

All adoration of the God in Nature,
 All lovely and all honorable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrow'd from my country. O divine
 And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
 My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
 And menace of the vengeful enemy
 Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
 In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
 In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way: and, lo! recall'd
 From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause
 Startled! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
 This burst of prospect, here the shadowy Main,
 Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy Fields, seems like society—

197-8. The two lines appear (var) in the *Garth Notebook* (CV 1 268), deriving from *Ecclus* 47.8.

208. the ivied beacon] The folly on Cothelstone Hill? Now a heap of ruins.

216. burst of prospect] *OED* cites

Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
 And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
 Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
 And close behind them, hidden from my view,
 Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
 And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
 And grateful, that by nature's quietness
 And solitary musings, all my heart
 Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

176. CHRISTABEL

[Feb-Apr 1798; Aug-Oct 1800]

Each of the two parts of *Christabel*, and each conclusion to each part, was written at a different time; and the whole was revised, when the Preface was

222-9. In 1807 C wrote in the margin of Sir George Beaumont's copy of the first printing: "My heart bids me say, after an interval of ten years, when the Poem is just the same to me as if it had been written by a dead man now dead—that he who can read these Lines without some pleasure, is—perhaps the Author—of the *Principles of Taste*—or—one of the *Brotherhood*—in the *Family*—of *Monkey-in-the-heet* S.T.C.—"

The second deletion is very heavy. Richard Payne Knight's *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste* (3rd ed 1806) was annotated by C and WW while they were at Coleorton (CM—CC—III 400-13), and C retained the book to quote in the first of his 1808 lectures (*L Lects*—CC—1

31). The deletion defects what might have appeared as a gratuitous insult to Sir George Beaumont, in whose library the book was apparently found, or who had presented it to WW when WW arrived to lay out the winter garden at Coleorton. If this is the reason for C's deletion, the insult had almost certainly been unintentional: Beaumont (and WW) were firmly on the side of Uvedale Price in the controversy with Knight over landscape gardening and the picturesque.

223-4. The elms are reported to have stood near TP's house until about 1870 (PW—JDC—611A). TP himself wrote in the margin of his own copy of SL, in an ageing hand: "How little I merit this kindness!"

this instance of "burst" for the first

occurrence in the sense of "a sudden opening on the view", but the editors

of *W Prose* (I 429) point out that the usage is frequent in Gilpin's *Observations* (1788).

added, at a different time again. The first part grew out of the same nexus of experiences and reading as 161 *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and was written even as the earlier poem was undergoing revision and enlargement and immediately afterwards, in Mar–May 1798. C resumed work on the poem on his return from Germany, in Oct–Nov 1799, and perhaps added the conclusion to Part I. Part II was written in the late summer of 1800, in an effort to complete the narrative so as to include the poem in the revised *LB*. The conclusion to Part II was written in May 1801, and not brought into the poem until perhaps as late as early 1816, when the text was being set up in type.

The differences between Parts I and II are fundamental. Part I is by itself a complete statement of C's originating impulse; its unfinished narrative is part of that statement. So CL maintained in forthright terms to JG after C's death: "I was very angry with Coleridge, when I first heard that he had written a second canto, and that he intended to finish it" (*C Life*—G—302–3). The poem takes its place alongside 155 *Continuation of "The Three Graves"*, 182 *The Ballad of the Dark Ladie*, and other similar compositions. Part II was added two years later, under different circumstances, with different motives. It continued the narrative and, by so doing, complicated the inspiration of Part I by showing "witchery by daylight" (*TT* I Jul 1833—CC—1 410). Part I draws on situations in the Quantocks which C had experienced with the Wordsworths, on themes (e.g. the Guardian Spirit of line 212) from the *Ancient Mariner*, and on C's reading in the ballads and in Gothic fiction and drama (the "spectre" of Lewis's *Castle Spectre* is of a dead mother who watches over her child). Part II makes deliberate use of literary and scenic sources in the Lake District, worked up for the occasion.

C reiterated the hope that he might complete the poem in the years following 1800–1. He made notes and resolutions for himself, and exaggerated what he had done or hoped to do. Besides the references given in vol II secs A and B, see *CL* II 950: to W. Godwin 10 Jun 1803; *CN* I 1392; *CN* II 2207; *CL* III 15: to W. Sotheby [5 May 1807]; *CN* III 3720; *CL* IV 585: to J. M. Gutch [17 Sept 1815]; 644: to J. Murray [endorsed 6 Jun 1816]; 663: to T. Boosey 31 Aug 1816; 716: to J. Murray 26 Mar 1817; *CL* V 28, 31: to T. Allsop [30 Mar 1820]. C took a copy of Joseph Nicolson and Richard Burn *The History and Antiquities of the Countess of Westmorland and Cumberland* (2 vols 1777) with him to Malta (*CM*—CC—III 974–9), apparently to draw on for the completion of the poem. After 1800–1 he reiterated to Byron (*CL* IV 601), Allsop (Allsop I 94–5), and HNC (*TT* I Jul 1833—CC—1 409–10) that the idea of the whole was complete in his mind, and frequently lamented that he only lacked health to complete what he had planned.

After C's death, JG and DC reported plans to complete the narrative structure which are circumstantial and detailed (*C Life*—G—283, 301–3; DC Preface to *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*—enlarged ed 1870—xlii–xliiifn). They have been reprinted several times in critical studies of the poem; see also *CN* IV 5032n. In the outline recorded by JG Geraldine ceases to personate the daughter

of Sir Roland de Vaux and instead takes on the appearance of Christabel's absent knight. In spite of Christabel's seemingly inexplicable repugnance from her lover, she is forced by her father to continue the marriage plans and is only rescued at the last moment by the reappearance of the real lover. Geraldine, defeated, disappears, and the marriage with the true lover takes place. Her mother's voice, as predicted, is heard when the wedding bell tolls, and father and daughter are reconciled. The report of DC's interpretation by Barclay Fox, on 16 Oct 1837, is less widely known (*Barclay Fox's Journal* ed R. L. Brett—1979—118): "He considers it to be founded on the Roman Catholic notion of expiation for others' sins; that Geraldine is a divinely appointed penance imposed on Christabel for the redemption of her lover who had committed some crime."

The difficulty is that the plans as reported by JG and DC do not square with one another or with the poem we have; nor do they develop in any significant way C's earlier hints and memoranda for the completion of the poem. At best, the shorter Gilman account is compatible with DC's, and both are reinforced by a remark recorded by Allsop, that the theme of the second part is vicarious suffering (Allsop I 194–6). In different ways they each have something in common with related concerns of C's in poems such as 155 *Continuation of "The Three Graves"* and 182 *The Ballad of the Dark Ladie*, and prose narratives such as that of Maria Eleonora Schöning (*Friend*—CC—1 341–55, II 172–82). C never made any advance beyond the poem he completed by Oct 1800, even for publication in 1816. Even after that date—as the annotated copies show—his commitment to the poem was retrospective, focused on what he had already written and the criticisms that had been made of it.

The addition of Part II to an essentially complete fragment raised more difficulties than it added opportunities. As C admitted to HNC—in phrases HNC divided between his review of *PW* (1834) and his edition of *TT* (entry for 6 [=1] Jul 1833; cf *Quarterly Review* LH—Aug 1834—1–38 at 29–30; *TT*—CC—1 409–10)—the idea of continuing *Christabel* beyond Part I is simple and clear, yet its execution is difficult, if not impossible. "I mean witchery by daylight." This was essentially WW's retrospective view—which WW couched in terms similar to C's (Christopher Wordsworth *Memoirs of William Wordsworth* II 306–7; *Life, Journals, and Letters of Henry Alford* ed Fanny Alford—1873—62), as it was CL's view from the start. To complete the poem in terms established by Part II requires the resolution of tensions and oppositions that Part I was content simply to present, embody, and suggest—through "simply" is not the word.

The way in which C could be persuaded to read or recite the poem in sympathetic company but delayed actual publication reflects the particular feeling of vulnerability it excited in him. The way he allowed copies to be made and to circulate, and eventually was encouraged by Byron to publish the poem, might be related to the same need for sympathy. It might also be compared to his feelings concerning 178 *Kubla Khan*, which was published in 1816 in the same

volume. In this light, it is significant that the elaborate plans recorded by JG and DC date from the period following the reviews by Hazlitt and Moore. It is also significant that C ignored the text beyond Part I in almost all the copies he emended in response to such criticism. The plans enabled C still to claim the privilege of unfinished business. And they were prompted by and relevant to Part II specifically, i.e. the part of the poem which extended the original fragment beyond its inspiration.

The several texts are related to the situation just described. No separate early ms of the original poem (Part I) is extant, but a number of ms versions of both parts together circulated widely from perhaps late 1800 onwards. The ms versions are in C's hand and by a variety of transcribers (e.g. SH, MW, DW, Sarah Stoddart). They contain small variations and improvements, particularly in Part I; Part II engaged C's attention less.

The poem was printed in 1816 from the tidest ms, which was not the one that incorporated C's revisions and improvements. Corrected copies of the first printed text bring it into line with the improved ms readings, but C's attitude towards such corrected copies was wayward—at first dependent on the support of his then new hosts, AG and JG, and always somewhat diffident and defensive. The bulk of the corrections were taken into the later corrected editions, to which further small improvements continued to be made, but important revisions—together with the gloss which developed between 1818–19 and 1824—were lost or forgotten.

The wide circulation of the poem among literary people for so many years before publication determined the kind of influence it had, and, when it was finally published, its originality to the wider public must have appeared the less. WW intended to include a note of his indebtedness to the metre, attached to *The White Doe of Rylstone* (CL iv 603: to Lord Byron 22 Oct 1815; see also CL iii 111–12: to WW [21 May 1808]), but in the event he did not. RS and DW were very much aware of Scott's debt to *Christabel* when *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* first appeared (*S Life*—CS—ii 316; *WL*—E rev—632–3), as was Byron (Thomas Medwin *Conversations of Lord Byron* ed E. J. Lovell—Princeton 1966—177) and, after an interval, C himself (CL iii 22: to J. Wedgwood [25 Jun 1807]: 39: to DW 24 Nov 1807; etc.). Though C pretended not to take Scott's indebtedness seriously, and described an unassailable argument for nobly dismissing the matter (CL iii 354–61: to an unknown correspondent [c. 15–21 Dec 1811]), it was undoubtedly an irritation, particularly since Scott's own public acknowledgement was deferred until the 1830 edition of his *Poetical Works* (Preface to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*).

Byron's own obligation was through Scott, but even though he was eager to acknowledge it, there is some mystery. Although he acknowledged in a footnote and in two letters to C that some eight or ten lines found their way into *The Siege of Corinth*, he insisted that *Christabel* was recited to him by Scott when his own poem was already half written, in spring or Jun 1815 (*BL&J* iv 318–19, 321–2). Scott, on the other hand, claimed that he introduced Byron to *Christabel*

"with a view to interest him in Coleridge's fate, and in the play he was then bringing forward", which would put the date earlier, since Byron wrote to C about 517 XI *Zapolya* on 31 Mar 1815 (compare *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott* ed David Douglas—2 vols Edinburgh 1894—ii 221 with *BL&J* iv 286). The two accounts are compatible only if one understands Scott to mean that he repeated the poem in order to revive Byron's interest in *Zapolya*, but Scott's phrasing is curiously opaque.

Influence at the level of technique is not easy to demonstrate or disentangle, but as C said in the conclusion to *BL* (ch 24—CC—ii 238): "During the many years which intervened between the composition and the publication of the *Christabel*, it became almost as well known among literary men as if it had been on common sale, the same references were made to it, and the same liberties taken with it, even to the very names of the imaginary persons in the poem." Other reviewers besides Hazlitt refer to having read it previously in a ms version (e.g. Anon *Critical Review* III—May 1816—504–10). The fact that a parodic continuation appeared in the *European Magazine* in Apr 1815 reinforces the point.

The text given here is that of *PW* (1834), correcting some mistakes in stanza division and giving C's system of capitalisation and punctuation from the only ms in his hand (VAR mss 2 and 3). Two small errors in the 1834 text are corrected in lines 516 and 559. Such a hybrid RT version, departing from the norm of the edition, has been adopted because the separate texts of this poem are either incomplete or manifestly corrupt.

PREFACE

The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is

—15

preface. Added to the printed editions, in 1816 and afterwards; the ms in his own hand that C gave SH has 295 *Sonnet to Asra* pasted in as epigraph. Earlier editions included sentences expressing C's hope that he would be able to complete the poem. See also 282 *Lines Translated from Barbarous Latin*.
—12. [1797] An error for 1798.

—19. [plagiarism] C summarises the argument of a long letter which he addressed to an unknown correspondent in Dec 1811 (*CL* iii 354–61). It is directed specifically at Sir Walter Scott, whose *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805 owed a good deal to the then unpublished *Christabel*. Though WW, Byron, and others acknowledged their debt, Scott postponed public acknow-

amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional: who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.

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

I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: 1.15

ledgment until 1830. In exculpation, it can be said, as RS did, that the plagiarism was not deliberate but because "the echo was in his ear" (*S Life*—CS—II 316).

1.119, monkish Latin hexameters] C copied these out, together with his translation of them, in Notebook 21, as early as Nov 1801:

(in the lame & limping metre of a barbarous Latin Poet—)
Est meum, et est tuum; amice! at
si amborum nequit esse,
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia
certe sum mage pauper.
Tis mine, & it is likewise
yours; But & if this will not
do,
Let it be mine, because that Ith
Am the poorer of the Two.

(CN 1 1003).
1.124, metre] This paragraph repeats what C said in a letter to Byron in Oct 1815 (*CL* IV 603). The principles themselves are not new: they are anticipated in the 18th century by Samuel Say, John Mason, and Richard Steele, among others; RS describes

1.10

1.15

1.20

1.25

the principles in terms very similar to C's in a letter to C. W. Wynn of 9 Apr 1799 (*S Letters*—Warter—1 69). Nor is the practice new: Spenser used a four-stress accentual line in his *February Eclogue*, which C had in mind when he wrote 145 *The Raven* (see title EC and headline there) and which he in fact quoted in the slightly more technical ms draft related to the Preface (*SW&F*—CC—441–2, Apr–May 1816?). The practice of equivalent substitution can be found in Chatterton, Burns, and the poets of the ballad revival.

From one point of view, therefore, C's principles and practice only assert the central tradition in English metre against norms which had departed from them. It is important that his practice is slightly at variance with his principles: the poem itself is less consistently accentual than the Preface leads one to expect. What is original and what proved to be so influential is the use to which the metre is put, to elucidate particular psychological states.

namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion. 1.30

PART I

'Tis the middle of Night by the Castle Clock,
And the Owls have awaken'd the crowing Cock:
Tu-u-whooh! Tu-u-whooh!
And hark, again! the crowing Cock,
How drowsily it crew.

5

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff Bitch:
From her Kennel beneath the Rock
She maketh Answer to the Clock,
Four for the Quarters and twelve for the Hour,
Ever and aye, by Shine and Shower,
Sixteen short Howls, not overloud:
Some say, she sees my Lady's Shroud.

10

Is the Night chilly and dark?
The Night is chilly but not dark.
The thin grey Cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the Sky.
The Moon is behind, and at the Full,

15

2. the Owls . . .] The first of many coincidences of observation between Part I and DW's *Alfoxden Journal* (*DWJ* I 4, 5, 8–9, 11–12). Compare also lines 16–17 with the draft in *CN* I 216, and WW's treatment of the same in *A Night-Piece* (*WPP* II 208–9).
Carlyon I 38–9 describes how in Germany, early in 1799, C would comment at length on the line mimicking the owls ("that we might not fall into the mistake of supposing originality to be its sole merit"); for this reason the ms version of line 3 is restored here:
6. Sir Leoline] RS planned to make use of an episode about a "Leoline and Lady" in *Thalaba*, but had rejected the idea by 20 Jan 1800 (*SCB* IV 188). The name appears in William Hutchinson's *History of the County of Cumberland* (2 vols Carlisle 1794) I 17, but there is no positive evidence that C knew Hutchinson's book when he began his poem. He might have incorporated the name at the time he added Part II.

And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The Night is chill, the Cloud is grey:
 'Tis a Month before the Month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

20

The lovely Lady, Christabel,
 Whom her Father loves so well,
 What makes her in the Wood so late
 A furlong from the Castle Gate?
 She had dreams all yesternight
 Of her own betrothed Knight,
 And She in the Midnight Wood will pray
 For the Weal of her Lover, that's far away.

30

She stole along, She nothing spoke,
 The Sighs she heav'd, were soft and low,
 And nought was green upon the Oak,
 But Moss and rarest Mistleoe:
 She kneels beneath the huge Oak Tree,
 And in Silence prayeth She.

35

The Lady sprang up suddenly,
 The lovely Lady, Christabel!
 It moan'd as near, as near can be,
 But what it is, She cannot tell—
 On the other Side it seems to be
 Of the huge broad-breasted old Oak Tree.

40

The Night is chill; the Forest bare;
 Is it the Wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not Wind enough in the Air
 To move away the ringlet Curl
 From the lovely Lady's Cheek—
 There is not Wind enough to twirl
 The One red Leaf, the last of its Clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can.

50

23. Christabel] C appropriated he had in mind when he wrote 161 the un-medieval name from Bishop *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (cf Percy's part of *Sir Cawline*—a poem CL 1 379; to WW [23] Jan 1798).

Hanging so light and hanging so high
 On the topmost Twig that looks up at the Sky.

Hush, beating Heart of Christabel!
 Jesu Maria, shield her well!

She folded her Arms beneath her Cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the Oak.
 What sees She there?

55

There She sees a Damsel bright
 Drest in a silken Robe of White;
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
 The Neck, that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately Neck and Arms were bare;
 Her blue-vein'd Feet unsandal'd were;
 And wildly glitter'd here and there
 The Gems entangled in her Hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A Lady so richly clad, as She,
 Beautiful exceedingly!

65

"Mary Mother, save me now!"
 Said Christabel "And who art thou?"

70

The Lady strange made Answer meet,
 And her Voice was faint and sweet:
 "Have Pity on my sore Distress,
 I scarce can speak for Weariness.
 Stretch forth thy Hand, and have no fear—"

75

Said Christabel, "How can'st thou here?"
 And the Lady, whose Voice was faint and sweet,
 Did thus pursue her answer meet.

"My Sire is of a noble Line,
 And my Name is Geraldine.

80

58-68. Revised and expanded from earlier mss and the first printed version. 80. Geraldine] Perhaps named after the heroine of Surrey's poems. Surrey's Geraldine is described in

Five Warriors seiz'd me yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a Maid forlorn;
 They chok'd my Cries with Force and Fright,
 And tied me on a Palfrey white;
 The Palfrey was as fleet as Wind,
 And they rode furiously behind.
 They spur'd amain, their Steeds were white,
 And once we cross'd the Shade of Night.
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no Thought what Men they be,
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranc'd, I wis)
 Since One, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the Palfrey's Back,
 A weary Woman scarce alive:
 Some mutter'd Words his Comrades spoke,
 He plac'd me underneath this Oak,
 He swore they would return with haste;
 Whither they went, I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a Castle Bell.
 Stretch forth thy Hand (thus ended She)
 And help a wretched Maid to flee.”

Then Christabel stretch forth her Hand
 And comforted fair Geraldine:
 “O well, bright Dame! may you command
 The Service of Sir Leoline—
 And gladly our stout Chivalry
 Will he send forth and friends withal
 To guide and guard you, safe and free,
 Home to your noble Father's Hall.”

She rose, and forth with steps they pass'd,
 That strove to be, and were not fast.

Hutchinson *History of Cumberland* 1
 373–5fn, which C did not read until
 he came to write Part II.
 112–22. Revised from earlier mss
 and the first printed version, partly
 to meet the reviewers' charges of

obscenity. C's 1824 marginal gloss
 reads: “The Strange Lady cannot rise,
 without the touch of Christabel's
 Hand: and now she blesses her Stars,
 She will not praise the *Creator* of the
 Heavens, or name the Saints.”

Her gracious Stars the Lady blest,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel—
 “All our Household are at rest,
 The Hall as silent as the Cell;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awaken 'd be:
 But we will move as if in stealth,
 And I beseech your Courtesy
 This Night to share your Couch with me.”

They cross'd the Moat, and Christabel
 Took the Key that fitted well;
 A little Door she open'd straight
 All in the middle of the Gate,
 The Gate, that was iron'd within and without,
 Where an Army in Battle Array had march'd out.

The Lady sank, belike thro' Pain,
 And Christabel with Might and Main
 Lifted her up, a weary Weight,
 Over the Threshold of the Gate:
 Then the Lady rose again,
 And mov'd, as She were not in Pain.

So free from Danger, free from Fear
 They cross'd the Court: right glad they were,
 And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the Lady by her side,
 “Praise we the Virgin all divine
 Who hath rescued thee from thy Distress!”
 “Alas, alas!” said Geraldine,
 “I cannot speak for Weariness.”
 So free from Danger, free from Fear,
 They cross'd the Court: right glad they were.

Outside her Kennel the Mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep in Moonshine cold.

129–32. C's 1824 marginal gloss
 reads: “The strange Lady may not
 pass the threshold without Christa-
 bel's help and will.”

141–2. C's 1824 marginal gloss

reads: “The strange Lady makes an
 excuse, not to praise the Holy Virgin.”

The Masstiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make:
 And what can ail the Masstiff Bitch?
 Never till now she utter'd Yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps, it is the Owllet's Scritch:
 For what can ail the Masstiff Bitch?

150

They pass'd the Hall, that echoes still
 Pass as lightly as you will.

155

The Brands were flat, the Brands were dying
 Amid their own white Ashes lying;
 But when the Lady pass'd, there came
 A Tongue of Light, a Fit of Flame,
 And Christabel saw the Lady's Eye,
 And nothing else saw she thereby
 Save the Boss of the Shield of Sir Leoline tall,
 Which hung in a murky old Nich in the Wall.
 "O softly tread," said Christabel,
 "My Father seldom sleepeth well."

165

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And jealous of the list'ning Air,
 They steal their way from stair to stair,
 Now in Glimmer, and now in Gloom,
 And now they pass the Baron's Room,
 As still as Death with stifled Breath!
 And now have reach'd her Chamber Door,
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The Rushes of the Chamber Floor.

170

The Moon shines dim in th' open Air,
 And not a Moonbeam enters here:
 But they without its Light can see
 The Chamber carv'd so curiously,
 Carv'd with figures strange and sweet
 All made out of the Carver's Brain
 For a Lady's Chamber meet:

180

The Lamp with twofold silver Chain
 Is fasten'd to an Angel's Feet.

185

The silver Lamp burns dead and dim;
 But Christabel the Lamp will trim—
 She trimm'd the Lamp, and made it bright,
 And left it swinging to and fro,
 While Geraldine in wretched Plight
 Sank down upon the Floor below.

190

"O weary Lady, Geraldine,
 I pray you, drink this cordial Wine.
 It is a Wine of virtuous powers,
 My Mother made it of wild Flowers."

"And will your Mother pity me,
 Who am a Maiden most forlorn?"

195

Christabel answer'd—"Woe is me!
 She died the hour, that I was born.
 I have heard the grey-hair'd Friar tell,
 How on her Death-bed she did say
 That she should hear the Castle Bell
 Strike twelve upon my Wedding Day.
 O Mother dear! that thou wert here!"
 "I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

200

But soon with alter'd Voice said She—
 "Off, wandering Mother! Peak and pine!
 I have power to bid thee flee."

205

Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
 Why stares she with unsettled Eye?
 Can she the bodiless Dead espy?
 And why with hollow Voice cries she,
 "Off, Woman, off! this Hour is mine—
 Though thou her Guardian Spirit be,
 Off, Woman, off! tis given to me."

210

167-8. First added to the poem in 1828. In an earlier ms draft C gave another version of line 168: "They cheat the echo, stair by stair—".

204-9. C's 1824 marginal gloss reads: "The Mother of Christabel, who is now her Guardian Spirit, appears to Geraldine, as in answer to her wish, Geraldine fears the Spirit, but yet has power over it for a time."

Then Christabel knelt by the Lady's Side,
 And rais'd to heaven her eyes so blue—
 "Alas," said she, "this ghastly Ride—
 Dear Lady! it hath wilder'd you!"
 The Lady wip'd her moist cold brow,
 And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild flower Wine she drank,
 Her fair large Eyes 'gan glitter bright,
 And from the Floor, whereon she sank,
 The lofty Lady stood upright:
 She was most beautiful to see,
 Like a Lady of a far Countree.

And thus the lofty Lady spake—
 "All they, who live in th' upper Sky,
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake
 And for the Good which me befel,
 Even I in my Degree will try,
 Fair Maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself: for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
 And as the Lady bade, did she.
 Her gentle Limbs did she undress,
 And lay down in her Loveliness.

But thro' her Brain of Weal and Woe
 So many Thoughts mov'd to and fro,
 That vain it were her lids to close;
 So half way from the Bed she rose,
 And on her Elbow did recline
 To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the Lamp the Lady bow'd
 And slowly roll'd her eyes around,
 Then drawing in her Breath aloud,
 Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
 The Cinchure from beneath her Breast:

Her silken Robe and inner Vest
 Dropt to her feet, and fell in View,
 Behold! her Bosom and half her Side—
 A Sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
 Ah! what a stricken Look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight, with sick Assay,
 And eyes the Maid and seeks delay:
 Then suddenly as one defied
 Collects herself in scorn and pride
 And lay down by the Maiden's side:
 And in her arms the Maid she took,
 Ah weladay!

And with low Voice and doleful Look
 These Words did say:

"In the Touch of this Bosom there worketh a Spell,
 Which is Lord of thy Utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to night and will know tomorrow
 This Mark of my Shame, this Seal of my Sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy Power to declare,
 That in the dim Forest
 Thou heard'st a low Moaning,

And found'st a bright Lady, surpassingly fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee in Love and in Charity
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp Air."

252*. A line occurs at this point in all ms versions: "Are lean and old and foul of Hue—". Cf Collins *Ode on the Poetical Character* (1747) 13 "her loath'd dishonour'd Side", which C is likely to have had in mind just as much as the literature of witchcraft and vampirism.

255-61. The lines do not appear in any ms of the poem, or in the first printed version. C added them in corrected copies, and in *PW* (1828) and after, undoubtedly in response to criticisms of the preceding stanza.

262-8. C's 1824 marginal gloss reads: "As soon as the wicked Bosom, with the mysterious sign of Evil stamped thereby, touches Christabel, she is deprived of the power of discosing what has occurred."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely Sight to see

The Lady Christabel, when She

Was praying at the old Oak Tree.

280

Amid the jagged Shadows

Of mossy leafless Boughs

Kneeling in the Moonlight

To make her gentle Vows;

285

Her slender Palms together prest,

Heaving sometimes on her Breast;

Her Face resign'd to Bliss or Bale—

Her Face, Oh call it fair not pale,

And both blue Eyes more bright than clear,

Each about to have a Tear.

290

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)

Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,

Dreaming that alone, which is—

295

O Sorrow and Shame! Can this be She,

The Lady, who knelt at the old Oak Tree?

And lo! the Worker of these Harms,

That holds the Maiden in her Arms,

Seems to slumber still and mild,

As a Mother with her Child.

300

A Star hath set, a Star hath risen,

O Geraldine! since Arms of thine

Have been the lovely Lady's Prison.

O Geraldine! One Hour was thine—

Thou'st had thy Will! By Taim and Rill

The Night-birds all that Hour were still.

But now they are jubilant anew,

From Cliff and Tower, Tu-whooh! Tu-whooh!

Tu-whooh! tu-whooh! from Wood and Fell!

310

And see! the Lady Christabel

Gathers herself from out her Trance;

Her Limbs relax, her Countenance

Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin Lids

Close o'er her Eyes; and Tears she sheds—

Large Tears, that leave the Lashes bright!

And oft the while she seems to smile

As Infants at a sudden Light!

315

Yea, she doth smile and she doth weep,

Like a youthful Hermitess

Beauteous in a Wilderness,

Who, praying always, prays in Sleep.

320

And if she move unquietly,

Perchance, tis but the Blood so free

Comes back and tingles in her Feet.

No doubt, she hath a Vision sweet.

What if her guardian Spirit twere?

What if She knew her Mother near?

But this she knows, in Joys and Woes,

That Saints will aid if Men will call,

For the blue Sky bends over all!

330

PART II

Each matin Bell, the Baron saith,

Knells us back to a World of Death.

These Words Sir Leoline first said,

When he rose and found his Lady dead:

These Words Sir Leoline will say

Many a Morn to his dying Day.

335

And hence the Custom and Law began,

That still at Dawn the Sacristan,

Who duly pulls the heavy Bell,

Five and forty Beads must tell

Between each Stroke—a warning Knell,

Which not a Soul can chuse but hear

From Bratha Head to Wynn'dermere.

340

Saith Bracy the Bard, "So let it knell!
 And let the drowsy Sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can!
 There is no Lack of such, I ween,
 As well fill up the Space between.
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With Ropes of Rock and Bells of Air
 Three sinful Sextons' Ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t'other,
 The Death-note to their living Brother,
 And oft too by the Knell offended,
 Just as their One—! Two—! Three—! is ended,
 The Devil mocks the doleful Tale
 With a merry Peal from Borrowdale."

The Air is still: thro' Mist and Cloud
 That merry Peal comes ringing loud:
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread
 And rises lightly from the Bed:
 Puts on her silken Vestments white,
 And tricks her Hair in lovely Plight,
 And nothing doubting of her Spell
 Awakens the Lady Christabel.

"Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel?
 I trust, that you have rested well."
 And Christabel awoke and spied
 The Same, who lay down by her Side—
 O rather say, the Same whom She
 Rais'd up beneath the old Oak Tree!

345. Bracy] C thought at first to give the name to DC (born 14 Sept 1800). It can be traced to [Treadway Russell Nash] *Collections for the History and Antiquities of Worcestershire* (2 vols 1781-2), which C borrowed from the Bristol Library in 1797 (*Bristol LB* No 96).
 351. Dungeon-ghyll] C visited and described Dungeon Gill Force in

Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
 For She, belike, hath drunken deep
 Of all the Blessedness of Sleep;
 And while she spake: her Looks, her Air
 Such gentle Thankfulness declare,
 That (so it seem'd) her girded Vests
 Grew tight beneath her heaving Breasts.
 "Sure I have sinn'd!" said Christabel,
 "Now Heaven be prais'd, if all be well!"
 And in low faltering Tones, yet sweet
 Did She the lofty Lady greet
 With such Perplexity of Mind
 As Dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly array'd
 Her maiden Limbs, and having pray'd
 That He, who on the Cross did groan,
 Might wash away her Sins unknown,
 She forthwith led fair Geraldine
 To meet her Sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely Maid and the Lady tall
 Are pacing both into the Hall,
 And pacing on thro' Page and Groom
 Enter the Baron's Presence Room.

The Baron rose and while he prest
 His gentle Daughter to his Breast,
 With cheerful Wonder in his Eyes
 The Lady Geraldine espies,
 And gave such Welcome to the Same,
 As might besem so bright a Dame!

But when he heard the Lady's Tale
 And when she told her Father's Name,
 Why wax'd Sir Leoline so pale,
 Murmuring o'er the Name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

383-6. C's 1824 marginal gloss only in a Dream.
 reads: "Christabel is made to believe, 407. Lord Roland de Vaux of
 that the fearful Sight had taken place Tryermaine] C found out about Sir

Alas! they had been Friends in Youth;
But whispering Tongues can poison Truth;
And Constasy lives in Realms above;

410

And Life is thorny; and Youth is vain;
And to be wroth with One, we love,
Doth work, like madness in the Brain:

And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

415

Each spake words of high Disdain
And Insult to his Heart's best Brother:

They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found Another
To free the hollow Heart from Paining—

420

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like Cliffs, which had been rent asunder;

A dreary Sea now flows between,
But neither Heart, nor Frost, nor Thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The Marks of that, which once hath been.

425

Sir Leoline a moment's Space
Stood gazing on the Damsel's Face,
And the youthful Lord of Tyermaine
Came back upon his Heart again.

430

O then the Baron forgot his Age,
His noble Heart swell'd high with Rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's Side,
He would proclaim it far and wide

Roland de Vaux (of the Valley) from Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland* 199–100. The same pages contain information about Triernain (or Trader-mayne) Castle, which is 3 miles west of Glisland Spa on the Scottish border and was utterly decayed in C's time, and about Knothen Moor and Halebath Wood (line 495).

408–26. C described the lines to TP as "the best & sweetest Lines,

I ever wrote—" (*CL* iii 435–6: [13 Feb 1813]). They probably reflect his quarrel with RS in 1795, and perhaps also his disagreement with Charles Lloyd in 1797–8 (cf *CN* iii 4006 ff 22^v–23^r and n).

410. Constasy] For C's extensive gloss on the word in 1826 see *CN* iv 5391.

421–3. Cf Collins *Ode to Liberty* (1747) 64–9.

With Trump and solemn Heraldry,
That they, who thus had wrong'd the Dame,
Were base as spotted Infamy!

435

"And if they dare deny the Same,
My Herald shall appoint a Week
And let the recreant Traitors seek

440

My Tournay Court—that there and then
I may dislodge their Reptile Souls
From the Bodies and Forms of Men!"

He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the Lady was ruthlessly seiz'd; and he kenn'd
In the beautiful Lady the Child of his Friend!

445

And now the Tears were on his Face,
And fondly in his Arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met th' Embrace
Prolonging it with Joyous Look.
Which when she view'd, a Vision fell
Upon the Soul of Christabel,

450

The Vision of Fear, the Touch and Pain!
She shrank, and shudder'd, and saw again
(Ah woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle Maid! such Sights to see?)
Again she saw that Bosom old,
Again she felt that Bosom cold,

455

And drew in her Breath with a hissing Sound:
Whereat the Knight turn'd wildly round,
And nothing saw but his own sweet Maid
With Eyes uprais'd, as one that pray'd.

460

The Touch, the Sigh, had pass'd away,
And in its Stead that Vision blest,
Which comforted her After rest,
While in the Lady's Arms she lay,
Had put a Rapture in her Breast,

465

451–6. C's 1824 marginal gloss reads: "Christabel then recollects the whole, and knows that it was not a Dream; but yet cannot disclose the fact, that the strange Lady is a supernatural Being with the stamp of the Evil Ones on her."

463–6. C's 1824 marginal gloss reads: "Christabel for a moment sees her Mother's Spirit."

And on her Lips and o'er her Eyes
Spread Smiles, like Light!

With new Surprise,

"What ails then my beloved Child?"
The Baron said—His Daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, She had no Power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the Spell.

Yet He, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deem'd her sure a Thing divine,
Such Sorrow with such Grace she blended,
As if she fear'd, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle Maid!
And with such lowly Tones she pray'd,
She might be sent without Delay
Home to her Father's Mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my Soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the Bard, the Charge be thine!
Go thou with Music sweet and loud
And take two Steeds with Trappings proud
And take the Youth, whom thou lov'st best,
To bear thy Harp, and learn thy Song,
And cloath you both in solemn Vest,
And over the Mountains haste along,
Lest wandering Folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the Valley Road.

"And when He has cross'd the Irthing Flood,
My merry Bard! He hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor thro' Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that Castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's Wastes.

493-7. C's 1824 marginal gloss reads: "How gladly Sir Leoline repeats the names and shows, how familiarly he had once been acquainted with all the spots & paths in the neighborhood of his former Friend's Castle & Residence."

"Bard Bracy! Bard Bracy! Your Horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the Hall, your Music so sweet
More loud than your Horses' echoing Feet!
And loud, and loud, to Lord Roland call,
Thy Daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!
Thy beautiful Daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus thro' me.
He bids thee come without Delay
With all thy numerous Array

And take thy lovely Daughter home,
And He will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous Array
White with their panting Palfrey's Foam;
And, by mine Honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the Day
When I spake words of fierce Disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a Summer's Suns have shone;
Yet ne'er found I a Friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The Lady fell and clasp'd his Knees,
Her Face uprais'd, her Eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering Voice,
His gracious Hail on all bestowing.
"Thy Words, thou Sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my Harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a Boon of thee,
This Day my Journey should not be,
So strange a Dream hath come to me,
That I had vow'd with Music loud
To clear yon Wood from Thing unblest
Warn'd by a Vision in my Rest.

"For in my Sleep I saw that Dove,
That gentle Bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own Daughter's Name,
Sir Leoline! I saw the Same
Fluttering and uttering fearful Moan
Among the green Herbs in the Forest alone.

Which when I saw and when I heard
I wonder'd what might ail the Bird:
For nothing near it could I see
Save the Grass and green Herbs underneath the old Tree.

540

"And in my Dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found,
And what the sweet Bird's Trouble meant
That thus lay fluttering on the Ground.
I went, and peer'd, and could descry
No cause for her distressful Cry;
But yet for her dear Lady's sake
I stoop'd, methought, the Dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green Snake
Coil'd around its Wings and Neck.
Green as the Herbs, on which it couch'd
Close by the Dove's its Head it crouch'd,
And with the Dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its Neck as she swell'd hers!

550

I woke; it was the Midnight Hour,
The Clock was echoing in the Tower;
But tho' my Slumber was gone by,
This Dream it would not pass away—
It seem'd to live upon my Eye!
And thence I vow'd this self-same Day
With Music strong and saintly Song
To wander thro' the Forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

555

560

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-list'ning heard him with a Smile;
Then turn'd to Lady Geraldine,
His Eyes made up of Wonder and Love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet Maid, Lord Roland's beauteous Dove,
With arms more strong than Harp or Song

565

570

545-54. Bracy's dream owes some thing to a description of a snake and a hawk in William Bartram's *Travels* (Philadelphia 1791) 218-19=(2nd

London ed 1794) 216-17. Cf 160 *The Wanderings of Cain* II 66-8; 517.XI *Zephyra* Prelude i 89-90.

Thy Sire and I will crush the Snake:"
He kiss'd her Forehead, as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright Eyes
With blushing Cheek and Courtesy fine
She turn'd her from Sir Leoline,
Softly gathering up her Train
That o'er her Right Arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her Chest,
And couch'd her Head upon her Breast;
And look'd askance at Christabel—
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

580

575

A Snake's small Eye blinks dull and shy;
And the Lady's Eyes they shrunk in her Head,
Each shrunk up to a Serpent's Eye,
And with somewhat of Malice and more of Dread
At Christabel she look'd askance!—
One moment—and the Sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy Trance
Stumbling on the unsteady Ground—
Shudder'd aloud with a hissing Sound;
And Geraldine again turn'd round,
And like a Thing, that sought Relief,
Full of Wonder and full of Grief,
She roll'd her large bright Eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

585

590

595

The Maid, alas! her thoughts are gone
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The Maid, devoid of Guile and Sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That Look, those shrunken serpent Eyes,
That all her Features were resign'd
To this sole Image in her Mind:
And passively did imitate
That Look of dull and treacherous Hate:
And thus she stood in dizzy Trance

605

591. a hissing] The ms read "hissing" only. Cf line 459.

Still picturing that Look askance
 With forc'd unconscious Sympathy
 Full before her Father's View—
 As far as such a Look could be
 In Eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the Trance was o'er, the Maid
 Paus'd awhile and inly pray'd,
 Then falling at the Baron's Feet,
 "By My Mother's Soul do I intreat
 That Thou this Woman send away!"
 She said; and more she could not say,
 For what she knew, she could not tell
 O'ermaster'd by the mighty Spell.

Why is thy Cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline?—Thy only Child
 Lies at thy Feet, thy Joy, thy Pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild;
 The same, for whom thy Lady died!
 O by the Pangs of her dear Mother
 Think thou no evil of thy Child!
 For her and thee and for no other
 She pray'd the moment, ere she died,
 Pray'd, that the Babe for whom she died,
 Might prove her dear Lord's Joy and Pride!
 That Prayer her deadly Pangs beguill'd,
 Sir Leoline!
 And would'st thou wrong thy only Child,
 Her Child and thine!

Within the Baron's Heart and Brain
 If Thoughts, like these, had any Share,
 They only swell'd his Rage and Pain
 And did but work Confusion there.
 His Heart was cleft with Pain and Rage,
 His Cheeks they quiver'd, his Eyes were wild,
 Dishonour'd thus in his old Age,
 Dishonour'd by his only Child,
 And all his Hospitality
 To the wrong'd Daughter of his Friend

By more than woman's Jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful End—
 He roll'd his Eye with stern Regard
 Upon the gentle Minstrel Bard
 And said in tones abrupt, austere—
 "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
 I bade thee hence!" The Bard obey'd;
 And turning from his own sweet Maid
 The aged Knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the Lady, Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little Child, a limber Elf
 Singing, dancing to itself;
 A faery Thing with red round Cheeks,
 That always *finds*, and never *seeks*—
 Makes such a Vision to the Sight,
 As fills a Father's Eyes with Light!
 And Pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his Heart, that he at last
 Must needs express his Love's Excess
 With Words of unmeant Bitterness.
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;
 To mutter and mock a broken Charm;
 To dally with Wrong, that does no Harm—
 Perhaps, 'tis tender too and pretty
 At each wild Word to feel within
 A sweet Recoil of Love and Pity.

656–77. The lines were copied out on 6 May 1801 as a description of HC for RS (CL II 728), where C comments: "A very metaphorical account of Fathers calling their children rogues, rascals, & little varlets—&c—". The lines do not appear in any ms version of the poem, and were probably added at a later stage. In 1803 C made a note to explore the same idea of the ambiguity of parental affection—both father's and mother's—in the continuation of the poem (CN I 1392). This, together with similarities of phrasing and rhyme in the description of Sir Leoline's speech (lines 636–9), must have brought the lines on HC to mind. C told Murray that he was not well enough to finish the Conclusion (CL IV 634: 23 Apr 1816), and he appears to have projected c 60 lines more.

And what if in a World of Sin
 (O sorrow and shame! should this be true)
 Such Giddiness of Heart and Brain
 Comes seldom, save from Rage and Pain,
 So talks, as it's most us'd to do.

675

177. THE STORY OF THE MAD OX

[Apr–May 1798]

The poem is essentially a humorous description of the course of the French Revolution, and reactions to it, from the Opposition point of view. So it was described in a preliminary note when it was first published, anonymously, in *M Post* (30 Jul 1798), under the title "A TALE". This is the version given here, and the concluding lines refer to the farcical duel between Pitt and George Tierney on Putney Heath (on 27 May), following which Pitt had retired among lies and rumours of all kinds, to the gratification of the Opposition. C might have been prompted to use the image of the mad ox by a passage in James Burgh's *Political Disquisitions; or, An Enquiry into Public Errors, Defects, and Abuses* (3 vols 1774–5) II 322–3, a book he borrowed from the Bristol Library and drew upon in early lectures (discussed by Peter Kitson "Coleridge, James Burgh, and the Mad Ox: A Source for Coleridge's 'Recantation'" *N&Q* NS XXXVIII—Sept 1991—299–301). An etching by W. Dent, pub 25 Jul 1789 and reproduced in David Bindman *The Shadow of the Guillotine: Britain and the French Revolution* (1989) 89, shows a bull simultaneously representing both John Bull and Revolution. Cf James Gillray's famous caricature of *Promis'd Horrors of the French Invasion* (pub 20 Oct 1796; reproduced by Nicholas K. Robinson *Edmund Burke: A Life in Caricature*—New Haven 1996—183), which pictures a revolutionary bull causing mayhem in the West End of London.

When the poem was repeated over C's name in *RS's Annual Anthology* II (1800), it bore the title "RECONTATION" and had a different ending. The news is:

"That Tierney votes for Mister Pitt,
 "And Sheridan's recanted!"

The different ending and title refer to events before the duel on Putney Heath, and are determined by events afterwards. Tierney had voted for the suspension of Habeas Corpus (on 20 Apr), and when *The Courier* reported this on the following day it also reported (falsely) that Fox had seconded the address to the throne. C was undoubtedly led to change the ending and title by the certain knowledge, in 1800, that Tierney did not wound Pitt, and by his animus against

Sheridan, which had been exacerbated by Sheridan's unsympathetic treatment of 146.XI *Osorio*.

The *M Post* text has several misprints, here corrected; some closing quotes have been supplied. The 1800 version differs little, apart from the title and the ending: it was collected in *SL* (only—CL disapproving: *LL—M—III* 187).

The following amusing Tale, gives a very humorous description of the French Revolution, which is represented as an Ox.

An Ox, long fed on musty hay,
 And work'd with yoke and chain,
 Was loosen'd on an April day,
 When fields are in their best array,
 And growing grasses sparkle gay
 At once with sun and rain.

5

The grass was sweet, the sun was bright—
 With truth I may aver it;
 The beast was glad, as well he might,
 Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
 And frisk'd—to shew his huge delight,
 Much like a beast of spirit.

10

"Stop, neighbours, stop! Why these alarms?
 "The ox is only glad!"
 —But still they pour from coits and farms—
 "Halloo!" the parish is up in arms,
 (A *hoaxing* hunt has always charms)
 "Halloo! the ox is mad!"

15

The frightened ox scamper'd about—
 Plunge! thro' the hedge he drove:
 The mob pursued with hideous rout,
 A bull-dog fasten'd on his snout—
 "He gores the dog! his tongue hangs out!
 "He's mad, he's mad, by Jove!"

20

"Stop, neighbours, stop!" aloud did call
 A sage of sober hue:
 "You cruel dog!" at once they bawl,

25