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THE POEMS OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

INCLUDING POEMS AND VERSIONS OF
POEMS HEREIN PUBLISHED FOR THE
FIRST TIME, EDITED WITH TEXTUAL
AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

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Yet wherefore else that start, which discomposes 5
 The drowsy waters lingering in your eye?
 And are you *really* able to descry
 That precipice three yards beyond your noses?
 Yet flatter you I cannot, that your wit
 Is much improved by this long loyal dozing; 10
 And I admire, no more than Mr. Pitt,
 Your jumps and starts of patriotic prosing—
 Now clattering to the Treasury Cluck, like chicken,
 Now with small beaks the ravenous *Bill* opposing;¹
 With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now licking, 15
 Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—
 Now having faith implicit that he can't err,
 Hoping his hopes, alarm'd with his alarms;
 And now believing him a sly inchanter,
 Yet still afraid to break his brittle charms, 20
 Lest some mad Devil suddenly unhamp'ring,
 Slap-dash! the imp should fly off with the steeple,
 On revolutionary broom-stick scampering.—
 O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted people,
 If you can stay so long from slumber free, 25
 My muse shall make an effort to salute 'e:
 For lo! a very dainty simile
 Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill just suit 'e!
 You know that water-fowl that cries, Quack! Quack!?
 Full often have I seen a waggish crew 30
 Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on its back,
 The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-whoo!
 Both plung'd together in the deep mill-stream,
 (Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or mountain-lake,)
 Shrill, as a *Church and Constitution* scream, 35
 Tu-whoo! quoth Broad-face, and down dives the Drake!

¹ Pitt's 'treble assessment at seven millions' which formed part of the budget for 1798. The grant was carried in the House of Commons, Jan. 4, 1798.

9 But yet I cannot flatter you, your wit *C. I.* 14 the] his *C. I.*
 24 O ye soft-hearted and soft-headed, &c. *C. I.* 26, 28 'e] ye *C. I.*
 29 that cries] which cries *C. I.* 30 Full often] Ditch-full oft *C. I.*
 31 Fasten] Fallen *C. I.*

The green-neck'd Drake once more pops up to view,
 Stares round, cries Quack! and makes an angry pother;
 Then shriller screams the Bird with eye-lids blue,
 The broad-faced Bird! and deeper dives the other. 40
 Ye *quacking* Statesmen! 'tis even so with you—
 One Peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty's Decoy-pond, each
 Pops up his head, as fir'd with British blood,
 Hears once again the Ministerial screech, 45
 And once more seeks the bottom's blackest mud!
 1798.

(Signed: LABERIUS.)

CHRISTABEL¹

PREFACE

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable that if the

¹ First published, together with *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*, 1816; included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. Three MSS. of *Christabel* have passed through my hands. The earliest, which belonged to Wordsworth, is partly in Coleridge's handwriting and partly in that of Mary Hutchinson (Mrs. Wordsworth). The probable date of this MS., now in the possession of the poet's grandson, Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, is April-October, 1800. Later in the same year, or perhaps in 1801, Coleridge made a copy of the First Part (or Book), the Conclusion to the First Book, and the Second Book, and presented it to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sarah Hutchinson. A facsimile of the MS., now in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge, was issued in colotype in the edition of *Christabel* published in

PREFACE] Prefixed to the three issues of 1816, and to 1828, 1829, 1834. *Christabel*—Preface. 2 The year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven 1816, 1828, 1829. 3, 4 The year one thousand eight hundred 1816, 1828, 1829. 4 after 'Cumberland'] Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year. *It is probable, &c.* 1816, 1828, 1829: om. 1834.

poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or 5 if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of 10 plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably 15 derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation

1907, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature. In 1801, or at some subsequent period (possibly not till 1815), Miss Hutchinson transcribed Coleridge's MS. The water-mark of the paper is 1801. Her transcript, now in the possession of Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, was sent to Lord Byron in October, 1815. It is possible that this transcription was the 'copy' for the First Edition published in 1816; but, if so, Coleridge altered the text whilst the poem was passing through the press.

The existence of two other MSS. rests on the authority of John Payne Collier (see *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*. By S. T. Coleridge, 1856, pp. xxxix-xliii).

The first, which remained in his possession for many years, was a copy in the handwriting of Sarah Stoddart (afterwards Mrs. Hazlitt). J. P. Collier notes certain differences between this MS., which he calls the 'Salisbury Copy', and the text of the First Edition. He goes on to say that before *Christabel* was published Coleridge lent him an MS. in his own handwriting, and he gives two or three readings from the second MS. which differ from the text of the 'Salisbury Copy' and from the texts of those MSS. which have been placed in my hands.

The copy of the First Edition of *Christabel* presented to William Stewart Rose's valet, David Hinves, on November 11, 1816, which Coleridge had already corrected, is now in the possession of Mr. John Murray. The emendations and additions inscribed on the margin of this volume were included in the collected edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, published by William Pickering in 1828. The editions of 1829 and 1834 closely followed the edition of 1828, but in 1834 there was in one particular instance (Part I, lines 6-10) a reversion to the text of the First Edition. The MS. of the 'Conclusion of Part II' forms part of a letter to Southey dated May 6, 1801. (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 355.) The following abbreviations have been employed to note the MSS. and transcriptions of *Christabel*:—

1. The Wordsworth MS., partly in Coleridge's (lines 1-295) and partly in Mary Hutchinson's (lines 295-655) handwriting = *MS. W.*
2. The Salisbury MS., copied by Sarah Stoddart = *S. T. C. (a)*.
3. The MS. lent by Coleridge to Payne Collier = *S. T. C. (b)*.
4. Autograph MS. in possession of Miss Edith Coleridge (reproduced in facsimile in 1907) = *S. T. C. (c)*.
5. Transcription made by Sarah Hutchinson = *S. H.*
6. Corrections made by Coleridge in the Copy of the First Edition presented to David Hinves = *H. 1816*.

made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets¹ whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and 20 the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.²

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours; 25
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add that the metre of *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its 30 being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, 35 or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew. 5

¹ Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

² The 'Latin hexameters', 'in the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet', ran thus:

'Est meum et est tuum, amice! at si amborum nequit esse,
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia certe sum magi' pauper.'

It is interesting to note that Coleridge translated these lines in November, 1801, long before the 'celebrated poets' in question had made, or seemed to make, it desirable to 'preclude a charge of plagiarism'.

23 doggerel 1816, 1828, 1829.

PART I] Book the First *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*: Part the First 1828, 1829.

3 Tu-u-who! Tu-u-who! *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud. 10

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark. 15
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray: 20
 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late, 25
 A furlong from the castle gate?
 She had dreams all yesternight
 Of her own betrothed knight;
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away. 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
 The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
 And naught was green upon the oak
 But moss and rarest misletoe:

6-7 Sir Leoline the Baron ~~rich~~
 Hath a toothless mastiff old *H. 1816*.
 Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff which *H. 1816, 1828, 1829, 1893*.

9 She makes *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition: Maketh H. 1816, 1828, 1829.*
 11 moonshine or shower *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition:*
 by shine or shower *H. 1816*.

Between 28-9 Dreams, that made her moan and leap,
 As on her bed she lay in sleep.

First Edition: Erased H. 1816: Not in any MS.

32 The breezes they were whispering low *S. T. C. (a):* The breezes they
 were still also *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.* 34 But the moss
 and misletoe *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
 And in silence prayeth she. 35

The lady sprang up suddenly,
 The lovely lady, Christabel!
 It moaned as near, as near can be,
 But what it is she cannot tell.— 40
 On the other side it seems to be,
 Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air 45
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can, 50
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak. 55
 What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone: 60
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair. 65

35 kneels] knelt *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 37 sprang] leaps *MS. W.,*
S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition. 39 can] could *H. 1816.* 45-7 om.
MS. W. 52 up] out *MS. W., S. H.* 54 Jesu Maria *MS. W.,*
S. T. C. (c), S. H.

58-66

A damsel bright

Clad in a silken robe of white,
 Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
 And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.
 I guess, &c. *MS. W*

60 om. *MS. S. T. C.*

61-6

Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
 And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.
 I guess, &c. *S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou? 70

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here? 75
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine: 80
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85
And they rode furiously behind.

61-6 Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels disorder'd in her hair.
I guess, &c. *First Edition.*

65 And the jewels were tangled in her hair. *S. T. C. (b).*

[In the Hives copy (Nov., 1816), ll. 60-5 are inserted in the margin and the two lines 'Her neck . . . her hair' are erased. This addition was included in 1828, 1829, 1834, &c.]

74 scarce can] cannot *H. 1816.* 76 Said Christabel] Alas! but say *H. 1816.*

81-3 Five ruffians seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;
They chok'd my cries with wicked might.
MS. W., S. T. C. (a); MS. S. T. C. (c); S. H.
Five warriors, &c. as in the text *S. T. C. (b).*

[Lines 82, 83, 84½ are erased in *H. 1816.* Lines 81-4, 89, 90, which Scott prefixed as a motto to Chapter XI of *The Black Dwarf* (1818), run thus:—

Three ruffians seized me yesternorn,
Alas! a maiden most forlorn;
They choked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white:
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,
I cannot tell what men they be. *Christabel.*

The motto to Chapter XXIV of *The Betrothed* (1825) is slightly different:—
Four Ruffians . . . palfrey white.

They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be; 90
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive. 95
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she).
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free 110
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.

88 once] twice *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 92 For I have lain in fits,
I wis *MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.* [Text, which
follows *S. T. C. (b), H. 1816,* was first adopted in 1828.] 96 comrades
comrade *MS. W.* 98 He] They *MS. W.*

106-11 Saying that she should command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And straight be convoy'd, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's hall.

MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.
[Text, which follows *H. 1816,* was first adopted in 1828.]

112-22 So up she rose and forth they pass'd
With hurrying steps yet nothing fast.
Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said—
All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed:

Her gracious stars the lady blest,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel: 115
 All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth, 120
 And I beseech your courtesy,
 This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well;
 A little door she opened straight, 125
 All in the middle of the gate;
 The gate that was ironed within and without,
 Where an army in battle array had marched out.
 The lady sank, belike through pain,
 And Christabel with might and main 130
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,
 Over the threshold of the gate:
 Then the lady rose again,
 And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135
 They crossed the court: right glad they were.
 And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the lady by her side,
 Praise we the Virgin all divine
 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress! 140

Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not awakened be,
 So to my room we'll creep in stealth,
 And you to-night must sleep with me.

MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.

[So, too, *First Edition*, with the sole variant, 'And may not well awakened be'.]

114-17

Her smiling stars the lady blest,
 And thus bespake sweet Christabel:
 All our household is at rest,
 The hall as silent as a cell. *S. T. C. (b).*

[In *H. 1816* ll. 112-22 of the text are inserted in Coleridge's handwriting. Line 113 reads: 'yet were not fast'. Line 122 reads: 'share your bed with me'. In 1828, ll. 117-22 were added to the text, and 'Her gracious stars' (l. 114) was substituted for 'Her lucky stars'.]

137 And Christabel she sweetly cried *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 139
 Praise we] O praise *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
 I cannot speak for weariness.
 So free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old 145
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make!
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she uttered yell 150
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
 Pass as lightly as you will! 155
 The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
 Amid their own white ashes lying;
 But when the lady passed, there came
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 160
 And nothing else saw she thereby,
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
 O softly tread, said Christabel,
 My father seldom sleepeth well. 165

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And jealous of the listening air
 They steal their way from stair to stair,
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom, 170
 And now they pass the Baron's room,
 As still as death, with stifled breath!
 And now have reached her chamber door;

145 Outside] Beside *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 146 Lay fast] Was
 stretch'd *H. 1816*. [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.] 160 om.
S. T. C. (a). 161 And nothing else she saw thereby *MS. W., S. T. C.*
(c), S. H. 163 niche] nitch all *MSS. and First Edition*.

166-9

Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
 And they are creeping up the stairs,
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom.

MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.

167 Added in 1828. 171 With stifled breath, as still as death *H. 1816*.
 [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.]

And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, 175
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain, 180
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim. 185
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine, 190
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn? 195
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell 200
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

173-4 And now they with their feet press down
The rushes of her chamber floor. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*
And now with eager feet press down
The rushes of her chamber floor.

First Edition, H. 1816. [Not in S. T. C.'s handwriting.]

191 cordial] spicy *MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

Between 193-4

Nay, drink it up, I pray you do,
Believe me it will comfort you.

MS. W., S. T. C. (a), S. T. C. (c), S. H.

[The omission was made in the First Edition.]

But soon with altered voice, said she—
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine! 205
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she, 210
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— 215
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, 'tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank: 220
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée. 225

And thus the lofty lady spake—
'All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake 230
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, So let it be! 235
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro, 240
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,

205-10, 212 *om. MS. W.* 219 And faintly said I'm better now *MS. W., S. T. C. (a): I am better now S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 225 far] fair *MS. W.*

And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, 245
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest, 250
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; 255
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied, 260
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look 265
These words did say:
'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,

Between 252-3 Are lean and old and foul of hue. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 254 And she is to sleep with Christabel. *MS. W.:* And she is to sleep by Christabel. *S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition:* And must she sleep by Christabel. *H. 1816* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting]: And she is alone with Christabel. *H. 1816* *erased* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting]: And must she sleep with Christabel. *H. 1816* *erased* [not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting]. 255-61 *om. MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition:* included in *H. 1816*. [Not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting.] *First published in 1828.*

Between 254 and 263

She took two paces and a stride,
And lay down by the maiden's side,
MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., First Edition.

She gaz'd upon the maid, ~~she sigh'd~~
~~She took two paces and a stride,~~
Then

~~And lay down by the Maiden's side.~~ *H. 1816* *erased.*

265 low] sad *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.*

267 this] my *MS. W.,*

S. T. C. (c), S. H.

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; 270
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she 280
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows; 285
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear, 290
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is— 295
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?

270 The mark of my shame, the seal of my sorrow. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 277 And didst bring her home with thee, with love and with charity. *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H.* 278 To shield her, and shelter her, and shelter far from the damp air. *MS. W.*
The Conclusion to Part I] The Conclusion of Book the First *MS. W.:*
The Conclusion to Book the First *S. T. C. (c), S. H.*
294 Here in *MS. W.* the handwriting changes. 'Dreaming' was written by *S. T. C., 'yet' by Mary Hutchinson.* 295 is] is *H. 1816.* 297 who]
that *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), S. H., H. 1816.*

And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild, 300
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine— 305
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell! 310

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds— 315
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess, 320
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet. 325
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call: 330
For the blue sky bends over all!

1797.

306 Tairn or Tarn (derived by Lye from the Icelandic *Tjorn*, stagnum, palus) is rendered in our dictionaries as synonymous with Mere or Lake; but it is properly a large Pool or Reservoir in the Mountains, commonly the Feeder of some Mere in the valleys. Tarn Watling and Blellum Tarn, though on lower ground than other Tarns, are yet not exceptions, for both are on elevations, and Blellum Tarn feeds the Wynander Mere. Note to *S. T. C.* (c). 324 A query is attached to this line *H. 1816*.

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead: 335
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between. 345
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent, 350
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother; 355
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud 360
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight, 365

Part II] Book the Second *MS. W.*: Christabel Book the Second *S. T. C.* (c), *S. H.*

344 Wyndermere] Wyn'dermere *MS. W.*, *S. T. C.* (c), *S. H.*, *First Edition*.
353 sinful] simple *MS. W.* 354 A query is attached to this line *H. 1816*.
356 the] their *MS. W.*, *S. T. C.* (c), *S. H.* 359 Borodale] Borrowdale
MS. W., *S. H.*, *First Edition*, 1828, 1829: Borrodale *S. T. C.* (c). 360 The
air is still through many a cloud *MS. W.*, *S. T. C.* (c), *S. H.* 363 the]
her *MS. W.*, *S. T. C.* (c), *S. H.* 364 silken] simple *MS. W.*

And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied 370
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep 375
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts. 380
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind 385
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown, 390
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom, 395
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies, 400
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, 405
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above; 410
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline. 415
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining— 420
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween, 425
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again. 430

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide, 435
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week, 440
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned 445
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

414 thus] so *MS. Letter to Poole, Feb. 1813.* 418 They] And *MS. W.*,
S. T. C. (c), S. H. 419 But] And *MS. W.*
424-5 But neither frost nor heat nor thunder
Can wholly, &c., *MS. Letter to Poole, Feb. 1813.*
441 tourney] Tournay *MS. W., S. T. C. (c), First Edition.*

And now the tears were on his face,
 And fondly in his arms he took
 Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
 Prolonging it with joyous look. 450
 Which when she viewed, a vision fell
 Upon the soul of Christabel,
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
 She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
 (Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee, 455
 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
 Again she felt that bosom cold,
 And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
 Whereat the Knight turned wildly round, 460
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
 With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
 And in its stead that vision blest,
 Which comforted her after-rest 465
 While in the lady's arms she lay,
 Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,

'What ails then my beloved child?' 470
 The Baron said—His daughter mild
 Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
 I ween, she had no power to tell
 Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine:
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
 As if she feared she had offended
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
 And with such lowly tones she prayed 480
 She might be sent without delay
 Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!

453 The vision foul of fear and pain *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (a)*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*:
 The vision of fear, the touch of pain *S. T. C. (b)*. 463 The pang, the
 sight was passed away *S. T. C. (a)*: The pang, the sight, had passed away
MS. W., *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*

Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
 'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud, 485
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,
 And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
 To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,
 And over the mountains haste along, 490
 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
 Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
 My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood, 495
 And reaches soon that castle good
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
 More loud than your horses' echoing feet! 500
 And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
 Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
 Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
 Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me!
 He bids thee come without delay 505
 With all thy numerous array

And take thy lovely daughter home:
 And he will meet thee on the way
 With all his numerous array
 White with their panting palfreys' foam: 510
 And, by mine honour! I will say,
 That I repent me of the day
 When I spake words of fierce disdain
 To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
 —For since that evil hour hath flown, 515
 Many a summer's sun hath shone;
 Yet ne'er found I a friend again
 Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
 Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
 And Bracy replied, with faltering voice, 520
 His gracious Hail on all bestowing!—

490 *om. MS. W.* 503 beautiful] *beauteous MS. W.* 507 *take]*
fetch MS. W., *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.* 516 Many a summer's suns have shone
MS. W., *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*

'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
 Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
 Yet might I gain a boon of thee, 525
 This day my journey should not be,
 So strange a dream hath come to me,
 That I had vowed with music loud
 To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
 Warned by a vision in my rest! 530
 For in my sleep I saw that dove,
 That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
 And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
 Sir Leoline! I saw the same
 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan, 535
 Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
 Which when I saw and when I heard,
 I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
 For nothing near it could I see,
 Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

'And in my dream methought I went 541
 To search out what might there be found;
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
 I went and peered, and could descry 545
 No cause for her distressful cry;
 But yet for her dear lady's sake
 I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
 When lo! I saw a bright green snake
 Coiled around its wings and neck. 550
 Green as the herbs on which it couched,
 Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
 I woke; it was the midnight hour, 555
 The clock was echoing in the tower;
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away—
 It seems to live upon my eye!
 And thence I vowed this self-same day 560
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander through the forest bare,
 Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

559 seems] seem'd *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*.
 563 loiter] wander *MS. W.*

560 vowed] swore *MS. W.*

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
 Half-listening heard him with a smile; 565
 Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
 His eyes made up of wonder and love;
 And said in courtly accents fine,
 'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
 With arms more strong than harp or song, 570
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake!'
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,
 And Geraldine in maiden wise
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine 575
 She turned her from Sir Leoline;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again;
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast, 580
 And looked askance at Christabel—
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy;
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye, 585
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
 At Christabel she looked askance!—
 One moment—and the sight was fled!
 But Christabel in dizzy trance
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground 590
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing, that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine 595
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees—no sight but one!
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise, 600
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,

582 Jesu, Maria] Jesu Maria *MS. W.*
 hissing sound *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*

591 Shuddered aloud with
 596 on] o'er *MS. W.*

That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind:
 And passively did imitate 605
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view—— 610
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
 Then falling at the Baron's feet, 615
 'By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!'
 She said: and more she could not say:
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'er-mastered by the mighty spell. 620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild;
 The same, for whom thy lady died! 625
 O by the pangs of her dear mother
 Think thou no evil of thy child!
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died: 630
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline!
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine? 635

Within the Baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts, like these, had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage, 640
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,

613 And] But *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*, *First Edition*. 615 her Father's Feet *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*, *First Edition*, 1828. 620 the] that *MS. W.* 639 but] not *MS. W.*

Dishonoured thus in his old age;
 Dishonoured by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the wronged daughter of his friend 645
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere— 650
 'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
 I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;
 And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The agéd knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the lady Geraldine! 655
 1800.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
 That always finds, and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight 660
 As fills a father's eyes with light;
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his heart, that he at last
 Must needs express his love's excess
 With words of unmeant bitterness. 665
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty 670
 At each wild word to feel within

645 wronged] insulted *MS. W.*, *S. T. C. (c)*, *S. H.*, *First Edition*, 1828, 1829. The Conclusion to Part II] Not in any of the MSS. or in *S. H.* For the first manuscript version see *Letter to Southey*, May 6, 1801. (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 355.)

659 'finds' and 'seeks' are italicized in the letters.

660-1 Doth make a vision to the sight
 Which fills a father's eyes with light. *Letter*, 1801.

664 In *H. 1816* there is a direction (not in *S. T. C.*'s handwriting) to print line 664 as two lines. 665 In words of wrong and bitterness. *Letter*, 1801.

A sweet recoil of love and pity.
 And what, if in a world of sin
 (O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.
 1801.

675

LINES TO W. L.¹

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
 And I have many friends who hold me dear,
 L——²! methinks, I would not often hear
 Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
 All memory of the wrongs and sore distress
 For which my miserable brethren weep!
 But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
 My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
 And if at Death's dread moment I should lie
 With no beloved face at my bed-side,
 To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
 Methinks such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,
 Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
 Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!
 1797.

5

10

¹ First published in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800: included in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, 1828, 1829, and 1834. A MS. is extant dated Sept. 14, 1797.

Lines to W. L.—Title] To Mr. William Linley MS. 1797: Sonnet XII, To W. L. ——²! Esq., while he sung &c. *An. Anth.*: To W. L. Esq. &c. S. L. 1828, 1829: Lines to W. Linley, Esq. 1893.

³ L——²!] Linley! MS. 1893. 10 at] by *An. Anth.* 12 Methinks] O God! *An. Anth.*

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER¹

A WAR ECLOGUE

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

Fam. SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?
Slau. [to *Fire*]. I will whisper it in her ear.
Fire. No! no! no!
 Spirits hear what spirits tell:
 'Twill make a holiday in Hell. 5
 No! no! no!
 Myself, I named him once below,
 And all the souls, that damnéd be,
 Leaped up at once in anarchy,
 Clapped their hands and danced for glee. 10
 They no longer heeded me;
 But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
 Unwillingly re-echo laughters!
 No! no! no!
 Spirits hear what spirits tell: 15
 'Twill make a holiday in Hell!
Fam. Whisper it, sister! so and so!
 In a dark hint, soft and slow.
Slau. Letters four do form his name—
 And who sent you?
Both. The same! the same! 20

¹ First published in the *Morning Post*, January 8, 1798: included in *Annual Anthology*, 1800, and (with an Apologetic Preface, vide *Appendices*) in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1828, 1829, and 1834. The poem was probably written in 1796. See *Watchman*, *passim*.

Fire, Famine, &c.—Title] Scene: A depopulated Tract in La Vendée. Famine is discovered stretched on the ground; to her enter Slaughter and Fire *M. P.*, Jan. 8, 1798.

² SLAUGHTER. I will name him in your ear. *M. P.* 5 a] an all editions to 1834. 11 me] me *M. P.*

16 a] an all editions to 1834.

17-18 FAMINE. Then sound it not, yet let me know;

Darkly hint it—soft and low! *M. P.*

In a dark hint, soft and low. *An. Anth.*

19 Four letters form his name. *M. P.* 20 *Both*] FAMINE *MP.*