Book Second

The argument

Excursions about Keswick & expedition to Buttermere

Walk to the lake Washing clothes Missing our way As-

cending a hill Sitting on the top Returning

Crosthwaites museum Church Mr Louthey

Setting off for Borrowdale Straits of Borrow-

dale The dale itself Bowder stone Ascen-

ding the mountains Konistar craig Butter

mere Thunder storm return to Keswick

<<decorative symbol>>

When breakfast was down on the following day

As impatient we were Derwent lake to survey

We determined a walk to its banks we would take

And therefore enquired the way to the lake

Though the sun in his noon and meridian glory

Was seeming to tell us a different story

And that if we attempted to walk to the lake

Our faces he'd broil and our hands he would bake

Till too much oppressed and enraged with the heat

In its bosom we'd souse with an unlucky leap

For his threatenings we did not a fiddlestick care

And astonished we were how atall he could dare

We bade him his heat keep it all to himself

We'd evade him by force or evade him by stealth

We shelter would seek or some wood shaded place

Or pop up some green parasols in his face

Or if uninterrupted continued he shined

Why then all his roastings we'd not atall mind

For we would not for any thing stay from our ramble

To thou proud haughty sun let thy majesty tremble

Now on by a path through the meadows we stray

All rich with the programs of newly mown hay

Each outracing the other with much emulation

To arrive at the top of some small elebation

Till the sheet where the dark water onward flows

Lay not at our feet but in front of our nose

A shout burst from all while each one of us strove

He had first seen the blue billow rolling it prove

I first saw the lake No no no it was I

Till mamma checked us all with a mum making pie << or fie>>

We stood on the beach where some small piers of stone

Forth into the water some distance were thrown

While a fleet of small boats there at anchorage hung

And dividing the ripples they carelessly swung

But there on the beach and with shame be it sped

Some women were washing Oh women indeed

Disfiguring the Derwent their linen were washing

And tubbing and wetting and splashing and dashing

Then hung them all out on the boughs to be dried

And clothed with a margin of linen the tide

Oh Jupiter dist thou in calmness yet see

Are the shores of the Derurent as nothing to thee

Do these women not yet feel they well-deserved rage

Oh, Jupiter thou must be blinded with age

Blind? yes quite stark blind from the length of thy life

Or opparrring << ink correction "calming" but not crossed out>> the scolds of thy crabbed old wife

It is a complete a most excellent sign

That the all seeing eye, it no longer tis thine

But give Jove oh give thy great God shaking frown

And let on these women thine anger come down

And now having passed through a sunshading wood

On a point of rough rocks on the waters we stood

The roots of the fir of the elm and the oak

Through the rock covering soil thry a passage had broke

And oh they presented such nets for the toes

We were always in danger of breaking our nose

Below us upon the dark wave-beaten rock

The white angry billows their foaming crests broke

A soothing the ear with a neer-ceasing dashing

And moistening the moss and the weeds with their splashing.

And now some small height we did wish to attain

A view of the lake and the valley to gain

And so in returning turned off by a way

Whish we thought tow'rd a treecovred eminence lay

It entered a wood we still kept going on

Completely shut out from the light of the sun

No part of the scene confused eye sees

Save copses on copses and trees upon trees

Till the path in the forest bewild'ringly tost

All points of the comprafs completely were lost

North, east, west, or south from each other not knowing

With all kinds of conjectures how, where we were going

Although it afforded a great deal of fun

We shall soon find a path through the meadows says one

Lawhadausy that bough nearly knocked off my hat

One of us say this and another says that

We are nearing the lake or at an'rate we ought to be

Well I declare that a most excellent thought to be

This wondering we serpent like twisted about

Till just where we got in twas just there we got out

And we this occurrence determined quite by

Not any more by path uncertain to try

We left the fair lake where so azure it flowed

And hotly set off by the Borrowdale road

And laughing and chafing and gazing and toiling

Perpiring and frying and roasting and broiling

Glad gladly the sheltering wood we surveyed

Which promised to cool and to soothe with its shade

The track it was steep thorny rugged and rocky

As it angled and turned round the oak trees so knotty

Some decaying were but a vast grey hollow shell

Of former youn grandeur and might they did tell

And the soil which hung thick round their huge roots far spreading

Formed steps trunk supported where-eer we were treading

We pulled up the hill and we turned round about

And we crossed and we recrossed within and without

To all parts of the wood we full firying rambled

Over stone over rock we impatiently scrambled

Oh we shall not get upp to the summit this hour

Oh mamma I have got such a beautiful flow'r

Heres a violet Look mamma Pray papa do

What is this of rich crimson this delicate blue

This moss of a bright living green do behold

And here is a cowslip the goblet of gold

Look under the moss there it cannot be sage! Ak

What can that queer thing be, tis a saxifrage

And heres Sadies slipper and heres Ladies smock

And this Oh dont touch it its poison Hemlock

And many more flowers mid the forest which grew

Whose names Ive forgot or perhaps never knew

Now the rocks gave us rather more trouble to climb

And rather more labour and took us more time

For the slippery moss always set us a sliding

Insomuch that We could not atall it confide in

Except where in velvety cushions it grows

And kindly invited our rock fatigued toes

These troublesome stones I am always a stumbling

Hollo Whats that there I was nearly a tumbling

What do not you think we the summit are near

Oh give me your hand do pray help me up here

Till emerging from under a<<"m" or "n">> thick stunted tree

An old rotten seat on the summit we see

The people before to this summit who came

Had carved or had hacked on its surface their name

And had carved the seat with no spaces between each

Oh mighty conceit so like cockneys at Greenurch

But twas so decreped so old and decayed

To trust to its legs we were somewhat afraid

Lest tumbling as if they dad sat upon wheels

It had landed our heads in the place of our heels

So some on a rock that was cushioned with moss

And some on the June tinted brown turf repose

Stretched out upon earths verdant bosom we rest

But tear her young flowers from her nourishing breast

Which forth to our hands the luxuriantly foured

Thou sayest that it was but a cruel reward

The scene which we saw I so often shall I so often shall treat of

Twould be needles at present its beauties to speak of

But time flew away on the wings of the wind

While still at the summit we lingered behind

Oh the rogue How I do wish that catch him I could

I,d <<sub>> teach him to fly slower any<<?>> that I would

Before I would let him from my fingers step

That he might not be able his wings I could clip

I,d <<sub>> give him a wig and in in case that the wig fail

In order to catch him Id give him a pigtail

But twould be a fine thing Oh I should be blythe

If I could but snatch from his fingers the scythe

Oh what would the ladies say unto me then

And what the old women and what would the men

The ladies no longer regard would each hour

If ever their beauty old Time had no pow'r

And even the men if they young could appear

They would no (so much at least) growing old fear

And I do believe that when once he found our

That his coming ot going none minded about

And that for his presence there cared not a lump any

That really he'd give us much more of his company

However we gladly flee<<?>> hill stumbled down

And onwards we galloped in haste to the town

And sheltered our heads from the suns burning ray

In the royal oaks parlour the rest of the day

But the weather how terribly much twas to blame

When the next mornings dawning proved heavy with rain

But a proof to the showrs of their weakness to gi em

We determined to step into Crossthwaite museum

And scrambled we first up am oldfashioned stair

All Indian weapons and paddles were there

I am sure no description is needed of these

For in every museum some of them one sees

But the thing which our eyes upon entering struck

Was a hugeous gigantical rib bone hung up

Mr Crosthwaite took plenty of pains to explain

This prodigy to be a fossil remain

He told us (believe it or not as you can)

Twas the bone (or it had been the bone) of a man

And twas proved and that by a good calculation

That seventy one feet had been his elevation

Imagine the fellow just stagg'ring along

Like a moving church steeple parading it on

I do not know what kind of monsters were then

Perhaps they were all Brohdignagian men

But imagine him taking a walk in the street

Forthe lovers of wonders oh then what a treat

I think he would first play the notable trick

Of the monumental taking for his walking stick

And an omnibus next kicking oer with his toe

Exclaim in stentorian accents Hulls

These troublesome stones- Tis a terrible pity

They have paved so tremendously badly the city

But the reader he will not have patience to read

These nonsensical frolics and I must proceed

To a gong which on high from the roof wwas suspended

Whose howe we all thought never was to be ended

I think that as had as a stone was his pate

And as deaf as a post is was Mr Crosthwaite

For hee thwacked and he whacked and he beat and he banged

And the gong in our so incessantly clangd

Till we thought that each and every knock

We should be obliged our ears for to stop

And now when at last he would let it alone

Some Indian Idols unto us were shown

To the lovers of oddities let it not seem odd

That I could have made as good our of a bean pod

Such kind of hole <<pale written in pencil above it >> eyes such a parroty nose

Such straight stick like legs and such nothing like toes

That really I do not know what them to call

but gucerly formed figures of no form atall

Now were playful the breezes each other they chased

An <<d>> Eolian harp in the window was placed

And the wind on its whispering murmuring wings

Light wand'ging amongst them scarce touched the strings

And followed the cadences nature alone

Could have given that wild yet harmonious tone

Now calmly it sunk in a low sighing breath

Like the accents of mourning th << possibly th,>> attendant of death

When the hollow grave souna's as returning the moan

And soks <<?>> half suppressed mingle <<"d" crossed out>> with the song

Then rose on our ears the high soundings of war

When the brazenlipped trumpet is heard from afar

When the echoing drum beats its rage rousing note

And the battle breath bursts from the paper shrilly throat

To varied the sounds which the swift breeze poured

And with numbers of harmony vibrates the chord

Now coated with dust and hung up on the wall

A wonderful mirror was shown unto all

And those who would stand in a certain position

Seemed to come with their own image into collision

I dont mean the glass it was not atall there

But a queer kind of image seemed painted on air

To each with himself after one kindly look

His hands as a token of kindness he shook

And then we beheld where the minerals lay

And the copper shone bright with its golden like ray

And next we were shown upon quite a new plan-O

A kind of sort of stoney piano

Some stones in the bed of the Gretas stream found

Emitted when struck a most musical sound

But as some sounded high and as some sounded low

They were ranged in the order of notes in a row

And mr Crosthwaite on their sides gan to patter

A tune with a kind of a musical clatter

From one end of his row to the other end ranging

And rattling and thumping and hopping and changing

But this though twas bearable finished he soon

And whered us into another small room

Which was almost filled up by a monstrous white bear

Whose most wonderful wonder was how it got there

With its master and every thing else of a piece

Full of dust full of dirt full of age full of grease

And on the shelves round birds of every feather

Hawks owls parrots eagles and magpies together

And now having looked all his rooms well about

From Crosthwaites museum we all trotted about

And as the sky looked quite as dark as before

That day we determined to ramble no more

But twas settled that next day if fine was the weather

We,d go to the summit of Thiddais together

Next morning whose fineness so much we had hoped

As soon as our eyelids completely were oped

We looked to the window but (Oh what a shame)

The eaves of the houses were dripping with rain

And down in a pour it most peltingly pattered

On roofs tells and paoments incessantly clattered

And the clouds oer our heads Cat and Doggedly storming

They kept us within doors the whole of the morning

But when four day declined oer gigantic Grasmoor

The bright blushing sum shot his rays on the shore

Then wandered we forth eer the wening should close

And the shadowy mountains should sink to repose

To gaze on his glory we wandered forth

And on the last margin of pebbles- we sport

Now catching a stone in the deep drowsy lake

To watch how the plunge would its still smoothness break

While ripples on ripples- succeedingly pour <<stray pen mark?>>

And chasing each other till driven on shore

Now hurried we home and while taking our tea

We thought Mr Southey at Church we might see

And then unto sleep we our bodies resigned

And sunk in oblivion and silence our mind

Next morn to the church how we wished for the reaching

Im afraid twas as much for the poet a preaching

And Oh what a shame were shown into a seat

With every thing save what was wanted replete

And so dirty and greasy though many times dusted

The ladies all thought it could never be trusted

First looking at seat and again upon flouna

And dusting and gazing for fear of their gowns

I think all the time they took such mighty care

They sat upon thorns and perhaps upon air

Flower I forgave 'deed I scarcely did know it

For really we were cheek by jowl with the poet

His hair was no colour atall by the way

But half of't was black slightly scattered with grey

His eyes were as black as a coal bit in turning

The flashed by as- much as that coal does in burning

His nose in the midst took a small outward bend

Rather looked like and eagles- and sharp at the end

But his dark lightning eye made him seem half inspired

Or like his own Thalaba vengefully fired

We looked and we gazed and we started in his face

Marched out at a slow stopping lingering pace

And as towards Keswick delighted we walked

Of his face and his form and his features we talked

With various chatter beguiling the day

Till the sum disappeared and the light fled away

The morning appeared with a great face of doubt

Or to make us keep in or to let us go out

And at the first openings of joy bringing dawn

Dark cloaks of thick clouds round the mountains were drawn

We look out the window call guides after guides

Demand whether rain of fair weather betides

The first puts his thumb on one side of his nose

and looks up to the smoke to see how the wind blows

Then pronounces it after a great deal of puffing

"A vara bad day Why you couldnt see nothing

" The not Whai ye sees sir Ise cant hardly say

"Boot Ise think that it may be a middlin fine day

"Another for Thudda this never will do

" But I thinks it prove fine though not fit for a view

" And so if you liked it a trip you might take

" By Borrowdale down unto Boothermere\* lake"

Delighted we heard the most capital thought

And at the glad prospect we eagerly caught

\*Buttermere lake

But the ladies a little were daunted in courage

When they heard that six mules could be passed by no carriage

And that twould require an a great deal of care

To ride upon sure footed ponies up there

But the more that we heard of its steepness and trouble

Our impatience to vanquish it still became double

Till an open vehicle we as and a guide

And following steeds for the ladies beside

Which when ready all and prepared we were told

Away from the Inn we most joyfully rolled

By the road to dark Borrowdale onward we ride

By the wave beaten beach of the Derwents blue tide

How fresh looked the waters breeze oer them swept

And roused into anger their passionless depth

till the ripple which rose in its following train

Sunk into their own native silence again

But now we were roused by a few rainy taps

On the ribbon bow'd bonnets and crowns of the hats

Thus adding a fresh prospect of being wet through

So covering our knees oer with cloaks and shawls plenteous

We erected a kind of parasol penthouse

Then after a great deal of rain preparation

We awaited the showr with a sad expectation

It came with kind of I do not know what to do

What I should, what I could, what I would, what I ought to do

We were wondering much what t'was going to be at

And now it was this and again it was that

And the rain it was changeable ay as the wind

Till to shine on our journey it made up its mind

But the sun when at last to peep out he would deign

Looked as if he'd been troubled as much by the rain

And, vexed at the rain so incessantly storming

Looked as if he'd been crying the whole of the morning

Now in front rose the cliff where mid tumble and roar

The quaking crags quiver neath angry lowdore

But as long was the way and as we were in haste

Its waters those waters of thunder we past

And then we looked back upon Keswicks swest vale

Ere we entered the gorges of dark Borrowdale

Beyond the bright space where the Derwent lake flows

More majestic in distance huge Skiddaw arose

And softened the valley was smilingly seen

The lakes azure waters and Islands between

A range of huge mountains rose sheer from its verge

And into the lake their steep pointless they urge

Where many a gulph tree surrounded was made

Where the wave placid rested completely embayed

While steep to the left the white shepherds crag stood

And their loose slately rides thinly scattered with wood

But now in our front our low road seemed to check

In a chaos of hills a dark mountains wreck

All traces of verdure and forest were lost

In that dark group of hills all so gloomily tost

Where cliff after cliff and dark rock over dark rock

Reluctantly seemed at the heavens to stop

Hanging oer the dread dell their huge summits they hurled

At whose foot the fair Derwent so crystalline purled

Astonished we passed through that wilderness lone

Till burst on our eyesight dark Bowders huge stone

A dark rock its high summit right forward did force

And altered the fierce torrents rock beating course

High raised on its brink frowning down on the flood

A vast mass of mossy rock dreadfully stood

It seemed from the heights high above as if torn

And down to its wonderful resting place born

But nature most queerly contrived as to hitch it

And poised on a narrow edge managed to pitch it

And yet though so balanced so firm is the rock

You may mount by a ladder quite up to its top

As when some vast ship the blue ocean divides

Her keen arching bow stems the breast of the tides

The wondering waves 'gainst her stern dash their spray

The waters enraged yet are forced to obey

And back from the sides the huge billows are thrown

So sternly triumphing appeared Bowder storm

By many a rugged and stern slatey fell

Right onward we passed through the gorge of the dell

Till slightly it widened and freshened the scene

Where some grassy meadows were washed by the stream

And behind the dark rocks in the distance were furled

While the crystalline river between them it purled

Now across the old bridge oer the river we trot

Till our road at the foot of the mountain did stop

And then as the path was excessively stoney

Our guide for each lady brought forward a pony

And agreed as the end of our pathway was utter here

Our carriage returning should meet us at Buttermere

Now for mounting the ladies we took many pains

With holding the stirrup and checking the reins

Or scrambling upon some convenient stone

Or mounting a wall to get easier on

Guide holding the bridle the better to guide em

The gentlemen walking the ladies a riding

But Oh what a road twas a terrible shame

A road did I say twas not worthy the name

A road only fit to be clambered by sheep

As toilsome at rough and as long as twas steep

Ascending the Derwents first sources beside

Now only a rock tumbling pebbly tide

Here and there at its banks fed a few scattered sheep

Which cropped the thin heather scarce covring the steep

Some sleeping some climbing some frisking some browsing

At the sound of our footsteps- a moment arousing

Unaccustomed to man mid that desert so drear

They gazed in wonder but seemed not to fear

And knowing him not therefore dreading no ill

Lay down having looked on the heath covered hill

We slowly and pantingly scrambled along

The ponies full carefully stept oer each stone

Full frequent the streams from their cloud hidden source

Dashed down the dark mountains their thundering course

Or over the road they did rippling flow

And fed with their waters the torrent below

The horses dashed through with a gown splashing step

But the ladies had gowns just intended for wet

I really do think they scarce cared a pin

Whether we stayed behind or jumped over or in <<"in" underlined in ink>>

And now we behold the stern mountains huge head

From whose riven rocks they mine out the black lead

Which is hidden within the dark crags so prolific

Black lead did I say Oh how unscientific

Dear me what a vulgar mistake I have made O

In the language of science 'tis called <<the "d" is underlined in ink>> plumbago

But neer Oh dread Borrowdale wouldst thou have given

Or suffered they rocks for that lead to be riven

If thou thoughts't by some this scrawled thy deserts so drear

In an Ackesmann Album would ever appear

And now on the peak of the mountains we stood

Looked back upon field upon forest & flood

Where suntopped Helvellyn his summits up threw

Distinctly outlined on the firinament blue

And the few retired in th, enlivening ray

But no longer we now on the mountain remain

But hasten broad Buttermeres banks to attain

Our way down the gorge of the valley we bend

And slowly the rough mountain path we descend

Vast Houistar crag overhanging the road

Pushed right cross our path his high forehead so broad

Opposing our progress We turned round his brow

Encircled his cliff by the streamlet below

And gazed on the giant as round him we wheeled

As his wonderful shape was distinctly revealed

His none of your beauties no elegant wood

With romantical glades oer his summit upstood

No softening the scene or enlivening the view

No Fading in distance the mountains so blue

No cockneys could find in its dread rocks so antique

The fair picturesque or the rural romantic

No silly school bred Miss just turned seventeen

Can affectedly say oft How charming a scene !!!

But above any misses O my admiration

Dark Honistar crag rears his stern elevation

Makes one silent in wonder and dread altogether

As feeling description a fruitless endeavour

But now we were forced by a bend in the hills

To crass oer the torrent receiver of rills

Which dashed down the pass chafed and foaming in wrath

At the huge rocks which lay in its furious path

Right dashed in the ladies and they being through

Left us all behind puzzled much what to do

We looked to the left and we looked to the right

Still no easy passage appeared to our sight

Stones were in the stream but were rough and were round

And the foam of the wave oh it sported around

And although ere our leaping we took plenty of looking

Yet still it was dangerous slippery footing

And as none could be reached from the shore with a step

If we leaped on their surface so polished so wet

Or if in our bound we might happen to stumble

Twas clear we ran very great risk of a tumble

But each like a hen on a hot girdle hopping

And staggering and balancing still never stopping

And slipping and sliding and sliddring at last sir

We accomplished the dandy all dangerous pass sir

But oh dear the ladies (Were only a pair of em)

What ill rewards gave for our mighty great care of em

By <artifice> what kind of artifice oh can they that elude

Or how can they stand to the charge of ingratitude

By the time that with plenty of duck threatening hops sir

We had scrambled ashore from those slippery rocks sir

The ladies had got to a part of the glen

Some quarter mile distant where bending again

The rocks with their shaggy tops gloomy and bare

Looked back to the region of torrent and scar

There, but not for us waited, Twas only the fear

Of losing themselves in that desert so drear

That made them at last check the long loosened rain

And impatiently wait for our coming again

But enough We advanced by a pleasanter road

The stream on our right it more pleasantly flowed

And watered the vale The dark mountains receding

Left open our path it no longer impeding

And widening the vale their tops backward they threw

And to Buttermere opened so deep and so blue

We saw not the lake till the stream being crossed

We stood on its banks where its waters were tost

And hurled on the pebbles With dashing and foam

The whispering surges their singings do moan

When broke on the stones yet return to the deep

Again to the sands of their of their wrecking they sweep

Again they are broken rerolling again

Yet still are they murmuring still are the same

On a road that was shaded by natural wood

Whose rich mossy trunks most confusedly stood

We slowly advanced by field and by flodd

But had not gone far till were stopped by the mud

Through a deep miry slough we were forced to go

It much having rained and the road lying low

There were some high banks on one side of the road

But were covered and fenced up by brambles and wood

We caught hold of a bough and we scrambled there up

But there mid the<<r>> brambles we almost had stuck

The bramble Oh dear to a tree of renown

For catching a coat-tail or tearing a gown

Besides it talks Latin though no one would guess it

It Thorns say "Me nemo impune lacessit"

While elastical boughs by the first of as bent back

Sraitched back in our face as we followed his track

From the hand which back beat it, ast angrily flas out

We almost creed Zooks sir you near put my eyes

But now<<e>>hacing past by the pass of the bramble

We almost began to be tired of our ramble

Till we gladly beheld the clean whitewasher inn

A few yards of earth interposing between

Straight fnot like sad Hector that poor gory chief

Appeared the glad ghost of roast mutton and beef

Wery horses go faster and swifter they fly

Their ears at the sight they did lift upon high

Flew back math their heels the long lingering way

Them beckoned the spirit of manger and hay

Now reached we the inn and no sooner were landed

Than straight we to bring us our dinner commanded

When to the landlady most courteously brings

I suppose twas to hasten old times lazy wings

A great set of scrawls I suppose that she thought em

Most wondrously fine or she would not have brought em

Which her daughter her daughter her dear darling daughter

Had made of romantical mountains of water

At some genteel boarding school wasting her time

And also her paper with line after line

The houses all tipsy most giddily reeling

The castles in air most confusedly wheeling

And lions like cats in their dark caverns brooding

And each flying cloud like a flying plumpudding

And noble stitched quadrupeds birds insects fishes

And all the et ceteras of boarding school misses

Now dinner brought in was adorning the board

The dishes we hoped were most plenteously stored

So we hungrily took from the viands the covers

But there was no treat for the good dinner lovers

Though our appetite were most tremendously high

We only got taties and mouldy veal pie

But now on the mountains the dark clouds assembled

And the waves of the lake they more gloomily trembled

And them came a calm on their billowless breast

As deep expectation were stilling their rest

The clouds flew not swift but in lowring and gloom

Lay mightily and dark on the heat of the moon

The air was oppressive and sultry and still

And no cooling breezes swept oer the hill

When to from a cloud oer dark Honistars head

There gleamed through the darkness a thunderbolt red

The lake for a moment reflected the flash

The dreadfully heard in the distance a crash

As if mountains on mountains that moment were hurled

Or dashed into atoms and ruins a world

Or rocks to their heart by the lightening were riven

So the thunder it rolled oer the face of the heaven

Re-echoed from mountains rebounding from hills

Again the dread sound the vast nether it fills

Oer gloomy Helvellyn sublimely it roells

Then wakes the rude echoes of Langdales peaked fells

Then Kirkstones vast echoes replied to the sound

And hurled it the circle of mountains around

Red pike tossed the thunder in the distance with scorn

Till the dells of the Derwent receiving the storm

The thunder it spoke from the crags of Loudore

And Skiddaws torn summits awoke to the roar

Again growled the lion on Saddlebacs dells

And the last thunder died on the distant shap fells

The fitful the breeze from its mountains hold

Forced all the stern thunders to peace as it rolled

The winds in their anger rushed down the deep

Through every ravine with a passionate sweep

Then woke the dark waters and plumage of foam

On the lakes swelling bosom was dazzlingly thrown

Reflecting the lightning and rattling peals

Again roused the mimicking sport of the hills

Those chasm hidden lions again from their caves

Sent back the dread sounds oer the wondering waves

And the echoes from Blackcombe oerhanging the main

To Aawfell in mockery growled them again

And numberless flashes and numberless roars

Hurled all their lone terrors on deep Crummocks shores

Till the clouds oer the lake which so threateningly hung

Flew away the huge fells of the Derwent among

Then first the bright orb of the heavens appearing

Again with his presence the hills he was cheering

Though the showr yet distilling its dews on the ground

Its glistening drops was outpouring around

Till high oer the kinds-oer the mountains below

There spanned the wide heavens the wonderful bow

All glowing in purple and crimson and gold

It grasped in its circle the waters which rolled

Returning the colours so gloriously given

Returning again to the face of the heaven

Till its bright dazzling tints in the distance do fade

Admiring its hues at the window we staid

And thou as the sun on the mountains descending

Reminded us now that the day was near ending

We ordered the bill and as then we did find

That a long and steep hill was by us to be climbed

And as also we found that the one of the ladies

To ascend the high hill in the coach much afraid is

One gentleman bairing on them to attend

That steep on the ponies we gan to ascend

While they with the carriage the mountains up climbed

Which lazy and last of all lingered behind

And now a cascade mid the hills we beheld

Whose crystalline waters with anger they swelled

But scarce had we looked on the thundering stream

Ere again the stern heavens to rain on's begin

O Jupiter why didst permit such a shame

On the ladies fine bonnets allow it to rain

Why generous Jove whom I cant see for clouds

Why spread on these mountains such vapoury shrouds

Oh pray sir remove this most troublesome rain

And give us the sun in his glory again

Oh no sir I wont and I tell you I cant

And whats more than all these sir I tell you I shant

And although I do think that you dout it much love

Ill pepper you more f'ort I was thus replied Jove

But while we continued this vain supplication

We found twas unfitting upon the occasion

To stand in the mud and receive all the rain

While talking beseeching and praying in vain

So pushing our steeds to a galloping trot

The scene we were passing completely forgot

And one of us hitched on a huge ladies saddle

Of course rather awkward for riding a straddle

The ladies and carriage completely behind

Towards Keswick we galloped as swift as the wind

Who half in revenge for his losing the race

He gave us he gave us a terrible chase

Like Paddy who drove all the racers before him

Until we arrived at a kind of a shed

Under whose shelt'ring roof we our ponies did lead

There long did we wait till the ladies up came

When one of us entered the carriage again

While I very gladly accepted the offer

Which gentlemen two very kindly did proffer

And sheltered myself from the pityless flood

By entering their carriage so covered and smug

And followed the ladies while showr after showr

In pityless peltings upon us did pour

Neer ceasing near ceasing the merciless rain

Until to our coverings Keswick we came

When the halls did resound with the loud lamentations

And the walls did reecho the deep exclamations

The ladies bemoaning their bonnets in vain

Those bonnets they never may worn be again

And then what a delight when to tea we sat down

The mourning all ended for bonnet and gown

And heard the rain pattering and rattling as we

Most thirstily drank up the goblets of tea

And then on our couches as softly we lay

We determined old Skiddaw to climb the next day