Rugby MS Draft 1

(Folio 26. All Rugby MS material by permission of Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin)

Effusion 35
Clevedon, August 20th, 1795.

My pensive Sara! thy soft Cheek reclin'd
Thus on my arm, how soothing sweet it is
Beside our Cot to sit, our Cot o'ergrown
With white-flowr'd Jasmine and the blossom'd Myrtle
(Meet emblems they of Innocence & Love!)
And watch the Clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the Star of eve
Serenely brilliant, like thy polish'd Sense,
Shine opposite. What snatches of perfume
The noiseless Gale from yonder bean-field wafts!
The stilly murmur of the far-off Sea
Tells us of silence! And behold, my love!

In the half-closed window we will place the Harp,
Which by the desultory Breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half willing to be woo'd,
Utters such sweet Upbraidings, as perforce
Tempt to repeat the wrong!

The followjng lines from Rugby MS folio 27v are the crossed out first attempt at Draft 2 lines 40-46 (see detailed transcription).

And all in diff'rent stations aptly plac'd
So the low Murmurs and loud Bursts sublime,
Shrill Discords and most soothing Melodies
Creation's great harmonious Concert form?
Thus God the only universal Soul,
Organiz'd Body is the Instrument,
And each one's Tunes are that, which each calls I.—

Rugby MS Draft 2

(Folios 27 - 28)

Effusion

My pensive Sara! thy soft Cheek reclin'd
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our Cot, our Cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad leav'd Myrtle
(Meet Emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the Clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sadd'ning round, and mark the Star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should Wisdom be!)
Shine opposite. How exquisite the Scents
Snatch'd from yon Bean-field! And the world so hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the far-off Sea
Tells us of Silence! And that simplest Lute

Plac'd lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory Breeze caress'd,
(Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover)
It pours such sweet Upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong.—And now it's strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious Surges sink and rise
In aëry voyage, Music such as erst
Round rosy bowers (so Legendaries tell)
To sleeping Maids came floating witchingly
By wandering West winds stoln from Faery land,
Where on some magic Hybla Melodies
Round many a newborn honey-dropping Flower
Footless and wild, like Birds of Paradise,
Nor pause nor perch, warbling on untir'd wing.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway Slope
Of yonder Hill I stretch my limbs at noon

And tranquil muse upon Tranquillity,
Full many a Thought uncall'd and undetain'd
And many idle flitting Phantasies
Traverse my indolent and passive Mind
As wild, as various, as the random Gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute.

And what if All of animated Life
Be but as Instruments diversly fram'd
That tremble into thought, while thro' them breathes
One infinite and intellectual Breeze?

And all in different Heights so aptly hung,
That Murmurs indistinct and Bursts sublime,
Shrill Discords and most soothing Melodies,
Harmonious form Creation's vast concént?
Thus God would be the universal Soul;
Mechaniz'd matter as th'organic harps,
And each one's Tunes be that, which each calls I.—

But thy more serious Look a mild Reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! and thy words
Pious and calm check these unhallow'd Thoughts,
These Shapings of the unregen'rate Soul,
Bubbles, that glitter as they rise & break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling Spring:
Thou biddest me walk humbly with my God!

Meek Daughter in the family of Christ,
Wisely thou sayest, and holy are thy words!
Nor may I unblam'd or speak or think of Him,
Th' Incomprehensible! save when with Awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels,
Who with his saving Mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace and this Cot, and Thee, my best-belov'd!

Poems on Various Subjects, 1796

Effusion XXXV,
Composed AUGUST 20th, 1795,
AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive SARA! thy soft cheek reclin'd
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'er grown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should Wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world *so* hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence. And that simplest Lute

Plac'd length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,

Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Faery Land,
Where *Melodies* round honey-dropping flowers

Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause nor perch, hov'ring on untam'd wing.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain
As wild and various, as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversly fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all ?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.

Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ,
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly * *feels;*
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
PEACE, and this COT, and THEE, heart-honor'd Maid!

* L'athée n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le dévot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne: il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends une action de grace.
"Appel a l'impartiale postérité, par la Citoyenne Roland," troisième partie, p.67.

Poems, 1803

COMPOSED at CLEVEDON,
SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive SARA! thy soft cheek reclin'd
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'er grown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad leav'd Myrtle,
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve

Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world *so* hush'd!
Hark! the still murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of Silence! And th'Eolian Lute

How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,

Such a soft floating witchery of sound—

Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a World like this,
Where e'en the Breezes of the simple Air
Possess the power and Spirit of Melody!

And thus, my Love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various, as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversly fram'd
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all ?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.

Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ,
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly *feels* ;*
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
PEACE, and this COT, and THEE, heart-honor'd Maid!

* [Footnote as 1796]

Sibylline Leaves, 1817

The Eolian Harp
COMPOSED at CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence.
And that simplest Lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,

Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers

Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!

Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where even the breezes, and the common air,
Contain the power and spirit of Harmony.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversly fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.

Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
Th'Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable Man,
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and Thee, heart-honor'd Maid!

Sibylline Leaves, 1817

Errata

26 O! the one Life, within us and abroad,
Which meets all Motion, and becomes its soul,
A Light in Sound, a sound-like power in Light,
Rhythm in all Thought, and Joyance every where—
30 Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd,
Where the breeze warbles and the mute still Air
Is Music slumbering on its instrument!

The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, 1834

THE EOLIAN HARP.
COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.
And that simplest lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,

Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,

Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every where—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.

Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honoured Maid!

KEY TO LAYOUT CONVENTIONS

Shaded lines
Shaded areas indicate that there is no line gap; all stanza or paragraph breaks are indicated by a white line in the text

Double / Single Underlinings
These are transcribed as they appear in the manuscript:
Double underlining in the manuscript will intend small capitals in the printed text.
Single underlining in the manuscript will intend italics in the printed text.