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POEMS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:

INCLUDING

LYRICAL BALLADS,

AND THE

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF THE AUTHOR.

WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS,

A NEW PREFACE, AND A SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY.

VOL. I.

| Column | C

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1815.

XV.

SONG

FOR THE

WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Though, as if with eagle pinion O'er the rocks the Chamois roam, Yet he has some small dominion Where he feels himself at home.

If on windy days the Raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less he loves his haven In the bosom of the cliff.

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Though the Sea-horse in the ocean Own no dear domestic cave; Yet he slumbers without motion On the calm and silent wave.

Day and night my toils redouble! Never nearer to the goal; Never—never does the trouble Of the Wanderer leave my soul.