Only to taste of joy that thou may'st pine
A loss, which rolling suns shall ne'er restore."

Wordsworth has earlier used the image of the dawn
of man's life flying by in In Part from Moschus:
Lament for Bion, c. 1788:
Man's sweet and pleasant time, his morn of life 
Flies first, and come diseases on and age.

(11. 11-12. PW., 1, 286)

11: Line 228: "what the finny flood": compare Spenser, Eq., III, VIII, xxix, 9: "driving his finny drove."

12: Line 281: "the artist's trade": Johnson defines "artist" as (1) "the professor of an art, generally of an art manual", (2) "A skilful man, not a novice." Dictionary, 1755.

13: Line 306: "We reached the western world a poor devoted crew": The OED gives as a third meaning for "devoted", "formally or surely consigned to evil or destruction: doomed." Wordsworth would have remembered Milton's famous lines:

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?

(Paradise Lost, IX, 900-901)
14: Line 339: "Not lovlier did the morning star appear":

The awkwardly Miltonic construction "not lovlier" is found again in a jotting in Dove Cottage MS.

Verse 4, p. 1:

her hair upon her shoulders spread
Not lovlier shows the oak through sunny showers
The first light yellow of his budding head.

15: Line 385: "To break my dream": It is just possible that Wordsworth is being consciously ironic here. In Midlands usage the phrase means "to make a dream come true by giving it reality." If, for example, one has dreamt of an unexpected visitor and the next day an unexpected call is made, then one might say to the caller "You have broken my dream." The experiences of the female vagrant, of course, break her dream in the most brutal way, but it is not possible to say whether Wordsworth would have been familiar with this use of the idiom.

16: Lines 421-423: "life is like this desart broad
Where all the happiest find is but a shed
And a green spot 'mid wastes interminable spread.
This is one more example of Wordsworth reworking old material. This image of life had already appeared in *Descriptive Sketches*, 590-593, EW., I, 76:

Alas! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way,
Condemn'd in mists and tempests ever rife,
To pant slow up the endless Alp of life.

17: Lines 424-425: "Though from huge wickers paled with circling fire
   No longer horrid shrieks and dying cries":

Wordsworth is calling on the widespread belief that the Druids sacrificed humans. Aylett Sammes in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata: or, the Antiquities of Ancient Britain*, Derived from the Phoenicians (London, 1676), 104, describes the sacrificial wicker as follows. He is translating from Caesar *De Bello Gallico*, VI, 16, though he does not admit as much and transposes Caesar's sentence order.

The most acceptable Sacrifice to their Gods, they [Druids] esteemed Murtherers, Thieves, and Robbers, and also other Criminals, but for want of these Innocents often suffered. In some places this Custome was observed, which, I suppose, was common to the Druids of Britain and Gaul: They made a Statue or Image of a MAN in a vast proportion, whose Limbs consisted of Twigs, weaved together
in the nature of Basket-ware: These they fill'd with live Men, and after that, set it on fire, and so destroy'd the poor Creatures in the smock and flames.


Sammes's description of the Druid class strikingly justifies Wordsworth's use here of the analogy between the Druids with their sacrifices and the modern clergy as symbols of more general authority. The Druids are shown as tyrants, but as tyrants who constantly renew their power by enticing fresh recruits:

The Druids were exempted from the services of War, and paid no Taxes as the rest of the people did, by which Immunities many were invited, on their own free wills, to enter themselves into that Order and Discipline, and many were sent by their Friends and Relations to learn it (103, See Loeb, 336-339).

It is interesting that the Druids should have provided so much of the symbolic texture of Blake's prophetic books. In his commentary on Jerusalem Joseph Wicksteed suggests that Blake saw the Druids with the same double vision which is discussed on pp. 352-353 below as prevalent in the eighteenth
Blake probably thought of the Druids in two opposite ways: on the one hand as Bards who refused to inscribe their traditions on stone tablets, which would kill the true spirit of inspiration; and on the other as priests who sacrificed human values on a gigantic scale. They were at once the upholders of the primitive tradition of Man as the rightful heir of Eden, and of its most horrible corruption symbolized by the cruel rites of the "Wicker Man".


Blake's most striking use of the Druid image, however, certainly stems from the second vision, as does Wordsworth's. In *Milton* Satan occupies Milton's shadow which appears as the

Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in whom Jerusalem's children consume in flames among the stars.


The Druids dominate Blake's thinking in the second chapter of his greatest work *Jerusalem*. The image of the wicker re-appears when Los speaks:

instead of heavenly Chapels built By our dear Lord, I see Worlds crusted with snows and ice. I see a Wicker Idol woven and Jerusalem's children.

(*Jerusalem, II, plate 43, 63-65. Blake, 673*)
When the poet prophesies in despair that the Dragon Temples will change again his mind turns to the image. They will soon

become that Holy Fiend
The wicker Man of Scandinavia, in which cruelly consumed,
The Captives rear'd to heaven howl in flames among the stars.

(ibid., plate 47, 6-8. Blake, 677)

The Druid arch ("Mathematical Proportion of Length, Bredth, Hight" as Blake calls it in *Milton*, 4, 27, Blake 484), which is a symbol of the confining power of restricted reason appears in a number of his engravings. Especially vivid are *Milton*, plate 4, and *Jerusalem* plates 70, 94.

Blake and Wordsworth became very different poets and thinkers. But it is interesting to see that, sharing common attitudes to the American and French wars abroad and corruption at home, they both clarified certain ideas through the same image of the Druids.

18: Lines 442-468: In the organisation of the motifs of stanzas L-LII it is possible that Wordsworth would have been aware that he was ironically reversing one of the famous passages of *The Faerie Queene*, Spenser's paean at V, X, iii, 1-9:
Who can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
From th'utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those Nations farre thy justice doe adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

19: Lines 447-448: "The Nations, though at home in bonds they drink
The dregs of wretchedness, for empire strain":

See Coleridge's Fears in Solitude for a comparable statement of the common charge that one of the greatest crimes of the so-called civilised world is that it takes its vices abroad in the name of empire:

Like a cloud that travels on
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul!


20: Lines 451-459: In the early Dove Cottage MS. Verse 4
pp. 98-99, Wordsworth has entered the
following observation which is the genesis for the imagery of this stanza LI:

The rivers in Peru are observed to quicken their currents with the first approach of morning; an effect produced by the rays of the sun melting the snow upon the Andes. Similar appearances are striking among the Alps. At the head of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in order to have a more perfect view of a magnificent waterfall I crossed over a broad and rapid mountain torrent by the aid of the fragment[s] of rock which strewed its bed. I did not stay above a few minutes; but on my return I found the difficulty of re-crossing the stream much increased and being detained among the large stones in its channel I perceived the water swell every moment which with a dizziness of sight produced by the furious dashing of the foam placed me in a situation of considerable personal danger. Returning down the valley, from a bridge under the arch of which about two hours before, for the sake of the shadow, we had retired, we observed such a quantity of water swilling over our late resting place as would have swept us away before it. It will scarce be necessary to say that these temporary floods will be found on different sides of a valley as the sun changes his position.

21: Line 511: "But by his gentle words their self-consuming rage": Compare Spenser's similar use of the compound in FQ., III, XI, i, 7-8:

With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
NOTES TO ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

22: Line 9: "His ragged coat scarce showed the Soldier's fading red": In The Ruined Cottage Margaret looks hopefully for any "Man whose garments shewed the Soldier's red" (RC., MS.B, 713. PW., V, 399).

23: Line 128: "His soul, which in such anguish had been toss'd": Compare Eq., VI, III, xl, 5:
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost.

24: Lines 158-159:
"Even since thou sawest the giant Wicker rear
Its dismal chambers hung with living men":
See note 17 above.

25: Lines 176-177:
"No gypsy cowr'd o'er fire of furze or broom;
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright":
The continuity of the landscape in Wordsworth's
poetry during the Racedown-Alfoxden period is testified by the re-appearance of the gypsy and the lime-kilns in *The Ruined Cottage*:

'Twas a spot
The wandering gypsy in a stormy night
Would pass it with his moveables to house
On the open plain beneath the imperfect arch
Of a cold lime-kiln.


The fragment in *Dove Cottage MS.* Verse 4 edited in Appendix One below includes more detail for this landscape:

For coal team or night going limestone wain
Backward she looked nor man or team could spy
And the white road declared indented plain
The self-provided waggoner gone by.

(see below, p. 555)

The connection is continued in the lines from *The Ruined Cottage*:

Far from the sight of city spire, or sound
Of Minister clock,


which recalls the lines in the fragment mentioned above:

from the minster tower
The distant clock tolled out the morning's second hour,

(see below, p. 557)
and, though there is no exact verbal parallel, the opening of *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* where the Minster spire fades from the traveler's sight:

the distant spire
That fix'd at every turn his backward eye
Was lost, though still he turned.

(AdSP., 48-50)

26: Line 180: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": See note 4 above.

27: Line 207: "Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail": Compare Fq., IV, VI, xxii, 8-9:

Whilst trembling horrour did his sense assayle
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

28: Line 312: "His little range of water was denied":

Wordsworth's note to this line in *The Female Vagrant* reads:

Several of the Lakes in the north of England are let out to different Fishermen in parcels marked out by imaginary lines drawn from rock to rock.
29: Line 335: "the artist's trade:  See note 12 above.

30: Line 378: "a poor devoted crew":  See note 13 above.

31: Line 466: "To break my dream":  See note 15 above.

32: Line 567: "And now with crimson fire kindled the firmament":  For Spenser's use of this striking adjective see FQ., II, XI, iii, 1:

    Early before the Morne with cremosin ray.

33: Line 612: "foamed with anger vehement":  Compare FQ., I, XI, xxvi, 1:

    full of griefe and anguish vehement.

34: Line 645-646: "Through his brain
At once the griding iron passage found":

Compare Spenser's use, FQ., II, VIII, xxxvi, 5:

    That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde.
35: Line 699: "The carman wet her lips as well behoved":
Another Spenserian usage. See Fq., VI, V, xx, l:

Him well behoved so; . . .

36: Lines 735-737: "The overseers placed me in this wain,
Thus to be carried back from stage to stage
Unwilling that I should with them remain":

Dorothy Marshall, The English Poor in the Eighteenth Century: A Study in Social and Administrative History (London, 1926), 245, sums up the failure of the Act of Settlement and its effect on vagrancy in words which may serve as a backcloth to Wordsworth's picture of the distressed woman:

while the parishes were as interested in inducing the chargeable poor to become vagrants as the magistrates were in preventing them, and while the contractors were employed in reconveying those whom the overseers bribed to wander, the whole process may be compared to that of pouring water out to a cask with a large meshed sieve, and in such circumstances it was hopeless to expect that the problem of vagrancy could be solved.

37: Line 743: "say that the worm is on my cheek": The pedlar
in The Ruined Cottage uses the same phrase of
Margaret: "She is dead/The worm is on her cheek" (RC., MS.B, 353-354. FW., V, 390). The echo might be considered, in the light of the argument above in Chapter One, to be a further detail in which the MS of 1799 does not exactly represent the poem of 1795. We may argue either that the phrase was in Wordsworth's mind during work on Adventures on Salisbury Plain in 1798 and was included in The Ruined Cottage also of 1798, or that the phrase was used first in The Ruined Cottage and then added to Adventures on Salisbury Plain not later than the copying of MS.B in 1799.

38: Lines 817-819:

"Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho' late, The pangs which from thy halls of terror came, Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!"

In his The Art of War, discussed in full in Chapter Four, Joseph Fawcett refers without irony to the crowd that chokes the "hall of Justice" (1.1069). Wordsworth by breaking and enlarging the phrase bitterly reveals the true nature of this so-called "hall of Justice."
NOTES TO GUILT AND SORROW OR INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

39: Advertisement: "though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it": William Stukely, whose work is discussed more fully in Chapter Four below, was concerned about the plain being turned over to the plough. In his Stonehenge: A Temple Restor'd to the British Druids (London, 1740), 1, he wrote:

The Wiltshire downs, or Salisbury plain (as commonly call'd) for extent and beauty, is, without contrariety, one of the most delight¬ful parts of Britain. But of late years great encroachments have been made upon it by the plough which threatens the ruin of this fine champain, and of all the monuments of antiquity thereabouts.

See Mary Wordsworth's comment just over a hundred years later to Isabella Fenwick on her impression of the plain, Letters, 246.

40: Line 92: "Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed": See note 23 above.
41: Lines 122-123:
"Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
For sacrifice its throngs of living men":
See notes 17, 24 above. In the slight verbal change from "when" in *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* to "if" Wordsworth has cast doubt on the certainty that Stonehenge was implicated in the ritual murders.

42: Line 149: "No gipsy cowered o'er fire of furze or broom":
See note 25 above.

43: Line 144: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": See note 4 above.

44: Line 171: "Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail": See note 27 above.

45: Line 234: "Must part; the summer came; our final leave we took": Although it makes good sense, "summer" must be thought of as an error that passed
unnoticed in 1842. The reading in the last MS, MS, D is "summons" and this is the reading restored in all editions from 1845.

46: Line 281: "Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed": In the edition of 1849 this line appeared without punctuation. It was, I assume, a printer's error, since the sense demands a pause and since previously the line had ended with a semi-colon.

47: Line 297: "a poor devoted crew": See note 13 above.

48: Line 315: "And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament": See note 32 above.

49: Line 367: "To break my dream": See note 15 above.

50: Lines 453-456: "Of social Order's care for wretchedness, Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile, Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile, 'Twas not for him to speak - a man so tried";
In these lines Wordsworth returns to an idea drafted very much earlier but by skilful alteration manages to change their implication entirely. Drafting in MS.A reads:

Of social orders all protecting plan
Delusion fond he spoke in tender [...style]
And of the general care man pays to man
Hope [del. to Joys] second spring and
hopes long treasured smile.

(app. crit., ANSP., 404)

In the first formulation of the lines Wordsworth suggests that "social Order's care" does not exist, that it is a fiction to cheer the destitute woman. In Guilt and Sorrow the suggestion is that there is a benevolent order and that hope is possible but that the sailor has put himself beyond them.

51: Line 468: "foamed with anger vehement": See note 33 above.

52: Lines 492-493:
"Through his brain
At once the griding iron passage found":
See note 34 above.
53: Line 546: "The carman wet her lips as well behoved":
   See note 35 above.

54: Lines 582-583:
   "within the wain
   They placed me-there to end life's pilgrimage":
   See note 36 above. The problem of how to deal
   with the vagrant poor was as acute as ever in
   1842, but it will be noted that in Guilt and
   Sorrow Wordsworth has cut out at this point one
   of the bitterest comments of the earlier poem about
   the inhumanity of the system. Partly this was
   no doubt because the Poor Law Amendment Act of
   1834 had seemed to offer a solution and partly
   because Wordsworth's own sense of the pain of the
   problem was less strong than it had been forty
   five years before.

55: Line 590: "Say that the worm is on my cheek": See note
   37 above.
"Not ineffectual was that piteous claim: 'O welcome sentence which will end though late,' He said, 'the pangs that to my conscience came 'Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!'"

It is obvious that in introducing the element of religious consolation Wordsworth has altered the spirit of the ending. What is not so obvious on a first reading is that Wordsworth has actually altered the structure of this stanza to exclude any criticism by the poet himself of the administration of justice. In Adventures on Salisbury Plain the parallel passage reads:

Nor ineffectual was that piteous claim. Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho' late, The pangs which from thy halls of terror came, Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!

See note 38 above. Here it is the poet who speaks the words of condemnation and not the sailor.
In Guilt and Sorrow the climactic words are spoken by a dramatic character.