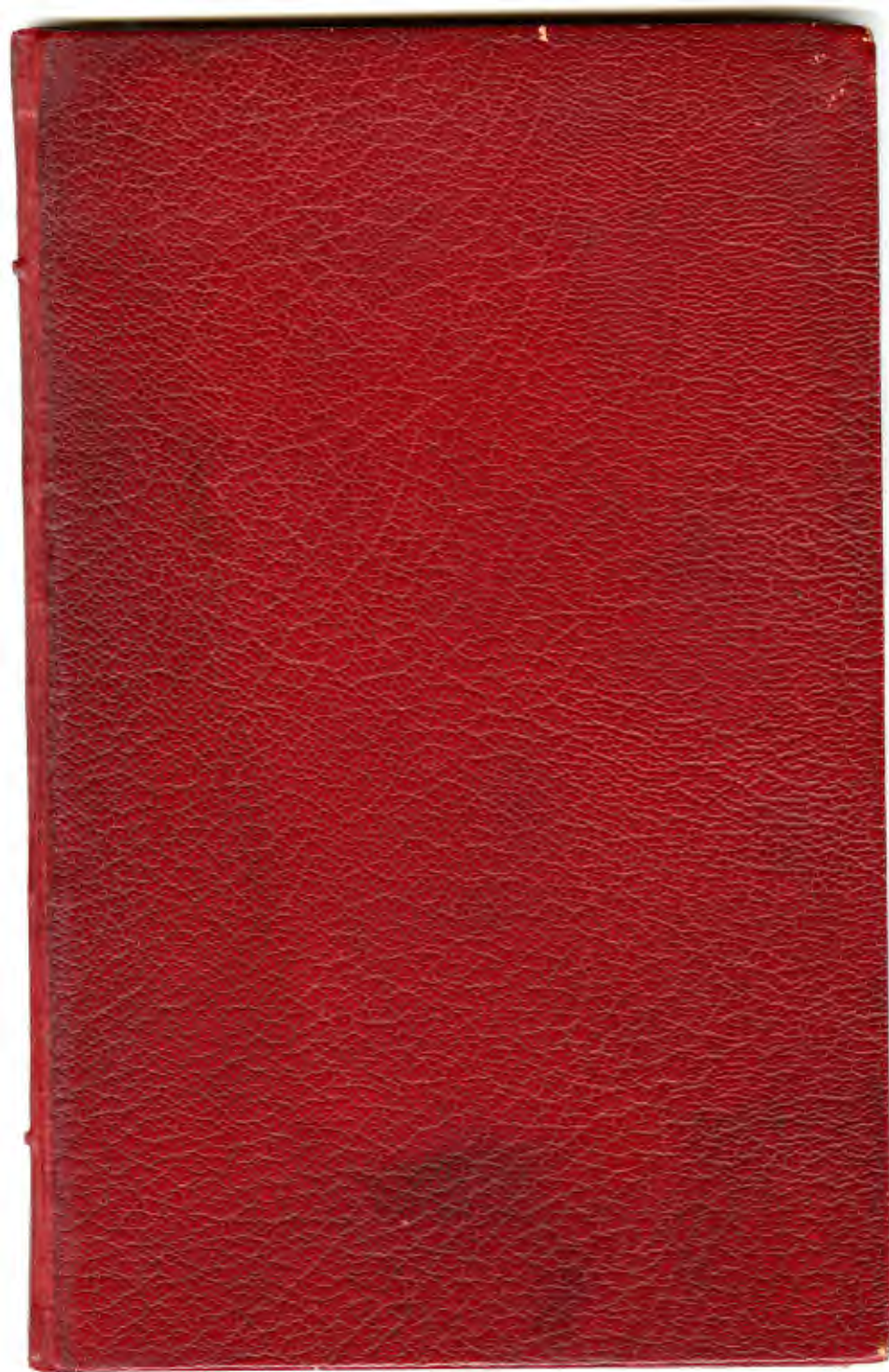
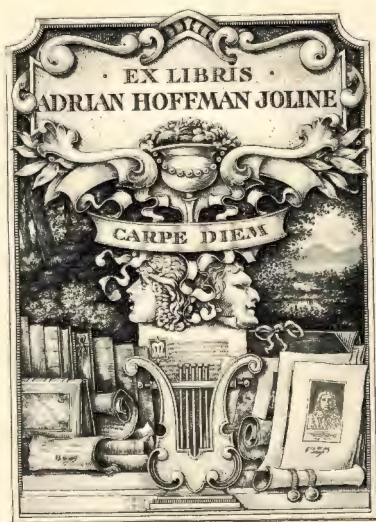
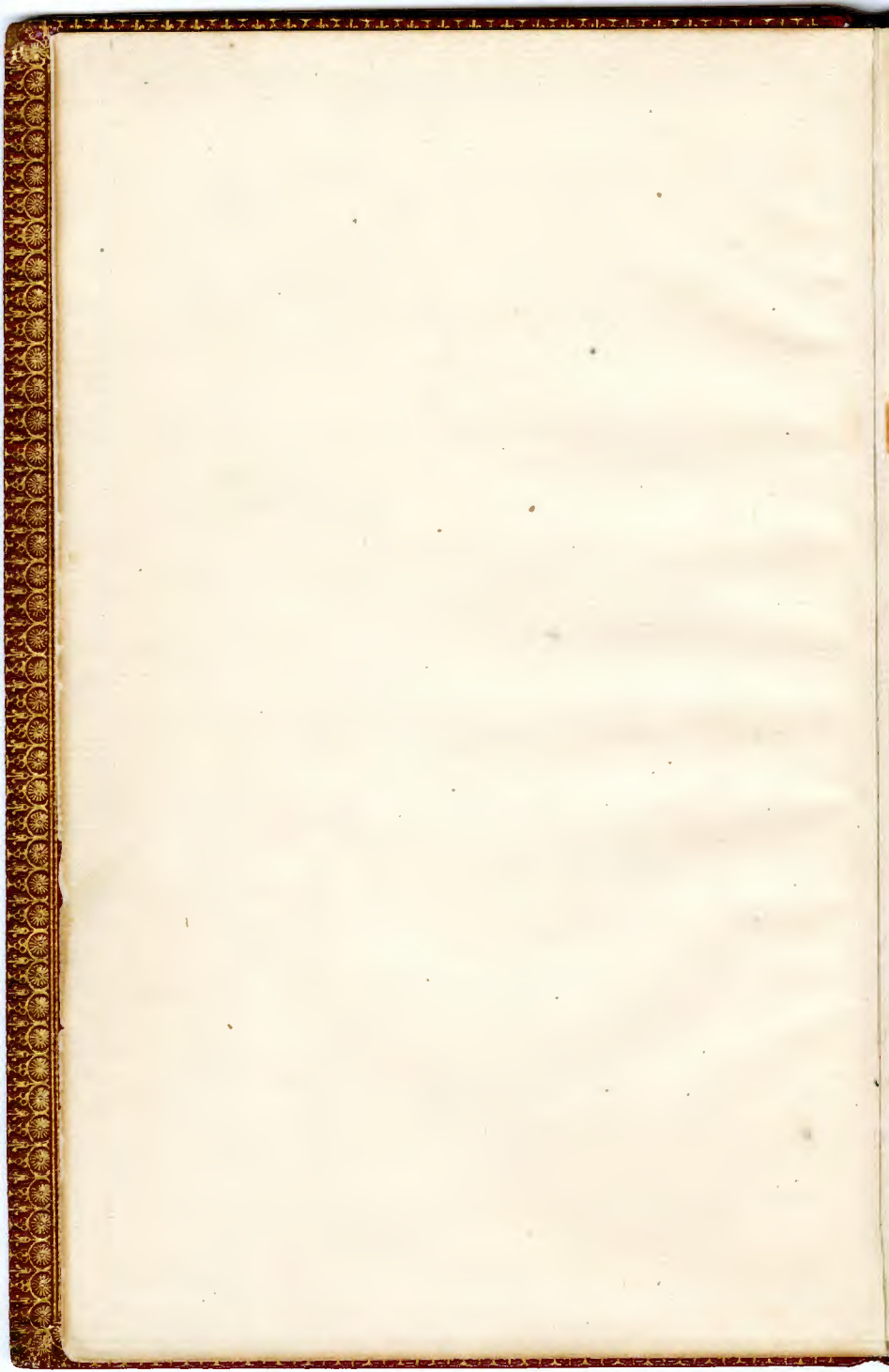






73. BRONTË (CHARLOTTE). Manuscript Poems. 20 pp. 12mo, in ink and pencil. Bound in red levant morocco, by Riviere.

* There are four poems in the book, all written in the minute hand she used. The two shorter ones are entitled "The Wounded Stag" and "Reason." The others have no names attached, but it is believed that all of them are unpublished.



1.

Come now, I am alone, the day's wild riot
Sifted - lull'd to slumber, I feel some what weary
Can I not rest? all looks serene & quiet

1

~~How~~ ^{How} often as I remember well
My childish eyes would weep
To see how easily Stephen fell
In Jesus' arms asleep
Oh! could I feel the holy glow
That undimmed love for him
Is ever in my heart that all below
Is gloriously near & dim

Could I but gain that lofty faith
Which made him bless with words
I'll trust my anchor, firm will death
In his arms deliverance
And is it now a contrite heart
That brings me Lord to thee
Is it but the gasping snout
Of inward agony?

this
hope's
divine

And could my spirit hitherward spring
And could I upward glance
With wonder's round me thickening
To God, in holy trance
Oh! could my mingled voice cry
O Lord a Christ's dead captive
And Jesusaviour precious
Thy merciful soul receive!

this

A thousand early thoughts & dreams
Of heaven & hope were mine
And meanings sweet by placid streams
In child hood's ~~early~~ ^{early} shine
In summer even ing's ~~at~~ ^{at} with a dim
Oh it was sweet to me
To sit & say some simple hymn
Beneath a lonely tree

this

- this

- this

A tree that by the garden wall
Drooped down its graceful head
And oft its golden flowers let fall
On the green grass beneath it spread
Not hit ~~at~~ ^{at} right a scarcely ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} veiled
Was my loved seat beneath
But I'll the wind & rain it weeded
I thought with softer looks

And still, the latest, lingering noon ray
O OF sunset wound me there
As all the ~~sphericals~~ ^{elements} ceased their play
And in the ~~light~~ ^{dimmed} a few chilled the air
As night closed I might hear the moan
As OF water murmuring low
Amid the skillness hushed a lone
~~post~~ ^{post} on its viewless flow

It was a path that bar away
Washed many a bending tree
Unobscured through the busy day
At twilight sounding free
I knew the ~~words~~ ^{words} that ~~came~~ ^{came} it from flowed
I could recall the steady road
That wound beside the torrent

56 lines

I tranquil the scene I sought the thought
Of ~~was~~ ^{was} a sand rest a shade
That ~~was~~ ^{was} a ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~num~~ ^{num} brought
In ~~music~~ ^{music} from the glade
Listening to that a feeling still
The ~~charm~~ ^{charm} of ~~substitute~~ ^{substitute} being alone
I never ~~thought~~ ^{thought} how damp & cold
The night was drawing on

The garden all involved in ~~some~~ ^{some} gloom
Seemed ~~more~~ ^{more} than by day
The house stood silent as a tomb
In ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~time~~ ^{time} huge & gay
The cheering shine of ~~overlight~~ ^{overlight} beaming
Through the ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~lower~~ ^{lower} window ~~and~~ ^{and} told
That while I was ~~and~~ ^{and} in the darkest dreaming
All within was bright as gold

I never since have known such bliss
As then came over my mind
And ~~was~~ ^{was} a ~~kind~~ ^{kind} of such pure happiness
I never again shall find
My heart was better then than now
Its hopes ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~flow~~ ^{flow}
I felt a ~~being~~ ^{being} but ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~glow~~ ^{glow}
Of love for play

How ~~gladly~~ ^{gladly} then the ~~scene~~ ^{scene} still fell
To Bethlehem's ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~star~~ ^{star}
And now my heart of heart would swell
To those ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~shone~~ ^{shone}
Not long so apt in thoughts of heaven
I was a child of clay
And soon of ~~usual~~ ^{usual} ~~errors~~ ^{errors} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and}
I almost ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~pray~~ ^{pray}

1581
Lew. 1581
Lew. 1581

All is change! the night can day
 Winter, summer, ~~the~~ cloud & sun
 Early flower - late decay
 So the years, the ages run.

Such were my dreams in ~~childhood~~ infancy
I have other visions

Which touch not the nerve so privately
But yet bear the blood in its flow

When I no eye is on me & all is still
I yet cannot feel alone
When no voice speaks, yet the car will thrill
To a sudden & cover

When I sit in a quiet & cheerful room
watching the sunlight play
my thoughts will wander far
A thousand miles away
away from home

I see an ancient & stately hall
And feel in the soft summer shade
From the college that veils its tower

I step within the vast
 lights in grand dome
 Show in from radiant
 the days resplendency sky lights down

And glorious flowers we ~~glorious~~^{glorious}
Each ~~sach~~, in ~~each~~ ~~crown~~ bloom through
And winds as sweet as ever blow
Play round the regal room

All mate & still in solitude
Watched only by the skies
Where ~~poor~~ the sun in his rosiest blood
A youthful lady lies

And ^{and the} dreams the of Norwegian seas
The wild the dark, ~~chained~~
And thinks she how this balmy breeze
May speed the Pivots bark

And dreads she ^{last} the ^{arctic} ~~arctic~~ wave
Congeal'd ^{clear} ~~clear~~ green
His ^{glimpse} ~~glimpse~~ has ^{glaze} ~~glaze~~
In its shining of ^a ~~a~~ glossy grave
Ice ^{some} ~~some~~

But she likes her eyes, & she sees around
The ~~father~~ ^{father} & a splendid ~~man~~ ^{man} Hall
From ~~there~~ ^{there} life though there breathes
In the rooms that glow ~~on~~ ^{on} that wall

Glorious heads from the golden Armas
 Band with a dream like smile
 Parting with snowy hair the gleam
 Of hair lustrous hair the white

The teeth of pearl, through the lips of roses
 Archly but stillly show
 Nothing that coral mouth can close
 Which has smiled through curves so
 Glimpses of English samary
 North-western hills & walls
 And glorious plains of Italy
 Shine on the magic walls

And chivalry of old English days
~~at~~ ^{the} ~~doors~~ ^{of} the Percy race
 With bold dark eyes of race
 On that youthful lady's face
 Her thoughts are changed & she her start
 Another feeling stirs
 A longing for some kindred heart
 To bind its fire with hers

Now knows she that the whis'pers are
 Which move that dome above
 Reveal her future destiny
 And tell her time of love
 A round shadowy oval
 Around the windows worn
 Is bliss the theme of that prophecy
 Which comes with so wild a tone
 We'll leave her to her haunted dream
 I speak of what befall
 How glowed with her lips & changeful stars
 I may not have not tell

236

56

92

It is all delusion! - yet again
 The curtain falls & shows
 Another scene as bright as rain
 That too must coldly close
 It's all delusion, still once more
 The ~~flashing lightning~~ ^{glowing} glow
 And brighter even the flash before
 Its awful glory throws

Succeeding fast & faster still
 Scenes that no words can well give
 And gathering strength from every thrill
 They stir, the breathe, they live
 They live! they gather round in bands
 They speak, I hear ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~beats~~ ^{beats}
 The earnest look, the beckoning hands
 And am I now alone

Alone! there passed a noble line
 Alone! there thronged a race
 I saw a kindred likeness shine
 In every haughty face

I know their, deeds I know ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~deeds~~ ^{deeds} 7
The legends wild that greet
Each ancient house, ~~and~~ around each name
Their mystic signs trace

I know their ports, their halls their towers
The sweet lands where they shine
The track that leads through ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lancers~~ ^{lancers}
To each proud gate, is mine
I've seen the dark & silent aisles
Where all their ~~deeds~~ ^{deeds} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~lead~~ ^{lead} ~~repose~~ ^{repose}
And the old white memorial piles
That tell their lofty woes

The sent in stone ^{for them} must mourn ~~for them~~
The marble ~~angels~~ ^{angels} ~~weep~~ ^{weep} ~~prayer~~ ^{prayer}
When their proud sons & girls return
To ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~primeval~~ ^{primeval} ~~clay~~ ^{clay}
Return ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~must~~ ^{must}, no power can save
Their ~~rest~~ ^{rest} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~best~~ ^{best}
For 'tis doomed, the still & sunless green
At last must be their rest.

They come again, such glorious forms
Such brows, & eyes & hair
The heart smites the life-blood warm
To see, to feel their shine
Oh stay! oh stay! Oh start no life
~~Flash out that looks are now~~
Flash out a reality
Marking a ~~scourge~~ ^{scourge} ~~commencing~~ ^{commencing} ~~stroke~~ ^{stroke}
Of dream & truth I see.

A sound of breath, ~~making~~ ^{making} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~silent~~ ^{silent} ~~land~~ ^{land}
Some vanish, then as rain they come
And brighter, taller stand
Some in wild, waving, ~~rich~~ ^{rich} ~~array~~ ^{array}
Swirl through the ~~gher~~ ^{gher} ~~lines~~ ^{lines}
And who are these? but lo! away
They come, the dream becomes

Dim the bright curls, bloodless the ~~cheeks~~ ^{cheeks}
Any less the radiant ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes}
They take like the last languid streaks
Of day in twilight skies
Even that hard with ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~brow~~ ^{brow}
Bare, cold & white as stone
Whose keen, wild eagle eye but now
Flashed more than life, is gone.

Even that Grecian bust, ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} ~~whose~~ ^{whose} ~~glance~~ ^{glance}
From marble eye-lids shrouded
From ~~ethereal~~ ^{ethereal} ~~fire~~ ^{fire} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~trance~~ ^{trance}
Of ~~marble~~ ^{marble} ~~sculptures~~ ^{sculptures} ~~still~~ ^{still} ~~repose~~ ^{repose}
Even that pure ideal form
Just smiling, then passed away
No star, dissolving clouds of storm
Eyes, shot so brief & ray.

Even that line which turned aside
And showed its high profile
With all the lobby lines of pride
That western woods reveal

Even that full-length form which bowed
Half backward in the throng
Yet rose from the receding crowd
In light as clear & strong

Hill earth his hand which as it moved
Showed a gleamy spine of rings
A flash of wisdom jewels graced
With the ~~in~~ ^{crystal} ~~figure~~ ^{jewels} of Kings

Even he is gone ~~vanished~~, but all are gone
And Wakening Reason ~~says~~ cries

My dream is like a wild bird flown
To summer climes & skies

Will I fully return to you?
As I trust will go

Each ~~leaf~~ has its own part
Each bliss its calling woe

And is thou lost the solace left
Of Fairy's pictured ~~by~~

Be well not when her visions melt
Like morning mists away

Is it not well, that ~~old~~ thou ~~must~~ call
How hollowing seems ~~round~~ to thee
When hope in thy spirit all
Sinks chill & hopelessly

Is it not well when several ~~car~~

From those thou lovest to see
That she has hung her golden ~~star~~
Over ~~an~~ will a tree

Remember those sweet evenings when
Without ~~making~~ the sun's fire well

A ~~single~~ light rose up ~~and~~
And round thee softly fell

Remember how she sanctified
The ~~soft~~ moon standing alone

And silencing pure & pale a noise
The sea & field below

And if it changed as old ~~night~~ ^{light} ~~we~~ ^{had}
That ~~some~~ music ~~would be~~ ^{would be}

And from the grove of aspens green
Stole ~~up~~ ^{up} sought the sky

What hast thou left? what seeking gath
Of ~~will~~ unbroken thought

And by the breezeless evening's hush
What glorious spells were wrought

Summed it not then that all the West
Spread round thee in that night

Summed not that moon ~~be~~ ^{be} pure a light
Has over her holiest ~~light~~

Remember those grey steps of stone
Beneath that bowery tree
With ^{wild} green, ^{the} glittering ivy grown
Around luxuriantly
Remember how reclining there
One evening thou didst see
A little child draw softly near
And lie down silently
He laid his ^{cheek} ^{on} the ^{base} of flowers
That grew there sweet & soft
And he ^{looked} his eyes to ^{the} towers
Whose dark heads frowned o'er
And he hearkened to the ceaseless moan
Of a deep stream past him glowing
And ^{was} that child say that alone
How his little heart was glowing
Glowing with thoughts he could not tell
That the countless stars inspired
And the dim night a cheery glow
With ^{high} ^{beauty} ^{lived}

He rose up, through the wild winter spray
Of the cypress over him waving
His ^{dark} eyes looked with eager gaze
On the stream fast - A ^{dark} ^{river} ^{laying}
A mighty ^{stream} ^{laying} ^{its} ^{waves} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{clear} ^{sky} ^{waited}
Its waves in the clear sky waited
Scared ^{through} the ^{glow} ^{night} ^{was} ^{seen} ^{the} ^{weep}
Of ^{waves} ^{where} ^{its} ^{flow} ^{they} ^{belled}
Yet he thinks he sees the far-off shine
Of lights from his father's dwelling
Where the towered front of his
On the river's shore dwelling walls recline

And he longs for the wing of the bird
That home, o'er the rolling river
Pain would that chill repose his cheek
On the ^{bank} ^{that} ^{shall} ^{great} ^{him} ^{never}
Doomed to lie, aching to feel the sleep
Of a cloudy south come o'er him
For from the eye that shall dark wrap
When no bear can ever restore him
Doomed on a cold stormy heath
In the arms of a noble mourner
The ^{breath} ^{his} ^{last} ^{struggling} ^{breath}
On the neck of the Gallant warrior

100

Born in a ^{stormy} ^{midnight's} ^{glow}
In a ^{stormier} ^{midnight's} ^{glow}
The flower that shone & young
Trampled a crushed ^{is} ^{lying}
The marble slab that ^{warrior} ^{laid}
A box his relics holding
Who lies beneath ^{the} ^{shade}
Of wild mosses round him swelling
And the motto on the headstone gives
That faith which will not perish
"I know that my Redeemer lives" ^{perish}
A blessed hope to cherish!

10

Doz andy awake & close the strain

A summons has been spoken

"Thou must depart" so burst the strain

And leave the bright links broken

To be more is up ^{than} come away

The look the will night be finished

Do not on a rest is vanishing day

Have to the field ^{when the} ~~ready~~ heart

~~A storm on~~ ^{is} burning

Oh ever the will the prospect send

Of ever again returning!

7ms

moving round the deepest shade
 Of the wood's sombre heart
 Last night I saw a wounded deer
 Laid lonely and apart

Last light as ^{longer} I saw the crowd
 (Light scattered & cast and down)
 Passed those faces that formed his nest
 And gently fell on him

Pain trembled his weary limbs

Pain filled his patient eyes

And in the moon's shadowy furs

He lay as he did lie

Where were his comrades? where his mate?

All from his death had gone

And he thus such a desolate

Supper and sabbath alone

Did he feel what a man might feel

Of ^{friend} - left & sore distressed

And pain had sent a great sharp sting

Home in his unguarded breast breast?

And now I see

How dark the night was then

How in my youth I longed to see

12

Did longing for affection, lost
 Bask every ~~flashing~~ ^{glowing} ~~molten~~ ^{molten} ~~dark~~
 Love unrequited and faith betrayed
 Did these torment his heart?

It came to him his paper done
 These are the things that were
 Around the last page that I wrote
 Off here about suffering his

Beard

But once again, but once again
 I'll bid the strings awake
 Just one more strain, just one more strain
 For ancient friendships sake

We must part, we must part
 But comrades drop a tear
 There's a warm look still in every heart
 To keep each image dear

One balismana on a magic spell
 Is sure where ever we be
 And what shall hold the prize so well
 As deathless memory?

Not far we go, not far we go!
 And time plants fast away
 As you can stop a torrent's flow
 So now its course can stay

Now hallow wind a moment
 And let thy pip-whistle die
 The ~~voice~~ that should speak hope a peal
 Willadden to thy sigh

Now ~~move~~ ~~licking~~ ~~plume~~ ~~now~~ ~~trailing~~ ~~down~~
~~move~~ ~~licking~~ ~~plume~~ ~~now~~ ~~trailing~~ ~~down~~
 As we have quench as sparks expire
 So sinks my song to naught

There trim the lamp, there rouse the light
 Now hark their beaks burn
 But who can whisper to the night
 O veiled one eases to mourn

From the lone moor descends that strain
 From glen a heathery hill
 And ~~now~~ I hear its voice again
 A sear can wish it still

The harp of heaven is tuned afloat
 Now ~~from~~ ~~its~~ ~~music~~ ~~flows~~
 With what a wild, wild, wondrous might
 That sudden ~~music~~ ~~voice~~

That is the touch that is the bliss
 The old, the young, the hollowed sound
 That ~~music~~ ~~voice~~ ~~breathes~~ ~~alone~~
 Thy requiem sweet, profound

When I'm away ~~its~~ ~~memory~~
 My heart of hearts will thrill
 'Tis the rush of sound that fills the sky
 Above my native hill

It is the awakener of a hundred dreams
 With joy with glory fraught
 'Tis the breaser of a thousand streams
 Of poetry of thought

And oft when breathes the lonely night
 My ^{night} ~~soul~~ ^{delighting} voice but ^{to thy} ~~mine~~ ^{night}
 Shall fleet to yealms divine

When fitfully thy ~~black~~ ^{black} are ~~bell~~ ^{bell}ing
 That stars their ~~luster~~ ^{luster}
 In clouds whose misty ~~luster~~ ^{luster} ~~veil~~ ^{veil}
 Below the bright worlds sail

Then on thy wings whose note is thunder
 I lean on thy wings I'll lean
 And from thy strange home torn asunder
 I'll travel away far away
 Where the dream in the darkness lies ^{and goes} ~~through~~
 Time shall not chain me
 Place not restrain me
 Mind is not matter & soul is not clay

And there I'll meet you comrades
 And we'll shake hands again
 Though eunby miles between us lie
 Of night & wind & rain

62

But alas! alas! I cannot hope
 My anchor sticks ^{down} ~~down~~ ^{away}
 And my ~~ship~~ ^{ship} drifts out to sea
 My ~~ship~~ ^{ship} drifts out to sea

It is bitterness to leave you all
 My heart is bound to home
 I cannot drink the cup of gall
 I was not made to roam

I know I shall ^{again} ~~return~~ ^{again}
 But life uncertain is failing
 The lamp that may not always burn
 Its transient ~~light~~ ^{light} is pining

All the sweet ^{time} ~~time~~ ^{time}
 An hour of ^{spring} ~~spring~~ ^{spring} will be
 A blank & ^{sleeping} ~~sleeping~~ ^{sleeping}
 Dark with the mists of ^{sleeping} ~~sleeping~~ ^{sleeping}

I will not hold these strangers dear
 With whom I dwell unwilling
 My thoughts all rest on those ^{near} ~~near~~ ^{near}
 It is ^{near} ~~near~~ ^{near} wild & thrilling
 I have no other, surface ^{near} ~~near ^{near}
 My heart's not with ^{near} ~~near ^{near}
 No stray affection forth may roam
 Bound in exclusion gloomy~~~~

7

Just us & those we've formed in earnest
Our own divine souls creations
These are my ^{precious} ^{unmingled} themes
I scorn the alien nations
Shake & hands dark Pery! breathe & live
No flash & life & nothing perish?
And faithfully in each soul I'll give
And never still thy memory cherish

Shake hands Zenobia glorious form
Arise thou a vapour, lady?
A rainbow crested upon the storm
Where the clouds lie black & shady
Is thy pirate husband but a name
Is the assassin a vision
Is the red Rover's bow cut game
O'er the deeps over which is went down
Food for the world's devious?

Are the high vast Houses of the West
The clause ~~house~~ of the North
Nothing out ^{of the} ^{language} ^{braced}
And Broth in ^{the} ^{words} ^{forth}

Must their ~~own~~ ^{own} words & all the story
Of their old & noble homes
Pass off in mystery dim & heavy
Like an old song or magic story
Like the voice of their own homes
When the echo to the sound replies
Then all in utter silence dies

And the star I saw intensely burning
Through the black but splendid night
Whose beams into ice & returning
Decked the self with heaven's ^{glorious} ^{mounting}
With self concerned people

Blinding in ^{the} ^{sun}
But deep ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{sun}
In which a white clear orb it glows
A sun upon the brow of doom

I mean Zamora! I do not say
I speak in ^{egoism} ^{now}
This is our ^{farewell} ^{day}
So here my open unmasked brow

I owe him something, he has held
A lobby, burning lamp to me
Whose rays surrounded me
And cheered me wonders, shadow free

And he has been a mental king
That ruled my thoughts high & regally
And he has given a steady spring
To what I had of poetry

I've heard his ^{words} ^{sweet} ^{stern}
Speak words of ^{kind} ^{wrath} ^{to} ^{me}
When ^{dearly} ^{as} ^{dust} ⁱⁿ ^{funeral} ^{urn}
Said ^{note} ^{of} ^{melody}
And I was forced to wake again
The silent song the ^{slumber} ^{the} ^{strain}

He's ^{laid} ^{all} the principle of life
 The war - some ^{have} written of ^{him} or ^{of} ^{his}
 The life - and ^{is} ^{not} ^{waking} ^{up} ^{the} ^{dead}

Hold not the temple but the god
 The idol in his marble shrine
 Our grand dream is his wide ^{abode}
 And there for me he dwells ^{abiding}

I can walk in the structure vast
 A while and never think of him
 Only at times there ^{is} ^a ^{hint} ^{of} ^{him}
 A consciousness all ^{around} ^{me}
 That ^{it} ^{was} ^{his} ^{shrined} ^{divinity}
 Which brought me there to bow ^{the knee}

Others ^{as} ^{mighty} ^{rest} ^{around}
 The great ^{altar} ^{can} ^{has} ^{many} ^a ^{god}
 But to his ^{altar} ^I ^{am} ^{bound}
^{Here} ^{is} ^{the} ^{consecrated} ^{ground}
 My ^{prayer} ^{thops} ^{have} ^{been}

164

At times by Per's ^{foot} ^{steps}
 Move deeply ^{and} ^{is} ^{possible} ^{to} ^{know}
 But ^{grovelling} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{dust} ^I ^{fall}
 Where ^A ^{divine} ^{shrine} ^{lamps} ^{dazzling} ^{glow}
~~It is his glory that~~

It is his light it is his star
 That leads me on ^{voluntarily}
 Ascending high or wandering low
 Or diving deep in ^{sublimity}

Now plunged amid the wild green waves
 Where storms ^{and} ^{storm} ^{lashed} ^{waters} ^{war}
 Now standing where ^{the} ^{breaking} ^{waves}
 In ^{wrath} ^{against} ^{the} ^{rocky} ^{bar}

Still the revolving ^{ceaseless} ^{throws}
 Its glory over the brightening sea
 Whose dark floor far off burns a glow
 While ^{reddened} ^{billows} ^{part} ^a ^{close}
 Upon its surface ^{changeably}
 Gleaming ^{and} ^{flickering} ^{liquidly}
 And set ^{there} ^{nothing} ^{high}
 And ^{known} ^{sublime} ^{divinity}
 Shake hands ^{Zamorra!} ^{God} ^{or} ^{man}
 And ^{though} ^{there} ^{verest} ^{incarnated}
 I ^{vow} ^{by} ^{blessing} ^{swear} ^{by} ^{him}
 Thy spirit is in bright flesh ^{shrined}

Some where ^{Some} ^{where} ^{all} ^{the} ^{years}
 Lives ^{breathes} ⁱⁿ ^{glory} ^{that} ^I ^{know}
 I feel its truth ⁱⁿ ^{sudden} ^{glow}
 Flashing ^{around} ^{me} ^{lord!} ^a ^{glow}
 Those ^{and} ^{they} ^{consort} ^{living} ^{part}
 Are ^{not} ^{sparks} ^{of} ^{morning} ^{mist}
 Not ^{sparks} ^{that} ^{are} ^{from} ^{reason's} ^{whirl}
 When ^{reared} ^{by} ^{the} ^{minds} ^{desert}

200 Aln wick! a Solmon Mowington!
 And Grassmere Grange! a Percy hall!
 Your lattice now feel that sun
 Through their clear panes of crystal fall
 Its pallid gold on many a wall
 Under ~~their~~ roofs rests placidly
 these pits & breezes whispering all
 Answers from ancient grove & tree
 Where in ~~our~~ years, in times gone by
 In summer evenings past away
 Your ancestors walked ^{passively}
 watching the close of twilight grey
 When Duchesse! lay fair mother strayed
 bying so long before her time
 When, the last chord of ~~the~~ time
 Wood. chime tolled out ~~the~~ played
 Often the glory of the pressing time
 Borne on that ~~road~~ ^{whose sun} ~~whom~~ ^{whom} ~~whom~~
 In words may say ~~unspokeable~~
 And round the bath ~~concluded~~ ^{concluded} ~~lady~~ ^{lady} ~~fell~~
 And Alder wood the summer's heart
 Is in thy woods, among the bowers
 languidly lingering soft & sweet
 spangled by mild & hidden flowers
 That silver moon shows long ago
 on the old path with roses fled
 When listening to the ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~
 That through the twilight ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~
 Mournfully ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~ ^{rustle} ~~rustle~~

Sat Victor - me , the Lily bright
 Of sunset's sheet at stormy night
 Her lonely beauty pale & stormy light
 Pensive & saddening ever more
 What thoughts, what dreams her vision
 As she sits by the morning loor
 With flowers & a shadowing o'er
 And golden stars & a deep blue sky
 Above, & stretching on below
 Still, stillness trees in all things rise
 Deepening & deepening still
 A wood in June at even tide
 The pluming foliage all in its
 While ~~things~~ its green recesses fill
 That scent each glade from side
 An summer eve that breathes no chill
 Is softly darkening up a wide
 Victoriae that are not there
 With them the leaf of life is seen
 Though in its early spring
 She thinks of summer's groves
 Far off & waving solemnly
 Over the blue & quiet sea
 Where the young Southern roses
 And white hollyhocks now the bloom
 Gathering on the white marble tomb
 On whose bright surface shining lay
 The mirrored moon & starry skies
 Light ring the white & starry
 That saw above their ~~lives~~



