

95 To Summer's flaming eye or Winter's banner grey;
 Whether LODORE¹ its silver torrent flings —
 The mingling wonders of a thousand springs!
 Whether smooth BASENTHWAITE,² at EVE'S still he
 Reflects the young moon's crescent pale;
 Or meditation seeks her silent bow'r,
 100 Amid the rocks of lonely BORROWDALE.³
 Still may thy name survive, SWEET BOY! till TIME
 Shall bend to KESWICK'S vale — thy SKIDDAW'S brow sublime!

TO THE POET COLERIDGE⁴

RAPT in the visionary theme!
 SPIRIT DIVINE! with THEE I'll wander,
 Where the blue, wavy, lucid stream,
 'Mid forest glooms, shall slow meander!
 5 With THEE I'll trace the circling bounds
 Of thy NEW PARADISE extended;
 And listen to the varying sounds
 Of winds, and foamy torrents blended.
 Now by the source which lab'ring heaves
 The mystic fountain, bubbling, panting,
 While Gossamer its net-work weaves,
 Adown the blue lawn slanting!
 I'll mark thy sunny dome, and view
 Thy Caves of Ice, thy fields of dew!
 15 Thy ever-blooming mead, whose flow'r
 Waves to the cold breath of the moonlight hour!
 Or when the day-star, peering bright

1 A waterfall near Keswick.
 2 A lake northwest of Keswick.
 3 A valley on the opposite side of Derwentwater lake from Keswick.
 4 This poem, which is signed SAPPHO in the 1806 *Poetical Works*, is a response to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," which Robinson saw in manuscript. The "sunny dome" and "caves of ice" allude to images in Coleridge's poem, and Robinson's nymph with a dulcimer recalls Coleridge's damsel with a dulcimer.

On the grey wing of parting night;
 While more than vegetating pow'r
 Throbs grateful to the burning hour,
 As summer's whisper'd sighs unfold
 Her million, million buds of gold;
 Then will I climb the breezy bounds,
 Of thy NEW PARADISE extended,
 And listen to the distant sounds
 25 Of winds, and foamy torrents blended!

SPIRIT DIVINE! with THEE I'll trace
 Imagination's boundless space!
 With thee, beneath thy sunny dome,
 I'll listen to the minstrel's lay,
 30 Hymning the gradual close of day;
 In *Caves of Ice* enchanted roam,
 Where on the glittering entrance plays
 The moon's-beam with its silv'ry rays;
 Or, when glassy stream,
 35 That thro' the deep dell flows,
 Flashes the noon's hot beam;
 The noon's hot beam, that midway shows
 Thy flaming Temple, studded o'er
 With all PERUVIA'S lustrous store!
 40 There will I trace the circling bounds
 Of thy NEW PARADISE extended!
 And listen to the awful sounds,
 Of winds, and foamy torrents blended!

And now I'll pause to catch the moan
 Of distant breezes, cavern-pent;
 Now, ere the twilight tints are flown,
 Purpling the landscape, far and wide,
 On the dark promontory's side
 I'll gather wild flow'rs, dew besprent,
 And weave a crown for THEE,
 50 GENIUS OF HEAV'N-TAUGHT POESY!
 While, op'ning to my wond'ring eyes,

55 Thou bidst a new creation rise,
I'll raptur'd trace the circling bounds
Of thy RICH PARADISE extended,
And listen to the varying sounds
Of winds, and foaming torrents blended.

60 And now, with lofty tones inviting,
Thy NYMPH, her dulcimer swift smiting,
Shall wake me in ecstatic measures!
Far, far remov'd from mortal pleasures!
In cadence rich, in cadence strong,
Proving the wondrous witcheries of song!

65 I hear her voice! thy sunny dome,
Thy caves of ice, loud repeat,
Vibrations, madd'ning sweet,
Calling the visionary wand'rer home.

70 She sings of THEE, O favour'd child
Of Minstrelsy, SUBLIMELY WILD!
Of thee, whose soul can feel the tone
Which gives to airy dreams a magic ALL THY OWN!

THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON¹

'Twas in the mazes of a wood,
The lonely wood of AVEYRON,
I heard a melancholy tone: —
It seem'd to freeze my blood!
A torrent near was flowing fast,

1 On July 25, 1799, three hunters captured a feral boy who had been previously spotted living in the woods of Lacaune, in south central France. He became known as the "enfant sauvage de l'Aveyron," a misnomer, according to Harlan Lane, since he was from Tarn not Aveyron, was between twelve and fifteen years of age, and did not deserve to be described as savage, a term usually applied to wild animals, primitive people, or original man, such as Rousseau's noble savage. See Harlan Lane, *The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1976) 11. Newspaper accounts of the boy appeared regularly in England, and Robinson seems to draw her details from the *Morning Post*. The poem exhibits the metrical influence of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." "The Savage of Aveyron" was included in the third vol-

And hollow was the midnight blast
As o'er the leafless woods it past,
While terror-fraught I stood!

10 O! mazy woods of AVEYRON!
O! wilds of dreary solitude!
Amid thy thorny alleys rude
I thought myself alone!
I thought no living thing could be
So weary of the world as me, —
While on my winding path the pale moon shone.

Sometimes the tone was loud and sad,
And sometimes dulcet, faint, and slow;
And then a tone of frantic woe:
It almost made me mad.

20 The burthen was "Alone! alone!"
And then the heart did feebly groan; —
Then suddenly a cheerful tone
Proclaim'd a spirit glad!
O! mazy woods of AVEYRON!
O! wilds of dreary solitude!
Amid your thorny alleys rude
I wish'd myself — a traveller alone.

ume of Robinson's 1801 *Memoirs* with the following preface: "The following Poem, which by the date the Reader will perceive to have been written a very short time previous to the dissolution of its excellent Author, will require no apology for its insertion in this publication. The correctness of the metre, and the plainness of its harmony which pervades every stanza, clearly evinces the mild philosophy with which a strong mind can smooth its journey to the grave. This LAST offspring of Mrs. ROBINSON'S Muse was produced at intervals of favourable symptoms of her fatal malady. The subject was interesting to her heart. She adopted it with all the enthusiasm of mournful ANTICIPATION. The story first suggested itself to her after perusing various accounts of a SAVAGE BOY, lately discovered in the Forest of Aveyron, in the department of Tarn, and said to be then existing at PARIS. Frequent instances of this kind have occurred in the history of Man, and conjecture has almost uniformly been bewildered respecting the origin of such fugitives. In countries where BANDITTI have been known to reside, imagination may be allowed the exercise of its powers; and Reason may ruminate on the possibility, as well as the probability, of such an interesting history as that of "THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON" (*Memoirs* 3:173-74).