

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

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VOLUME ONE

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## ABSTRACT OF THESIS

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

The second part of the thesis examines the poems and their place in the development of Wordsworth's art as seen from two points of view. The first traces the growth of

Wordsworth's ideas on the relationship of man to his world. A movement is followed from A Night on Salisbury Plain where this relationship is conceived in social and political terms only, to The Ruined Cottage where it is conceived in quasi-mystical or philosophic terms. Adventures on Salisbury Plain is seen as the vital transitional poem for here Wordsworth changes the focus of his interest from man the social, political being to man the solitary being who has to come to terms not only with alien social conditions but with himself and his relation to his fellow men. The second point of view sees Wordsworth's development as shaped in part by the need to solve certain problems inherent in didactic writing. The problems are outlined in an introduction and in a study of a passage from An Evening Walk which suggest the kind of relationship necessary in any didactic work between the poet and the raw materials of his 'message', the imaginative world he creates to project this, and the reader and the world of his own experience and judgment which he brings to bear on the poem. The poems are then examined as evidence of the way in which Wordsworth repeatedly tried to establish the right relationship. The Salisbury Plain are valuable because of the way they make the issues clear to Wordsworth: The Ruined Cottage because of a successful discovery of form, in which the poet can take an acceptable role in his own poem, parallel to the role adopted by the reader.

PREFACE

It has seemed sensible to recognise that there are two centres of interest in this study by dividing its contents and by introducing each volume separately. For, although the two interests of textual criticism and literary criticism are in this case complementary, it is convenient to have the material relating to each quite distinct for ease of reference. Accordingly the first volume contains the texts of the poems which are my subject and explanatory notes, a discussion of the chronology of composition and a description of the manuscripts, that is, largely, whatever is concerned with the poems as literary facts and not as poetry. The introduction to this volume is concerned solely to explain why attention is being paid to the text of the poems. The second volume examines the poems as literature and seeks to show how they contribute to our understanding of a great poet and in what ways they challenge us as poetry in their own right. The introduction here is concerned to show how these poems can usefully be considered afresh on the basis of the texts already established.

Many people have helped me in various ways and I wish to thank them and acknowledge their help here: Mr. P.G.M. Dickinson, the Reverend Harry Eastwood, the late Professor John Finch, Mr. Norman Higham, Mr. N. Higson, Professor Michael Lewis, Mr. Robert Osborne, Professor Mark Reed and Mr. Jonathan Wordsworth. I wish to thank especially Professor Basil Willey

as Chairman of the Dove Cottage Trustees for permission to work with the Wordsworth manuscripts, Mrs. H. Marsden-Smedley for permission to consult the Pinney family papers and finally my supervisor Mr. Geoffrey Carnall for many personal as well as academic favours.

ABBREVIATIONS

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

AdSP: Adventures on Salisbury Plain

ANSP: A Night on Salisbury Plain

Bateson: F.W. Bateson, Wordsworth: A Re-Interpretation  
(London, 1954. 2nd. ed. 1956)

BL: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions, 2 vols. (London, 1817). Cited from edition by J. Shawcross, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1907)

BNYPL: Bulletin of the New York Public Library

Coleridge: Poems: The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1912. reprint 1962)

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

CR: The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle, ed. Edith J. Morley, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1927)

DUJ: Durham University Journal

DW: Dorothy Wordsworth

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

EIC: Essays in Criticism

ELH: ELH, A Journal of English Literary History

Essays: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Essays on His Own Times: Forming a Second Series of The Friend, ed. by his daughter, 3 vols. (London, 1850)

EY: The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, The Early Years, ed. Ernest De Selincourt (Oxford, 1935), rev. Chester L. Shaver (Oxford, 1967)

Fink: Z.S. Fink, The Early Wordsworthian Milieu: A Notebook of Christopher Wordsworth with a few entries by William Wordsworth (Oxford, 1958)

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

Griggs: Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs, 4 vols. (Oxford, 1956- )

Grosart: The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, ed. Alexander Grosart, 3 vols. (London, 1876)

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

HLQ: The Huntington Library Quarterly

Jones: John Jones, The Egotistical Sublime: A History of Wordsworth's Imagination (London, 1954)

Keats: Letters: The Letters of John Keats, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, 2 vols. (Cambridge U.P., 1958)

Lamb: Letters: The Letters of Charles Lamb, to which are added those of his sister Mary Lamb, ed. E.V. Lucas, 3 vols. (London, 1935)

Letters: The Letters of Mary Wordsworth 1800-1855, ed. Mary E. Burton (Oxford, 1958)

LY: The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, The Later Years, ed. Ernest De Selincourt, 3 vols. (Oxford, 1939)

MRL: The Modern Language Review

Moorman: Mary Moorman, William Wordsworth: A Biography, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1957-1965)

MLN: Modern Language Notes

- MP: Modern Philology
- MW: Mary Wordsworth
- MY: The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, The Middle Years, ed. Ernest De Selincourt, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1937)
- N&Q: Notes and Queries
- PMLA: Publications of the Modern Language Association of America
- Prelude: William Wordsworth, The Prelude or Growth of a Poet's Mind (London, 1850). All citations from the text of 1805 in the edition by Ernest De Selincourt (Oxford, 1926) rev. Helen Darbishire (Oxford, 1959)
- PW: The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, ed. Ernest De Selincourt and Helen Darbishire, 5 vols. (Oxford, 1940-1949. 2nd. ed. 1952-1954)
- Reed: Mark L. Reed, Wordsworth: The Chronology of the Early Years 1770-1799 (Harvard U.P., 1967)
- REL: Review of English Literature
- RES: Review of English Studies
- SIR: Studies in Romanticism
- Southey: Poems: The Minor Poems of Robert Southey, 3 vols. (London, 1823)
- SP: Studies in Philology
- STC: Samuel Taylor Coleridge
- STC: Nbks: The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. Kathleen Coburn, 2 vols. 2 parts in each (London, 1957-)
- TLS: Times Literary Supplement
- UTQ: University of Toronto Quarterly
- Welsford: Enid Welsford, Salisbury Plain: A Study in the Development of Wordsworth's Mind and Art (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1966)

## INTRODUCTION: I

And thus it is  
That in such regions, by the sovereignty  
Of forms still paramount to every change  
Which years can bring into the human heart,  
Our feelings are indissolubly bound  
Together, and affinities preserved<sup>1</sup>  
Between all stages of the life of man.<sup>1</sup>

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

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<sup>1</sup>From MS.I of Michael. Punctuation of this quotation is mine and not as in The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, ed. Ernest De Selincourt and Helen Darbishire, 5 vols. (Oxford, 1940-1949, 2 ed. 1952-1954), II, 481. Future citations to PW.

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

With Salisbury Plain<sup>2</sup> literary and historical considerations

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<sup>2</sup>The three poems in the title of this thesis are A Night on Salisbury Plain (1793-1795), Adventures on Salisbury Plain (1795-1799) and Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents Upon Salisbury Plain (pub. 1842). When referring generally to all of the poems which sprang from the original inspiration of 1793, I shall refer to Salisbury Plain. Some confusion could be caused, however, by the fact that this is also both the alternative title to the first poem and the title used consistently by the Wordsworth circle when referring to the developing poem over more than forty years. I think the context will always make clear, however, whether the single poem is referred to or the whole group. In abbreviation the poems appear as ANSP., AdSP., G & S., SP. FV. refers to the extract of the poem published in 1798 as The Female Vagrant. All quotations will be taken from my own text of the poems unless otherwise noted. Quotations from The Female Vagrant considered separately from Salisbury Plain will be taken from the 1798 Lyrical Ballads text.

unite. Wordsworth's revisions to this poem have, for the general reader, hidden two substantial poems and, for the literary critic and biographer, obscured the development of Wordsworth's most vital years. One may further suggest that with this poem almost more than any other the normal respect paid to the last revised text the author chooses to publish should not be demanded, for the Wordsworth of 1841-1842 and of 1845 who reworked passages of his original poems was not the poet of 1793-1794 or of 1795-1799 who wrote them. He was as much an editor of the early work as any scholar since, and, it may not be too much to say, one who had less sympathy with that work than we would want to give.

The poem published as Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents Upon Salisbury Plain in the 1842 volume Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years was a lately revised version of an unpublished poem begun in 1795 and completed in 1799, called in MS Adventures on Salisbury Plain. This in turn was a development of a poem begun in 1793 and completed in 1794, called in MS Salisbury Plain or A Night on Salisbury Plain. Attempts were made to publish versions of the poems in 1796 and 1798, but they failed and the idea was allowed to lapse. The poems thus span the most turbulent and some of the most fruitful years of Wordsworth's life and were considered at that time as independent works worthy of publication. But they are known, if at all, only as variants in an apparatus criticus to a revised poem of 1842. For the editorial policy adopted by Professor De Selincourt

when he first presented the MS evidence in 1940, was that the canonical edition of 1849-1850, which recorded the latest revisions of Wordsworth's lifetime, should stand as base text for all of Wordsworth's published poems. A Night on Salisbury Plain and Adventures on Salisbury Plain were not published in the poet's lifetime, but Guilt and Sorrow was, and so the two earlier poems are recorded as variants to the later.<sup>3</sup>

This was in itself, I think, a wrong decision for these particular poems and one which defeats the editor's professed intention of making possible the study of a poem's "development from the earliest existing copy, through its successive stages in manuscript and print till it received its final revision."

<sup>4</sup>For in the Oxford text it is not possible to read the poems as Coleridge, Cottle or Lamb did, that is as independent poems. Nor is it possible to see the development of, say, A Night on Salisbury Plain on its own, since, although De Selincourt records where the poem differs from Guilt and Sorrow, he does not record the variations within the MS itself. The apparatus is, moreover, inaccurate in what it records, inconsistent in what it leaves out and mis-leading in its notes on MSS and texts.<sup>5</sup>

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

<sup>4</sup>PW., I, viii.

<sup>5</sup>Detailed evidence for this assertion is given in Appendix III.

It is for these reasons that I have returned to the texts of Salisbury Plain. I have tried to present the material so that the way in which Wordsworth worked on the poems is clear. The poem that resulted from his experiences on the plain in 1793 is established in its earliest complete form and presented with the cluster of revisions that belong to it. These can now be seen apart from the revisions in the same MS which form the second part of the poem's growth and which culminate in the poem recorded as Adventures on Salisbury Plain. Finally, a gap of forty years is jumped to the poem which again fired Wordsworth's imagination in 1841 and to the revisions in the two late MSS which represent his final wrestle with a problem left unsolved so long before. The aim has always been to return to the earliest complete text shaped in those periods of intense imaginative activity. It should be possible from these texts to read the poems as poems, representing certain stages in Wordsworth's development, and also to establish the full details of MS readings without the obscurity inherent in a facsimile text. Details of editorial procedure are explained in the note that precedes the texts.

CHAPTER ONETHE HISTORY OF "SALISBURY PLAIN"

(1)

In the early summer of 1841 Wordsworth revisited Alfoxden and the Quantocks as part of a tour of the south of England. Such a visit, recalling to the old man exactly the nature of places long hallowed by sentiment and happy memories, must have been dangerous, but there is no record that the poet was disappointed in the country which had meant so much to him forty years earlier. The visit to Salisbury Plain, however, was another matter. Mary Wordsworth's keen sense that this spot had failed them is evident in her comment to Isabella Fenwick that the "country, except immediately about Blandford, we thought very dull - and cultivation going on in many parts of the Plain takes sadly from the poetical feelings we had so elaborately attached to that region."<sup>6</sup> That Mary should mention "poetical feelings" could not have surprised one so intimate with the Wordsworth circle, for the greater part of the spare time of Wordsworth's scribes had recently been devoted to copying out the poems of his early years, among

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<sup>6</sup>MW. to Isabella Fenwick, 2 June [1841]. The Letters of Mary Wordsworth 1800-1855, ed. Mary E. Burton (Oxford, 1958), 246. Future citations to Letters.

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

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

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

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<sup>7</sup>DW. to Jane Pollard, 30 August [1793]. The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Early Years 1787-1805, ed. Ernest De Selincourt, 2nd rev. ed. Chester L. Shaver (Oxford, 1967), 109. Future citations to EY.

start of the journey. In February war had been officially declared between France and England. For Wordsworth this was proof that his country had become the enemy of liberty, against all her old traditions. The war was "unnatural strife" and the thought of it ravaged his heart: "there lay it like a weight/  
At enmity with all the tenderest springs/Of my enjoyments."<sup>8</sup>

By June or shortly after his feelings had erupted in his Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff which attempted to fan just the smouldering fires Bishop Watson had been so anxious to douse. And in July he spent a month constantly reminded of his own powerlessness by the sight of the fleet preparing for war. The sense of personal involvement in the national outrage, which he recalled when trying to describe his feelings in the lines just quoted from The Prelude, is confirmed by the lines most probably written now which begin with personal enjoyment, "How sweet to walk along the woody steep" and end with nature disturbed by man's barbarity:

But hark from yon proud fleet in peal profound  
Thunders the sunset cannon; at the sound  
The star of life appears to set in blood,  
And ocean shudders in offended mood,  
Deepening with moral gloom his angry flood.<sup>9</sup>

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

<sup>9</sup>PW., I, 307-308. De Selincourt is wrong, I think to suggest (374) that this is a fragment. The experience described is complete and so is the form of the poem, where the couplets are enclosed by the triplet.

The sight assured Wordsworth that the war "would be of long continuation, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation", and he left the place with "melancholy forebodings" of the wretchedness to come.<sup>10</sup> Add to these emotions Wordsworth's sense that he was himself, for the moment, at an impasse, unable to accept the church appointment to which his education would naturally lead, but without alternative employment or sufficient income, and it is not surprising that the most striking image Wordsworth recalled to depict his feelings at this time is that of a man alone in a crowded church, alienated from his countrymen: "I only, like an uninvited Guest/Whom no one own'd, sate silent, ... [and]/Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come."<sup>11</sup>

What happened to Wordsworth during these two or three days wandering over Salisbury plain is not clear. His account to John Kenyon over forty years later was unsensational. Though he did mention the "solitude and solemnities" of the plain, he preferred to lighten the vein by anecdote and joke, recalling that "overcome with heat and fatigue I took my siesta among the Pillars of Stonehenge; but was not visited by the muse in my Slumbers."<sup>12</sup> But the account in The Prelude, XII,

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

<sup>11</sup>Prelude, X, 273-275.

<sup>12</sup>WW. to John Kenyon [1838]. Published by Russell Noyes, "Wordsworth: An Unpublished Letter to John Kenyon", MLR., LIII (1958), 546-547.

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

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

a Traveller at that time  
Upon the Plain of Sarum

(Prelude, XII, 313-314)

A traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

(AdSP. 1)

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<sup>13</sup>J.R. McGillivray noted that Southern England was swept by a violent storm on 7 August, 1793. See Mark L. Reed, Wordsworth: The Chronology of the Early Years 1770-1799, (Harvard U.P., 1967), 146. Future citations to Reed. The Gentleman's Magazine, LXIII (1793), 856-857, records amongst other incidents that at Brighton the sea ebbed and flowed 100 yards alternately through half an hour and that in Leicestershire hailstones were measured at from 4 1/2 to 6 inches.



He began to see the poets as guardians of the truth and to hope that he the "meanest of the band" might be permitted to produce an "enduring and creative" work "proceeding from the depth of untaught things" and it was to such an exalted mood that the experiences on Salisbury plain raised him.<sup>15</sup> It is not clear why these particular experiences should have confirmed Wordsworth's belief in his vocation, nor why he should suggest at lines 354-379 that the poetry of this period began to transmit his sight of the "new world" that had for its base "That whence our dignity originates,/That which both gives it being and maintains/  
A balance, an enobling interchange/Of action from within and from without."<sup>16</sup> What is clear is that whether the experiences on Salisbury plain were produced by the violence of Wordsworth's attitude to English society, or whether they merely appealed to him as a focussing image, he at once began to shape them into a poem. His time "quietly sitting in the vale of Clywd" was spent, in part, in transmuting his impressions into poetry.

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

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<sup>15</sup>Prelude, XII, 305-312.

<sup>16</sup>ibid., 371, 373-377.

I have another poem written last summer ready for the press, though I certainly should not publish it unless I hoped to derive from it some pecuniary recompence. 17

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

You inquired after the name of one of my poetical bantlings, children of this species ought to be named after their characters, and here I am at a loss, as my offspring seems to have no character at all. I have however christened it by the appellation of Salisbury Plain, though, A night on Salisbury plain, were it not so insufferably awkward would better suit the thing itself. 18

## (11)

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

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<sup>17</sup>WW. to William Mathews, 23 May [1794]. EY., 120

<sup>18</sup>WW. to William Mathews, 7 November, 1794. EY., 136.

Towards the end of his life Wordsworth was clearly not sure. In the Fenwick note to Guilt and Sorrow he said:

Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and 1794; but in fact much of the "Female Vagrant's" story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way. 19

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

I find the date of this is placed in 1792 in contradiction, by mistake, to what I have asserted in Guilt and Sorrow. The correct date is 1793-4. 20

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

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<sup>19</sup>PW., I. 330.

<sup>20</sup>ibid.

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

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

In the same series of Fenwick notes Wordsworth gives two dates. The other evidence also seems to point in two directions. In the Fenwick note to The Excursion Wordsworth remarked of Bk. I that the "state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the

commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant, as told in the poem on Guilt and Sorrow."<sup>21</sup> The woman's story was thus composed after February 1793. But the story itself reads as if it were very early work. Even in a poem so varied in style as A Night on Salisbury Plain the woman's narrative stands out, both in language and emotional attitudes, as a whole, a vignette in the sentimental vein of Goldsmith or Cowper, that is to say in just the vein Wordsworth was following around 1788. As Mark Reed shows in his full discussion in Appendix V to the Chronology Wordsworth tried to shape the description of the vagrant family which appears in An Evening Walk, 257-300, into a blank verse episode, possibly as part of a poem including other blank verse passages in the Dove Cottage MSS. Verse 4, 5 and 6, and reshaped it in couplets for a fair copy in MS. Verse 7. Since this vagrant too has lost her soldier husband in America and is watching her children die, it may be that in 1843 Wordsworth was thinking of his work on this episode or that the story of the female vagrant was developed from these early sentimental drafts before A Night on Salisbury Plain in a form now lost and was incorporated into the larger poem.

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<sup>21</sup>PW., V, 376.

## (111)

On the 26th of September, 1795 Wordsworth and Dorothy arrived at Racedown to begin a period of settled life together. Excited perhaps by his recent meeting with Coleridge and Southey and counting on a settled period for reflection and work, Wordsworth must have begun extensive revision to A Night on Salisbury Plain almost at once, for within two months what had seemed a finished poem was dismissed in a letter to Wrangham as a mere draft of a poem now ready for the press.<sup>22</sup> The reshaping of the poem began tentatively enough. Drafts on 29<sup>v</sup>-30<sup>v</sup> of MS.A show Wordsworth considering a new structure in which the existing introduction and conclusion should be revised and fused to form just an introductory peroration before the actual story. The bulk of the poem would have remained unchanged.<sup>23</sup> The next step, however, was more adventurous. A prose outline of new incidents for the poem was entered in the Racedown notebook, Dove Cottage MS. Verse 12. Only one stub of this, 4<sup>r</sup>, remains, yet it is enough to show that Wordsworth had conceived the theme which is the core of the new poem, the human sympathy remaining in the sailor which redeems him. The torn page obscures some words, but the most connected passage can be read as follows:

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<sup>22</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EY., 159.

<sup>23</sup>It is possible that these drafts were composed after the MS.A fair copy but before the Racedown revisions, since they cling so closely to the original form of the poem. The sequence of revision is clear.

<sup>24</sup>The woman continues her story. Her feelings and forlorn situation. Sympathy of the [traveller del.] sailor and his benevolent exertion to console her [[ ? ? ] del.]. Still from this exhibition he sees the choice to which the [sailor del.] he is exposed and his humanity. They arrive at Cottage where the woman leaves him and [she soon del.] ere she is gone far meets an object with an occurrence which induces her to return [to him del.] seek him again.

Phrases where very little of the page remains read:

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

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

If Wordsworth's attitude to his poem as a work of art changed considerably, his attitude to it in another way remained constant: he was interested in publishing it advantageously. In late August or early September an offer was made for one of his poems, as Dorothy announced to Jane Marshall in the course of a long account of financial plans for the future:

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

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

<sup>25</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, loc. cit.

<sup>26</sup>DW. to Jane Marshall, 2 [-3] September [1795]. EY., 149

It is possible that this was an offer for the much discussed but never completed Imitation of Juvenal, but in view of Wordsworth's earlier certainty that A Night on Salisbury Plain was ready for the press it seems more likely that this is the poem in question. Revision followed hard on this letter and by 20 November Wordsworth was soliciting Wrangham's help in placing the more ambitious work:

Have you any interest with the booksellers I have a poem I should wish to dispose of provided I could get anything for it. I recollect reading the first draught of it to you in London. But since I came to Racedown I have made alterations and additions so material as that it may be looked on almost as another work. Its object is partly to expose the vices of the penal law and the calamities of war as they affect individuals. 27

The appeal to Wrangham was probably forlorn, but very soon Wordsworth was beginning negotiations which did promise results. A courteous letter to Coleridge's publisher friend Cottle is the beginning of a great bustle to get the poem in the press:

I have not for some time been more flattered than by the highly acceptable present of Southey's Joan of Arc, with which you honoured me by the hands of Mr Pinney. I should have returned you my acknowledgements immediately, had I not imagined that they would be more acceptable if accompanied with an Mss copy of my Salisbury plain, which I have been prevented from transmitting you by unforeseen engagements. I am now at leisure and promise myself, in a few days, that pleasure. 28

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<sup>27</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EY., 159.

<sup>28</sup>WW. to Joseph Cottle, [January, 1796]. EY., 163.

What led to this exchange is not clear. Wordsworth's bald reference to his MS of Salisbury Plain implies that Cottle already had some knowledge of the poem. This he could have gained if, as seems most likely, he and Wordsworth had met in Bristol the previous Autumn.<sup>29</sup> It is even just possible that the meeting took place early enough in Wordsworth's stay in Bristol for it to be Cottle who had made the offer of ten guineas for the poem. On the other hand, the letter itself, endorsed by Cottle "Wm Wordsworth 1st Letter recd", suggests no more than a formal knowledge of each other. Wordsworth's address is "Dear Sir" compared with the standard "Dear Cottle" of later letters and the closing words are very formal against the later effusions of affection. Possibly Cottle had only heard of Wordsworth through Coleridge or the Pinneys or had only met him fleetingly and had chosen the present as a suitable way of making himself known, accompanying it perhaps with an invitation to Wordsworth to submit any work he had ready.

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

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<sup>29</sup>Cottle's later assertion in his Early Recollections; Chiefly relating to the Late Samuel Taylor Coleridge 2 vols. (London, 1837) that he met Wordsworth first in 1797 is plainly wrong in view of the 1796 correspondence. See EY. and Reed, Chronology, 167-168. Future citations to Early Recollections.

poem. The Pinney [s] have taken it to the booksellers",<sup>30</sup> and it was the burden of Wordsworth's letter to Wrangham. Although he was anxious to allay Wrangham's fears about the publication of their joint project when he wrote, "I assure you I do not mean to drop the Juvenal scheme; on the contrary I am determined to bring it to a speedy conclusion", the protestation cannot have seemed very convincing, for the ending of the letter turns back to Wordsworth's own poem and shows what is uppermost in his mind:

I mean to publish volume-wise; could you engage to rid for me of a dozen copies or more among your numerous acquaintance. The damages to use a Lancashire phrase, will be four or five shillings per copy. I do not mean to put forth a [ny] formal subscription; but could wish upon my acquaintances and their acquaintances to quarter so many as would ensure me from positive loss; further this adventurer wisheth not. 31

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

You would have heard from me before, but I waited to collect all the intelligence, that lay in my power, concerning the publication of your Poem. I delivered it on my arrival here to Cottle and requested that Coleridge would inspect it, which he appears to have done with considerable attention for, I understand he has interleaved it with white paper to mark down whatever may strike him as worthy your notice and intends forwarding it to you in that form; To avoid expence he promised to inclose it, in the first parcel, that is sent from his Booksellers to Gidley at Crewkerne. 32

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<sup>30</sup>DW. to Jane Marshall, [7th March, 1796]. EY., 166.

<sup>31</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, 7 March [1796]. EY., 168.

<sup>32</sup>This letter was first published in part by Bergen Evans and Hester Pinney in "Racedown and the Wordsworths", RES., VIII (1932), 12-13. I have reproduced Pinney's somewhat eccentric punctuation.

Coleridge's critical esteem was welcome, but the news Pinney was so anxious to give Wordsworth was still more so:

I have the pleasure to inform you that he [Coleridge] feels so lively an interest to bring forward so valuable a Poem (as he terms it) that he assures me his Bookseller will assist him in such a manner in the publication that he can secure you from every Expence, without risque to himself, and you will receive the profits that may arise after the expences are paid. He recommends having 500 Copies struck off instead of 250 - He is now engaged in a weekly publication entitled the Watchman, the method he intends to adopt in the sale of your Work is, to persuade his Bookseller to get the People that sell the Watchman to take a few Copies of your Poem, by which means he can ascertain how far it be practicable, to publish it without hazard to any party. 33

This must have delighted Wordsworth and so great was Pinney's enthusiasm that had sales been left to him the hope that personal expense might be avoided must have been realised. On 12 April he urged the poem on James Tobin:

His Salisbury Plain is so much altered that I think it may in truth be called a new Poem-I brought it with me to Bristol- It is now at Coleridge's, by whom it has been attentively read and pronounced a very fine Poem- I doubt not but you will see it in Print within the duration of a few Weeks-. 34

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

<sup>33</sup>ibid.

<sup>34</sup>Pinney originally wrote only that Coleridge had "pronounced" it a very fine poem, but altered this to "attentively read and pronounced" presumably to impress on Tobin the trustworthiness of the judgement. Letter published in F.W. Bateson, Wordsworth: A Re-Interpretation, 2nd ed. (London, 1956), 15. Future citations to Bateson.

shows how widely the original version of the poem was known. However much Pinney is just echoing the admired poet - and clearly he does echo Wordsworth's comments to Wrangham of November 1795 - both he and Tobin must have had some knowledge of the poem in its earlier form and thus must be included with Wrangham in that London circle to which Wordsworth read the first draft.<sup>35</sup>

In May the poem was still to be published and Coleridge could comment to Thelwall: "A very dear friend of mine, who is in my opinion the best poet of the age (I will send you his Poem when published) thinks that ..." but the haste for publication had slowed.<sup>36</sup> After keeping the MS for two months Coleridge sent it to Lamb. He wrote immediately on receiving the parcel that had hurried through the poem "not without delight" and promised to return it to Wordsworth when he should come to London.<sup>37</sup> Wordsworth was not in London until the beginning of June when, presumably, Lamb kept his word. But the impetus had passed, perhaps with the passing of

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

<sup>36</sup>STC. to John Thelwall, 13 May 1796. Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs, 4 vols. (Oxford, 1956 - continuing), I, 215-216. Future citations to Griggs.

<sup>37</sup>CL. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge [24 or 31 May, 1796]. The Letters of Charles Lamb, to which are added those of his sister Mary Lamb, ed. E.V. Lucas, 3 vols. (London, 1935), I, 8-9. Future citations to Lamb: Letters.

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

(iv)

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

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<sup>38</sup>AP. to H [ ? ] Cole, 25 October, 1796. Pinney papers, Family Letter Book, D. 5, Bristol University Library.

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

<sup>40</sup>Biographia Literaria, ed. J. Shawcross, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1907), I, 58. Future citations to BL.

that the only likely date for such a recitation is June 1796, when Wordsworth could have called in at Bristol on his way back to Racedown from London, and this, of course, was after Coleridge had already read the MS and passed it on to Lamb. Mr. Bateson suggests that Coleridge's memory played him false and that he made the acquaintance of the poem in manuscript.<sup>41</sup> But Coleridge clearly had some very striking recitation in mind when he recorded the episode in later years and so some other explanation seems needed. Mrs. Moorman thinks it quite probable that Coleridge did not read the poem before sending it to Lamb, but even more probable that "Wordsworth's recitation so impressed him by its manner that it was like an entirely new revelation of Wordsworth's powers."<sup>42</sup> Even assuming that Aza Pinney's "attentively read" was fiction, this blurs what is in Biographia Literaria a sharply drawn account of a single event.

Following Miss Coburn's suggestion, however, that Coleridge's dating here as elsewhere may be anything up to a year out, it is possible to see a more likely sequence.<sup>43</sup> In late August or early September 1795 Wordsworth met Coleridge and Southey in Bristol. All were radical, political activists, all were

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<sup>41</sup>Bateson, 15.

<sup>42</sup>Moorman, I, 293.

<sup>43</sup>The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. Kathleen Coburn, 2 vols. (London, 1957- continuing), I, part 2, p. 6. Future citations to STC: Nbks.

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

It is not clear, however, why when Coleridge had pronounced so favourably on the poem the publication did not take place. Wordsworth seems to suggest in the Fenwick note to Guilt and Sorrow that the delay was caused by artistic scruple when he says: "Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it."<sup>44</sup> But this sounds like later rationalisation. In November 1795 after revision Wordsworth regarded the poem as ready for publication and in early 1796 he urged it on Cottle and Coleridge. It was only after plans for publication had broken down that he began to revise again.<sup>45</sup> What seems most likely is that purely commercial

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<sup>44</sup> PW., I, 330.

<sup>45</sup> It is possible that Wordsworth had in mind the period 1797-1798 when he first became really acquainted with Coleridge, in which case the question whether Wordsworth himself delayed the publication does not arise.

factors were decisive. Although Aza Pinney took the MS for Cottle, the publisher does not mention in his Early Recollections any dealings with Wordsworth at this date. Completely unreliable as Cottle is, this does suggest nonetheless that no plans were made for ordinary publication. Coleridge's idea of selling through the Watchman circle would have seemed the main hope, but this was soon dashed when by the second week of May 1796 Coleridge had to tell his readers that the periodical could not continue.

The second problem is more basic: what was the poem like? Aza Pinney took an MS to Cottle in March 1796 which was presumably ready for him to set up if he felt the poem good enough for publication. Coleridge interleaved it and Lamb returned it, no doubt by this time covered with suggestions for alterations. But we have no record of this MS and thus no detailed idea of what the poem was like at this date. The problem is that on the basis of MS.B, Adventures on Salisbury Plain, discussion has proceeded as if we have. The MS dates from 1799, yet De Selincourt asserts that "though this manuscript probably dates from 1798, it represents composition of some two and a half years earlier"; Mark Reed agrees substantially and Miss Welsford accepts it without question for her discussion of the poem.<sup>46</sup> But it seems to me that we must regard the

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<sup>46</sup>PW., I, 331; Reed, 333; Enid Welsford, Salisbury Plain: A Study in the Development of Wordsworth's Mind and Art (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1966), 21. Future citations to Welsford.

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

In February 1799 Wordsworth wrote to Coleridge that as part of a revision of Salisbury Plain he was "resolved to discard Robert Walford."<sup>47</sup> This seems to be one more instance of Wordsworth's astonishing laziness about inventing names for his characters, since the name is taken from a true story told to him by Poole not long after their meeting in March 1797. John Walford married a near-idiot woman, the mother of his two children, even though he was in love with Anne Rice the daughter of a local miller. After two weeks of marriage he murdered his wife and was hanged on the spot where the crime took place. On hearing this simple tale Wordsworth developed it into a poem called The Somersetshire Tragedy, a full account of which has recently been published.<sup>48</sup> What concerns our argument is that he used the name again. Mr. Bateson remarked the same fact, but commented that "it is interesting . . . that when Salisbury

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<sup>47</sup> WW. and DW. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799] . EY., 256.

<sup>48</sup> Jonathan Wordsworth, "A Wordsworth Tragedy", TLS., 21 July, 1966, 642.

Plain was being revised in 1799 the only name he could think of for his murderer-hero was Walford",<sup>49</sup> whereas there is no doubt that Wordsworth is referring not to his hero but to the old soldier who opens the poem. The complicated re-arrangement of plot outlined in the letter to Coleridge ties the sailor into the story still more inextricably. He could not be discarded. But the old man could disappear and when the poem was published in 1842 had done so without any obvious loss. Since it is most improbable that Wordsworth would have used the name Walford before meeting Poole, a date can be fixed for the soldier's entry into the poem, a date supported by the fact that whereas revisions in MS.A touch on the sailor the cottagers and the woman, there is no mention of the old soldier before the MS.B of 1799. As Mr. Wordsworth suggests in his article the sombre ending of MS.B may owe something to the details in Poole's narrative of Walford's end. In this particular, then, MS.B does not represent the poem of 1795.

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

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

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

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<sup>49</sup>See Bateson, 134.

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

(AdSP., 412-414)

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

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

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<sup>50</sup>For further discussion of this fragment see Appendix I.

<sup>51</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EY., 159

with its gallows and barbaric iron case, but is it vicious? The sailor, however pressed, is wrong to shed blood, and he eventually realises this. Indeed the poem turns on just this point. The cottagers are right to claim that however much they deplore it the law must judge him. Wordsworth has moved on from the over-simple attitudes of A Night on Salisbury Plain to involvement in the experience of human sufferers, with all the widening of his vision of man in society that this entails. That the poem was originally more simple explains why Wordsworth felt at some point that the sailor's fate was so "tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression",<sup>52</sup> and why between March and June 1798 Wordsworth was revising Salisbury Plain yet again. MS.B represents in detail not the work of two and a half years before simply, but the then latest version of a much revised poem.

(v)

The history of Salisbury Plain is picked up once more in Spring 1798. Dove Cottage MS. Verse 4 contains work in pseudo-Spenserians on a new structure for the woman's tale and on the episode later incorporated into The Borderers where the youth is tempted to murder the old man in his charge.<sup>53</sup>

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<sup>52</sup> PW., I, 330.

<sup>53</sup> For a full discussion of these fragments see Appendix I.

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

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

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<sup>54</sup>WW. to James Tobin, 6 March [1798]. EY., 211.

<sup>55</sup>STC. to Joseph Cottle [7 March, 1798]. Griggs, I, 391.

<sup>56</sup>See Cottle's remarks in Early Recollections, I, 309.

letter which contained a fully worked out request:

I am requested by Wordsworth to put the following questions-

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

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

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

2 Wordsworth's Salisbury Plain and Tale of a Woman which two poems with a few others which he will add and the notes will make a volume [of . . . pages.-]

This to be delivered to you within 3 weeks of the date of your answer-and the money to be payed, as before, at the end of four months from the same date.-

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According to Cottle his answer was to offer Coleridge and Wordsworth "thirty guineas each, as proposed, for their two Tragedies; but which, after some hesitation, was declined, from the hope of introducing one, or both, on the stage."<sup>58</sup> But this must be seen, I think, as another working of Cottle's self-justifying memory, for Coleridge's letter of early April makes it quite clear that he and Wordsworth are declining to publish the tragedies because Cottle has not offered enough. There seems no question that Cottle had offered anything "as proposed." They wanted Cottle to have the offer, says Coleridge, but:

At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety, advance such a sum, as we should want at the time we specified . . . It is not impossible but that in happier times, they may be brought on the stage: and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the

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<sup>57</sup>STC. to Joseph Cottle [c. 13 March, 1798]. Griggs, I, 399-400.

<sup>58</sup>Early Recollections, I, 299.

present moment act fraudulently and usuriously 59  
towards the future time.

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

You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you, under the old trees in the park. 60

The details of the next stage are obscure. On 30 April Dorothy wrote to Richard Wordsworth that William "is about to publish some poems. He is to have twenty guineas for one volume, and he expects more than twice as much for another which is nearly ready for publishing."<sup>61</sup> Dorothy's wording suggests not that Wordsworth is preparing two volumes to be published together but two completely separate projects. On 9 May Wordsworth again urged Cottle to come, adding "I say nothing of the Salisbury plain 'till I see you, I am determined to finish it, and equally so that You shall publish."<sup>62</sup> The suggestion here is quite clear. At this point Wordsworth is considering publishing Salisbury Plain, perhaps with The Ruined

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<sup>59</sup>STC. to Joseph Cottle [Early April, 1798]. Griggs, I, 402.

<sup>60</sup>WW. to Joseph Cottle, 12 April, 1798. EY., 215.

<sup>61</sup>DW. to R.W., 30 April [1798]. EY., 216.

<sup>62</sup>WW. to Joseph Cottle, 9 May, 1798. EY., 218.

Cottage, on his own account, quite apart from any plan the two poets may have had for joint publication. Although according to Cottle he visited Wordsworth in 1797 and also in 1798 when he urged Wordsworth to publish some of the lyric pieces he recited and although Cottle says that Wordsworth's letter of 12 April was urging him to make "another visit", it seems most likely that he did not make the visit until c. 22 May 1798.<sup>63</sup> He stayed a week until c. 30 May. If we accept that Dorothy Wordsworth had some ground for her good news to Richard, we can see that the negotiations during Cottle's visit must have been more complex than is usually assumed. Cottle must have made an offer to Wordsworth after making an unsatisfactory bid for the tragedies and prior to his visit. Naturally enough in trying to persuade Richard that their plans were modest and that the proposed German trip was not an extravagance, Dorothy turned a tentative offer into a positive agreement.<sup>64</sup> She had some grounds, though, for the offer was not immediately rejected. Cottle suggested that it was during his week's stay that the contents and payment of the Lyrical Ballads volume was agreed and this account has been generally accepted.<sup>65</sup> But the letter

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

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

<sup>65</sup>Early Recollections, I, 314-315; Moorman, I, 373; Reed, 238.

Coleridge sent immediately after Cottle's return to Bristol on his own and Wordsworth's behalf makes it clear that far from being this simple, the negotiations must have concerned two plans, one for the publication of Wordsworth's poems as Dorothy mentioned on 30 April and the other for the Lyrical Ballads as they appeared. For Coleridge is having to argue hard in favour of the second project, in favour, that is, of his share in the publication. He began by disposing of any hope that Wordsworth might agree to the publication of his own work in the form proposed: "W[ordsworth] would not object to the publishing of Peter Bell or the Salisbury Plain, singly; but to the publishing of his poems in two volumes he is decisively repugnant and oppugnant." Coleridge then urged joint publication by declaring that the volumes were "one work, in kind tho' not in degree, as an Ode is one work", and that the proposal for anonymous publication should be accepted.<sup>66</sup>

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

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

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<sup>66</sup>STC. to Joseph Cottle [28 May, 1798]. Griggs, I, 411-412.

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

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

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<sup>67</sup>DW. to Lady Beaumont, 16 June [1805]. EY., 603.

<sup>68</sup>BL., I, 58.

<sup>69</sup>Early Recollections, I, 314.

Whereas the woman ends her tale in MS.A with her return to England, she now tells of her wanderings, of how she was treated with indifference and cruelty in hospital and how she was sheltered by gypsies before leaving them to tramp the roads alone. The account of her father's misfortune is also expanded. In MS.A he is the victim of only abstract evils, "cruel chance", "oppression" and "wilful wrong", but now these hints are particularised into a tale of the grasping landowner who finally drives out the proud and independent old man.<sup>70</sup>

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

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

(ANSP., 298-299)

to:

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

(FV., 91-92)

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

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<sup>70</sup> See Z.S. Fink, The Early Wordsworthian Milieu: A Notebook of Christopher Wordsworth with a few entries by William Wordsworth (Oxford, 1958), 88-89 and 134-135, for the story of the Calgarth skulls, an account of similar oppression of the poor by the rich in Wordsworth's own district. Future citations to Fink.

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

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

(FV., 154-159)

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

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<sup>71</sup>See WW's revisions to The Female Vagrant outlined in his letter to Anne Taylor, 9 April, 1801. EY., 326-329.

It is natural that towards the end of a long career a poet should begin to think about what work he has still in manuscript that might be published and whether he wants it included in his poetic canon, but with Wordsworth the natural process was hastened by a number of factors forty years after he had last devoted "two days (O Wonder)" to the poem.<sup>72</sup> In 1838 John Kenyon's "Moonlight", caught Wordsworth's attention, not, one suspects, for its own merit but because it recalled his own past. This blank verse work, published in his Poems, for the most part occasional (1838) which Kenyon had presented to Wordsworth, described some of the wonder of Stonehenge and obviously recalled for Wordsworth not only his own earlier feelings but also the poetic labours that followed. He wrote to Kenyon:

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

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<sup>72</sup>WW. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799]. EY., 256.

<sup>73</sup>WW. to John Kenyon [1838]. Published Russell Noyes, "Wordsworth: An Unpublished Letter to John Kenyon", MLR., LIII (1958), 546-547.

If Wordsworth did not look up his old MSS now, he most probably came across Salisbury Plain a year later. Thomas Powell was pressing him for a contribution to a volume of The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, Modernised, (eventually published in 1841). Late in 1839 Wordsworth affirmed that he would help but remarked that he could not find his work on Troilus and Cressida. Early in 1840 he had to repeat that he had looked "in vain among my papers for the MS which contains the Manciple's Tale, and if I am not mistaken a small portion of Troilus and Cressida."<sup>74</sup> Turning over old MSS must have brought back many memories which were still more indulged a year later when the Wordsworths returned to Alfoxden and Salisbury Plain.

By the time Mary wrote the letter already quoted about the literary feelings attached for her to Salisbury Plain, however, the result of so many reminders of the past was already taking shape.<sup>75</sup> In June 1840 Mary Wordsworth told Christopher Wordsworth Junior that his uncle had been "hard at work for the last 3 or 4 months", and (perhaps tartly) remarked that though he complained a lot about his eyes, yet "in reality he has had very little suffering."<sup>76</sup> The suffering was probably all

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<sup>74</sup>WW. to Thomas Powell [late 1839] and 18 January 1840. The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Later Years, ed. Ernest De Selincourt, 3 vols. (Oxford, 1939), II, 999 and 993. Future citations to LY.

<sup>75</sup>MW. to Isabella Fenwick, 2 June [1841]. Letters 246.

<sup>76</sup>MW. to Christopher Wordsworth Jnr., 24 June 1840. Letters 244.

Mary's, for Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson that he had been so hard at work that Mary had had to put in long hours as his scribe.<sup>77</sup> The work progressed quickly, however and by February 1841 Wordsworth had a sufficiently coherent idea of the volume to propose a scheme to Moxon. After explaining his disinclination to publish the Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death in a magazine, he suggested that:

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

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

<sup>77</sup>WW. to Henry Crabb Robinson [24 June, 1840]. The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle, ed. Edith J. Morley, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1927), I, 414-415. Future citations to CR.

<sup>78</sup>WW. to Edward Moxon, 4 February [1841]. LY., III, 1064.

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

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

By way of secret I must let you know, that I have just been copying out about 2,000 lines of miscellaneous Poems from MSS., some of which date so far back [as] 1793; . . . If I could muster 1000 lines more, there would be enough for another volume to match pretty well in size with the rest, but this being not the case, I am rather averse to publication. You will hear more of this hereafter. 79

Throughout the rest of the year Wordsworth maintained the near-contradictory stand revealed by this letter. He was pleased at the thought of rescuing old poems - as he told Powell, but for this labour they would have been utterly lost.<sup>80</sup> But he had doubts about publication. Such was the state of the book trade that in November 1841 Wordsworth was still asking (presumably as a rhetorical question only), whether Moxon would

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<sup>79</sup>WW. to Edward Moxon, 4 March [1841]. LY., III, 1069.

<sup>80</sup>WW. to Thomas Powell [March, 1841]. LY., III, 1070.

consider another volume of poems, and was inquiring privately into his publisher's solvency. As he said to Crabb Robinson, he was deterred from preparing the volume for the press "by the fear which has been expressed to me 'that Moxon may Crash [?]'"<sup>81</sup> Robinson reported that though Moxon's sales were bad, the publisher saw no harm and some good in the publication of a new volume,<sup>82</sup> and at last Wordsworth proposed the scheme in detail to Moxon:

Your account of the depressed state of the book-trade makes me almost indifferent about publishing the volume which I was preparing. I nevertheless went on making corrections, and getting it transcribed by ~~my~~ kind friends and inmates. It is now quite ready for the Press, — and I'll give you a slight sketch of its Contents. 'Tis a Poem of 75 Spenserian stanzas, 23 of which have already been published, in the former Edn, under the title of "The Female Vagrant". The whole poem was written in the years 1793 - 4; but the yet unpublished Parts have been carefully revised . . . In future editions "The Female Vagrant" will, of course, be omitted as a separate piece — but the reprinting of it here is indispensable.<sup>83</sup>

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<sup>81</sup>WW. to Henry Crabb Robinson [November, 1841]. CR., I, 448.

<sup>82</sup>HCR. to William Wordsworth, 15 December 1841. CR., I, 449-450.

<sup>83</sup>WW. to Edward Moxon, 18 January, 1842. LY., III, 1111-1112. WW. later changed his mind over the printing of The Female Vagrant as well as Guilt and Sorrow. See WW. to Edward Moxon, 22 July, 1843. LY., III, 1172.

The volume was published in April 1842 as Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years.<sup>84</sup> Wordsworth was worried about sales, but refused nonetheless to allow Moxon to send copies to the Reviews. His high-minded reasons are well-known from his letter of 3 April 1842, but Moxon's still more persuasive objections have not before been published:

I am not certain that we acted wisely in deviating from the usual custom of sending copies to the Reviewers, especially as we cannot prevent parties from purchasing the Book and noticing it. Besides we shall be obliged, in order to make the volume known, to spend more money in advertising it. A review, even with a sprinkling of abuse in it,<sup>85</sup> is in my opinion, worth a hundred advertisements.

The volume was little noticed and did not sell. When Moxon sent the accounts of nearly twelve months sales to Wordsworth he felt he had to apologise for the small amount and excuse it with "the fact . . . that the publishing business was never, I believe, before in so deplorable a state as it is at present and has been for the last two years."<sup>86</sup> But we may conjecture that neither lack of reviews or the state of the

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

<sup>85</sup> EM. to William Wordsworth, 9 April, 1842. Unpublished Letter, Dove Cottage Papers.

<sup>86</sup> EM. to William Wordsworth, 25 March, 1843. Unpublished Letter, Dove Cottage Papers.

trade was the real cause. In April 1842 Wordsworth had declared that he had found that scarcely any books were being sold to university students and that "Dr Arnold told me that his lads seemed to care for nothing but Bozzy's next No., and the Classics suffered accordingly. — Can that Man's public and others of like kind materially affect the question — I am quite in the dark."<sup>87</sup> It is a sad and revealing comment. The passions that had torn Wordsworth and his generation were quietened before "Dr Arnold's lads" were born. To Wordsworth The Borderers and Salisbury Plain were the fruit of suffering and meditation, but what had the psychology of the tragedy (or the idyll of the Female Vagrant) to offer a public fascinated by Quilp and moved by the outcast Little Nell? What in fact had poetry itself to offer "that man's public"? At the end of his writing life Wordsworth began to ask himself the questions which had concerned him at its beginning.

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<sup>87</sup>WW. to Edward Moxon [1 April, 1842]. LY., III, 1120.



CHAPTER TWOMANUSCRIPTS OF THE POEM

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

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

This is in MS. Verse 11 of the Dove Cottage collection, usually called the Windy Brow Notebook. It is a notebook 7 7/8 x 6 1/4 ins. Thirty-seven leaves survive intact: 1-32, 35, 37-39. Stubs only are left at 33-34, 36, 40. Leaves are sewn in conjugate pairs. The notebook, which is home-made and has a mottled cardboard cover, has been made by tearing in half and then folding folio sheets of white laid paper watermarked with Britannia in a circle surmounted by a crown and counter-marked with a trefoil device within a circle. The watermark and countermark on the two halves of the folio are now in the centre of the two leaf sheet and are thus divided by the sewing fold on each leaf. Leaves 1-4, 6-16, 25-35, 37-40 show the Britannia watermark and 5, 17-24, 36 the trefoil device.

The poem, which was the first entry in the notebook, is entitled Salisbury Plain but A Night on Salisbury Plain, which Wordsworth told Mathews "would better suit the thing itself" has been entered as an alternative title.<sup>88</sup> The text begins on 1<sup>r</sup> and runs through 37<sup>r</sup>. It lacks stanzas 53½ - 56 inclusive where leaves 33-34 are missing and stanzas 59-60 where leaf 36 is missing. Stanzas 1-8, 9½-12, 26-36 are in the hand of DW. and the rest in that of WW. Drafting for the revision and enlargement of the poem begins on leaf 20<sup>v</sup> and runs continuously 23<sup>v</sup>-32<sup>v</sup>, 37<sup>v</sup>-38<sup>v</sup>, 39<sup>r</sup>-39<sup>v</sup>. The inside front cover also contains a few draft lines.

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

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<sup>88</sup>WW. to William Mathews, 7 November, 1794. EY., 136.

have been cut out not for their Salisbury Plain but for their Prelude material.

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

The corrections and revisions suggest two stages of development. It is clear that there was no immediate complication of the simple structure. The stanzas copied fairly by WW. on leaves 29<sup>V</sup>-30<sup>V</sup> are an alternative opening to the poem and the directions to any future scribe "see second page" show that he was envisaging that at some time a fair copy should be made which would incorporate this alternative version. But in these stanzas there is no change in the rhetorical structure of the poem. The poem still opens with the poet's apostrophe, pointing the comparison of savage and civilised. Other rough drafts however, notably on 31<sup>V</sup>, 38<sup>V</sup>-39<sup>R</sup>, mark out a much more developed story. Some identity and story are now given to the

traveller, as Wordsworth tries in repeated drafts to work out the idea that the man, although a criminal, can still respond with human sympathy. Many of the details of the second poem as we know them from MS.B, such as the sailor's cheerful words to the woman and their descent to the cottage where they eat, are present here in draft. The revisions cannot be dated with certainty but they most likely represent work up to and including Autumn 1795, when Wordsworth told Wrangham he had extensively revised the poem.<sup>89</sup>

## II MS B. Adventures on Salisbury Plain

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

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

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<sup>89</sup>WW. to Francis Wrangham, 20 November [1795]. EY., 159.

Notebooks is given in Appendix IX to Reed's Chronology and so only those parts of the notebook which have a particular bearing on Adventures on Salisbury Plain will be dealt with here.

The poem is now headed Adventures on Salisbury Plain and divided into two parts. Part First runs from 28<sup>R</sup> through versos and rectos to 33<sup>R</sup> and Part Second from 40<sup>R</sup> to 45<sup>V</sup>. Outside the main text, drafts occur on 11<sup>V</sup>-12<sup>R</sup> in WW.'s hand, working on alternative openings for stanza III and on 39<sup>R</sup> working on stanza LXIV; on 39<sup>V</sup> in DW.'s hand, fair copies of two stanzas, ultimately unused, tying the soldier and the female vagrant more closely into the poem; on 79<sup>V</sup> in the late hand of MW. a copy of Guilt and Sorrow LXXII and the opening of LXIII.

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

It is difficult to date the copying of this text of the poem exactly. De Selincourt assumed, at first, that the red-leather notebook was, like its exact counterpart the Christabel

Notebook, in use at Alfoxden and that the copy of Adventures on Salisbury Plain was the one made by Dorothy after William's letter of 9 May, 1798 declaring, "I am determined to finish it . . .". As a second possibility he suggested that the text "may have been copied by DW. not in May 1798, but at Goslar, but it must have been before WW.'s letter to Coleridge in Feb. 1799."<sup>90</sup> This dating must be revised on the evidence De Selincourt advances himself and on the evidence of the other contents of the notebook.

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

I also took courage to devote two days (O Wonder) to the Salisbury Plain. I am resolved to discard Robert Walford and invent a new story for the woman. The poem is finished all but her tale. Now by way of a pretty moving accident and to bind together in palpable knots the story of the piece I have resolved to make her the widow or sister or daughter of the man whom the poor Tar murdered. So much for the vulgar. Further the Poet's invention goeth not. This is by way of giving a physical totality to the piece, which I regard as finished minus 24 stanzas, the utmost tether allowed to the poor Lady. 91

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

<sup>90</sup>PW., I, 331.

<sup>91</sup>WW. and DW. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 27 February [1799].  
EY., 256-257.

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

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

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<sup>92</sup>See Reed, 321-328, Appendix IX and 333-336, Appendix XII.

33<sup>V</sup>, 34<sup>R</sup>-34<sup>V</sup> by draft work for lines appearing in The Prelude Bk. V, and then by four stubs which contained work on the first book of The Prelude. 39<sup>R</sup> contains the ending of Bk. I and 39<sup>V</sup> the abortive opening to Bk. II:

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

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

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

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<sup>93</sup>Prelude, II, 1 app.crit.

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

Later than April 1799 and before the summer of 1800 when the Wordsworths became absorbed by the 1800 edition of Lyrical Ballads and the working up of the first two books of The Prelude, the copying of Adventures on Salisbury Plain was most likely the work of early May onwards, 1799, when the Wordsworths began their visit to Sockburn. Returned from Germany after a period of great activity, Wordsworth was taking stock of his achievement. The Ruined Cottage was entered into MS.18a in probably its finest form. Work on the two part poem on his own life was slowly drawn together. Adventures on Salisbury Plain, a relic of an earlier phase of Wordsworth's development, was finally entered as a fair copy, despite gaps and only half-worked revisions. The poem was left so that the mature work could advance.

Although MS.B does not contain a story for the woman, the intended structure of the poem is clear. Whereas in MS.A the coming of dawn was the occasion for the break in the vagrant's story, Wordsworth now keeps the whole of her narration during the night and makes a break with the sailor's swoon at the end of Part First. Part Second opens with his recovery, which should lead to the continuation of the woman's story and the coming of daylight. Since the woman tells no tale, however, the transition in the actual manuscript seems chaotic. Stanza XXIX ends "The woman then began her story to relate", but the next line opens "She paused, . . .". There is nothing to indicate that anything is to be inserted here, but the sailor's words in Part Second that the woman's tale has moved him make it clear that some of her new story was to be told before the end of Part First.

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

was a murderer. His guilty anguish on hearing her lament makes him eager to seek death.

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

Inevitably, too, in such a complicated story there are loose ends. The revisions in the MS show Wordsworth's attempts to draw them together. In MS.B the sailor is the husband of the woman brought in on the wain. The old soldier met at the

beginning disappears from the story. In the revisions on 39<sup>V</sup> and 46<sup>V</sup>, however, the soldier becomes the father of the woman brought in dying, and this ties in his earlier explanation that he was journeying to meet a daughter. The sailor is still her husband and is said to be the soldier's "son." The female vagrant is called Rachel and it is her husband the sailor has murdered. Obviously, from the stanza on 39<sup>V</sup>, the dying woman tells her story but even so it does not occur to Rachel to suspect the sailor whom she and the old soldier are so vainly comforting. These three stanzas offer a coherent restatement of the relationships of the characters. On a blank half page curiously left after the copying of the first stanza of Part Second, 40<sup>R</sup>, Wordsworth has entered a fair copy of the only stanza we have of a new story for the woman. As a beginning to her life history it is not very different from the old one.

Two revision stanzas, however, which have still to be considered are much less easily understood. The more puzzling is the one on 11<sup>V</sup> which seems to reverse all the earlier attitudes to the old sailor. He speaks now of having a pension and of living well in his own home, changing considerably his force as an undeservedly suffering figure. But he speaks in the past tense and it may be that Wordsworth meant the old man's earlier security, now lost, to be a contrast to his present destitution. One has to be as tentative about the stanza on 33<sup>R</sup> printed below:

A man of knotty and [alt. with withered face, of]  
 stature small  
 Rose up and from the cool seat which he had found  
 Beneath the scanty shade of a stone-wall:  
 He bore a scythe of which the blade was bound  
 With twisted straw and on the grassy ground  
 That edged the road like one who would inquire  
 His road he saunter'd slowly, looking round.  
 He seem'd a travelling peasant in attire  
 Bound to some distant land [del. to spot] to earn  
 the mowers hire.

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

The fourth layer of work mentioned earlier belongs to the period forty years on, when Wordsworth returned to the poem he had left incomplete. Many of the revisions, the numbering and deletion of stanzas in Part First are in hand and ink strikingly different from those of the revisions already discussed. The hand is the large bold hand of MW. late in life and the ink is scarcely faded and very black. This work

can be assigned to 1841-42 when Wordsworth was working towards Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years. The corrected readings are all close to the last MS.D text and the published Guilt and Sorrow. Thus the 1799 fair copy text of stanza VII:

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

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

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

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

### III MS C, Various Sonnets and Poems

This is a half-leather bound notebook, measuring 7 11/12 x 6 1/2 ins., MS. Verse 92 of the Dove Cottage collection. 96 leaves, including the free endpapers, are extant: 1-6, 13-18, 20-21, 23-51, 56-65, 67-72, 75-82, 89-99, 107-110, 114-125, 129. Stubs only remain at: 7-12, 19, 22, 52-55, 66, 73-74, 83-88, 100-106, 111-113, 126-128. After 129 an indeterminate number

of leaves have been removed. The stub of the rear free end-paper remains. The gathering 89-106 has been crudely sewn with green tape into the MS onto the last of the stubs 83-88.

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

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

It will be seen that the episode of the beaten boy is not included in the fair copy as it stands. It was, however, meant to be considered as part of this copy at some stage in Wordsworth's work on the poem at this time. In the "Miscellaneous

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

It is clear I think that MS.C was always a fragmentary text. Before the beginning of the copy of Guilt and Sorrow there are only five stubs, that is 15-16 stanzas before stanza LXI, "A cart and horse beside a rivulet there stood." No version of the whole poem which was meant to retain the last fourteen

stanzas so fully could reach this point in the narrative in 15-16 stanzas. But if we examine the corrected Part Second of MS.B, we find that 16 stanzas are now allowed, after deletion and revision, from the opening to "A cart and horse ...." MS.C is thus most likely a copy of the corrected Part Second of MS.B.

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

first of the two added as afterthought to MS.C.

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

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

material did seem a danger.<sup>94</sup> Again, the contents of the story obviously needed reconsideration. Could a poet who had proclaimed to his readers in 1800:

The moving accident is not my trade  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts,<sup>95</sup>

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

In response to worries perhaps such as these Wordsworth seems to have considered complete revision of the poem, for this is what the evidence of MSS. B and C points to. The calculations in MS.C show Wordsworth adding to his contents list a 47 stanza poem. If we refer to MS.B we find that what remains of Adventures on Salisbury Plain after the extensive deletions is a poem of 46-48 stanzas.<sup>96</sup> The cuts are very considerable, deleting the meeting of the soldier, sailor and post-boy, some of the sailor's story, the woman's visions on the heath and some of the stanzas about the cottagers at the end, but since all the correction in MS.B seems to have been made at the same time we have to assume that for a while Wordsworth considered this a possible version of the story.

<sup>94</sup>See WW. to Edward Moxon [22 July, 1843]. LY., III, 1172-1173 and 24 November, 1843. LY., III, 1186.

<sup>95</sup>Hart-Leap Well, 11, 97-98. PW., II, 252.

<sup>96</sup>The doubt rests on whether some stanzas are to be regarded as completely or only partially deleted.

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

The poem that eventually appeared as Guilt and Sorrow was a compromise between drastic revision and mere reprinting of the poem as it stood 45 years before. The female vagrant's story was duplicated, but an apology for this added in an "Advertisement." Other unnecessary figures were cut out in attempt to simplify the poem, but since its spirit was still

so different from much that was considered typically Wordsworthian, the reader was to be encouraged to read it in a special way. The original "Advertisement" read in part:

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

#### IV MS D, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain

MS.D is part 6 of MS. Verse 102 of the Dove Cottage collection. A collection of various fair copies, the MS has been made by laying folded sheets, each of two leaves, on top of each other and then sewing them together on the outside of the fold as a series of paired leaves. 34 leaves are extant: 1-14, 16-29, 31-36. Stubs only remain at 15 and 30. The leaves are of different sizes.

1-2: 9  $\frac{5}{6}$  x 7  $\frac{5}{6}$  ins.

3-22: 9  $\frac{1}{24}$  x 7  $\frac{11}{24}$  ins.

23-24: 7  $\frac{11}{12}$  x 4  $\frac{3}{4}$  ins.

25: 4  $\frac{1}{24}$  x 4  $\frac{3}{4}$  ins.

26-35: 9  $\frac{1}{24}$  x 7  $\frac{5}{12}$  ins.

36: 13 x 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

Leaf 36 is a composite, made of pieces stuck on to a leaf originally 8  $\frac{11}{12}$  x 7  $\frac{1}{6}$  ins. The original leaf which contained the first few stanzas of Guilt and Sorrow was so heavily corrected that it was not included in the final

collection. Another fair copy was made on the present leaf 2. The original remains as a loose sheet.

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

Incidents upon Salisbury Plain is the first copy in the collection. The "Advertisement" occupies 1<sup>r</sup> and 1<sup>v</sup> and the poem the rectos and versos from 2<sup>r</sup> through 21<sup>r</sup>. 22 is blank and the rest of the notebook consists of poems such as "At the Grave of Burns", "To Sir G.H. Beaumont, Bart. from the Southern Coast of Cumberland", in fair copy. Incidents upon Salisbury Plain was copied by MW., but the female vagrant's story was entered by an unidentified hand. This is not the hand of WW.'s usual scribes. Possibly some luckless visitor was commandered, for whoever it was did not have to decipher WW.'s hand or follow his dictation. The copyist has written Guilt and Sorrow ll. 199-306 and 335-447, that is the female vagrant's story as already printed, and has left the transitions and the end of the vagrant's story for MW. to fill in. Guilt and Sorrow stanzas XII and XIII are copied in reverse order, but the correct order is given in marginal directions.

The complications of the story have now been pruned, but in such a way that it is even more difficult to remember the details of character and episode in all three versions. The meeting with the old soldier and the post-boy is omitted, so that the sailor is the focus of interest at once. But Wordsworth has not simply cut out all his earlier description of the soldier, and by looking at the corrections and deletions at the beginning of MS.B it is possible to see the poet working out how he can use some of his existing material with the minimum of writing. The result was that the characteristics of the two men are fused. Whereas in MS.A the soldier's coat of "military red" (8) is distinguished from the sailor's "vest of blue" (754), the sailor now wears the red coat and instead of his earlier brisk strength has taken on the soldier's weariness.

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

The "Advertisement" is different in places from the printed version of 1842. Wordsworth was anxious that the reader should regard the poem as an example of early work and should judge with sympathy, but he clearly had no time for literary detectives. One sentence which read much more temperately in 1842, originally read:

The whole was written before the close of the year 1795; how it came to be so long suppressed is of no importance to the Reader; but it may not be improper to mention under what circumstances it was composed.

NOTE ON THE TEXTS

Edgewood  
Edgewood



NOTE ON THE TEXTS

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

The apparatus criticus to A Night on Salisbury Plain and Adventures on Salisbury Plain aims to record all of Wordsworth's revisions and to provide useful information about the MSS themselves, when it is thought that comments

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

some readings are still unrecorded. I think, however, that it is a slight one only. My impression is that the top sheet merely copies out the corrections to the original when it was felt that the MS was nearing illegibility. The original readings are preserved, of course, in MS.C.

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

The second problem is that there is no agreed system of numbering MS pages. Many of the notebooks were paginated in ink by Wordsworth or his scribes. Some have been

numbered in pencil by later scholars. Some have not been numbered. In face of this modern scholars have used their own systems of identifying MS pages, but with quite different results, depending on whether they have included stubs in the pagination sequence or not. I have included them.

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

var. = variant reading between MS and published text.

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

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

[he del.] she = when original is deleted but not replaced.

[he] = supplied reading when, for instance, too much was crossed out and word not reinstated though clearly needed.

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

[?he] = doubtful reading.

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

[?he/?she] = alternative speculations.

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

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

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

scarce[ly] = letters supplied by editor.

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

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

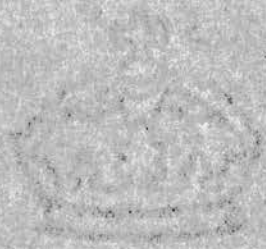
A distinction is made between two types of correction in the following way:

(a) he killed him alt. he murdered her

(b) killed him alt. murdered her

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

\* asterisk = An asterisk in the text indicates that a note will be found in the following section "Notes on the Poems."



Edon Grove  
Band

THIS SIZE - AN OUNCE

A NIGHT ON SALISBURY  
PLAIN



(b)

Hard was that [~~to the~~] lot [~~alt. time~~] when  
 naked and unhoused  
 And wasted by the long days fruitless pains  
 The savage mid deep woods by tempests roused  
 Lay down in the cold night on these wide plains  
 And reared [ --- ] in fear while famished trains  
 Of Boars along the crashing thickets prowled  
 And heard in darkness as the rushing rains  
 Put out his watchfire bears contending growled  
 And round his fenceless bed gaunt wolves in armies  
 howled

(29<sup>v</sup>)

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

(a)

Nor less when he beheld at night  
 [?Naked] bodies dimly tinged with sullen red  
 What viewed [~~to watched~~] he in these wild [?assem-  
 blies]

(27<sup>v</sup>)

(b)

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

(29<sup>v</sup>)

See also app. crit. to 181-182 and 184-188

The next stanza on 30<sup>V</sup> follows the original stanza II but with verbs in the past tense and the following variants:

10: Yet . . . suffer alt. Yet was that savage patient  
also at 1<sup>r</sup>

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

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

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

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

(30<sup>V</sup>)

## II

Yet is he strong to suffer, and his mind 10  
 Encounters all his evils unsubdued;  
 For happier days since at the breast he pined  
 He never knew, and when by foes pursued  
 With life he scarce has reached the fortress rude,  
 While with the war-song's peal the valleys shake, 15  
 What in those wild assemblies has he viewed  
 But men who all of his hard lot partake,  
 Repose in the same fear, to the same toil awake?

## III

The thoughts which bow the kindly spirits down  
 And break the springs of joy, their deadly weight 20  
 Derive from memory of pleasures flown  
 Which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate,  
 Or from reflection on the state  
 Of those who on the couch of Affluence rest

---

14 begins MS 2<sup>r</sup>

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

15: peal alt. howl

19: kindly spirits alt. common spirits 27<sup>v</sup> and in reconstructed opening 30<sup>v</sup>

By laughing Fortune's sparkling cup elate, 25  
 While we of comfort reft, by pain depressed,  
 No other pillow know than Penury's iron breast.

## IV

Hence where Refinement's genial influence calls  
 The soft affections from their wintry sleep  
 And the sweet tear of Love and Friendship falls 30  
 The willing heart in tender joy to steep,  
 When men in various vessels roam the deep  
 Of social life and turns of chance prevail  
 Various and sad, how many thousands weep  
 Beset with foes more fierce than e'er assail 35  
 The savage without home in winter's keenest gale.

## V

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

28 begins MS 3<sup>r</sup>

25: By laughing By del. and whole phrase alt. With joyous

38: the del. to a  
 with a sigh del. to wearily

39: each painful step del. to his lonesome way

That fixed at every turn his backward eye 40  
 Was lost, tho' still he turned. In the blank sky  
 By thirst and hunger pressed he gazed around  
 And scarce could any trace of man descry,  
 Save wastes of corn that stretched without a bound,  
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found. 45

## VI

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

---

40 begins MS 4<sup>r</sup>

43: descry alt. espy

44: wastes del. to wilds

stretched without a del. and as inserted between stretched  
and without and whole line alt. Save dreary cornfields stretching  
 without bound

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

49: smoke upwreathed alt. farm smoke curl'd

And see the homeward shepherd dim appear 50  
 Far off - He stops his feeble voice to strain;  
 No sound replies but winds that whistling near  
 Sweep the thin grass and passing, wildly plain;  
 Or desert lark that pours on high a wasted strain.

## VII

Long had each slope he mounted seemed to hide 55  
 Some cottage whither his tired feet might turn,  
 But now, all hope resigned, in tears he eyed  
 The œws in blackening eddies homeward borne,

---

53 begins MS 5<sup>r</sup>

50: shepherd del. to peasant

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

57: Three stages of revision:

(a)

all del. to such

(b)

hope and in tears del. and whole phrase alt. without  
 a hope or [?wish]

(c)

Whole line alt. But now perplexed disheartened  
 stupefied/viewed [del. watched] but no alt. to line  
58 to follow this new opening.

Then sought, in vain, a shepherd's lowly thorn  
 Or hovel from the storm to hide his head. 60  
 On as he passed more wild and more forlorn  
 And vacant the huge plain around him spread;  
 Ah me! the wet cold ground must be his only bed.

## VIII

Hurtle the rattling clouds together piled  
 By fiercer gales, and soon the storm must break. 65  
 He stood the only creature in the wild  
 On whom the elements their rage could wreak,  
 Save that the bustard of those limits bleak  
 Shy tenant, seeing there a mortal wight  
 At that dread hour, outsent a mournful shriek, \* 70

64 begins MS 6<sup>r</sup>

59: interlined at line ending [ ? ]

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

66: stood alt. seemed

70: that dread alt. such late alt. late [?night] and whole phrase alt. At such an hour

And half upon the ground, with strange affright,  
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

## IX

The Day unheeded sunk, while on a mound  
He stands beholding with astonished gaze,  
Frequent upon the deep entrenched ground, 75  
Strange marks of mighty arms of former days,  
Then looking up at distance he surveys

---

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

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

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

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

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

These last two lines are found later in the MS. at 23<sup>V</sup> where WW. was drafting material for the description, but with variant:

that [?pile] alt. such spot

Work for the same drafting is also found at the foot of 7<sup>R</sup>:

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

At 23<sup>V</sup> also are a few words seemingly on this idea:

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

77: at distance alt. before him

What seems an antique castle spreading wide.  
 Hoary and naked are its walls and raise  
 Their brow sublime. While to those walls he hied, 80  
 A voice as from a tomb in hollow accents cried:

## X

"Oh from that mountain-pile avert thy face  
 Whate'er betide at this tremendous hour.  
 To hell's most cursed sprites the baleful place  
 Belongs, upreared by their magic power. 85  
 Though mixed with flame rush down the crazing shower  
 And o'er thy naked bed the thunder roll  
 Fly ere the fiends their prey unwares devour \*  
 Or grinning, on thy endless torture scowl  
 Till very madness seem a mercy to thy soul. 90

78 begins MS 7<sup>r</sup>

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

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

85: interlined above line opening Again

88: unwares del. to at once del.  
 at once inserted between ere and the





## XII

The sign was from beneath but face or form 100  
 He saw not, mocked as by a hideous dream.  
 Three hours he wildered through the watery storm  
 No moon to open the black clouds and stream  
 From narrow gulph profound one friendly beam;  
 No watchdog howled from shepherd's homely shed. \* 105  
 Once did the lightning's pale abortive gleam  
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
 Sole object where he stood had day its radiance [spread].

---

106 begins MS 9<sup>r</sup>

102: Three hours alt. Again (23<sup>r</sup>)

100-103: The sign . . . storm del. to

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

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

106: pale abortive del. to faint disastrous

108: where he stood alt. miles around

spread orig. reading shed altered in MS. to spread

whole line alt. Though lost at once the sight some comfort  
 shed

alt. [Which del.] Sight which though lost at once some  
 gleam of comfort shed

## XIII

'Twas dark and waste as ocean's shipless flood  
 Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom. 110  
 [ ]  
 Where the wet gypsy in her straw-built home  
 Warmed her wet limbs by fire of fern and broom.  
 Nor transient meteor burst upon his sight  
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room. 115  
 Along the moor no line of mournful light  
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night. \*

At 109 WW. takes up the fair copy to 225

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

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

112: Two stages:

- (a) abortive line opening No shivering  
 (b) whole line alt. No gypsy cowered oer fire of fern  
 or broom

113: Began Might del. in transcription to Warmed

Line 113 is deleted but these alt. lines are not completely tailored to the existing stanza.

114-115: transient . . . room alt.  
 [?farmers] [kiln del. to red kilns] [?glared] up[on]  
alt. attempt at whole line  
 Nor [ ? ] kiln glare[d] on [ ? ? ] sight  
 Though nothing did to check [ ? ? ? ]  
alt.  
 Though object none to thwart it

## XIV

At length, deep hid in clouds, the moon arose  
 And spread a sickly glare. With flight unwilled,  
 Worn out and wasted, wishing the repose 120  
 Of death, he came where, antient vows fulfilled,  
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build  
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain  
 From the night-terrors of that waste to shield.  
 But there no human being could remain 125  
 And now the walls are named the dead house of the plain.

---

120 begins MS 10<sup>r</sup>

118: deep del. to though

119: Probable stages of revision:

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

120: wasted del. to weak[, ] half

121: alt. line opening it was a spot

## XV

Till then as if his terror dogged his road \*  
 He fled, and often backward cast his face;  
 But when the ambiguous gloom that ruin showed  
 How glad he was at length to find a place 130  
 That bore of human hands the chearing trace:  
 Here shall he rest till Morn her eye unclose.  
 Ah me! that last of hopes is fled apace;

---

127: his terrors del. to those demons del.

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

(a)

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

(b)

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

(c)

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

129: But written over orig. And

131: That alt. Which



At dusk a female wanderer hither turned  
 And found a comfortless half-sheltered bed.  
 The moon a wan dead light around her shed; 140  
 He waked her and at once her spirits fail  
 Thrill'd by the poignant dart of sudden dread, \*  
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale  
 That might with a child's fears the stoutest heart assail.

## XVII

Had heard of one who forced from storms to shroud 145  
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat  
 Rock to his horse's neighings shrill and loud,  
 While the ground rang by ceaseless pawing beat,  
 Till on a stone that sparkled to his feet  
 Struck and still struck again the troubled horse. 150  
 The man half raised that stone by pain and sweat,  
 Half raised; for well his arm might lose its force  
 Disclosing the grim head of a new murdered corse.

---

144: That del. to Which

148: ground rang by ceaseless pawings beat del. to loose earth  
 incessant pawings beat

151: that del. to the  
 by del. to with

## XVIII

Such tales of the lone Spital she had learned,  
 And when that shape with eyes in sleep half-drowned 155  
 By the moon's sullen lamp she scarce discerned,  
 Cold stony horror all her senses bound. \*

But he to her low words of chearing sound  
 Addressed. With joy she heard such greeting kind  
 And much they conversed of that desert ground, 160  
 Which seemed to those of other worlds consigned  
 Whose voices still they heard as paused the hollow wind.

## XIX

The Woman told that through a hollow deep  
 As on she journeyed, far from spring or bower,  
 An old man beckoning from the naked steep 165  
 Came tottering sidelong down to ask the hour;

---

154 begins MS 12<sup>r</sup>

154: she had alt. had she

158: But he to her del. to He to her fears

162: still they del. to she had

163: hollow alt. valley alt. bottom

There never clock was heard from steeple tower.  
 From the wide corn the plundering crows to scare  
 He held a rusty gun: in sun and shower,  
 Old as he was, alone he lingered there, 170  
 His hungry meal too scant for dog that meal to share.

## XX

Much of the wonders of that boundless heath  
 He spoke, and of a swain who far astray  
 Reached unawares a height and saw beneath  
 Gigantic beings ranged in dread array. 175  
 Such beings thwarting oft the traveller's way  
 With shield and stone-ax stride across the wold,  
 Or, throned on that dread circle's summit gray  
 Of mountains hung in air, their state unfold,  
 And like a thousand Gods mysterious council hold. 180

## XXI

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

## XXII

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

181 begins MS 14<sup>r</sup>

181: a alt. at

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

184-188: Interlinear drafts, apparently incomplete, read:

183/184: While [living del.] captives by groans [ ? ] make  
 184/185: [That del.] [?scattered][?such]?horror][?might/  
 ?night]

185/186: While the huge fire by living captives fed

See also app. crit. stanza I for use of this material in  
 the reconstructed opening.

192: breeze del. to breath

Is hushed, the living fires that bright and slow  
 Rounding th'etherial field in order go.  
 Then as they trace with awe their various files 195  
 All figured on the mystic plain below,  
 Still prelude of sweet sounds the moon beguiles  
 And charmed for many a league the hoary desert smiles.

## XXIII

While thus they talk the churlish storms relent  
 And round those broken walls the dying wind 200  
 In feeble murmurs told his rage was spent.  
 With sober sympathy and tranquil mind  
 Gently the Woman gan her wounds unbind.  
 Might Beauty charm the canker worm of pain  
 The rose on her sweet cheek had ne'er declined: 205  
 Moved she not once the prime of Keswick's plain  
 Where Hope and Love and Joy composed her smiling train?

197 begins MS 15<sup>F</sup>

199: talk orig. talked del. to talk

199-200: alt. Thrilling [del. to [ ? ? ]] [traveller del.]  
 lent

His ear and now when round those walls the wind  
and 199 alt.

So that to all she said he kindly lent [alt.  
 [?traveller]]

## XXIV

Like swans, twin swans, that when on the sweet brink  
 Of Derwent's stream the south winds hardly blow,  
 'Mid Derwent's water lillies swell and sink 210  
 In union, rose her sister breasts of snow,  
 (Fair emblem of two lovers' hearts that know \*  
 No separate impulse) or like infants played,  
 Like infants strangers yet to pain and woe.  
 Unwearied Hope to tend their motions made 215  
 Long Vigils, and Delight her cheek between them laid.

212 begins MS 16<sup>r</sup>

208-209: Apparently two stages of revision:

(a)

208: when on the sweet brink del. to on some secret  
 brink

209: the del. to when

(b)

209: Of Derwent's stream alt. Often on Derwent  
 hardly alt. scarce[ly]

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

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

Neither revision is fully tailored to the original stanza.



"A little flock and what the finny flood \*  
 Supplied to him were more than mines of gold.  
 Light was my sleep, my days in transport rolled: 230  
 With thoughtless joy I stretched along the shore  
 My parent's nets, or watched, when from the fold  
 High o'er the cliffs I led his fleecy store,  
 A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar.

## XXVII

"Can I forget my seat beneath the thorn, 235  
 My garden stored with peas and mint and thyme,  
 And rose and lily for the sabbath morn;  
 The church-inviting bell's delightful chime,  
 The merriment and song at shearing time,  
 My hen's rich nest with long grass overgrown, 240  
 The cowslip gathering at the morning prime,  
 The hazel copse with teeming clusters brown,  
 [ ]

---

242 begins MS 18<sup>r</sup>

240: My del. to The

## XXVIII

"Can I forget the casement where I fed  
 The red-breast when the fields were whitened o'er 245  
 My snowy kerchiefs on the hawthorn spread  
 My humming wheel and glittering table store,  
 The well-known knocking at the evening door,  
 The hunted slipper and the blinded game,  
 The dance that loudly beat the merry floor, 250  
 The ballad chaunted round the brightening flame  
 While down the ravaged hills the storm unheeded came?"

## XXIX

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

- 
- 247: humming wheel alt. clean hearth stone
- 248: The well-known . . . the alt. My wheels loud buzz and at the
- 249: alt. The low knock and the softly whispered [?name]
- 250: loudly and merry both del. then merry and echoing inter-  
lined to give whole line alt.  
 The merry dance that beat the echoing floor
- 253: eighteen summers orig. summers overwritten winters then  
whole phrase del. to twenty winters



I could not pray, by human grief oppressed,  
 Viewing our glimmering cot through tears that never  
 ceased. 270

## XXXI

"There was a youth whose tender voice and eye  
 Might add fresh happiness to happiest days.  
 At uprise of the sun when he was by  
 The birds prolonged with joy their choicest lays,  
 The soft pipe warbled out a wilder maze, 275  
 The silent moon of evening, hung above,  
 Showered through the waving lime-trees mellow rays;  
 Warm was the breath of night: his voice of love  
 Charmed the rude winds to sleep by river, field or grove.

274 begins 20<sup>r</sup>

269: human grief alt. tears ceaseless del.  
then  
 by human grief oppressed whole phrase alt. through tears  
 that fell in [?showers]

The readings at 269 and 270 are drawn together in a  
 reading at 270/271:

for through grief ceaseless [?alas]  
 Glimmered our dear lov'd cot our cot no longer ours

## XXXII

"His father sent him to a distant town 280  
 To ply remote from groves the artist's trade. \*  
 What tears of bitter grief till then unknown,  
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!  
 To him our steps we turned, by hope upstayed.  
 Oh with what bliss upon his neck I wept; 285  
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
 He well could love in grief: his faith he kept  
 And sheltered from the winds once more my father slept.

## XXXIII

"Four years each day with daily bread was blessed,  
 By constant toil and constant prayer supplied. 290  
 Three lovely infants lay within my breast  
 And often viewing their sweet smiles I sighed  
 And knew not why. My happy father died  
 Just as the children's meal began to fail.

---

289 begins MS 21<sup>r</sup>

280: apparently three stages:

- (a) sent overwritten bad and bad then written above
- (b) to del. to seek
- (c) interlining His sire had bid him seek
- (d) whole line alt. on opposite verso His sire had sent him  
 to a distant town

285: Oh . . . bliss del. to Like one revived

For War the nations to the field defied: 295  
 The loom stood still unwatched, the idle gale  
 Waved in deserted shrouds the [?hardly][?] sail.

## XXIV

"How changed at once! for Labour's chearful hum  
 Silence and Tears, and Misery's weeping train.  
 But soon with proud parade the noisy drum 300  
 Beat round to sweep the streets of want and pain.  
 My husband's arms now only served to strain  
 Me and his children hungering in his view.  
 He could not beg: my prayers and tears were vain;  
 To join those miserable men he flew. 305  
 We reached the western world a poor devoted crew. \*

---

303 begins MS 22<sup>r</sup>

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

and alt. with 294 on opposite verso

When War's first threats reduced the childrens meal  
 Thrice happy that from him the grave did hide  
 The empty loom chill [del. to cold] hearth, and silent  
 wheel  
 And tears that [del. to which] flowed for ill's which  
 [del. to that] Nature could not heal.

298: chearful del. to thoughtless

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

304: He would not beg: my prayers and my prayers and del. and  
whole phrase alt. To beg he was ashamed my

## XXXV

"Oh dreadful price of being! to resign  
 All that is dear in being: better far  
 In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine  
 Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star. 310  
 Better before proud Fortune's sumptuous car  
 Obvious our dying bodies to obtrude,  
 Than dog-like wading at the heels of War  
 Protract a cursed existence with the brood  
 That lap, their very nourishment, their brother's blood. 315

## XXXVI

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,  
 Disease and Famine, Agony and Fear,  
 In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,  
 It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.  
 All perished, all in one remorseless year, 320  
 Husband and children one by one, by sword  
 And scourge of fiery fever: every tear  
 Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
 A British ship I waked as from a trance restored."

---

316 begins MS 23<sup>P</sup> At 325 WW. takes up the fair copy to the end

309: scribal omission, orig. read lonely cave to pine but to  
pine del. in transcription and whole phrase written in till  
 death to pine

## XXXVII

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

332 begins MS 24<sup>r</sup>

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

(a)

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

(b)

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

---

326: Living alt. And lived

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

331: To del. to And

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

(a)

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

(b)

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

(c)

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

(d)

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

## XXXVIII

"Oh come," he said, "come after weary night  
 So ruinous far other scene to view." 335  
 So forth she came and eastward look'd. The sight  
 O'er her moist eyes [?meek] dawn of gladness threw  
 That tinged with faint red smile her faded hue.  
 Not lovelier did the morning star appear \*  
 Parting the lucid mist and bathed in dew, 340  
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive chear  
 Tempered sweet words of hope and the lark warbled near.

## XXXIX

They looked and saw a lengthening road and wain  
 Descending a bare slope not far remote.  
 The downs all glistened dropt with freshening rain; 345  
 The carman whistled loud with chearful note;  
 The cock scarce heard at distance sounds his throat;

---

346 begins MS 25<sup>r</sup>

334: said del. to cried

337: [?meek] del. to like

340: Parting . . . bathed alt. When the bright mist he parted  
 bathed

347: sounds del. to blew

But town or farm or hamlet none they viewed,  
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
 Full two miles distant. Then, while they pursued 350  
 Their journey, her sad tale the mourner thus renewed.

## XL

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

## XLI

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

---

361 begins MS 26<sup>r</sup>

350-351: alt. Thence three long miles. While thither they [ -- ]  
 Their way my song shall tell how she her tale  
 renewed.

356: Ungranted del. to [ ? ? ? ] del. to that comes not

362: That del. to Which

Of noysome hospitals the groan profound,  
 The mine's dire earthquake, the bomb's thunder-stroke;  
 Heart sickening Famine's grim despairing look; 365  
 The midnight flames in thundering deluge spread;  
 The stormed town's expiring shriek that woke  
 Far round the griesly phantoms of the dead,  
 And pale with ghastly light the victor's human head.

## XLII

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed 370  
 I seemed transported to another world:  
 A dream resigned with pain when from the mast  
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
 And whistling called the wind that hardly curled  
 The silent seas. The pleasant thoughts of home 375  
 With tears his weather-beaten cheek impearled:  
 For me, farthest from earthly port to roam  
 Was best, my only wish to shun where man might come.

---

376 begins MS 27<sup>r</sup>

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

378: shun alt. fly

my . . . shun alt. could I but [ ? ? ] [del. to I but  
 shun[ the place

## XLIII

"And oft, robbed of my perfect mind, I thought  
 At last my feet a resting place had found. 380  
 'Here will I weep in peace,' so Fancy wrought,  
 'Roaming the illimitable waters round,  
 Here gaze, of every friend but Death disowned,  
 All day, my ready tomb the ocean flood.'  
 To break my dream the vessel reached its bound \* 385  
 And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

## XLIV

"Three years a wanderer round my native coast  
 My eyes have watched yon sun declining tend  
 Down to the land where hope to me was lost; 390  
 And now across this waste my steps I bend:  
 Oh! tell me whither, for no earthly friend  
 Have I, no house in prospect but the tomb."  
 She ceased. The city's distant spires ascend  
 Like flames which far and wide the west illumine, 395  
 Scattering from out the sky the rear of night's thin  
 gloom.

---

391 begins MS 28<sup>r</sup>

383: gaze del. to watch

389: My del. to Mine  
 sun del. to orb

## XLV

Along the fiery east the Sun, a show  
 More gorgeous still, pursued his proud career.  
 But human sufferings and that tale of woe  
 Had dimmed the traveller's eye with pity's tear, 400  
 And in the youthful mourner's doom severe  
 He half forgot the terrors of the night,  
 Striving with council sweet her soul to cheer,  
 Her soul for ever widowed of delight.  
 He too had withered young in sorrow's deadly blight. 405

401: And del. to He

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

404: WW. tried a number of interlinear drafts:

- (a) And fancy from her [?long ?exiled ? ]
- (b) But that sad soul for aye [ ? ]
- (c) But she alas for [?aye] [ ? ] [?widowed] of del[?ight]

The major revision for this stanza is on 27<sup>v</sup> where WW.  
 picks up ideas already in draft on 26<sup>v</sup> about the background  
 of the sailor and develops his relationship with the woman.  
 The opening lines gave trouble:

- (a) Of general care by social order[?s] plan
- (b) Of blessings unforeseen times [ ? ] ever [ ? ]
- (c) Of time and sorrow still [?continuing] show

but after an incomplete opening the draft was written out  
 more connectedly:

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

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

## XLVI

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

---

406 begins 29<sup>r</sup>

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

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

411: woods del. to groves

410/411: interlining fresh groves with

411/412: interlining [ ? ] [?plain] ring with

whole line alt. The fresh groves ring with strife of  
 chearful lays

alt. At strife the fresh groves [ --- ] with amorous  
 lays

## XLVII

Adieu ye friendless hope-forsaken pair! 415  
 Yet friendless ere ye take your several road,  
 Enter that lowly cot and ye shall share  
 Comforts by prouder mansions unbestowed.  
 For you yon milkmaid bears her brimming load,  
 For you the board is piled with homely bread, 420  
 And think that life is like this desart broad, \*  
 Where all the happiest find is but a shed  
 And a green spot 'mid wastes interminably spread

---

422 begins MS 30<sup>r</sup>

415: alt. How sweetly breathes the morning air

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

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

## XLVIII

Though from huge wickers paled with circling fire, \*  
 No longer horrid shrieks and dying cries 425  
 To ears of Demon Gods in peals aspire,  
 To Demon Gods a human sacrifice;  
 Though Treachery her sword no longer dyes  
 In the cold blood of Truce, still, reason's ray,  
 What does it more than while the tempests rise, 430

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

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

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

On 30<sup>V</sup> the opening is written out more connectedly:

For here though naked without home or friends  
 Man on the casual rock no longer lies

425-426: alt. No more to ears of Demons or Gods  
 In peals the groans of human sacrifice

An alt. reading is recorded in the revisions on 30<sup>V</sup> for  
 the opening. See also app. crit. stanza I.

No more to ears of Demon Gods ascend  
 In peals the groans of human sacrifice

With starless glooms and sounds of loud dismay  
 Reveal with still-born glimpse the terrors of our way?

## XLIX

For proof, if man thou lovest, turn thy eye  
 On realms which least the cup of Misery taste.  
 For want how many men and children die? 435  
 How many at Oppression's portal placed  
 Receive the scanty dole she cannot waste,  
 And bless, as she has taught, her hand benign?  
 How many by inhuman toil debased,  
 Abject, obscure and brute to earth incline 440  
 Unrespited, forlorn of every spark divine?

438 begins MS 31<sup>F</sup>

- 432: Reveal del.  
 still-born alt. fearful  
And in the revisions on 30<sup>V</sup> mentioned above 431-432 alt.:  
 Shew with short [del. to [?]] glimpse the terrors [alt.  
 horrors] of our way  
 For proof look round the world as far as there is day  
 (30<sup>V</sup>)
- 433: Pencil alt. only partially decipherable looks as if it is  
draft for pencil addition of line 446, q.v.:  
 For proof [ ? ] either pole [ ? ? ? ]
- 435: For want alt. How many del.  
whole line apparently untailed alt.  
 For proof the living [?word/?world] [?tell/?till ?mockery  
 ?ends del. to till [?mockery] ends] [ ? ]

## L

Nor only is the walk of private life \*  
 Unblessed by Justice and the kindly train  
 Of Peace and Truth, while Injury and Strife,  
 Outrage and deadly Hate usurp their reign; 445  
 From the pale line to either frozen main  
 The Nations, though at home in bonds they drink \*  
 The dregs of wretchedness, for empire strain,  
 And crushed by their own fetters helpless sink,  
 Move their galled limbs in fear and eye each silent  
 link. 450

## LI

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

---

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

447: though alt. forced  
 they alt. to

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

453: flings alt. pours

At once a thousand streams and gentle gales 455  
 Start from their slumbers breathing scent and song;  
 But now no joy of man or Woman hails  
 That star as once, ere with him came the throng  
 Of Furies and grim Death by Avarice lashed along. \*

## LII

Oh that a slave who on his naked knees 460  
 Weeps tears of fear at Superstition's nod,  
 Should rise a monster Tyrant and o'er seas  
 And mountains stretch so far his cruel rod  
 To bruise meek nature in her lone abode.  
 Is it for this the planet of the pole 465  
 Sends through the storms its stedfast light abroad?  
 Through storms we ride with Misery to her goal:  
 Nor star nor needle know the tempests of the soul. \*

457 begins MS 32<sup>r</sup>

459: and grim del. to led by

466: Sends . . . stedfast del. to Scatters through storms his  
 guiding

465-468: del. to Is it for this the planet of the pole  
 Hangs out his stedfast lamp: Merciful God  
 Who viewest us ride with Misery to her goal  
 Disclose thy light [alt. the star] of truth  
 to guide man's erring soul  
 (31<sup>v</sup>)

## LIII

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

Lines 473-504 missing.

## LVII

How weak the solace such fond thoughts afford, 505  
 When with untimely stroke the virtuous bleed.  
 Say, rulers of the nations, from the sword  
 Can aught but murder, pain and tears proceed?  
 Oh! what can war but endless war still breed?  
 Or whence but from the labours of the sage 510  
 Can poor benighted mortals gain the meed \*  
 Of happiness and virtue, how assuage  
 But by his gentle words their self-consuming rage?

## LVIII

Insensate they who think, at Wisdom's porch  
 That Exile, Terror, Bonds and Force may stand, 515

That Truth with human blood can feed her torch,  
 And Justice balance with her gory hand  
 Scales whose dire weight of human heads demand  
 A Nero's arm. Must Law with iron scourge  
 Still torture crimes that grew a monstrous band 520  
 Formed by his care, and still his victims urge,  
 With voice that breathes despair, to death's tremendous  
 verge?

Lines 523-539 missing.

Who fierce on kingly crown hurled his own lightning  
 blaze. 540

## LXI

Heroes of Truth pursue your march, uptear  
 Th'Oppressor's dungeon from its deepest base;  
 High o'er the towers of Pride undaunted rear  
 Resistless in your might the herculean mace  
 Of Reason; let foul Error's monster race 545  
 Dragged from their dens start at the light with pain  
 And die; pursue your toils, till not a trace  
 Be left on earth of Superstition's reign,  
 Save that eternal pile which frowns on Sarum's plain.

---

540 begins MS 37<sup>r</sup>

541: of Truth del. to proceed

ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY  
PLAIN



ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY PLAINPART FIRST

## I

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

I begins MS 28<sup>r</sup>

The fair copy is in the hand of DW. unless otherwise noted.

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

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

3: crept alt. walked

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

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

(b) He was an aged

(c) An aged man he was and walked with pain (33<sup>r</sup>)

His legs with slow disease distended were;  
 His temples just betrayed their silver hair 5  
 Beneath a kerchief's edge, that wrapped his head  
 To fence from off his face the breathing air.  
 Stuck miserably o'er with patch and shred  
 His ragged coat scarce showed the Soldier's faded red. \*

## II

"And dost thou hope across this Plain to trail 10  
 That frame o'ercome with years and malady,  
 Those feet that scarcely can outcrawl the snail,  
 These withered arms of thine, that faltering knee?  
 Come, I am strong and stout, come lean on me."  
 The old man's eyes a wintry lustre dart, 15

---

Whole stanza deleted: late

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

12: feet del. to limbs

11-12: both lines deleted possibly in favour of lines drafted  
 at foot of page

Tis a long way for one who like a snail  
 Must crawl in whatsoever [?reach] he be

15: old man's del. to soldiers and whole line alt.  
 The soldier thanked him with a [?peaceful] heart



There is also a faded spidery draft possibly for this on 29<sup>r</sup>.

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

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

(12<sup>r</sup>)

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

(12<sup>r</sup>)

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

(28<sup>r</sup>)

Finally, after trying it at the foot of 28<sup>v</sup>, WW. transferred the reading below as interlinear correction to the text, making the necessary alterations.

---

(e) Meanwhile this aged man began to tell  
 That he had been a Soldier and had striven  
 With a hard lot but one who knew him well  
 A kind good man to him a house had given  
 Thence he had

(f) Thus sauntering on the [ ? ? ]  
 Ere long [ ? ? ]

(33<sup>r</sup>)

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

27: whole line alt. I'll cherish her with kindness both in  
 word and deed

## IV

He said that on his comrade's road there lay  
 One lonely inn upon the wilder moor.  
 But entrance none was there for such as they, 30  
 No board inscribed the needy to allure,  
 The grapes hung glittering at the gilded door.  
 But now their short-lived fellowship must end.  
 Down sat with pain the Soldier sick and poor,  
 Nor can the younger quit his helpless friend 35  
 Where thus the bare white roads their dreary line extend.

Whole stanza deleted: late

28-29: He . . . inn del. to

Thus journeying on he chanced erelong to see  
 An inn that stood

This is written over an original correction now  
 illegible

29: wilder del. to open

30: they del. to he

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

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

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

## V

Ere long a post-boy's scarlet vest he spied  
 On the wide down, at distance flashing bright,  
 And when the wheels approached, he rose and cried,  
 "Have mercy on this broken Soldier's plight: 40  
 Deed of such sort shall well itself requite."  
 The old man then was on the cushion placed  
 And all his body trembled with delight.  
 Forthwith, self-satisfied, his comrade faced  
 And yet the sun was high the far-extended waste. 45

## VI

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

Stanza V deleted: late

38: down del. to plain

44: self-satisfied alt. with a light heart

46 begins 29<sup>r</sup>: stanza VI numbered 3.

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

48: Measured his lonesome way alt. And [ ? ? ] his way del.

That fix'd at every turn his backward eye  
 Was lost, though still he turn'd. In the blank sky, 50  
 By thirst and hunger press'd, he gaz'd around  
 And scarce could any trace of man descry,  
 Save dreary cornfields stretch'd as without bound:  
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

## VII

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green, 55  
 No brook to meet his lips or soothe his ear.  
 Vast piles of cornstacks here and there were seen,  
 But thence no smoke upwreathed his sight to cheer.

---

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

50: turn'd del. to look'd

Stanza VII numbered 4.

58: ~~no~~thence . . . cheer del. to not a dwelling place his heart  
 to cheer

He mark'd a homeward shepherd disappear  
 Far off and sent a feeble shout, in vain; 60  
 No sound replies but winds that whistling near  
 Sweep the thin grass and passing wildly plain,  
 Or desert lark that pours on high a wasted strain.

## VIII

Long had he fancied each successive slope  
 Conceal'd some cottage, whither he might turn 65  
 And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope

59-63: 59 del.

60 Far . . . a del.

62 Sweep del.

corrected lines read

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

whole line del. to

Or lark that on his ears wasted its merry strain

Stanza VIII numbered 5.

He watch'd the crows in eddies homeward borne,  
 Then sought in vain some shepherd's ragged thorn  
 Or hovel, from the storm to shield his head.  
 Far as he onward pass'd, more wild, forlorn 70  
 And vacant, the huge plain around him spread.  
 Ah me! the wet cold ground must be his only bed.

## IX

And be it so- for to the chill night shower  
 And the sharp wind his head he oft has bared;  
 And he has counted many a wretched hour. 75  
 -A Sailor, he the sailor's evils shared,  
 For when from two full years of labour hard  
 Home he return'd, enflam'd with long desire,  
 Even while in thought he took his rich reward  
 From his wife's lips, the ruffian press gang dire 80  
 Hurried him far away to rouse the battle's fire.

---

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

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

70: Two stages  
 (a) as he onward pass'd del. to But as he went del. then

(b) whole phrase alt. But sought in vain ever

73 begins 29<sup>v</sup>: 76-81 del. and stanza IX numbered 6.

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

An early correction 76 reads

He is a mariner and ill hath fared

and another draft at 79<sup>v</sup> reads

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

(b) For [?body] after labour hard

(c) thro years uncounted

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

The interlined correction reads

A Sailor landing after labour hard  
Three years enslaved what found he for reward  
He in an armed fleet was forced away  
By Seamen who perhaps themselves had shared  
Like fate was hurried to be slain and slay  
In spite of all that in his heart or theirs said nay

For years the work of carnage did not cease,  
 And Death's worst aspect daily he survey'd  
 Death's minister: then came his glad release,  
 And Hope returned and pleasure fondly made 85  
 Her dwelling in his dreams. By thought betray'd,  
 He seems to feel his wife around him throw  
 Her arms and she, the bloody prize of victory laid  
 In her full lap, forgets the years of woe  
 In the long joy and comfort from that wealth to flow. 90

Whole stanza deleted: late.

83: worst del. to dire

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

by fancy's aid  
 His happy arms already did he throw  
 Round his wife's neck the prize of victory  
 laid  
 In her full lap he sees her joy o'erspread  
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble  
 could she know

## XI

He urged his claim: the slaves of Office spurn'd  
 The unfriended claimant: at their door he stood  
 In vain, and now towards his home return'd,  
 Bearing to those he loved nor warmth nor food,  
 In sight of his own house, in such a mood 95  
 That from his view his children might have run,  
 He met a traveller, robb'd him, shed his blood:  
 And when the miserable work was done  
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

---

Whole stanza deleted: late.

91-95: He . . . house del. to

By fraud he lost what fairly he had earned  
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood  
 Even in the deserts heart but he returned  
 Bears not to those he loves their needful food  
 His home approaching but

96: view alt. sight

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

(a) Yet [ ] all the power  
 Of cold [del. to heat] and hunger has he long withstood  
 Since press'd by want in evil [?hour]  
 His [alt. with his] hand [he del.] [?mingled] in a  
 [?deed of blood]





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

(38<sup>v</sup>)

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

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

(39<sup>v</sup>)

## XIII

The proud man might relent and weep to find  
 That now, in this wild waste, so keen a pang 110  
 Could pierce a breast to life's best ends inclined.  
 For as he plodded on, with sudden clang  
 A sound of chains along the desert rang;  
 He looked and saw on a bare gibbet nigh  
 A human body that in irons swang, 115  
 Uplifted by the tempest sweeping by,  
 And hovering round it often did a raven fly.

Stanza XIII numbered 7.

The draft for this stanza in MS.A reads

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

(39<sup>r</sup>)

The next stage was piecemeal correction in MS.B

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

110: That del. to And  
 so keen del. to a deadly

- 
- 111: Could del. to Did
- 112: For as del. to Now as  
with sudden del. to with sullen
- 113: desert del. to wild waste and whole line del. to  
As if it was of chains that near him rang
- 114: on a del. to upon a  
bare del.  
nigh del. to high
- 116: sweeping del. to rushing del. to whirling

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

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

(30<sup>r</sup>)

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

(29<sup>v</sup>)

## XIV

It was a spectacle which none might view  
 In spot so savage but with shuddering pain  
 Nor only did for him at once renew 120  
 All he had feared from man, but roused a train  
 Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.  
 The stones, as if to sweep him from the day,  
 Roll'd at his back along the living plain;  
 He fell and without sense or motion lay, 125  
 And when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way.

---

Stanza XIV numbered 8.

126: feebly del. to again

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

- (a) More wanted not to conjure up each shape  
Of terror substantial or vain
- (b) To all shapes of terror vain or solid
- (c) The stones rolled after him in [            ] train  
And [?entranced] down he fell upon the plain

(37<sup>v</sup>)

## XV

As doth befall to them whom frenzy fires,  
 His soul, which in such anguish had been toss'd, \*  
 Sank into deepest calm; for now retires  
 Fear; a terrific dream in darkness lost 130  
 The dire phantasma which his sense had cross'd.  
 His mind was still as a deep evening stream;  
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought engross'd,  
 Moody, or inly-troubled, would he seem  
 To traveller who might talk of any casual theme. 135

---

127 begins 30<sup>v</sup>: Stanza XV numbered 9.

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

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

129: Sank del. to sinks

deepest del.

calm del. to quiet

for now del. to when the mood

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

## XVI

But all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;  
 His weary eye - which, whereso'er it strays  
 Marks nothing but the red sun setting round,  
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former days  
 Left by gigantic arms - at length surveys 140  
 What seems an antique castle spreading wide;  
 Hoary and naked are its walls and raise  
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide  
 He ran; the pouring rain smoked thick as on he hied.

Stanza XVI numbered 10.

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

A draft for this stanza in MS.A reads:

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

## XVII

Hurtle the clouds by deeper darkness piled, 145  
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;  
 He seemed the only creature in the wild  
 On whom the elements their rage might wreak;  
 Save that the bustard, of those limits bleak  
 Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light 150  
 A man there wand'ring gave a mournful shriek,  
 And half upon the ground, with strange affright  
 Forced hard against the wind a thick unwiddy flight.

## XVIII

Thou hoary Pile! thou child of darkness deep  
 And unknown days, that lovest to stand and hear 155  
 The desert sounding to the whirlwind's sweep,  
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;

Stanza XVII numbered 11.

145: by del. to in

154 begins 31<sup>r</sup>: Stanza XVIII numbered 12.

154: Thou hoary Pile del. to Pile of Stonehenge

Even since thou sawest the giant Wicker rear \*  
 Its dismal chambers hung with living men,  
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear, 160  
 Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain  
 Than he who travels now along thy bleak domain?

## XIX

Beneath that fabric scarce of earthly form  
 More dreadful was the whirlwind's rage extreme.  
 All track quite lost, through rain and blinding storm 165  
 Three hours he wildered on, no moon to stream  
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,  
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led.

---

159: hung del. to thronged

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

Stanza XIX numbered 13.

163: Beneath del. to Within

164-166: del. to

Winds met in conflict each by turns supreme  
 In power all track quite lost through battering  
 storm

Two

Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam  
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head, 170  
 Sight which, though lost at once, some glimpse of  
 pleasure shed.

## XX

No swinging sign creaked from its cottage elm  
 To bid his weary limbs new force assume;  
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's wat'ry realm  
 Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom; 175  
 No gypsy cowr'd o'er fire of furze or broom; \*  
 No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,  
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room;  
 Along the heath no line of mournful light  
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the  
 night. \* 180

---

Stanza XX numbered 14.

172: sign altered to signboard  
 its del.

## XXI

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose;  
 The downs were visible: and now revealed  
 A structure stands which two bare slopes enclose.  
 It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfill'd,  
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build 185  
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain  
 From the night terrors of that waste to shield.  
 But there no human being could remain  
 And now the Walls are named the dead house of the  
 Plain.

## XXII

Though he had little cause to love the abode 190  
 Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,  
 Yet when the ambiguous gloom that ruin shew'd,  
 How glad he was at length to find a place  
 That bore of human hands the chearing trace.

---

181 begins 31<sup>v</sup>: Stanza XXI numbered 15. Stanza XXII numbered 16.

192: ambiguous del. to doubtful

193-194: a place . . . trace del. to

some trace

Of human shelter in this lonesome place

Till to the moor the early shepherd goes, 195  
 Here shall sweet sleep his senseless limbs embrace.  
 In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows  
 He lays his stiffen'd limbs: his eyes began to close.

## XXIII

When hearing a deep sigh, that seem'd forth sent  
 From one who mourn'd in sleep, he raised his head, 200  
 And saw a Woman on the pediment  
 Outstretched and turning from uneasy bed;  
 The moon a wan dead light around her spread.  
 He waked her and at once her spirits fail  
 From fear by instant recollection bred; 205  
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale  
 Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers  
 assail. \*

---

Stanza XXIII numbered 17.

199: forth sent del. to to come

201: on the pediment del. to in that naked room

202: from uneasy del. to on a restless

203: spread del. to shed

## XXIV

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shrouds,  
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat  
 Rock to his horse's neighings shrill and loud, 210  
 While his horse paw'd the floor with furious heat;  
 Till on a stone that sparkled to his feet  
 Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse.  
 The man half-raised the stone with pain and sweat,  
 Half-raised, for well his arm might lose its force 215  
 Disclosing the grim head of a new murdered corse.

## XXV

Such tales of this lone mansion she had learn'd,  
 And when that shape, with sleep half-drown'd  
 By the moon's sullen lamp she first discern'd,  
 Cold stony horror all her senses bound. 220

---

208 begins 32<sup>r</sup>: Stanza XXIV numbered 18.

210: his horse's del. to incessant

Stanza XXV numbered 19.

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

## XXVI

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

221-225: del. to

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

Stanza XXVI deleted: late.

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

## XXVII

Much of the wonders of that boundless heath 235  
 She spoke and of a swain who far astray  
 Reached unawares a height and saw beneath  
 Gigantic beings ranged in dread array;  
 Such beings, thwarting oft the traveller's way,  
 With shield and stone ax [stride across the wold; 240  
 Or, throned on that dread circle's summit gray  
 Of mountains hung in air, their state unfold,  
 And like a thousand Gods mysterious council hold].

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

235 begins 32<sup>v</sup>. Whole stanza deleted: late.

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

## XXVIII

Much more of dreams from antient ages fetch'd,  
 And spectral sights that fill the shadowy plain, 245  
 And of wild sounds that mock the shepherd stretch'd  
 On the round barrow mid his fleecy train  
 She told, delighted that her fears were vain;  
 Nor of that corse there found did mention make,  
 And well it was, for surely once again 250  
 The fit had made his bones with horror quake:  
 She knew not what a hell such spot had power to wake.

## XXIX

But soon her heart on other thoughts was bent  
 So friendly was his voice, and now the wind  
 In feeble murmurs told his rage was spent. 255

---

Stanza XXVIII deleted: late.

Stanza XXIX numbered 20.

253: heart del. to mind

255: his del. to its

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

260

## XXX

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

265

261: then del. to thus

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

Stanza XXX omitted Taylor, 1802-1836. Stanzas XXX-XLIV (l. 391) omitted 1815.

Light was my sleep; my days in transport roll'd:  
 With thoughtless joy I stretch'd along the shore  
 My father's nets, or watch'd, when from the fold  
 High o'er the cliffs I led my fleecy store,  
 A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar. 270

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

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

[1800]

At 40<sup>r</sup> WW. has copied an alternative opening to the woman's narrative

The Woman seem'd to wish her story to relate

[XXX]

My Father, thus did she begin her tale  
 Liv'd many years in plenty ease and rest  
 Our house stood [alt. was] in a corner of the vale  
 Of Taunton-Dean far distant in the west  
 Three fields we had as fruitful as the best  
 We were untroubled and our thoughts were gay  
 Our form was sheltered like a little nest  
 No greener fields than ours could eye survey  
 And happily indeed we liv'd from day to day

## XXXI

"My father was a good and pious man,  
 An honest man by honest parents bred,  
 And I believe that, soon as I began  
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said: 275  
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
 I read, and loved the books in which I read;  
 For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

## XXXII

"Can I forget what charms did once adorn 280  
 My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,  
 And rose and lily for the sabbath morn?

---

271: father var. Father [1802- ]

272: bred, var. bred; [1802- ]

273: believe that, var. believe, that, [1805]

Stanza XXXII omitted 1802-1805.

281: pease var. peas [1832- ]

280-282: var.

Can I forget our croft and plot of corn;  
 Our garden, stored with peas, and mint, and thyme;  
 And rose, and lily- for the sabbath morn?

The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;  
 The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;  
 My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied; 285  
 The cowslip-gathering at May's dewy prime;  
 The swans, that, when I sought the water-side,  
 From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy  
 pride.

## XXXIII

"The staff I yet remember which upbore  
 The bending body of my active sire; 290  
 His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore

---

286: May's var. June's [1820- ]

288: pride. var. pride? [1820-1832]

287-288: var.

The swans, that with white chests upheaved in pride,  
 Rushing and racing came to meet me at the waterside.  
 [1836]

Stanza XXXIII omitted Taylor, 1802-1805.

290: sire var. Sire [1820- ]

291: honeyed var. honey'd [1827] honied [1836]

When the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;  
 When market-morning came, the neat attire  
 With which, though bent on haste, myself I deck'd:  
 My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire, 295  
 When stranger passed, so often I have check'd;  
 The red-breast known for years, which at my casement  
 peck'd.

## XXXIV

"The suns of twenty summers danced along,-  
 Ah! little marked, how fast they rolled away:  
 Then rose a mansion proud our woods among 300

292: hummed var. humm'd [1827]

294: decked: var. decked; [1820- ]

295-296: var.

Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire  
 The stranger, till its barking-fit I checked;  
 [1836]

296: passed var. pass'd [1827]

299: marked var. mark'd [1827]

Ah! little marked, var. Ah! little marked [1802- ]

300: mansion proud var. stately hall [1800]  
 stately Hall [1802-1805]

And cottage after cottage owned its sway,  
 No joy to see a neighbouring house, or stray  
 Through pastures not his own, the master took;  
 My Father dared his greedy wish gainsay;  
 He loved his old hereditary nook, 305  
 And ill could I the thought of such sad parting brook.

## XXXV

"But, when he had refused the proffered gold,  
 To cruel injuries he became a prey,  
 Sore traversed in whate'er he bought and sold:  
 His troubles grew upon him day by day, 310  
 Till all his substance fell into decay.  
 His little range of water was denied; \*  
 All but the bed where his old body lay,  
 All, all was seized, and weeping, side by side,  
 We sought a home where we uninjured might abide. 315

302: house var. House [1802-1805]

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

312-315: var.

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

[1802-1805]

In 1820 stanzas XXXIV and XXV were combined

The suns of twenty summers danced along, -  
 Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away:  
 But, through severe mischance, and cruel wrong  
 My father's substance fell into decay;  
 We toiled, and struggled - hoping for a day [5]  
 When Fortune should put on a kinder look;  
 But vain were wishes - efforts vain as they:  
 He from his old hereditary nook  
 Must part, - the summons came, - our final leave  
 we took.

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

[7]: wishes - , var. wishes, [1836]  
 they: var. they; [1832- ]

## XXXVI

"Can I forget that miserable hour,  
 When from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower,  
 That on his marriage-day sweet music made?  
 Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,           320  
 Close by my mother in their native bowers:  
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,-  
 I could not pray:-through tears that fell in showers,  
 Glimmer'd dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

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

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

318: tower, var. tower [1800- ]

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

321: mother var. Mother [1802-1805]

324: var.

I saw our own dear home, that was no longer ours.  
[1802-1805]

glimmer'd var. glimmered [1820, 1832- ]

## XXXVII

"There was a youth whom I had loved so long, 325  
 That when I loved him not I cannot say.  
 'Mid the green mountains many and many a song  
 We two had sung, like little birds in May.  
 When we began to tire of childish play  
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other: 330  
 We talked of marriage and our marriage day;  
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

---

325: youth var. Youth [1802-1805, 1832- ]

326: say. var. say: [1832- ]

327: and many a var. a thoughtless [1827- ]

329: little var. gladsome [1800- ]

330: seemed var. seem'd [1827]  
 other: var. other; [1800- ]

331: talked var. talk'd [1827]

332: brother, var. brother; [1802-1805]

## XXXVIII

"His father said, that to a distant town  
 He must repair, to ply the artist's trade. \* 335  
 What tears of bitter grief till then unknown!  
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!  
 To him we turned:-we had no other aid.  
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept,  
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said 340  
 He well could love in grief: his faith he kept;  
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

334-335: var.

Two years were pass'd, since to a distant Town  
 He had repair'd to ply the artist's trade.

[1802- ]

but pass'd var. passed [1832- ]  
 passed, var. passed [1820- ]

Town var. town [1820- ]

repair'd var. repaired [1832- ]

the artist's var. a gainful [1836]

336: unknown! var. unknown? [1800]

337: delayed var. delay'd [1827]

338: turned var. turn'd [1827]

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

342: father var. Father [1802-1805]

## XXXIX

"Four years each day with daily bread was blest,  
 By constant toil and constant prayer supplied.  
 Three lovely infants lay upon my breast; 345  
 And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,  
 And knew not why. My happy father died  
 When sad distress reduced the children's meal:  
 Thrice happy! that from him the grave did hide  
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel, 350  
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience could  
 not heal.

343-344: var.

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest  
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.

[1802- ]

345: var.

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

346: sighed var. sigh'd [1827]

347: father var. Father [1802-1832]

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

351: flowed var. flow'd [1837]  
 could var. might [1836]

"'Twas a hard change, an evil time was come;  
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain.  
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum  
 Beat round, to sweep the streets of want and pain.        355  
 My husband's arms now only served to strain  
 Me and his children hungering in his view:  
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:  
 To join those miserable men he flew;  
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.    360

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

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

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

359: flew; var. flew: [1802-1805]

## XLI

"There foul neglect for months and months we bore,  
 Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor stirred.  
 Green fields before us and our native shore,  
 By fever, from polluted air incurred,  
 Ravage was made for which no knell was heard. 365  
 Fondly we wished, and wished away, nor knew,  
 'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes deferr'd,  
 That happier days we never more must view:  
 The parting signal streamed, at last the land withdrew,

---

361-367: var.

There, long were we neglected, and we bore  
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weigh'd;  
 Green fields before us and our native shore,  
 We breath'd a pestilential air that made  
 Ravage for which no knell was heard. We pray'd [5]  
 For our departure; wish'd and wish'd - nor knew  
 'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes delay'd.  
 [1802- ]

but

- [2]: weigh'd var. weighed [1820, 1832- ]  
 [4]: breath'd var. breathed [1820- ]  
 [5]: heard. We var. heard - We [Taylor]  
 pray'd var. prayed [1820, 1832- ]  
 [6]: wish'd and wish'd nor, var. wish'd and wish'd,  
 nor [Taylor] wished and wished - nor [1832- ]  
 [7]: delay'd var. delayed [1820, 1832- ]

369: streamed var. stream'd [1827]  
 withdrew, var. withdrew. [1800- ]

## XLII

"But from delay the summer calms were past. 370  
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep  
 Ran mountains-high before the howling blast.  
 We gazed with terror on the gloomy sleep  
 Of them that perished in the whirlwind's sweep,  
 Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue, 375  
 Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,  
 That we the mercy of the waves should rue.  
 We reached the western world, a poor, devoted crew. \*

---

370-374: var.

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

[1802- ]

but

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

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

378: reached var. reach'd [1802-1805, 1827]

western world var. Western World [1802-1805]

## XLIII

"Oh! dreadful price of being to resign  
 All that is dear in being! better far 380  
 In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine,  
 Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star;  
 Or in the streets and walks where proud men are,  
 Better our dying bodies to obtrude,  
 Than dog-like, wading at the heels of war, 385  
 Protract a curst existence, with the brood  
 That lap (their very nourishment!) their brother's  
 blood.

## XLIV

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,  
 Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
 In wood or wilderness, in camp or town, 390  
 It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.  
 All perished - all, in one remorseless year,

---

Stanza XLIII omitted Taylor 1802-

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

392: perished var. perish'd [1827]

Husband and children! one by one, by sword  
 And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear  
 Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board 395  
 A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

## XLV

She paused - or by excess of grief oppress'd,  
 Or that some sign of mortal anguish broke  
 In strong convulsion from her comrade's breast -  
 She paused and shivering wrapp'd her in her cloak 400  
 Once more a horrid trance his limbs did lock.  
 Him through the gloom she could not then discern  
 And after a short while again she spoke;  
 But he was stretch'd upon the wither'd fern,  
 Nor to her friendly summons answer could return. 405

---

393: children var. Children [1802-1832]

394: perished var. perish'd [1827]

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

397 begins 33<sup>r</sup>.

397: She . . . of del. to Here paused she either by her

400: She . . . her del. to Shivering she wrapped her body

## PART SECOND

## XLVI

Now dim and dreary was the Plain around;  
 The ghosts were up on nightly roam intent;  
 And many a gleam of grey light swept the ground  
 Where high and low those ghostly wanderers went,  
 And whereso'er their rustling course they bent 410  
 The startled earth-worms to their holes did slink,  
 The whilst the crimson moon, her lustre spent,  
 With orb half-visible, was seen to sink,  
 Leading the storm's remains along the horizon brink.

406 begins 40<sup>r</sup>.

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

## XLVII

The Sailor now awoke and, on his side 415  
 Upraised, inquired if she had nothing seen;  
 And when the maiden answered, "No," he cried,  
 "'Tis well. I am a wretched man I ween.  
 Your tale has moved me much and I have been  
 I know not where." Quoth she, "Your heart is kind, 420  
 And if no wish of sleep should intervene,  
 Till we by morning light some track can find,  
 I will relate the rest, 'twill ease my burden'd mind.

## XLVIII

"Peaceful as some immeasurable plain  
 By the first beams of dawning light impress'd, 425

415 begins 40<sup>v</sup>.

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

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

425: impressed var. impress'd [1800-1805] impres't [1815- ]

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

430

---

426: sunshine var. sun-shine [1802]

427: has var. hath [1827- ]  
 rest, var. rest [1802- ]

430: invest, var. invest: [1800]

428-432: var.

I too was calm, though heavily distress'd!  
 Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were!  
 My heart was healed within me, I was bless'd,  
 And looked, and looked along the silent air,  
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.  
 [1802- ]

but

[1]: distress'd var. distrest [1815- ]

[1-2]: var.

I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
 Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were!  
 [1827]

[3]: bless'd var. blest [1815- ]

healed var. heal'd [Taylor] hushed [1815- ]

var.

As quiet all within me. I was blest! [1827- ]

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

[5]: seemed var. seem'd [1827]

## XLIX

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps!  
 And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke,  
 Where looks inhuman dwelt on festering heaps! 435  
 The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke!  
 The shriek that from the distant battle broke!  
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss'd 440  
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

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

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

435: var.

The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps!  
 [1800- ]

440: toss'd var. tossed [1832- ]

## L

"Yet does that burst of woe congeal my frame,  
 When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape,  
 While like a sea the storming army came,  
 And Fire from Hell reared his gigantic shape, 445  
 And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape  
 Seized their joint prey, the mother and child!  
 But from these crazing thoughts my brain, escape!  
 - For weeks the balmy air breathed soft and mild,  
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled. 450

Stanza L omitted 1815-

445: Hell var. hel [1800- ]

442-450: var.

At midnight once the storming Army came,  
 Yet do I see the miserable sight,  
 The Bayonet, the Soldier, and the Flame  
 That followed us and faced us in our flight:  
 When Rape and Murder by the ghastly light [5]  
 Seized their joint prey, the Mother and the Child!  
 But I must leave there thoughts. - From night to night,  
 From day to day, the air breathed soft and mild;  
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled.  
 [1802]

but

[1]: Army var. army [Taylor]

[3]: Bayonet, Flame var. bayonet, flame [Taylor]

[4]: followed, faced, flight: var. follow'd, face'd,  
 flight; [Taylor, 1805]

---

[6]: Seized, Child var. Seiz'd, child [Taylor]

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

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

[9]: smiled var. smil'd [Taylor]

## LI

"Some mighty gulph of separation past,  
 I seemed transported to another world:-  
 A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast  
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurl'd,  
 And whistling, called the wind that hardly curled 455  
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home,  
 And from all hope I was forever hurled.  
 For me - farthest from earthly port to roam  
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might  
 come.

452: seemed var. seem'd [1827]

453: resigned var. resign'd [1827]

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

455: called, curled var. call'd, curl'd [1827]

## LII

"And oft, robb'd of my perfect mind, I thought 460  
 At last my feet a resting-place had found:  
 Here will I weep in peace, (so fancy wrought,)  
 Roaming the illimitable waters round;  
 Here watch, of every human friend disowned,  
 All day, my ready tomb the ocean-flood - 465  
 To break my dream the vessel reached its bound: \*  
 And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
 And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.

460-465: var.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
 That I at last a resting-place had found;  
 Here will I dwell, said I, my whole life-long,  
 Roaming the illimitable waters round:  
 Here will I live:- of every friend disown'd, [5]  
 Here will I roam about the ocean flood.-  
 [Taylor, 1802- ]

but

punctuated for speech 1805-

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

[6]: var.

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

468: pined var. pin'd [1802-1805]

## LIII

"By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,  
 Helpless as sailor cast on desart rock; 470  
 Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
 Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.  
 I lay, where with his drowsy mates, the cock  
 From the cross timber of an out-house hung;  
 How dismal tolled, that night, the city clock! 475  
 At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
 Nor to the beggar's language could I frame my tongue.

- 469: turned var. turn'd [1827]  
 470: desart var. desert [1805-1832] some bare [1836]  
 473: mates var. Mates [1802-1832]  
       cock var. Cock [1802-1832]  
 474: hung; var. hung: [1820- ]  
 475: How dismal var. Dismally [Taylor, 1802- ]  
       tolled var. toll'd [Taylor, 1827]  
 477: frame var. fit [1832- ]

## LIV

"So passed another day, and so the third:  
 Then did I try, in vain, the crowd's resort,  
 In deep despair by frightful wishes stirr'd, 480  
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort:  
 There, pains which nature could no more support,  
 With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;  
 Dizzy my brain, with interruption short  
 Of hideous sense; I sunk, nor step could crawl, 485  
 And thence was borne away to neighbouring hospital.

478: passed var. pass'd [1802-1815, 1827]

third: var. third; [1802- ]

479: try, in vain, the var. try in vain the [1802- ]

resort, var. resort./-In [1802- ]

478-480: var.

So passed a second day, and when the third  
 Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.  
 - In deep [1836]

480: stirr'd var. stirred [1820, 1832- ]

481: reached var. reach'd [1827]

ruined var. ruin'd [1827]

fort var. Fort [1802-1832]

483: linked var. link'd [1802-1827]; fall; var. fall, [1802- ]

484-486: And I had many interruptions short  
 Of hideous sense; I sank nor step could crawl,  
 And thence was carried to a neighbouring Hospital.  
 [1802-1820]

but

I had var. after [1827- ]

crawl, And var. crawl/And [1815]

crawl,/And . . . hospital var. Crawl:/Unsought  
 for was the help that did my life recal. [1827- ]

"Recovery came with food: but still, my brain  
Was weak, nor of the past had memory.

I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain

Of many things which never troubled me;

490

Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,

Of looks where common kindness had no part,

Of service done with careless cruelty,

Fretting the fever round the languid heart,

And groans, which, as they said, would make a dead  
man start.

495

487-488: var.

Borne to an hospital, I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shatter'd memory;

[1827- ]

but

shatter'd var. shattered [1832- ]

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

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

494: heart, var. heart; [1802]

495: groans, which var. groans which [1832- ]

## LVI

"These things just served to stir the torpid sense,  
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.

Memory, though slow, returned with strength; and  
thence

Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,

At houses, men, and common light, amazed. 500

The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired,

Came, where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;

The wild brood saw me weep, my fate enquired,

And gave me food, and rest, more welcome, more desired.

496: torpid var. slumbering [1836]

498: var.

My memory and my strength returned; and thence  
[1802-1820]

var. and thence var. and, thence [1820]

var.

With strength did memory return; and, thence  
[1827- ]

499: Dismissed var. Dismiss'd [1827]

501: and as var. and, as [1805- ]

503: wild brood, var. Travellers [1802-1832] travellers [1836]  
enquired var. inquired [1805-1827, 1836]

504: food, and rest var. food, - and rest [1805- ]

## LVII

"My heart is touched to think that men like these, 505  
 The rude earth's tenants, were my first relief:  
 How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease!  
 And their long holiday that feared not grief,  
 For all belonged to all, and each was chief.  
 No plough their sinews strained; on grating road 510  
 No wain they drove, and yet, the yellow sheaf  
 In every vale for their delight was stowed:  
 For them, in nature's meads, the milky udder flowed.

Stanza LVII omitted 1815-

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

507: ease! var. ease, [1805]

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

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

513: var.

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

## LVIII

"Semblance, with straw and panniered ass, they made  
 Of potters wandering on from door to door: 515  
 But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed,  
 And other joys my fancy to allure;  
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor  
 In barn uplighted, and companions boon  
 Well met from far with revelry secure, 520  
 In depth of forest glade, when jocund June  
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

514: var.

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

but

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

515: potters var. Potters [1802-1832]

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

514-516: var.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly  
 With panniered asses driven from door to door;  
 But life of happier sort set forth to me,

[1836]

## LIX

"But ill it suited me, in journey dark  
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch;  
 To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark, 525  
 Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch;  
 The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,  
 The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,  
 And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill; 530  
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding  
 still.

---

523: var.

But ill they suited me; those journies dark [1802- ]

but

journies var. journeys [1805- ]  
 suited me; var. suited me - [1827- ]

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

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

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

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

531: still. var. still [1832: printers error?]

## LX

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
 Poor Father! gone was every friend of thine.  
 And kindred of dead husband are at best  
 Small help, and, after marriage such as mine, 535  
 With little kindness would to me incline.  
 Ill was I then for toil or service fit:  
 With tears whose course no effort could confine,  
 By high-way side forgetful would I sit  
 Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit. 540

- 533: Poor var. My [1802- ]  
 thine: var. thine. [Bristol ed. Lyrical Ballads 1798]
- 535: help, var. help; [1802- ]
- 538: var.  
 My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine; [1836]
- 539: high-way side var. the road-side [1802-1832]  
 In the open air [1836]
- 540: my idle var. with idle [1836]

## LXI

"I lived upon the mercy of the fields,  
 And oft of cruelty the sky accused;  
 On hazard, or what general bounty yields,  
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
 The fields I for my bed have often used: 545  
 But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth  
 Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
 Foregone the home delight of constant truth,  
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

---

541-545: var.

I led a wandering life among the fields;  
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
 I liv'd upon what casual bounty yields  
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
 The ground I for my bed have often used: [5]  
 [1802- ]

but

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

[3]: var.

Trusted my life to what chance - bounty yields  
 [1836]

liv'd var. lived [1805-1832]

549: youth. var. youth [1827: printer's error?]

## LXII

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

550

---

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

550-554: var.

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

[1836]

The Female Vagrant of 1798 ends:

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

[1]: turned var. turn'd [1827]  
 away, var. away; - [1820- ]

## LXIII

She ended, of all present thought forlorn,  
 Nor voice nor sound that moment's pang oppress'd 560  
 Till nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,  
 From her full eyes their wat'ry load releas'd.  
 He sate and spake not. Ere her weeping ceased,  
 She rose and to the ruin's portal went,  
 And saw the dawn salute the silvering east. 565  
 Meanwhile her sorrow failed not to relent,  
 And now with crimson fire kindled the firmament. \*

562: their wat'ry load alt. a weight of tears

563: He sate and spake not alt. He too was mute

565: dawn salute the silvering del. to daylight  
 [?opening] in the

566: Meanwhile . . . relent a very rough interlinear alt.

And [ ? ? ] [?his/?her] [?sorrow ?did]

and at the foot of the page

And at the sight her [ ? ] [alt. sorrow] did  
 [ ? ? ] in [?this] [ ? ]

[ ? ] at daylight [ ? ] [?his/?her] [?arm]  
 [ ? ? ? ]

## LXIV

"But come," [s]he cried, "come after weary night  
 Of such rough storm the breaking day to view."  
 So forth he came and eastward look'd: the sight 570  
 Into his heart a [lacuna] anguish threw;  
 His withered cheek was ting'd with ashy hue.  
 He stood and trembled both with grief and fear,  
 But she felt new delight and solace new,  
 And, from the opening cast, a pensive cheer 575  
 Came to her weary thought while the lark warbled near.

569: [s]he MS reads in error he

568-573: At 33<sup>r</sup>, 39<sup>r</sup> and 41<sup>r</sup> WW. tried drafts for this stanza

- (a) So forth he came into the open light  
 And look'd one look towards the [?east] but do  
 Whateer he will he must the woman view  
 (33<sup>r</sup>)
- (b) But come she cried the sky is clear and bright  
 And safely we our journey may pursue  
 So forth he came into the open light  
 And look'd one look towards the east but do  
 Whateer he will he must the woman view  
 He stood and trembled both with grief and fear  
 (39<sup>r</sup>)
- (c) But come she cried the sky is [?past] [~~to clear~~]  
 [~~alt.~~ and clear] the light  
 Our journey [~~to~~ And safely] [?we ?our ?journey  
 ?may]  
 (41<sup>r</sup>)

576: line written over erasure

## LXV

They look'd and saw a lengthening road and wain  
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote;  
 The downs all glister'd dropp'd with freshening rain;  
 Whistled the waggoner with joyful note. 580  
 The cock scarce heard at distance sounds his throat,  
 But town or farm or hamlet none they view'd;  
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
 Thence three long miles. Together they renewed  
 Their journey and the road towards that cot pursued. 585

## LXVI

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

---

577: They del. to She

579: all . . . with del. to were glistering all bedropped with

586: The written over erasure. Original possibly That

587: Did . . . chearful written over erasure

588: deep into his vitals alt. through his [ ? ] vitals

She with affectionate and homely art 590  
 His peace of mind endeavour'd to restore:  
 "Come let us be," she said, "of better heart."  
 Thus oftentimes the Woman did implore,  
 And still the more he griev'd, she loved him still the  
more.

## LXVII

On themes indifferent often she began 595  
 To hold discourse, but nothing could beguile  
 His thoughts, still cleaving to the murder'd man.  
 When they had travelled thus a full half mile,  
 "Why should you grieve," she said, "a little while  
 And we shall meet in heaven." But now they hear 600  
 The mail come rattling on in scamp'ring file.  
 And when the coach man gave the morning chear,  
 The Sailor's face was pale with momentary fear.

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

598: When . . . thus written over erasure

## LXVIII

But now they view upon the darker heath  
 Small hillocks smoking in the early beam. 605  
 One volume mingles every various wreath  
 And steals along the waste its silver gleam.  
 To them the sight was pleasant, but a scream  
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;  
 They paused and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme, 610  
 And female cries. Their course they thither bent,  
 And met a man who foamed with anger vehement. \*

604 begins 41<sup>v</sup>.

604: alt.

Soon when the cart was passed before their sight

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

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

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

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

## LXIX

A woman stood with quivering lips and wan,  
 Near an old mat with broken bread bestrown;  
 And pointing to a child her tale began. 615  
 Trembling the infant hid his face. The clown  
 Meanwhile, in monster mood, with ugly frown  
 Cursing the very hour that gave her birth,  
 Strove, as she spoke, her voice to drown:  
 Yet still she told that on the covered earth 620  
 At breakfast they were set, the child their joy and  
mirth.

## LXX

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

613: and wan alt. and pale

614-619: del. to

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

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

Stanza LXX deleted: late.

And when desired to move, with smiling face  
 For a short while did in obedience fail. 625  
 He was not five years old, and him to trail  
 And bruise, as if each blow had been his last,  
 She knew not what for life his brain might ail.  
 Shuddering the soldier's widow stood aghast  
 And stern looks on the man her grey-haired comrade  
 cast. 630

## LXXI

And with firm voice and indignation high  
 Such further deed in manhood's name forbad.  
 He, confident in passion, made reply  
 With bitter insult and reviling sad,  
 Calling him vagabond, and knave, and mad, 635  
 And ask'd what plunder he was hunting now;  
 The gallows would one day of him be glad.  
 Here cold sweat started from the sailor's brow,  
 Yet calm he seem'd, as thoughts so poignant would  
 allow;

---

630 begins 42<sup>r</sup>.

635: del. to

Asking him with taunts what business here he had

636: And ask'd what del. to What kind of

## LXXII

Nor answer made, but stroked the child, outstretch'd 640  
 His face to earth, and as the boy turn'd round  
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetch'd.  
 The head with streaming blood had dy'd the ground,  
 Flow'd from the spot where he that deadly wound  
 Had fix'd on him he murder'd. Through his brain \* 645  
 At once the griding iron passage found;  
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rush'd amain  
 Nor could his aged eyes from very tears abstain.

640: Nor . . . child alt. Softly he stroked the child who lay

641: His del. to With

644: Flow'd . . . deadly del.

645: Had fix'd . . . murder'd del. and with 643 not deleted  
alternative reading for 645-645

As if he saw there and upon that ground  
 A repetition of the deadly wound  
 He had himself inflicted

648: aged del. to sunken

## LXXIII

Within himself he said, "What hearts have we!  
 The blessing this the father gives his child! 650  
 Yet happy thou, poor boy, compared with me,  
 Suffering not doing ill, fate far more mild."  
 Such sight the father of his wrath beguil'd;  
 Relenting thoughts and self-reproach awoke;  
 He kiss'd the boy and all was reconcil'd. 655  
 Then with a voice which inward trouble broke  
 In the full swelling throat, the Sailor them bespoke.

## LXXIV

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

---

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

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

655: the boy del. to his Son

658 begins 42<sup>v</sup>.

659: alt.  
 Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece

Much need have ye that time more closely draw 660  
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,  
 And that among so few there still be peace:  
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes  
 Your pains shall ever with your years increase."  
 While his pale lips these homely truths disclose, 665  
 A correspondent calm stole gently on his woes.

## LXXV

And passing onward, down at length they look  
 Where through a narrow valley's pleasant scene  
 A wreath of vapour track'd a winding brook,  
 That tumbled on through groves and meads of green; 670  
 A single cottage smoked the trees between;  
 The dripping groves resound with chearful lays,  
 And melancholy lowings intervene  
 Of scatter'd herds, that in the meadows graze,  
 While through the furrow'd grass the merry milk-maid  
 strays. 675

---

665: pale del. to wan

670: meads of del. to meadows

675: merry del. to lonely



## LXXVII

But breakfast done, she learned they now must part. 685  
 He had resolved to turn toward the seas  
 Since he that tale had heard, and while her heart  
 Struggled with tears, nor could its sorrow ease,  
 She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,  
 With his oak staff the cottage children play'd; 690  
 And soon she reach'd a spot o'erhung with trees  
 And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade  
 Across the pebbly road a little runn[1] stray'd.

## LXXVIII

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;  
 Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone. 695  
 She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood,  
 And now approach'd the wain, wherein was one,  
 A single woman, lying spent and gone;

685 begins 43<sup>r</sup>.

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

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

698: del. to A pale-faced woman in disease far gone

The carman wet her lips as well behaved; \*  
 Bed under her lean [?shadow] there was none, 700  
 Though even to die near one she most had loved  
 She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

## LXXIX

The Soldier's widow learn'd with honest pain  
 And home felt force of sympathy sincere,  
 Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain 705  
 The jolting road and morning air severe.  
 And crying, "Would my friend thy aid were here,  
 Of yours good cottagers," her steps retraced  
 To that same house, the wain still following.  
 She found her comrade there and cried in haste, 710  
 "Come, come my friends, and see what object here is  
 placed."

---

699: The . . . lips written over erasure

700: [?shadow] del. to body

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

(a)

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

(b)

For as the cottage - a sad sight is here  
 She cried aloud - and forth ran out in haste  
 The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past

(foot of page)

## LXXX

As to the door with eager speed they ran,  
 From her bare straw the woman half uprais'd  
 Her bony visage, gaunt and deadly wan.  
 No pity asking, on the group she gazed, 715  
 As if with eye by blank suffusion glazed,  
 Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.  
 Fervently cried the housewife, "God be prais'd,  
 I have a house that I can call my own;  
 Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!" 720

## LXXXI

So in they bear her to the chimney-seat,  
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie  
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet  
 With death's numb waters swoln, their hands apply,  
 And chafe her pulseless temples cold and dry. 725

712 begins 43<sup>v</sup>.

716: As if del. to Like and whole line del. to With a dim  
 eye distracted and amazed

Stanzas LXXXI and LXXXII are made up from original and correc-  
 tion over erasure. There is no gap between the stanzas in  
 the MS, but there is a space of one line between 734/735  
 where the correction over erasure has taken less space than  
 the original.

At last she strove her languid head to rear,  
 And said, "I thank you all; if I must die,  
 The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear;  
 Today I did not think my end had been so near.

## LXXXII

"Barr'd every comfort labour could procure, 730  
 Suffering what no endurance could assuage,  
 I was compell'd to seek my father's door,  
 But sickness stopp'd me in my pilgrimage.  
 I feared to be a burthen to his age;  
 The overseers placed me in this wain, \* 735  
 Thus to be carried back from stage to stage,  
 Unwilling that I should with them remain;  
 And I had hopes that I my home might yet regain.

---

726-727: written over erasure

731, 733-734: Thus . . . back written over erasure

## LXXXIII

"And thus far on my journey I am come:

Oh God, as I have meekly suffered, meek 740

Shall be my end. My lips will soon be dumb:

If child of mine e'er wander hither, speak

Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek, \*

In a lone house beside the sea we dwelt,

Near Portland Light-house, in a lonesome creek. 745

I have a father too and he will melt

In tears to learn the end of woes so largely dealt.

739 begins 44<sup>r</sup>

739, 740-744: My . . . beside written over erasure

739: del. to My lot in life has long been burdensome

740: as del. to if

741: Shall be my end del. to May my end be

742: If del. to Should

744: house del. to hut

745: lonesome del. to sheltered

745-746: Near . . . melt written over erasure

746: I have del. and he del.

747: to learn . . . dealt del.

746-747: whole lines alt. by insertion and the above deletions:

My father too the good old man will melt  
If he should hear of all that I have felt

## LXXXIV

"Long in that house I knew a widow's cares,  
 Yet still two children did partake my bed,  
 And strange hopes trembled through my dreams and prayers. 750  
 Strong was I then and labour gave us bread,  
 Till one was found by stroke of violence dead  
 And near my door the Stranger chanced to lie;  
 And soon suspicion drove us from our shed.  
 In vain to find a friendly face we try, 755  
 Nor could we live together those poor boys and I.

---

- 748: Long in del. to Within  
 house del. to hut
- 749: Yet still del. and little inserted between two and  
 children
- 752: Till one del. to Until a man  
 stroke of del.
- 753: And . . . stranger del. to Whose body near our cottage
- 754: And soon del. to A dire

## LXXV

"For one had seen, he said, in vest of blue,  
 That day my husband in the neighbourhood;  
 Now he had fled, and whither no one knew,  
 And he had done the deed in the dark wood 760  
 Near his own home! - but he was kind and good;  
 Never on earth was milder creature seen;  
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.  
 Oh had my husband 'mong the living been  
 I could not have beheld those hours of anguish  
 keen." 765

## LXXXVI

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

---

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

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

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

766 begins 44<sup>v</sup>.

Saw her lips move his name and deeds to bless,  
 At such a sight he could no more suppress 770  
 The feelings which did in his heart revive;  
 And, weeping loud, in this extreme distress  
 He cried, "O bless me now, that thou should'st live  
 I do not wish or ask: forgive me now, forgive."

## LXXXVII

To speak the change that voice within her wrought 775  
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;  
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,  
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.  
 Borne gently to a bed, there dead she lay;  
 Silently o'er her face the husband bent. 780  
 A look was on her lips which seem'd to say,  
 "Comfort to thee my dying thoughts have sent."  
 But not to him it seemed on other things intent.

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

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

Both early and late the poem was revised at this point. At the of stanza LXXXVII DW. has written Meanwhile and by an asterisk pointed to the directive at the foot of the page Turn to the beginning. This refers to stanzas on 39'. The first reads:

---

Meanwhile the aged Soldier o'er the Plain  
 Towards that cottage inn his steps did bend  
 And from the man returning with the wain  
 He learned his daughter's miserable end  
 When to the house, he came and found his friend  
 And heard the cause for which he linger'd there  
 Much joy did with the old man's sorrow blend  
 And of his son he begg'd with fervent prayer  
 [

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

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

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

She slept in peace - his pulses throbbed and stopped  
 Breathless he gazed upon her face, then took  
 Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped  
 When on his own he cast a rueful look  
 His ears were never silent sleep forsook  
 His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead  
 All night from time to time beneath [del. to under] him  
 shook  
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed  
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O God that I were dead."

---

The soldiers Widow lingered in the Cot  
And when he rose he thanked her pious care  
Thro' which his wife to that kind shelter brought  
Died in his arms - and with these thanks a prayer  
He breathed for her and for that merciful Pair.  
The Corse interred not one how he remained  
Under [~~to~~ Beneath] their roof but to the open air  
A burthen now with fortitude sustained  
He carried in [~~to~~ bore within] a breast where  
dreadful quiet reigned.

MW. has also copied this stanza in MS.D, at 79<sup>v</sup>, with the  
notebook inverted

## LXXXVIII

For him alternate throbb'd his pulse and stopp'd;  
 And when at table placed the bread he took 785  
 To break it, from his faltering hands it dropp'd,  
 While on those hands he cast a rueful look.  
 His ears were never silent, sleep forsook  
 His nerveless eyelids stiffen'd even as lead;  
 All through the night the floor beneath him shook 790  
 And chamber trembled to his shuddering bed;  
 And oft he groan'd aloud, "Oh God that I were dead!"

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

786: rough draft alt.

Which [ ? ] [?at] his very hands did [?drop]

787: While del. to And alt. Then

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

792: written over erasure

At the end of this stanza a large figure 2 in the right hand

---

margin and a directive by DW. Turn to the end refer to the stanza at 45, which reads

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

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

## LXXXIX

Nor, bred in solitude, unus'd to haunt  
 The throngs of men, did this good cottage pair  
 Repine mortality's last claim to grant; 795  
 And in due time with due observance bear  
 Her body to the distant church. Their care  
 The husband thank'd, nor one more hour remain'd  
 Under their roof, but to the open air  
 And fields, a burden not to be sustain'd 800  
 He carried, in his breast a dreadful quiet reign'd.

## LXL

But they, alone and tranquil, call'd to mind  
 Events so various; recollection ran  
 Through each occurrence and the links combin'd,  
 And while his silence, looks and voice they scan, 805  
 And trembling hands, they cried, "He is the man!"  
 Nought did those looks of silent woe avail.  
 "Though we deplore it much as any can,  
 The law," they cried, "must weigh him in her scale;  
 Most fit it is that we unfold this woful tale." 810

---

793 begins 45<sup>r</sup>: Stanzas LXXXIX and LXL deleted: late.

793-795: Nor . . . mortality's written over erasure



Nor ineffectual was that piteous claim.

Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho' late, \*  
 The pangs which from thy halls of terror came,  
 Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!

## LXLII

They left him hung on high in iron case, 820  
 And dissolute men, unthinking and untaught,  
 Planted their festive [?booth's] beneath his face;  
 And to the spot, which idle thousands sought,  
 Women and children were by fathers brought;

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

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

819: del.

820 begins 45<sup>v</sup>

821: And dissolute del. to Warning for

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

823: thousands alt. numbers

And now some kindred sufferer driven, perchance, 825  
That way when into storm the sky is wrought,  
Upon his swinging corpse his eye may glance  
And drop, as he once dropp'd, in miserable trance.

---

After 828 in DW.'s hand: The End

GUILT AND SORROW

or

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

ADVERTISEMENT

Not less than one-third of the following poem,  
 though it has from time to time been altered in the  
 expression, was published so far back as the year  
 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The  
 extract is of such length that an apology seems to 5  
 be required for reprinting it here: but it was  
 necessary to restore it to its original position,  
 or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole  
 was written before the close of the year 1794, and  
 I will detail rather as a matter of literary biography 10  
 than for any other reason, the circumstances under  
 which it was produced.

---

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

9-12: close . . . produced var. close of the year 1795; how  
 it came to be so long suppressed is of no [de. to cannot  
 be of any del. to pub. text] importance to the Reader;  
 but it may not be improper to mention under what  
 circumstances it was composed del. to pub. text but  
 with variant, detail var. add del. to pub. text [MS.D]

During the latter part of the summer of 1793,  
 having passed a month in the Isle of Wight in view  
 of the Fleet which was then preparing for sea off 15  
 Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the  
 place with melancholy forebodings. The American war  
 was still fresh in the memory. The struggle which  
 was beginning, and which many thought would be brought  
 to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great 20  
 Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was  
 assured in my own mind would be of long continuation,  
 and productive of distress and misery beyond all  
 possible calculation. This conviction was pressed  
 upon me by having been a witness, during a long stay 25  
 in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed  
 in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight I  
 spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury

---

17-19: forebodings . . . beginning var. forebodings, the  
 American war was then fresh in the memory and I  
 felt that the struggle which was beginning del. to  
pub. text [MS.D]

Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely  
 spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a \* 30  
 still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered  
 in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to  
 compare what we know or guess of those remote  
 times with certain aspects of modern society and 35  
 with calamities, principally those consequent upon war,  
 to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are  
 subject. In those reflections, joined with particular  
 facts that had come to my knowledge, the following  
 stanzas originated. 40

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction, in  
 the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salis-  
 bury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the  
 features described as belonging to it, one or two are  
 taken from other desolate parts of England. 45

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

33-34: scattered in abundance var. with which that region  
 abounded del. to pub. text [MS.D]

- 
- 35-37: and . . . subject var. particularly in what concerns the afflictions and calamities to which the poor are subject [MS.D]
- 38-40: In . . . originated var. [Of those reflections del.] The following stanzas were the result of those reflections del.] [MS.D]
- 40/41: After reflections MS.D continues and whatever may be the demerits of the production, some readers will, I hope, set a value upon it not merely for what it is in itself but as a memorial of that early period of my life. Nor can I forbear to add that it acted upon the youthful mind of my Friend Coleridge in a way he used to speak of with delight
- 41-45: to . . . two var. In conclusion it may be proper to say that of the real features described, two which need not be particularised corr. but not del. to pub. text [MS.D]

GUILT AND SORROWORINCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain  
 Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;  
 Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain  
 Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air  
 Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care 5  
 Both of the time to come, and time long fled:  
 Down fell in stragglng locks his thin grey hair;

---

Stanzas I-IV also exist on a loose sheet which represents an earlier stage of work than I-IV in MS.D. This will be cited as MS.D<sub>2</sub> for the relevant stanzas. Title in MS.D is Incidents on [upon MS.D<sub>2</sub>] Salisbury Plain

- 2: vagrant del. and vagrant inserted between with and feet  
 [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]
- 3: but not as if orig. read but if and if del. in transcription  
 [MS.D]
- 5: cheek var. cheeks [MS.D]
- 7: fell in stragglng locks his var. from his temples hung  
 some del. to pub. text [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

A coat he wore of military red  
 But faded and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

## II

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on, 10  
 He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure  
 That welcome in such house for him was none.  
 No board inscribed the needy to allure

8: A var. And [MS.D]

8-9: variants for both lines

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

del. to pub. text [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

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

del. to pub. text [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

11: inn var. Inn [MS.D]

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

[MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

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

del. to pub. text [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

13: proclaimed . . . poor so MS.D<sub>2</sub> but del. to hung out  
proclaimed to him

Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor  
 And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!" 15  
 The pendent grapes glittered above the door;-  
 On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,  
 Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines  
 extend.

## III

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,  
 In streaks diverging wide and mounting high; 20  
 That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,

---

14: Hung there del. and old replaced by aged, sick [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]  
line began was del. in transcription [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

15: And var. Or [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

16: grapes written twice in MS.D<sub>2</sub>. First del. to pendent  
 pendent var. pendant [MS.D]

18: dreary . . . extend var. bare white roads dreary line  
 extends changed by del. and adds. to bare white road  
 its dreary line extends [MS.D] var. bare white roads  
 their dreary lines extend [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

20-21: MS.D<sub>2</sub> orig. read

That Inn he long hath passed and wearily  
 Measures his lonely way: the distant spire

this was all del. and variants for two phrases inter-  
lined though the rest not re-instated

That inn . . . passed var. To halt were profitless  
 Measures . . . way var. He kept his onward course

These were del. and lines 20-21 of pub. text were then  
interlined between 21/22 of MS.D<sub>2</sub>

21: inn var. Inn [MS.D]

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,  
 Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.  
 Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,  
 And scarce could any trace of man descry, 25  
 Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;  
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

---

22: his var. the del to pub. text [MS.D]

23: though var. tho' [MS.D]

looked var. looks [MSS. D, D<sub>2</sub>] alt. turn'd [MS.D]

24: var. By thirst and hunger pressed he gazed around  
~~to~~ Whether in hollow or from rising ground  
~~del. and pub. text interlined between 24/25~~ [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

25: man var. Man [MS.D]

26: cornfields . . . stretching var. dreary cornfields  
 stretched as del. and adds. to pub. text [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]

27: sower var. Sower [MSS. D, D<sub>2</sub>]

## IV

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,  
 No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;  
 Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen, 30  
 But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.  
 Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;  
 And so he sent a feeble shout-in vain;  
 No voice made answer, he could only hear  
 Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain, 35  
 Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed  
 plain.

## V

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

- 
- 28: lip var. lips [MS.D<sub>2</sub>]; omitted [MS.D]  
 31: cheer var. chear [MSS. D, D<sub>2</sub>]  
 32: labourer var. Labourer [MS.D]  
 36: thin var. the del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 38: cottage var. Cottage [MS.D]

The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne. 40  
 Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn  
 Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,  
 But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,  
 And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;  
 The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed. 45

## VI

And be it so — for to the chill night shower  
 And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared;  
 A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour  
 Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,  
 Three years endured in hope of just reward, 50  
 He to an armed fleet was forced away

- 
- 40: borne var. bound del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 41: spreading var. guardian del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 45: var. Ah! me, the wet cold ground must be his only bed  
all del. and part reshaped to read The wet cold ground  
 thought he [tonight must be alt. must be tonight] my  
 bed alt. with tonight del. my only bed [MS.D]  
 50: Three years var. Full long [1845- ]

By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared  
 Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,  
 'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs perhaps, said  
 nay.

## VII

For years the work of carnage did not cease, 55  
 And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,  
 Death's minister; then came his glad release,  
 And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made  
 Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid  
 The happy husband flies, his arms to throw 60  
 Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory laid  
 In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow  
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

52: seamen var. Seamen [MS.D]

55: In MS.D stanza VII begins with a copy of the revision at the foot of MS.B, 29

Alas alas no spot so lonely is  
 But it salutes him with some deadly pang

This is deleted and corrected to pub. text, and two stanzas follow before the version of this opening used in stanza IX.

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

59-60: MS.D orig. as pub. text. Incomplete variants all del. read

his arms . . . victory var. around his neck  
 to throw/Her arms [[?and ?o'er] del.] and his prize  
 treasure

## VIII

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned.  
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood 65  
 Even in the desert's heart; but he, returned,  
 Bears not to those he loves their needful food.  
 His home approaching, but in such a mood  
 That from his sight his children might have run,  
 He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood; 70  
 And when the miserable work was done  
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

## IX

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

- 64: fraud var. Fraud [MS.D]  
 that he had var. so hardly del. to pub. text [MS.D]
- 65: lion var. Lion [MS.D]
- 66: desert's var. desart's [MS.D]
- 70: traveller var. Traveller [MS.D]
- 72: vagrant . . . murderer's var. Vagrant . . . Murderer's  
 [MS.D]

Brought from without to inward misery. 75  
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang  
 A sound of chains along the desert rang;  
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high  
 A human body that in irons swang,  
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by; 80  
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

## X

It was a spectacle which none might view,  
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain;  
 Nor only did for him at once renew  
 All he had feared from man, but roused a train 85  
 Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.  
 The stones, as if to cover him from day,  
 Rolled at his back along the living plain;  
 He fell, and without sense or motion lay;  
 But when the trance was gone, rose and pursued his way. 90

---

80: whirling var. swirling [MS.D]

85: roused var. rouzed [MS.D]

90: two stages

(a) But var. And del.  
 rose and var. once more all del. to

(b) But when var. And feebly and was del. [MS.D]  
 rose and var. feebly [1845- ]

## XI

As one whose brain demoniac phrensy fires  
 Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed \*  
 Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,  
 Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed  
 His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost, 95  
 Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.  
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,  
 Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem  
 To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

## XII

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled, 100  
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;  
 He seemed the only creature in the wild  
 On whom the elements their rage might wreak;  
 Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak

---

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

92: soul var. Soul [MS.D]

In MS.D stanzas XII and XIII are placed in reverse order.  
Directions in the MS transfer them to pub. order.

101: raven var. Raven [MS.D]

Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light 105  
 A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,  
 And half upon the ground, with strange affright,  
 Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

## XIII

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;  
 The weary eye — which, wheresoe'er it strays, 110  
 Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,  
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former days  
 Left by gigantic arms — at length surveys  
 What seems an antique castle spreading wide;  
 Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise 115  
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide  
 He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every  
 side.

## XIV

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep  
 Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear

109: All var. But del. to pub. text [MS.D]

117: rain poured down smoking var. pouring rain smoked thick  
del. to pub. text [MS.D]

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep, 120  
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;  
 Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear \*  
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,  
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,  
 Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain 125  
 Than he who now at night-fall treads thy bare domain!

## XV

Within that fabric of mysterious form,  
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;  
 And, from its perilous shelter driven, through storm  
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream 130  
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,

- 
- 120: Plain resounding var. desert sounding [MS.D]  
 124: wretch var. Wretch [MS.D]  
 126: now . . . bare var. travels now along thy bleak del. to  
pub. text but with var. this instead of thy [MS.D]  
 now . . . domain var. Than he who, tempest-driven, thy  
 shelter now would gain [1845- ]  
 129-130: And . . . on var. In fearful power - thence driven  
 thro battering storm/Two hours [alt. And rain] he  
 wildered on del. to pub. text but thro for through  
 [MS.D]  
 its . . . driven var. the perilous ground dislodged  
 [1845- ]  
 131: beam var. gleam del. to pub. text [MS.D]

Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;  
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam  
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
 Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed. 135

## XVI

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

## XVII

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

---

133: lightning's var. lightenings [MS.D]

135: a gleam var. some glimpse del. to a doubtful [MS.D]

136: cottage var. Cottage, del. to pub. text [MS.D]

145: though var. tho'

The downs were visible - and now revealed  
 A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.  
 It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,  
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build  
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain 150  
 From the night terrors of that waste to shield:  
 But there no human being could remain,  
 And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the  
 plain.

## XVIII

Though he had little cause to love the abode  
 Of man, or covet sight of mortal face, 155  
 Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,  
 How glad he was at length to find some trace  
 Of human shelter in that dreary place.

- 
- 147: structure var. Structure [MS.D]  
 150: swain var. Swain [MS.D]  
 153: plain var. Plain [MS.D]  
 154: Though var. Tho' [MS.D]  
 156: faint beams of light var. the doubtful gloom del. to the  
 gleam of light [MS.D]  
 ruin showed var. Ruin shewed [MS.D]

Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,  
 Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace. 160  
 In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows  
 He lays his stiffened limbs, - his eyes begin to close;

## XIX

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

---

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

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

170: ruin var. Ruin [MS.D]

## XX

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,  
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat  
 Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,  
 While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat; 175  
 Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,  
 Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:  
 The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,  
 Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force  
 Disclosing the grim head of a late-murdered corse. 180

## XXI

Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned  
 And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,  
 By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,  
 Cold stony horror all her senses bound.  
 Her he addressed in words of cheering sound; 185

- 173: Retreat var. [?abode] del. to retreat [MS.D]  
 180: late-murdered var. late murdered [1845- ]  
 corse var. Corse [MS.D]  
 181: tale var. tales del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 185: cheering var. chearing [MS.D]

Recovering heart, like answer did she make;  
 And well it was that, of the corse there found,  
 In converse that ensued she nothing spake;  
 She knew not that dire pangs in him such tale could  
 wake.

## XII

But soon his voice and words of kind intent 190  
 Banished that dismal thought; and now the wind  
 In fainter howlings told its rage was spent:  
 Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,  
 Which by degrees a confidence of mind  
 And mutual interest failed not to create. 195  
 And, to a natural sympathy resigned,  
 In that forsaken building where they sate  
 The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

---

189: in him such tale could wake var. such tale had power to  
 wake del. to pub. text [MS.D]

192: fainter howlings var. feebler murmurs del. to pub. text  
 [MS.D]

196: to a var. now to del. to pub. text [MS.D]

198: retraced her own untoward fate var. began her story to  
 relate del. to enlarged the story of her fate del. to  
pub. text [MS.D]

## XXIII

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt - a man  
 Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred; 200  
 And I believe that, soon as I began  
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said:  
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
 I read, and loved the books in which I read; 205  
 For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

## XXIV

A little croft we owned - a plot of corn,  
 A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,  
 And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn 210  
 Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest  
 chime.

---

199-200: var.

My Father was a good and pious man  
 An honest man by honest parents bred

alt. 199 father, man, var. Father, Man

200 Honest and true by pious parents bred

all del. to pub. text [MS.D]

Stanza XXIV stuck over the original in MS.D

Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!  
 My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;  
 The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;  
 The swans that with white chests upreared in pride 215  
 Rushing and racing came to meet at the water-side!

## XXV

The staff I well remember which upbore  
 The bending body of my active sire;  
 His seat beneath the honied sycamore  
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire; 220  
 When market-morning came, the neat attire  
 With which, though bent on hast, myself I decked;  
 Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire  
 The stranger till its barking-fit I checked;  
 The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement  
 pecked. 225

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

## XXVI

The suns of twenty summers danced along, -  
 Too little marked how fast they rolled away:  
 But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,  
 My father's substance fell into decay:  
 We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day 230  
 When Fortune would put on a kinder look;  
 But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;  
 He from his old hereditary nook  
 Must part; the summer came; - our final leave we took. \*

## XXVII

It was indeed a miserable hour 235  
 When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
 That on his marriage day sweet music made!

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

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

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

236: sire var. Sire [MS.D]

Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid  
 Close by my mother in their native bowers: 240  
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed; -  
 I could not pray:- through tears that fell in showers  
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

## XXVIII

There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,  
 That when I loved him not I cannot say: 245  
 'Mid the green mountains many a thought less song  
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;  
 When we began to tire of childish play,  
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other;  
 We talked of marriage and our marriage day; 250  
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

## XXIX

Two years were passed since to a distant town  
 He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:  
 What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown! 255  
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!  
 To him we turned: - we had no other aid:  
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;

And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
 He well could love in grief; his faith he kept; 260  
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

## XXX

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest  
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.  
 Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast;  
 And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed, 265  
 And knew not why. My happy father died,  
 When threatened war reduced the children's meal:  
 Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide  
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,  
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience might  
 not heal. 270

## XXXI

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

---

267: threatened war var. sad distress del. to pub. text [MS.D]

271: 'Twas a hard change var. War was proclaimed del. to pub. text [MS.D]

But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum  
 Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.  
 My husband's arms now only served to strain 275  
 Me and his children hungering in his view;  
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:  
 To join those miserable men he flew,  
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

## XXXII

There were we long neglected, and we bore 280  
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed; \*  
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,  
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made  
 Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed  
 For our departure; wished and wished — nor knew, 285  
 'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,  
 That happier days we never more must view.  
 The parting signal streamed — at last the land with-  
drew.

---

275: husband's var. Husband's del. to pub. text [MS.D]

281: weighed, var. no punctuation 1849

## XXXIII

But the calm summer season now was past.  
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep 290  
 Ran mountains high before the howling blast,  
 And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.  
 We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,  
 Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,  
 Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap, 295  
 That we the mercy of the waves should rue:  
 We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew \*

## XXXIV

The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,  
 Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
 In wood or wilderness, in camp or town, 300  
 It would unman the firmest heart to hear.  
 All perished - all in one remorseless year,  
 Husband and children! one by one, by sword  
 And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear

291: mountains high var. mountain-high [MS.D]

301: unman the firmest heart var. thy brain unsettle even  
del. to pub. text [MS.D]

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board 305  
 A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

## XXXV

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn  
 Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,  
 Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,  
 From her full eyes their watery load released. 310  
 He too was mute; and, ere her weeping ceased,  
 He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,  
 And saw the dawn opening the silvery east  
 With rays of promise, north and southward sent;  
 And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament. \* 315

## XXXVI

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night  
 Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."

- 
- 307: forlorn var. bereft del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 309: Yet var. Till, del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 312: ruin's var. Ruin's, as a correction of pub. text [MS.D]  
 313: opening var. appearing del. in transcription [MS.D]

So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight  
 Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;  
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue 320  
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,  
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:  
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer  
 Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled  
 near.

## XXXVII

They looked and saw a lengthening road, and wain 325  
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote:  
 The barrows glistered bright with drops of rain,  
 Whistled the waggoner with merry note,  
 The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;  
 But town, or farm or hamlet, none they viewed, 330  
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
 A long mile thence. While thither they pursued  
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

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320: Upon so MS.D but del. to That on del. to pub. text

323: comrade var. Comrade [MS.D]  
 to var. with

## XXXVIII

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain  
 Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest, 335  
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;  
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest.  
 I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
 How quiet round me ship and ocean were!  
 As quiet all within me. I was blest, 340  
 And looked, and fed upon the silent air  
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

## XXIX

Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
 And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;  
 The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps, 345

335: Is now by var. By the first del. to pub. text [MS.D]

337: so MS.D but alt. Hush'd as if nothing could disturb its  
 rest del. to pub. text [MS.D]

339: How quiet round me var. Oh me how quiet del. to pub. text  
 [MS.D]  
 round var. 'round [1845- ]

341: fed up var. looked along del. to pub. text [MS.D]

The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,  
 The shriek that from the distant battle broke,  
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed, 350  
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

## XL

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
 I seemed transported to another world;  
 A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast  
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurled, 355  
 And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled  
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home  
 And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
 For me - farthest from earthly port to roam  
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might  
 come. 360

## XLI

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
 That I, at last, a resting-place had found;  
 "Here will I dwell," said I, "my whole life long,

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363: said I var. I said del. to pub. text [MS.D]

Roaming the illimitable waters round;  
 Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned, 365  
 And end my days upon the peaceful flood." -  
 To break my dream the vessel reached its bound; \*  
 And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

## XLII

No help I sought, in sorrow turned adrift 370  
 Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;  
 Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
 Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.  
 I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
 From the cross-timber of an out-house hung: 375  
 Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!  
 At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
 Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

---

365: all but heaven var. every friend del. to pub. text [MS.D]

366: peaceful var. ocean del. to pub. text [MS.D]

370-371: No help . . . as if var.

By grief enfeebled was I turn'd adrift  
 Helpless as sailor del. to pub. text [MS.D]

373: raised var. dared del. to pub. text [MS.D]

## XLIII

So passed a second day; and, when the third  
 Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort. 380  
 — In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,  
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;  
 There, pains which nature could no more support,  
 With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;  
 And, after many interruptions short 385  
 Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:  
 Un sought for was the help that did my life recal.

## XLIV

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain  
 Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;  
 I heard my neighbours in their beds complain 390  
 Of many things which never troubled me -  
 Of feet still bustling round with busy glee.  
 Of looks where common kindness had no part,  
 Of service done with cold formality,  
 Fretting the fever round the languid heart, 395  
 And groans which, as they said, might make a dead  
 man start.

---

387: recal var. recall [MS.D]

394: cold formality var. careless cruelty del. to pub. text  
 [MS.D]

## XLV

These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,  
 Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.  
 With strength did memory return; and, thence  
 Dismissed, again on open day I gazed, 400  
 At houses, men, and common light, amazed.  
 The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,  
 Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;  
 The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,  
 And gave me food - and rest, more welcome, more  
 desired. 405

## XLVI

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly  
 With panniered asses driven from door to door;  
 But life of happier sort set forth to me,  
 And other joys my fancy to allure -  
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor 410  
 In barn uplighted; and companions boon,  
 Well met from far with revelry secure  
 Among the forest glades, while jocund June  
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

## XLVII

But ill they suited me - those journeys dark 415  
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!  
 To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,  
 Or hand on tip-toe at the lifted latch.  
 The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,  
 The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill, 420  
 And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:  
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding  
 still.

## XLVIII

What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
 My father! gone was every friend of thine: 425  
 And kindred of dead husband are at best  
 Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,  
 With little kindness would to me incline.  
 Nor was I then for toil or service fit;  
 My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine; 430

425: father var. Father [MS.D]

429: Nor var. Ill [MS.D]

In open air forgetful would I sit  
 Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

## XLIX

The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;  
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
 Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields, 435  
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
 The ground I for my bed have often used:  
 But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,  
 Is that I have my inner self abused,  
 Foregone the home delight of constant truth, 440  
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

## L

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,  
 Through tears have seen him towards that world descend  
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:  
 Three years a wanderer now my course I bend - 445  
 Oh! tell me whither - for no earthly friend

---

431: between In/open MS.D reads the del. in transcription

445: wanderer var. Wanderer [MS.D]

Have I." - She ceased, and weeping turned away;  
 As if because her tale was at an end,  
 She wept; because she had no more to say  
 Of that perpetual wright which on her spirit lay. 450

## LI

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,  
 His looks - for pondering he was mute the while.  
 Of social Order's care for wretchedness, \*  
 Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,  
 Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile, 455  
 'Twas not for him to speak - a man so tried. \*  
 Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style  
 Proverbial words of comfort he applied,  
 And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

## LII

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight, 460  
 Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,  
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite  
 Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:  
 Fair spectacle, - but instantly a scream

---

453: social Order's var. Social Orders [MS.D]

Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent; 465  
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,  
 And female cries. Their course they thither bent,  
 And met a man who foamed with anger vehement. \*

## LIII

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,  
 And, pointing to a little child that lay 470  
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale;  
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play  
 He had provoked his father, who straightway,  
 As if each blow were deadlier than the last,  
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay 475  
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast;  
 And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

- 
- 469: woman var. Woman [MS.D]  
 473: father var. Father; straightway var. straitway [MS.D]  
 474: deadlier than var. meant to be del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 475: innocent var. Innocent [MS.D]  
 Pallid with dismay var. in the light of day del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 476: MS.D orig. read [?Shuddering alt. smitten] the Sailor's  
 Widow stood aghast del. and adds. to pub. text

## LIV

His voice with indignation rising high  
 Such further deed in manhood's name forbade;  
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply 480  
 With bitter insult and revilings sad;  
 Asked him in scorn what business there he had;  
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now;  
 The gallows would one day of him be glad; -  
 Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow, 485  
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

## LV

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched  
 With face to earth; and, as the boy turned round  
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched  
 As if he saw - there and upon the that ground - 490  
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound  
 He had himself inflicted. Through his brain \*

- 
- 478: var. And with firm voice and indignation high del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 480: The peasant wild in var. He confident in del. to pub. text but peasant var. Peasant [MS.D]  
 487: child var. Child This is on the loose sheet described in the account of MS.C containing ll. 482-513. It will be cited as MS.C<sub>2</sub>  
 491: Strange var. A del. to pub. text [MSS. C<sub>2</sub>, D] the var that del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 492: Through var. Thro' [MSS. C<sub>2</sub>, D]

At once the griding iron passage found;  
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,  
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain. 495

## LVI

Within himself he said - What hearts have we!  
 The blessing this a father gives his child!  
 Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,  
 Suffering not doing ill - fate far more mild.  
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled 500  
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;  
 He kissed his son - so all was reconciled.  
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke  
 Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

- 494: then var. that del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 495: the starting tear restrain var. from very tears abstain  
del. to from some weak tears refrain del. to some few  
tears [MS.D]  
 497: a father var. the Father [MS.C<sub>2</sub>]  
 father . . . child var. Father<sup>2</sup>. . . Child [MS.D]  
 498: boy! var. Boy! [MSS.C<sub>2</sub>, D]  
 500: looks and tears var. pitying looks del. to pub. text in  
MS.D [MSS. C<sub>2</sub>, D]  
 501: father var. Father [MSS. C<sub>2</sub>, D]  
 502: son var. Son [MS.D]  
 504: Ere . . . came var. In the full swelling throat [MS.D]

## LVII

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law 505  
 Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;  
 Much need have ye that time more closely draw  
 The bonds of nature, all unkindness cease,  
 And that among so few there still be peace:  
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes 510  
 Your pains shall ever with your years increase?" -  
 While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,  
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

## LVIII

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look  
 Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene 515

- 506: man var. Man [MSS. C<sub>2</sub>, D]  
 508: nature var. Nature [MS.C<sub>2</sub>]  
 510: but var. that del. to pub. text [MS.C<sub>2</sub>]  
 512: heart the appropriate var. lips [del. to tongues MS.D] this  
 homely [MS.C<sub>2</sub>] del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 514-515: MS.D began with The pair then del. in transcription to  
 And passing onward down at length they look  
 Where thro a narrow valley's pleasant scene  
 A wreath of vapour del. to pub. text but  
 pair var. Pair  
 Into var. Where thro [MS.D]

Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,  
 That babbled on through groves and meadows green;  
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;  
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,  
 And melancholy lowings intervene 520  
 Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,  
 Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's  
 rays.

## LIX

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road  
 Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;  
 Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed 525  
 Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.  
 Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:  
 It was a rustic inn; - the board was spread,

- 
- 517: through var. thro' [MS.D]
- 518: low-roofed house peeped out var. single cottage smoked  
~~to lowly house peeped out~~ [MS.D]
- 522: Some . . . rays. var. While thro the furrowed grass the  
 [?lonely] milk-maid strays ~~to pub. text but amid~~  
var. in the del. to pub. text [MS.D]
- 527: Erelong so MS.D but alt. Quickly del. cottage var.  
 Cottage [MS.D]
- 528: inn var. Inn [MS.D]

The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,  
 And lustily the master carved the bread, 530  
 Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

## LX

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part;  
 Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.  
 She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart  
 Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease, 535  
 She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,  
 With his oak-staff the cottage children played;  
 And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees  
 And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade  
 Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed. 540

## LXI

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;

530: master var. Master [MS.D]

532: the pair, though loth var. the unhappy Pair del. to pub.  
text [MS.D]

540: the var. a del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 runnel var. runner [MS.D]

Chequering the canvass roof the sunbeams shone.  
 She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood  
 As the wain fronted her, - wherein lay one,  
 A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone. 545  
 The carman wet her lips as well behaved; \*  
 Bed under her lean body there was none,  
 Though even to die near one she most had loved  
 She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

## LXII

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain 550  
 And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,  
 Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain

- 542: canvass var. canvas [1845- ]  
 544: wain var. Wain [MS.D]  
 one var. One [MS.C]  
 546: carman var. Carman [MSS. C, D]  
 547: body there was var. Body she had del. to pub. text [MS.D]  
 548: Though var. tho' [MSS. C, D]  
 one var. One [MSS. C, D]

The jolting road and morning air severe.  
 The wain pursued its way; and following near  
 In pure compassion she her steps retraced 555  
 Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"  
 She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste  
 The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

## LXIII

While to the door with eager speed they ran,  
 From her bare straw the Woman half upraised 560  
 Her bony visage - gaunt and deadly wan;  
 No pity asking, on the group she gazed  
 With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;  
 Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.  
 Fervently cried the housewife - "God be praised, 565  
 I have a house that I can call my own;  
 Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!"

---

554: wain var. Wain [MS.C]

556: cottage var. Cottage [MS.C]

559: While var. As del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]

562: group var. ground del. to pub. text [MS.C]

## LXIV

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,  
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie  
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet 570  
 And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.  
 Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh  
 She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear;  
 Then said - "I thank you all; if I must die,  
 The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear; 575  
 Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

## LXV

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,  
 Suffering what no endurance could assuage,

---

569: though var tho' [MS.C]

571-574: var.

With death's numb waters swoln their hands apply  
 And chafe her pulseless temples cold and dry.  
 At last she strove her languid head to rear  
 And said del. to pub. text [MS.C]

576: Till now var. Today del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]

577: Barred var. Barr'd [MS.C]

I was compelled to seek my father's door,  
 Though loth to be a burthen on his age. 580  
 But sickness stopped me in an early stage  
 Of my sad journey; and within the wain \*  
 They placed me - there to end life's pilgrimage,  
 Unless beneath your roof I may remain:  
 For I shall never see my father's door again. 585

## LXVI

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome;  
 But if I have not meekly suffered, meek  
 May my end be! Soon will this voice be dumb:  
 Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak  
 Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek. - \* 590

- 
- 579: father's var. Father's [MSS. C, D]  
 580: on var. to del. to pub. text in MS.D [MSS. C, D]  
 582: wain var. Wain [MS.C]  
 583: life's var. my del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]  
 585: father's var. Father's [MS.D]  
Stanza LXVI and corrections are stuck over original in MS.D  
 586: var. My lot in life has long been burdensome [MS.C]  
 587: But if var. Oh God del. to pub. text [MS.C]  
 589: child var. Child [MS.D]

Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea  
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,  
 My husband served in sad captivity  
 On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set him  
 free.

---

591-594: var.

In a lone hut beside the sea we dwelt  
 Near Portland Light-house in a sheltered creek  
 My father too - the good old man would melt  
 In tears if he should hear of all that I have felt.

del. to pub. text [MS.C]

so MS.D but var. lone var. small  
 sheltered var. lonesome

del. to

Forced from our hut that stood beside the Sea  
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek  
 On shipboard toiling, bleeding as might be  
 My husband served - fast bound till peace should  
 set him free

del. to pub. text

abortive variants

(i) On shipboard served three, del.

(ii) there fast bound till, fast bound del.

[MS.D]

## LXVII

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares, 595  
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;  
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers  
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's bread;  
 Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,  
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie; 600  
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;  
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,  
 Nor could we live together those poor boys and I;

---

595: Sailor's var. Soldier's del. to pub. texts [MS.D]

595-599: var.

Within that hut I knew a widow's cares  
 Two little Children did partake my bed  
 And strange hopes trembled thro' my dreams and prayers  
 Strong was I then and labour gave me bread  
 Until a man

del. to pub. text but with var. sailor's var. Sailor's  
 [MS.C]

595-600: Stuck over in the original in MS.D. The original  
can be seen to be close to MS.C. Revision as pub.  
text, save for following variants:

sailor's, widow's var. Sailor's, Widow's

cheered my dreams var. cheered me and del. to pub.  
text

bread var. food del. to pub. text

one var. One

## LXVIII

"For evil tongues made oath how on that day  
 My husband lurked about the neighbourhood; 605  
 Now he had fled, and whither none could say,  
 And he had done the deed in the dark wood -  
 Near his own home! - but he was mild and good;  
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;  
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food. 610

---

604-605: var.

For one had seen he said and swore it too  
 My husband lurking in the neighbourhood

del. to

For one made oath how he had seen that day

del. to pub. text but with var. lurked var. lurk'd  
 [MS.C]

var.

For one made oath del. to For oath was made

del. to

For cruel tongues made oath how on that day

[MS.D]

608: mild and good var. kind and good del. to pub. text  
 [MSS. C, D]

609: gentler var. milder

My husband's loving kindness stood between  
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen."

## LXIX

Alas! the thing she told with labouring breath  
 The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness  
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the hour of death, 615  
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to bless

610-612 are stuck over original in MS.D

611-612: var.

Oh had my husband 'mong the living been  
 My days had passed secure from misery so keen

del. and altered to pub. text but with var.

harms var. pains [MS.C]

var.

For me my tender husband stood between  
 The wrongs of this bad world and wrongs  
 however keen del. to pub. text [MS.D]

613-614: Alas . . . told/The . . . well over erasure  
in MS.C

With her last words, unable to suppress  
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive;  
 And, weeping loud in this extreme distress.  
 He cried - "Do pity me! That thou shouldst live 620  
 I neither ask nor wish - forgive me, but forgive!"

## LXX

To tell the change that Voice within her wrought  
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;  
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,  
 And every mortal pang dissolved away. 625

617-621 are struck over original in MS.D. As text but with variant this extreme var. his extreme del. to pub. text.

617-618: var. At such a sight he could no more suppress  
 Feelings that did within his bosom strive  
del. to pub. text [MS.D]

620-621: var. He cried - "Ah pity me! that thou shouldst live  
 I do not ask nor wish - forgive me but forgive  
del. to pub. text. Ah pity me over erasure [MS.C]

622: tell var. speak del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]  
 Voice var. voice del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]

Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;  
 Yet still while over her the husband bent,  
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,  
 "Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven was sent  
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content." 630

## LXXI

She slept in peace, - his pulses throbbed and stopped,  
 Breathless he gazed upon her face, - then took  
 Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped,  
 When on his own he cast a rueful look.

---

626: MS.D read there between bed/in but del. in transcription

626-630: var.

                  there dead she lay  
 Silently o'er her face the husband bent  
 A look was on her lips which seemed to say  
 Comfort to thee my parting soul hath sent  
 But not to him it seemed on other thoughts intent

del. to pub. text, but with var.

soul var. Soul [MS.C]

Stanzas LXXI-LXXII were added at the end of the MS.C copy and directions given that they should be inserted as in pub. text. In MS.C the poem moved from 630-649 directly.

His ears were never silent; sleep forsook 635  
 His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead;  
 All night from time to time under him shook  
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;  
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

## LXXII

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot; 640  
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care  
 Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,  
 Died in his arms; and with those thanks a prayer  
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.  
 The corse interred, not one hour he remained 645  
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air  
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,  
 He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

- 
- 637: under var. beneath del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]  
 643: those var. these [MS.C]  
 644: pair var. Pair [MSS. C, D]  
 645: corse var. Corse [MSS. C, D]  
 646: Beneath var. Under del. to pub. text [MSS. C, D]  
 648: bore var. carried del. to pub. text [MS.C]

## LXXIII

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared  
 For act and suffering, to the city straight 650  
 He journeyed, and forth with his crime declared:  
 "And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,  
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."  
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim: \*

"O welcome sentence which will end though late," 655  
 He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came  
 "Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy  
 name!" \*

---

649-653: var.

Confirmed of purpose fearless and prepared  
 The Corse [?once] buried to the City strait  
 He went and all which he had done declared  
 "And from your hands" he added "now I wait  
 Nor let them linger long, the Murderer's fate.  
del. to pub. text [MS.C]

653: murderer's var. Murderer's [MS.D]

655: "O welcome var. Blest be the del. to pub. text  
but with var. which var. that [MS.C]

MS.D as pub. text but var. O welcome sentence alt.  
 Welcome the sentence and which var. that del. to  
pub. text

## LXXIV

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case  
 (Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)  
 They hung not:- no one on his form or face 660  
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;  
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought  
 By lawless curiosity or chance,  
 When into storm the evening sky is wrought,  
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance, 665  
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.

659: thought var. thoughts del. to pub. text [MS.D]

664: is lacuna but alt. was del. [MS.D]

658-666: var.

They left him hung on high in iron case  
 Warning for men unthinking and untaught  
 And such would come to gaze upon his face  
 And to that spot which idle thousands sought  
 Women and children were by fathers brought  
 And now some kindred sufferer driven perchance  
 That way when into storm the sky is wrought

alt.

When into storm the evening sky is wrought  
 Upon the swinging corpse his eye may glance  
 And drop as he once dropped in miserable trance.

del. to pub. text, but with variants

665: can var. could

NOTES TO THE POEMS

NOTES TO A NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN

1: Line 70: "outsent a mournful shriek": The compound use as in "outsent" can be traced back through eighteenth century Miltonic and Spenserian verse to Milton and Spenser themselves. Its most common appearance, however, seems to have been in participle constructions. Although it proves nothing, it is interesting in view of my suggestions below about the connection between Joseph Fawcett's little-known poem The Art of War and Wordsworth's Salisbury Plain to note that the OED. cites this poem: "Into whose dragon broil and high-wrought rage . . . all her out-sent soul Alecto breath'd" (Art of War, l. 29).

2: Line 88: "Fly ere the fiends their prey unwares devour": It is difficult to be sure whether Wordsworth was consciously archaising in "unwares" or whether it was an accepted poetic usage still. It appears many times in The Faerie Queene, e.g. "The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest" (The Faerie Queene, II, XII, lxxxix, 8. All readings are

from The Faerie Queene ed. J.C. Smith, The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, 3 vols. (Oxford, 1909, reprint 1961), II-III. Citations to FQ.).

3: Line 105: "No watchdog howled from shepherd's homely shed":  
The watchdog is a familiar Wordsworthian figure.  
He appears in the early Dove Cottage MS. Verse 3,  
p. 9:

See where the son of other worlds sailing  
slowly o'er the lake - no! 'tis the taper  
that twinkling in the cottage casts a long  
wan shadow over the lake. Loud howls the  
village dog.

His howling closes the "sound-piece" at the end  
of An Evening Walk:

The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;  
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;  
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;  
Or yell in the deep woods of lonely hound.

(EW., ll. 443-446. PW., I, 38)

He is an early part of the work on the episode of  
the discharged soldier:

all the while  
The chained mastiff in his wooden house  
Was vexed and from among the village trees  
Howled in the stillness.

(Prelude, p. 538)

4: Line 117: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": The diction of this poem reveals how far Wordsworth was from the position on poetic diction adopted in the "Preface to Lyrical Ballads" in its more developed form. A very memorable use of the same highly "poetic" formulation occurs in Pope:

Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale  
Light  
 Pursue the Stars that shoot athwart the Night.

(Rape of the Lock, II, 81-82)

For comments on the diction of The Female Vagrant see part of Emile Legouis, "Some Remarks on the Composition of the Lyrical Ballads of 1798" Wordsworth and Coleridge: Studies in Honor of George McLean Harper, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs (Princeton U.P., 1939), 6-7.

5: Lines 127-128: "Till then as is his terror dogged his road  
 He fled, and often backward cast his face."

Compare Spenser: FQ., I, IX, xxi, 5-6:

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,  
 As if his feare still followed him behind.

The image is fairly common in FQ., see II, I xvi, 1 and V, VIII, iv, 9.

6: Line 134: "entering in, his hair in horror rose":  
 compare the moment in FQ., when the Redcrosse  
 Knight plucks at the man/tree Fradubio:

Astound he stood, and up his hair did hove  
 And with that sudden horror could no member  
 move.

(FQ., I, II, xxxi, 8-9)

7: Line 142: "Thrill'd by the poignant dart of sudden dread":  
 Wordsworth's metaphor has a consistency which is  
 now unrecognised. "Thrill'd" comes from the  
 metathetic form of the Old English "thirlian", to  
 pierce. The meaning was quite clear to Spenser  
 as many examples show: e.g. FQ., I, VIII, xxxix,  
 1-2:

Which when that Champion, heard with piercing  
 Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore,<sup>point</sup>

and FQ., II, I, xxxciii, 5:

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing pain.

in view of ANSP., l. 186, however, one could not  
 maintain that Wordsworth always respected the  
 metaphoric use.





14: Line 339: "Not lovelier did the morning star appear":

The awkwardly Miltonic construction "not lovelier" is found again in a jotting in Dove Cottage MS.

Verse 4, p. 1:

her hair upon her shoulders spread  
Not lovelier shows the oak through sunny showers  
The first light yellow of his budding head.

15: Line 385: "To break my dream": It is just possible that Wordsworth is being consciously ironic here.

In Midlands usage the phrase means "to make a dream come true by giving it reality." If, for example, one has dreamt of an unexpected visitor and the next day an unexpected call is made, then one might say to the caller "You have broken my dream." The experiences of the female vagrant, of course, break her dream in the most brutal way, but it is not possible to say whether Wordsworth would have been familiar with this use of the idiom.

16: Lines 421-423:

"life is like this desart broad  
Where all the happiest find is but a shed  
And a green spot 'mid wastes interminable  
spread.

This is one more example of Wordsworth reworking old material. This image of life had already appeared in Descriptive Sketches, 590-593, PW., I, 76:

Alas! in every clime a flying ray  
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way,  
Condemn'd in mists and tempests ever rife,  
To pant slow up the endless Alp of life.

17: Lines 424-425: "Though from huge wickers paled with cir-  
cling fire  
No longer horrid shrieks and dying cries":

Wordsworth is calling on the widespread belief that the Druids sacrificed humans. Aylett Sammes in his Britannia Antiqua Illustrata: or, the Antiquities of Ancient Britain, Derived from the Phoenicians (London, 1676), 104, describes the sacrificial wicker as follows. He is translating from Caesar De Bello Gallico, VI, 16, though he does not admit as much and transposes Caesar's sentence order.

The most acceptable Sacrifice to their Gods, they [Druids] esteemed Murtherers, Thieves, and Robbers, and also other Criminals, but for want of these Innocents often suffered. In some places this Custome was observed, which, I suppose, was common to the Druids of Britain and Gaul; They made a Statue or Image of a MAN in a vast proportion, whose Limbs consisted of Twigs, weaved together

in the nature of Basket-ware: These they fill'd with live Men, and after that, set it on fire, and so destroy'd the poor Creatures in the smoak and flames.

(See De Bellico Gallico, Loeb ed. trans. H.J. Edwards (London, 1917), 340-341)

Sammes's illustration of the wicker can be seen most conveniently in the reproduction in A.L. Owen, The Famous Druids (Oxford, 1962).

Sammes's description of the Druid class strikingly justifies Wordsworth's use here of the analogy between the Druids with their sacrifices and the modern clergy as symbols of more general authority. The Druids are shown as tyrants, but as tyrants who constantly renew their power by enticing fresh recruits:

The Druids were exempted from the services of War, and paid no Taxes as the rest of the people did, by which Immunities many were invited, on their own free wills, to enter themselves into that Order and Discipline, and many were sent by their Friends and Relations to learn it (103, See Loeb, 336-339).

It is interesting that the Druids should have provided so much of the symbolic texture of Blake's prophetic books. In his commentary on Jerusalem Joseph Wicksteed suggests that Blake saw the Druids with the same double vision which is discussed on pp. 352-353 below as prevalent in the eighteenth

century:

Blake probably thought of the Druids in two opposite ways: on the one hand as Bards who refused to inscribe their traditions on stone tablets, which would kill the true spirit of inspiration; and on the other as priests who sacrificed human values on a gigantic scale. They were at once the upholders of the primitive tradition of Man as the rightful heir of Eden, and of its most horrible corruption symbolized by the cruel rites of the "Wicker Man".

(Joseph Wicksteed, William Blake's Jerusalem (London, 1953), 57)

Blake's most striking use of the Druid image, however, certainly stems from the second vision, as does Wordsworth's. In Milton Satan occupies Milton's shadow which appears as the

Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in whom  
Jerusalem's children consume in flames among the  
stars.

(Milton, Bk. II, 37, 11-12. Blake: Complete Writings, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (Oxford, 1966), 526. Future citations to this edition as Blake)

The Druids dominate Blake's thinking in the second chapter of his greatest work Jerusalem. The image of the wicker re-appears when Los speaks:

instead of heavenly Chapels built  
By our dear Lord, I see Worlds crusted with  
snows and ice.  
I see a Wicker Idol woven and Jerusalem's  
children.

(Jerusalem, II, plate 43, 63-65. Blake, 673)





following observation which is the genesis for the imagery of this stanza LI:

The rivers in Peru are observed to quicken their currents with the first approach of morning; an effect produced by the rays of the sun melting the snow upon the Andes. Similar appearances are striking among the Alps. At the head of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in order to have a more perfect view of a magnificent waterfall I crossed over a broad and rapid mountain torrent by the aid of the fragment[s] of rock which strewed its bed. I did not stay above a few minutes; but on my return I found the difficulty of re-crossing the stream much increased and being detained among the large stones in its channel I perceived the water swell every moment which with a dizziness of sight produced by the furious dashing of the foam placed me in a situation of considerable personal danger. Returning down the valley, from a bridge under the arch of which about two hours before, for the sake of the shadow, we had retired, we observed such a quantity of water swilling over our late resting place as would have swept us away before it. It will scarce be necessary to say that these temporary floods will be found on different sides of a valley as the sun changes his position.

21: Line 511: "But by his gentle words their self-consuming rage": Compare Spenser's similar use of the compound in FQ., III, XI, 1, 7-8:

With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,  
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?

NOTES TO ADVENTURES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

22: Line 9: "His ragged coat scarce showed the Soldier's fading red": In The Ruined Cottage Margaret looks hopefully for any "Man whose garments shewed the Soldier's red" (RC., MS.B, 713. PW., V, 399).

23: Line 128: "His soul, which in such anguish had been toss'd": Compare FQ., VI, III, xl, 5:  
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost.

24: Lines 158-159:

"Even since thou sawest the giant Wicker rear  
Its dismal chambers hung with living men":

See note 17 above.

25: Lines 176-177:

"No gypsy cowr'd o'er fire of furze or broom;  
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright":

The continuity of the landscape in Wordsworth's

poetry during the Racedown-Alfoxden period is testified by the re-appearance of the gypsey and the lime-kilns in The Ruined Cottage:

'Twas a spot  
The wandering gypsey in a stormy night  
Would pass it with his moveables to house  
On the open plain beneath the imperfect arch  
Of a cold lime-kiln.

(RC., MS.B, 32-36. PW., V, 380)

The fragment in Dove Cottage MS. Verse 4 edited in Appendix One below includes more detail for this landscape:

For coal team or night going limestone wain  
Backward she looked nor man or team could spy  
And the white road declared indented plain  
The self-provided waggoner gone by.

(see below, p. 555)

The connection is continued in the lines from The Ruined Cottage:

Far from the sight of city spire, or sound  
Of Minister clock,

(RC., MS.B. 58-59. PW., V, 380)

which recalls the lines in the fragment mentioned above:

from the minster tower  
The distant clock tolled out the morning's  
second hour,

(see below, p. 557)

and, though there is no exact verbal parallel, the opening of Adventures on Salisbury Plain where the Minster spire fades from the traveler's sight:

the distant spire  
That fix'd at every turn his backward eye  
Was lost, though still he turned.

(AdSP., 48-50)

26: Line 180: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": See note 4 above.

27: Line 207: "Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail": Compare FQ., IV, VI, xxii, 8-9:

Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle  
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to  
quayle.

28: Line 312: "His little range of water was denied":

Wordsworth's note to this line in The Female Vagrant reads:

Several of the Lakes in the north of  
England are let out to different Fishermen  
in parcels marked out by imaginary lines  
drawn from rock to rock.

29: Line 335: "the artist's trade: See note 12 above.

30: Line 378: "a poor devoted crew": See note 13 above.

31: Line 466: "To break my dream": See note 15 above.

32: Line 567: "And now with crimson fire kindled the firmament": For Spenser's use of this striking adjective see FQ., II, XI, iii, 1:

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray.

33: Line 612: "foamed with anger vehement": Compare FQ., I, XI, xxvi, 1:

full of griefe and anguish vehement.

34: Line 645-646: "Through his brain  
At once the griding iron passage found":

Compare Spenser's use, FQ., II, VIII, xxxvi, 5:

That through his thigh the mortall steele did  
gryde.

35: Line 699: "The carman wet her lips as well behaved":

Another Spenserian usage. See FQ., VI, V, xx,

1:

Him well behaved so; . . .

36: Lines 735-737: "The overseers placed me in this wain,  
Thus to be carried back from stage to stage  
Unwilling that I should with them remain":

Dorothy Marshall, The English Poor in the Eighteenth Century: A Study in Social and Administrative History (London, 1926), 245, sums up the failure of the Act of Settlement and its effect on vagrancy in words which may serve as a backcloth to Wordsworth's picture of the distressed woman:

while the parishes were as interested in inducing the chargeable poor to become vagrants as the magistrates were in preventing them, and while the contractors were employed in reconveying those whom the overseers bribed to wander, the whole process may be compared to that of pouring water out to a cask with a large meshed sieve, and in such circumstances it was hopeless to expect that the problem of vagrancy could be solved.

37: Line 743: "say that the worm is on my cheek": The pedlar in The Ruined Cottage uses the same phrase of

Margaret: "She is dead/The worm is on her cheek" (RC., MS.B, 353-354. PW., V, 390). The echo might be considered, in the light of the argument above in Chapter One, to be a further detail in which the MS of 1799 does not exactly represent the poem of 1795. We may argue either that the phrase was in Wordsworth's mind during work on Adventures on Salisbury Plain in 1798 and was included in The Ruined Cottage also of 1798, or that the phrase was used first in The Ruined Cottage and then added to Adventures on Salisbury Plain not later than the copying of MS.B in 1799.

38: Lines 817-819:

"Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho' late,  
The pangs which from thy halls of terror came,  
Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!"

In his The Art of War, discussed in full in Chapter Four, Joseph Fawcett refers without irony to the crowd that chokes the "hall of Justice" (1.1069). Wordsworth by breaking and enlarging the phrase bitterly reveals the true nature of this so-called "hall of Justice."

NOTES TO GUILT AND SORROW OR INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

39: Advertisement: "though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it": William Stukeley, whose work is discussed more fully in Chapter Four below, was concerned about the plain being turned over to the plough. In his Stonehenge: A Temple Restor'd to the British Druids (London, 1740), 1, he wrote:

The Wiltshire downs, or Salisbury plain (as commonly call'd) for extent and beauty, is, without contrariety, one of the most delightful parts of Britain. But of late years great encroachments have been made upon it by the plough which threatens the ruin of this fine champain, and of all the monuments of antiquity thereabouts.

See Mary Wordsworth's comment just over a hundred years later to Isabella Fenwick on her impression of the plain, Letters, 246.

40: Line 92: "Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed":  
See note 23 above.

41: Lines 122-123:

"Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear  
For sacrifice its throngs of living men":

See notes 17, 24 above. In the slight verbal change from "when" in Adventures on Salisbury Plain to "if" Wordsworth has cast doubt on the certainty that Stonehenge was implicated in the ritual murders.

42: Line 140: "No gipsy cowered o'er fire of furze or broom":

See note 25 above.

43: Line 144: "From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night": See note 4 above.44: Line 171: "Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail": See note 27 above.45: Line 234: "Must part; the summer came;- our final leave we took": Although it makes good sense, "summer" must be thought of as an error that passed

unnoticed in 1842. The reading in the last MS, MS.D is "summons" and this is the reading restored in all editions from 1845.

46: Line 281: "Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed":  
In the edition of 1849 this line appeared without punctuation. It was, I assume, a printer's error, since the sense demands a pause and since previously the line had ended with a semi-colon.

47: Line 297: "a poor devoted crew": See note 13 above.

48: Line 315: "And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament": See note 32 above.

49: Line 367: "To break my dream": See note 15 above.

50: Lines 453-456: "Of social Order's care for wretchedness,  
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,  
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured  
smile,  
'Twas not for him to speak - a man so tried":



53: Line 546: "The carman wet her lips as well behaved":

See note 35 above.

54: Lines 582-583:

"within the wain  
They placed me-there to end life's pilgrimage":

See note 36 above. The problem of how to deal with the vagrant poor was as acute as ever in 1842, but it will be noted that in Guilt and Sorrow Wordsworth has cut out at this point one of the bitterest comments of the earlier poem about the inhumanity of the system. Partly this was no doubt because the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 had seemed to offer a solution and partly because Wordsworth's own sense of the pain of the problem was less strong than it had been forty five years before.

55: Line 590: "Say that the worm is on my cheek": See note

37 above.

56: Lines 654-657:

"Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:  
 'O welcome sentence which will end though late,'  
 He said, 'the pangs that to my conscience came  
 'Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in  
 thy name!'"

It is obvious that in introducing the element of religious consolation Wordsworth has altered the spirit of the ending. What is not so obvious on a first reading is that Wordsworth has actually altered the structure of this stanza to exclude any criticism by the poet himself of the administration of justice. In Adventures on Salisbury Plain the parallel passage reads:

Nor ineffectual was that piteous claim.  
 Blest be for once the stroke that ends, tho'  
late,  
 The pangs which from thy halls of terror came,  
 Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name!

See note 38 above. Here it is the poet who speaks the words of condemnation and not the sailor. In Guilt and Sorrow the climactic words are spoken by a dramatic character.