

[Lines-Left-Upon-Seat-Yew-Tree] Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely ye

[1] Far from all human dwelling: what if here No sparkling rivulet
loves; Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves, That break
vacancy.

[Female-Vagrant] By Derwent's side my Father's cottage stood, (Th
the neighbouring flood Supplied, to him were more than mines of

[3] Light was my sleep; my days in transport roll'd: With thoughtle

[4] My father's nets, or watched, when from the fold High o'er the
twinkling oar.

[Goody-Blake-Harry-Gill] Oh! what's the matter? what's the matte
chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still. Of waistcoats Harry has no la
coats enough to smother nine.

[Lines-Written-At-Small-Distance-From-My-House] It is the first m
sings from the tall larch That stands beside our door.

[Simon-Lee] In the sweet shire of Cardigan, Not far from pleasant
Of years he has upon his back. No doubt, a burthen weighty:

ew-tree stands

spread the verdant herb; What if these barren boughs the bee not
against the shore, shall lull thy mind By one soft impulse saved from

ne Woman thus her artless story told) One field, a flock, and what
gold.


ess joy I stretch'd along the shore

e cliffs I led my fleecy store, A dizzy depth below! his boat and

er? What is't that ails young Harry Gill? That evermore his teeth they
ck, od duffle grey, and flannel fine; He has a blanket on his back, And

ild day of March: Each minute sweeter than before, The red-breast

Ivor-hall, An old man dwells, a little man, I've heard he once was tall.

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stood gold is't nine cardigan

wind coats dwells

traveller yew-tree rivulet fold o'er

sparkling thy light below flannel pleasant says

herb mines store tall

far dwelling here bee him led back sweeter
man

shall teeth mild

thoughtless back larch

against side father's artless joy

vacancy flock supplied nets his ails chatter
grey

stands far barren upon he's eighty

Of years he has upon his back, no doubt, a burthen weighty,

[8] He says he is three score and ten, But others say he's eighty.

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boughs soft saved father's dizzy fine
red-breast once

spread shore sleep watched fleecy blanket
smother sweet i've

waves break stretch'd depth boat twinkling
enough

lonely human mind what's evermore chatter
minute three

oar young waistcoats duffle each before doubt
say

cliffs his matter

verdant curling days chatter still beside

loves woman thus neighbouring harry day
sings ivor-hall others

rest cottage told field roll'd matter score

lull story his harry chatter heard

nay stands breathe soft impulse transport
man

lack door old burthen

yet shore derwent's her flood high his what's
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