Book Fourth

The Argument

Return to Lowwood and Kendal

Moors round Penrith Ullees water Lyulphs tower

Inn evening walk Landladys impudence Four

horses Kirk-stone loming down upon Amble

side Low-wood Rowing of the ladies &c Ex-

cursion to Coniston Bowness Fine view of the

Lake and return to Kendal. \_\_ Conclusion of

the Iteriad

<<decorative symbol>>

The morning arrived Oer Shapfells rugged crest

Arose the bright sun in the gorgeous east

But ah far too swift flew the moment away

And the hours strode along and dragged onward the day

Till the moment arrived We unwillingly gave

The last longing look to the islanded wave

Regretting that now from its bosom we drove

Towards the wild moors of Penrith we silently rove

Through the glen of the Greta a passage we found

And round the huge Saddlebacks forehead we wound

By the bye I should think he,d a good deal of sense

For although his huge Fate be prodigiously dense

And although very leaden be his comprehension

Yet his forehead Im sure is of mighty extension

And sir you perhaps may be now recollecting

There are plenty of brains where the foreheads projecting.

The morning was lovely The bright azure sky

With light fleecy clouds it was studded on high

As if Jupiters sheep from their fold they had strayed

And oer their blue meadows a ramble had made

Perhaps you will say that the gods had no sheep

Sir I will not enter on argument deep

But this I will say that you must recollect sir

That their goblets of gold were filled brimful of nectar

And this to th, opinion perhaps may give rise

They had plenty of nectarine trees in the skies

And as to heir having a good flock of sheep

If they drank I should think thy had something to eat

And although if they did not I care not a button

The gods lived on something Oh why not on mutton

But let me remember To whom do I speak

Perhaps to a man who knows nothing of Greek

I dont condescend sir to talk to a loon 'O'

Who perhaps knoweth nothing of Jove or of Juno

And never oh never shall man be called my man

Who cannot translate Tlevtenaidenavaiav \*

I return to my tale From the mountains emerging

Again towards Penrith our course we were urging

Helvellyns huge ranges arose on our right

To the left Shapfells crags at length bounded the sight

Saddleback was behind us and stretching before

Was a gloomy expanse of the heathery moor

How different the scene which behind us we left

How different the scene from which we had been reft

And though all of us knew that those wishes were vain

We all of us wished for the Derwent again

But now our course changed to the right we wheeled round

Toward the range of Helvellyn a passage we found

(Mellfell being past) by that huge ranges side

Thats farthest from Keswick we gladly do ride

Then entered among the luxuriant woods

\*See note

Near Gowbarrow Park and dark Ulles floods

Ive lost a good rhyme there its Gowbarrow park

And the waves of Ulles water so deep and so dark

I never lose rhymes they are really the root

There are three things that poetry good constitute

Good rhymes are the first and good measure the second

And last I believe sense is usually reckoned

But never allowed I am sure is digression

So of my great sins I will make a confession

And hope that for them I may swiftly alone

To the reader impatient by now going on

Mongst those beautiful woods now was winding the way

For here they held almost tyrannical sway

Near Gowbarrow Park on the steep rising heights

Forest on forest the vision delights

Half nature half art<<s>> had those forests upreared

And crested the crags as the plumes of red

Wave oer some warriors helmeted head

Richly they stand as their foliage bright

Feathered and mantled each wave washen height

Till short the road turned and we instant behold

A scene that was fit to be graven on gold

Right in the front all so dark and so deep

Azurely gloomy lay Ulleswaters sheet

Like a lurathan resting there

It lay all so mighty so placid and fair

Deeply deceitful decitfully calm

As if it were shunning the gorgeous day

Mountain embosomed secluded it lay

While beyond that so blue and so beautiful flood

The mighty Place-fell all so haughtily stood

And heaped his huge crags so confusedly high

As if boring a hole in the blue coloured sky

Blue blue did I say what a monstrous mistake

I am positive sir that it really is black

What, wouldst contradict me Now sir if you do

I tell you Ill beat you both black and blue

Now left we our carriage in order to go

To a tower which they call Lyulphs tower I know

And also I know it belongs to a duke

But which to my readers I leave to dispute

Where were some fine brews and some huge horns of deer

But nothing else worthy of mentioning here

But now to our carriage returning we drove

By Ulleswaters side through no longer twas smooth

For a breeze that was born mong dark Patterdales fells

Each miniature billoww with anger it swells

As puny as vain and as light as the fair

That woke its deep waters from slumbering there

Now were I oh were a proper lake poet

Although you will say tis in vain that I know it

But I cannot do what I know that I should

Pop in an address to the nymph solitude

Oh beautiful beautiful should my muse make her

With a thou and a thee like the words of a quaker

All so fine Thou companion of night the black brow,d

Who spreads oer all nature her star spangled shroud

Tis in vain Tis in vain I am not a lake poet

I knew from the first ont that I couldn,t do it

Oh pray Oh Melpromene help me up here

I never shall do for the fashion I fear

Spite of all the endeavour by poor me that made is

I shall mess the applause of the misses and ladies

Far contrary unto the laws that are writ

In natures own code every miss makes a hit

At poor me and my rhymes for their not sentimental

And so to the\_\_(stops) to oblivion they,re sent all

But the poets forget when they praise solitude

That by rights upon her they should never intrude

And therefore if truly and rightly twere known

They praise her the best when they let her alone

But I am digressive oh pray do not blame me.

In description I know it would go on but lamely

You know that description alone it would be sir

A tedious this that would tire you and ne sir

All mountains and lakes would be very humdrum

In a very short while you,d be wanting some fun

You,d find sir in spite of the grand and sublime

A little ridiculous wanting in time

Its all very well to address melancholy

And the night and the morning and other such folly

Or a sonnet to night loving fair Philomel

In a fine ladies album these look very well

But though you may think me prodigiously assical

I do like some fun something thats hudibrastical

Let every pert miss interrupt me in middle

With a proper school bred and genteel kind of giggle

I, I,\_\_Oh dear me But Ill make a confession

Im digressive when I do but talk of digression

Tis enough I go on by the banks of the lake

Towards fair Patterdale we our progress did take

And hoping each house that we say on before

Would turn out the inn on the waves woody shore

Though we wondering say that our horses did trot

To the lakes extreme end and that still we stopped not

And when full half a mile from its verge we advance

Despair threw our minds in a wondering trance

And certes not less than that distance we drive

Until at the house or the inn we arrive

Now though I be called an egregious sinnner

I had not forgot at Ulles water my dinner

In the good open air it is well to be lunching

You always see scenery lest when your,e munching

Youd think the view beautiful if in his hand each

Tween finger and thumb had a mustatded sandwich

The mutton alive which away from you fled

Would look better if you had a little on,t dead

Remember old Skiddaw The sandwiches there

Drove off all the cold of the rarefied air

Can one relish a view without any proersion

Not atall fortified with the beef ammunition

Impossible Tis very well sir for you

Who a good appetite sir perhaps never knew

To say I am gluttonous and Epicarian

Your opinion is founded pray tell me what surety on

Save that I like some meat what can you do without it

If you answer me aught you know nothing about it

But I do forget that a noble red mullet

And some fine turtle soup has been stretching your gullet

From a gallant tureen thats full broad and full deep

So swallow my rhymes too ere you to sleep

But now I continue me long tailed oration

And tell me that now on the present occasion

Impatient to sit round about he oak table

We called for our dinner soon as we were able

Now first was served up to us fine potted dear

Peculiar to some of the large lakes they are

Now bonistones the lake where in they are largest

But Windermere Windermere there sir they are best

But those of Ulles water to neither incline

You can say nothing of them but they,re very fine

Now sir without arguing snarling or wrangling

Id dwell for a moment on fishing and angling

Because my lord Byron has much depricated ti

And mightily mightily much he has rated it

And at it again was the good doctor Johnson

But I mustnt face him Id as soon face a monsoon

But the fish must be killed and you wont deny that sir

You cant catch a salmon just clean in your hat sir

You say to use nets Ay catch the poor things

Half strangled and stuck mid the meshes and rings

Our method at least gives a morsel of fly

A bit of good dinner before that they die

Now when we somewhat had our hunger allayed

Our knife and fork war for some monuments we staid

9 Sepr

Then looked at the sky and consid,ring the weather

Determined to take a short ramble together

And first to the back of the house we went round

Where a huge dirty dunghill full quickly we found

Beside it a puddle where one dirty duck

Whith her brood swan or paddled or waddled or stuck

But we pushed past it dangers in order to try

To ascend a small molehill some fifty feet high

For though we could hardly call it elevation

We thought for a view twas a good situation

But scarce had we placed our foot on the first rock

We suddenly suddenly met with a stop

Twas strange passing strange that the moment we came

Just forth from the threshold the heavens would rain

But although we did think they were much in the wrong

Oh then how we scampering stumbled along

Old Virgil himself could not tell how we flew

With his Auadrupidante putrim sonitu

But scarcely again had we got the door

Ere the sun and the sky became bright as before

So we turned round about and clear scaping their wrath

Again trotted on by a different path

We came to a bridge a bright streamlet thrown oer

Which licked with its ripples the pebbly shore

Tis a capital stream for a rod and a float

Perhaps for a salmon perhaps for a trout

Here and there on the banks spread the roots of a tree

Whose other mossed members had ceased for to be

While a fine bunch of fern oer some eddies full deep

For a chub or a pike made a noble retreat

I believe mongst the lakes there is not such another

These torrent do make such a terrible pother

Bounce bump on a rock get a monstrous rebuff

Then leap to another repaid with a cuff

And boiling and foaming quite into an eddy

Attempts but attempts it in vain to be steady

What fish could live Not a moment could they

Mongst the bright ripples dance or in deep eddies play

But dashed on the rocks or all madly hurled oer

In some cataracts foaming or tossed on the shore

Kick up suck a stench as would poison a city

And excite een the lovers of angling to pity

But theres something in these with their rout and their roar

That pleases a poor fineless biped on shore

They roar to great length of both distance and time

Without any reason like this thing of mine

Now we waded and walked where I need not now tell

By fell and by forest by forest and fell

I could tell how we found sir ( Now what do you think

Why we saw mongst the roots of an oak in a chink

Just paced at our feet and quite ready to pick up

All so snug and so warm and supported by stick up

Now with curiosity swells each ones breast

Oh what did you find sir I found a \_\_\_\_ birds nest

But though I could much this excursion expand

And the pen might run on like a goose in my hand

Yet I will not Oh there is so much generosity

That first I would not balk your great curiosity

And next that I thought not my poem admired

When all those who heard it were noddingly tired

Oh dear it is hard to restrain this old pen

That will not hold in to the powers of meen

I am sure that it has but a goose understanding

So mounstrously foolishly always expanding

But now Ill pass over a good deal of time

Without any reason Nay more any rhyme

Save remarking that we am excursion did take

In the evening down by the banks of the lake

And scarcely I think that it needs to be said

That when the night came then we all went to bed

The morning arrived we rose mightily early

To see if the day dawned or foully or fairly

Alas where before from the window wed seen

That mighty Placefell the huge mists rolled between

Where formerly heaped he his helmety top

We saw not a fragment of mountain or rock

And soon those same clouds which his summit concealed

Their troublesome gloomy intentions revealed

Oh dear it was sad for ere breakfast time came

The waters were circled with huge drops of rain

Those various clouds as they changed situations

Were the subjects of dark and of deep speculations

Howeer we determined wherever they wintered

From our Journey to Lowwood we would not be hindered

So ordered the horses Now reader prepare

For a tale shall raise up on thy caput thy hair

What kind of terrible tale ist What said ye

Why the impudence of a landlord and landlady

When we in a merry and fine happy mood

We were just about to set off for lowwood

When up hopped a redhaired and sourlooking maid

Who made bold to tell us Now guess what she said

Why that such a huge hill lay directly before

We must somehow contrive to take two horses more

There are many I know who when that had been said

Instead of resisting it would have been glad

But these want all over the grounds for to flee so

But we being confident in our gentility

We would not aspire to the rights of nobility

Could we now just say in our conscience take more

That two when a Lord does but lumber with four

So to her landladyships impudent face

We said that we chose not to ride such a race

And that we by the by twas a great condescension

Would walk up the hill of such mighty extension

But the draggletailed blue stocking curlpaper pate

Began with a great affection of state

To inform us the hill was so high that she could not

(Which we found was a synonym here with she would not)

Allow us to climb up the mountain with two

And we would not object unto four if we knew

What a precipice guarded one side of the road

Which she hinted to frighten us wasnt too broad

But I guess that the reason she ought to advance is

A greedy desire to increase her finances

Oh yellow faced xguoes No no tis xguon

What a circle of evils may by thee sir made be

But chiefly the impudence of a landlady

But methinks I do hear every reader advising

In the midst of the tour not to stop moralizing

We grew angry and she on no kind of condition

Would move from her obstinate hilly position

Oh let every person who happens to see this

Shun quickly a quarrel de quatuor equis

For a landlady fat as a huge roasted capon

In scolding how finely her words she will heap on

Ans so we did find for with arms stuck a kimbo

(For which we did wish We could not put them in limbo)

Stood out oh most steadily stuffly and sternly

Unmoved as Helvellyn himself and firmly

Till at length as we saw twas in vain to dispute

We gave up the argument and we were mute

Soon saw we our carriage incumbered with four

On its wheels swift revolving roll round to the door

We tried her again for we thought not the sex able

To be all so monstrously mighty inflexible

But we could not afford any longer to stop

When we found her so nearly akin to a rock

So we called having yielded to her as before

Jack hostler heres sixpence and now shut the door

Off rapidly rolled we Postillions two

Urged onward the steeds as fast forward we flew

And we found as the fellows did whip and did smack its

Prodigious fine fun to see two yellow jackets

And as raising much dust the four horses did jog

To see them to see them alternately bob

So away from our mind angry feelings all flitted

And patiently unto our fate we submitted

Now we came to a lake which seemed Ulleswaters daughter

Which they call a romantical name Brothers water

Because (I am sorry to have the relating)

Two brothers were drowned here once when they were skaiting

It was dear it was small but we soon saw how steep

Was the gravelly shore that sloped down to the deep

But we liked not its look though its wave was as clear

It looked much more suspicious that fair Windermere

So we passed by its waters and gan to look round

Where the mountains the valley more narrowly bound

The fields got more narrow as onward we drove

And the stream wandered not by green island or cove

More rocky and foamy and splashy it grew sir

And began to get into a passionate humour

No longer our road by the valley so low went

But steeper and steeper it grew every moment

Till the dell shot away into three good divisions

All holding most mountains hill positions

The course of the two it is not worth relating

But one went straight forward without deviating

Up this or by hook by crook we must climb

Which we found would take up much of trouble and time

But there was unto Lowwood no other approach

So picked up resolution and then stopped the coach

Though the road was full nearly akin to a river

We got out and the carriage we left to the driver

And walked up the hill by the side of the stream

Which rumbled fantastical rocks all between

Now heres a fine place for a plump fifty lines

But my muse no such needless extension designs

Because if I wrote upon this any more

I should now describe whats described been before

So through thick and through thin over log over rock

I shall carry the reader at once to its top

Oh then was a time when we gazed once more

Upon Windermeres woody and waving shore

On the gloomy ravine where we first saw the stream

Dash down the rude rocks mid that mountainous scene

On the smoke which curled up to a slight elevation

From the tree buried lum of the inn Salutation

On the bridge over which lay our Keswick bound track

When we left the fair scene to which now we came back

On the house which we saw from our darling Lowwoor

Bye the bye twas a beautiful nook where it stood

Twas snugly embayed by the side of the lake

Just where the two rivers do into it break

Id like such a house yet no I would not

Theres a circumstance I had completely forgot

If these gingerbread houses there now are but few

And they rather improve not disfigure the view

But I say if these things were allowed to increase

And disturb in that landscape its own native peace

No longer twould be all so lovilily lone

And the mightiness silence grandeur be gone

But reader Im slow and youll go on without me

We gazed upon all that was there to be seen

On the lake that was blue on the fields that were green

On the dome of the sky of such mighty extension

And other small things that we neednt here mention

But we stayed not our steps for the chariot entering

We sdon to our Lowweed were rapidly cantering

And gallantly gallantly onward we bore

Till the driver reined up all our steeds at the door

Bobbed out Mrs Jackson with How d,ye do sir

I hope you,re quite well and miss madam and you sir

Your beds are will aired and your rooms are all ready

These horses are troublesome steady Jack steady

These flies do tease them But pray sir come in

It soon will be raining sir do come within

Which she all the time as these things she did say

With her fat butter personage stopped up the way

But when she at last did find out her mistake

Pull quickly the door she did evacuate

And then to the parlour and bedroom she brought us

And we very happily took up our quarters

Now reader I spare thee At length will my pin

Its galloping course condescend to rein in

For while the short week that I was not a rover

Full many adventures and things I pass over

I could tell of the ladies who wishing to row sir

Bumped the boat on a post with a terrible blow sir

Then poking it whuling dizzily round

Gave a push in a moment its keel was aground

I could tell how we rowed full ten miles on the lake

Thats five to the station and five again back

I could tell how we saw at the station was stationed

A dog oh most aged most gentle and patient

As his hair all so glossy and curly did shine

Save Pompey the best of the species canine

I could tell how we went on a fishing excursion

And the rain drove us home ere a single immersion

Of our float could take place What a monstrous vexation

Stop pray no digression Go on with relation

Lets see I could tell more than ever you,d read sir

So Ill give ye one pleasant excursion instead sir

The people of Lowwood on opening day

Intended to cut for the horses the hay

And said when a moment the sun chose to shine

That they were quite certain the day would be fine

We trusted to them they again to the sky

Which told or which looked an egregious lie <<pencil underline under (or)>>

Or Jove naughty Jove that didst give such a thumper

When you really intended to give us a plumper

Why kill me why not a few signs in the air

But I will not reproach you sire for you dont care

Quite prepared for the rain but not caring no less

We thundered all of on the road to Bowness

As forests beside us encircling stood

We rapidly bounded by field and by flood

The road that we went on I shall not describe it

For again we shall have in our carriage to ride it

Nor even Bowness but at once I will carry

Your wandering galloping thoughts to the ferry

The lake like the tale of the bear and the fiddle

Is almost cut off by the two capes in the middle

That the waters may not bar the path of the rover

A kind of hobblety boat paddles over

And in order to urge on its clumsiness fast

Theyve got a huge oar that might do for a mast

And what is much worse they have not got a sail

That might catch in its foldings the breath of the gale

So oer the dark waters they lump and they lumber

And over that lake they do bump and they blunder

With us all behind and the horses before

And the coach in the centre we get to the shore

They tumbled us out as they brindled us in

At the risk of immersing us rip to the chin

And instead of us paying sir they in a trice

Demanded and asked an exorbitant price

But we could not avoid it so paid it and then

We galloped by mountain and torrent and glen

But although the wide heavens kept fair for a while

Yet eer we had passed by much more than a mile

In lowering aspect began they do frown

Then then, well what then, then the shower came down

Oh is that all? Dear sir pray what would you have more

Oh thats quite enough but I knew it before

What did you sir dear me twas much more than I did

I knew not atall how it would be decided

But any how now the decisions a bad one

To pepper us Deed a prodigiously sad one

We groaned in our hearts but we did not complain

When we knew if we did so the more it would rain

But although we restrained all our anger for that

When we saw the old man would keep on his night cap

Oh then we burst out in expressions of sorrow

And cries that it would not be fair till tomorrow

We looked on the mountains obscured by the rain

We looked on the streams from their summits which came

And down unto Conistones waters careering

With furrows full deep the dark mountains were searing

No outlines were seen of their rockbroken form

All darkly obscured by the mist and the storm

While the fiend of the tempest howled loudly and long

And the kelpie was yelling his ominous song

And the eagle had flown to her nest in the rock

And the caverns afforded a home for the flock

And the birds sang not now to the murmuring floods

For each of then fled to his home in the woods

And the torrents in cataracts fiercely did pour

And to their wild roaring re-echoed the shore

And bent tot he force of the wind every tree

As that tempest was pouring its own melodie

We gazed though twas rather an unlucky time

For giving a taste of the grand and sublime

As all on our carriage the showers did pelter

We really began to look out for a shelter

The driver also seemed in terrible hurry

For he whisked round the corner sir all in a flurry

He almost had tumbled us unto the lake

But we really and truly kept off very fairly

Though he seemed for to think it could not be too early

We bawled out Hollo and it was not too late

For he trundled us gallantly up to the lake

Although it was placed in a fine situation

The inn did not equal our anticipation

It might be the day and I will not deny it

For really the lake was most beautiful by it

Of fair weather prophesies mind you be wary

For the day made it worse we had nothing to do

Save watching the course of the clouds as they flew

Or counting the ripples that rolled to the strand

Or looking where lingered the slow minute hand

Or gazing full listlessly on the lone lake

And its waves as in impotent foaming they break

Or watching the course of some light fishing shiff

Or walking about in the room in a miff

Sometimes we looked up at the troublesome sky

And peeped through the breaks of the clouds riding by

Though we saw that they rather grew darker than thinner

Till a respite appeared in the entrance of dinner

We were monstrously hungry so do not you marvel

That we did not take time nor attempt for to carve well

So went to the business at once and indeed

For capital carving there wasnt much need

So declared with the viands immediate war

And dined upon taties and fine potted char

When dinner was over as still it did rain

We thought that we scarcely need longer remain

So ordered the carriage and with no good will

We ordered that pest of all travels the bill

Nay the money bear witness how quickly they made it

Much quicker that we were inclined to have paid it

Though without farther grumbling the silver we gave

And galloped away from old Conistones wave

Yet eer we should leave it in tempest and rain

We turning looked back on its waters again

With its deep bosomed billows in front lay the lake

Whose waters divided by mountain and cape

All open and bare they full lonely did he

Exposing their breast to the shadowy sky

Retiring in distance they mistily lay

Till appearing no more by the wild tempest tost

Mid mountains and clouds in the distance were lost

Those mountains all mistily softened away

Appeared like thin clouds at the dawn of the day

Still darker and deeper in bolder relief

As nearer approaching and rising the chief

The mighty old man with his dark summit reft

Nearer and sterner arose on our left

Oh such was the view sir and we very will did

Look over each spot as we amply beheld it

Then turned and rode off but we took not the way

To the ferry of bungling boatmen which lay

But through the lone wilds of the mountains we ride

Till the wheels bore us back to the fair Ambleside

Then crossing the stream that to Wondermere flowed

We to Lowwood returned by the oft trodden road

Oh good <<Mr crossed out>> reader it really,s no fiction

We had for our Lowwood a great predilection

And many a ride sir and many a ramble

We took through the ditches and hedges to scramble

And we oft had a dog who so very polite was

His canine behavior did really delight us

So sprightly so eager so sportive so rompy

O reader devote a few moments to Pompey

The dog was an honour ro all of his kind

As beauteous in body as beauteous in mind

If mind he could have You may say he had none

I only reply he,d a great deal of fun

A capital racer a capital swimmer

What was more he was not over fond of his dinner

And once when he walked on the banks of the lake

A hare had a hugeously hair breadth escape

He caught a slight glimpse as she quiet was sitting

And continued the chase sit without intermitting

As hairbrained he dashed through the wood with such speed

We began for to think we had lost him indeed

Till far from the place where from us he departed

At the turn of the road from the thicket he started

Though not at our sides for a moment he kept

And many a time in the water he leapt

Then coming all wet and all dirty to bother us

He shook in such style that he shook it all over us

And swiftly he flung himself round with such might

We really considered it quite unpolite

But enough of the dog Now good sir I could tell

Of many a walk by the mountains and dell

By torrent and streamlet and dark rocky bed

And of snake that erected and twisted its head

And of old mr Wordsworth at Chapel of Rydal

Whom we had the honour of seeing beside all

Our sails on the lake and our angling for nought

That being the sum of the fishes we caught

The rest of our deeds I may leave you to guess

So I spare you and carry you off to Bowness

Where next in our carriage so fine we arrive

Having had on the way to,t a capital drive

There peacefully setting next day being Sunday

Agreed to set off for old Kendal on Monday

In the morning for some little hill we inquired

Full much for a view of the lake we desired

Then marched away briskly in search of height

By a road whose great beauty gave us much delight

We gathered the moss to distinguish its kind

Which the banks of the road in thick drapery lined

And admired the fine trees that were clustering oer us

Until having walked something more than a mile

We came to a gap in the hedge and a stile

Tis none of your pleasant ones such as you see

Twixt London and Hammersmith stuck to a tree

One can clear in a moment; Tis different shape

You might as soon climb oer a seven barred gate

However we got over it and twas a wonder

For you might has as easily scrambled it under

Then perceiving a hill that was rising quite near

We climbed it and found it oerhung Windermere

We gazed and we saw the blue waves of the tide

Encircled by mountains I neednt describe

For we shall once more by its waters careering

Look up to its mountains in distance appearing

Ere we shall depart from the clear streaming rills

And bid a farewell ro the land of the hills

Tis enough from the summit we gazed again

Till startled we were by some droppings of rain

We sprang form our station and dashed down the hill

Although our departing was much gainst our will

Hurrah if you,d seen us when first it began

To rain on,s youd wonder to see how we ran

Each straining his stumps to get t, other before

Until we arrived at our landladys door

The changing of great coats the bonnets resigning

Took up all the time to the hour of our dining

During which operation the clouds ran away

And were beat from the field by the monarch of day

So taking our vestments now dried by the fire

We took a short walk ere the day should expire

Twas fair by the shore of the lake as we past

For the evening was loveliest it was the last

That we all the cares of the past day forgetting

Should gaze on the rays of the sun that was setting

Full balmy and soft was the summer breeze sighing

And the birds sang a hymn to the sun that was dying

Half like a meteor red in the west

He sunk by Scawfell by his beeting breast

Which distantly fading his radiance beneath

Appeared like a cloud or a mistwoven wreath

And the steep Langdale pikes with their summits all riven

Shone darkly and grim on the face of the heaven

While nearer the hills to the lake fading down

In woody magnificence sternly did frown

We gazed from the top of a light swelling rise

Till the evenings descent too us all by suprise

Then homeward we hied with a great deal of sorrow

For leaving the lakes and the mountains tomorrow

The morning arrived Oh twas mournful indeed

The hours fled away with such terrible speed

We entered the coach and a last look we gave

As departing we rode from the islanded wave

We looked towards Coniston looked to Scawfell

And bade those lakes and those mountains farewell

Then swiftly from the waters we flew

Till the towers of old Kendal appeared on the view

We past by those hills we had mounted before

When our path lay direct for old Windermeres shore

But with different feelings we now them beheld

As following ridges successively swelled

And the sounds of farewell floated wild on the wind

Returning to scenes we were leaving behind

Farewell to the lake and farewell to the mountain

The tarn and the torrent the fall and the fountain

To the deeps of the dell and the wood shaded shore

Thou land of the mountains I see thee no more

Finis