

## CHARITY

But who for us the listening Heart shall gain?  
Inaudible as of the sphere  
Our music dies upon the ear,  
Enchanted with the mortal Syren's strain.

## HOPE

Yet let our choral songs abound!  
Th' inspiring Power, its living Source,  
May flow with them and give them force,  
If, elsewhere all unheard, in Heaven they sound.

## ALL

Aid thou our voice, Great Spirit! thou whose flame  
Kindled the Songster sweet of Israel,  
Who made so high to swell  
Beyond a mortal strain thy glorious Name.

## CHARITY AND FAITH

Though rapt to Heaven, our mission and our care  
Is still to sojourn on the Earth,  
To shape, to soothe, Man's second Birth,  
And re-ascend to Heaven, Heaven's prodigal Heir!

## CHARITY

What is Man's soul of Love deprived?

## HOPE. FAITH

It like a Harp untuned is,  
That sounds, indeed, but sounds amiss.

## CHARITY. HOPE

From holy Love all good gifts are derived.

## FAITH

But 'tis time that every nation  
Should hear how loftily we sing.

## FAITH. HOPE. CHARITY

See, O World, see thy salvation!  
Let the Heavens with praises ring.  
Who would have a Throne above,  
Let him hope, believe and love;  
And whoso loves no earthly song,  
But does for heavenly music long,  
Faith, Hope, and Charity for him,  
Shall sing like winged Cherubim.

1815.

TO NATURE<sup>1</sup>

It may indeed be phantasy, when I  
Essay to draw from all created things  
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;  
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie  
Lessons of love and earnest piety. 5  
So let it be; and if the wide world rings  
In mock of this belief, it brings  
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.  
So will I build my altar in the fields,  
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be, 10  
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields  
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,  
Thee only God! and thou shalt not despise  
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

?1820.

LIMBO<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*  
The sole true Something—This! In Limbo's Den  
It frightens Ghosts, as here Ghosts frighten men.  
Thence cross'd unseiz'd—and shall some fated hour  
Be pulveris'd by Demogorgon's power,

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Letters, Conversations and Recollections* by S. T. Coleridge, 1835, i. 144. First collected in *Poems*, 1863, Appendix, p. 391.

<sup>2</sup> First published, in its present shape, from an original MS. in 1893 (described in a notebook). Lines 6-10 ('they shrink . . . negative eye') were first printed in *The Friend* (1818, iii. 215), and included as a separate fragment with the title 'Moles' in *P. W.*, 1834, i. 259. Lines 11-38 were first printed with the title 'Limbo' in *P. W.*, 1834, i. 272-3. The lines as quoted in *The Friend* were directed against 'the partisans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the *Nihil nisi ab extra*'. The following variants, now first printed, are from a second MS. (*MS. S. T. C.*) in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge. In the notebook *Limbo* is followed by the lines entitled *Ne Plus Ultra*, vide post, p. 431.

*Limbo*—Title] Another Fragment, but in a very different style, from a *Dream of Purgatory*, alias *Limbus MS. S. T. C.* [Note.—In this MS. *Limbo*, 'All Look and Likeness,' &c. precedes *Limbo*.]

*Between 2-3*

For skimming in the wake it mock'd the care  
Of the old Boat-God for his farthing fare;  
Tho' Iru's Ghost itself he ne'er frown'd blacker on  
The skin and skin-pent Druggist cross'd the Acheron,

And given as poison to annihilate souls—  
 Even now it shrinks them—they shrink in as Moles  
 (Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)  
 Creep back from Light—then listen for its sound;—  
 See but to dread, and dread they know not why—  
 The natural alien of their negative eye.

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place,  
 Yet name it so;—where Time and weary Space  
 Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,  
 Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;—  
 Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands  
 Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,  
 Not mark'd by fit of Shades,—unmeaning they  
 As moonlight on the dial of the day!  
 But that is lovely—looks like Human Time,—  
 An Old Man with a steady look sublime,  
 That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;  
 But he is blind—a Statue hath such eyes;—  
 Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,  
 Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,  
 With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high,  
 He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye;—  
 As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,  
 His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!  
 Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—  
 He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him!  
 No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immature,  
 Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,

Styx, and with Periphlegeton Cocytus,—  
 (The very names, methinks, might frighten us)  
 Unchang'd it cross'd—and shall some fated hour *MS. Notebook.*

[Coleridge marks these lines as 'a specimen of the Sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery Four-in-Hand round the corner of Nonsense.']

6 They, like moles *Friend, 1818.* 8 Shrink from the light, then  
 listen for a sound *Friend, 1818.* 12 so] such *MS. S. T. C.* 16 the  
 his *MS. S. T. C.* 17 Mark'd but by Flit *MS. S. T. C.* 30 at] *MS.*  
*MS. S. T. C.*

31 foll. In one sole Outlet yawns the Phantom Wall,  
 And through this grim road to [a] worses thrall  
 Oft homeward scouring from a sick Child's dream  
 Old Mother Brownrigg shoots upon a scream;

By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,  
 Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthrall.  
 A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation, 37  
 Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;  
 Hell knows a fear far worse,  
 A fear—a future state;—'tis positive Negation!  
 1817.

*NE PLUS ULTRA*<sup>1</sup>

SOLE Positive of Night!  
 Antipathist of Light!  
 Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod—  
 The one permitted opposite of God!—  
 Condens'd blackness and abysmal storm 5  
 Compacted to one sceptre  
 Arms the Grasp enorm—  
 The Interceptor—  
 The Substance that still casts the shadow Death!—  
 The Dragon foul and fell— 10  
 The unrevealable,  
 And hidden one, whose breath  
 Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!  
 Ah! sole despair  
 Of both th' eternities in Heaven! 15  
 Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,  
 The all-compassionate!  
 Save to the Lampads Seven  
 Reveal'd to none of all th' Angelic State,  
 Save to the Lampads Seven, 20  
 That watch the throne of Heaven!

?1826.

<sup>1</sup> First published in 1834. The MS., which is inscribed in a notebook, is immediately preceded by that of the first draft of *Limbo* (*ante*, p. 429). The so-called 'No Plus Ultra' may have been intended to illustrate a similar paradox—the 'positivity of negation'. No date can be assigned to either of these metaphysical conceits, but there can be little doubt that they were 'written in later life'.

And turning back her Face with hideous Leer,  
 Leaves Sentry there *Intolerable Fear!*  
 A horrid thought is growthless dull Negation:  
 Yet that is but a Purgatory Curse,  
 SHE knows a fear far worse  
 Flee, lest thou hear its Name! Flee, rash Imagination!

\* \* \* \* \*

*S. T. Coleridge, 1st Oct. 1827, Grove, Highgate.*

FORBEARANCE<sup>1</sup>

Beareth all things.—1 Cor. xiii. 7.

GENTLY I took that which ungently came,<sup>2</sup>  
 And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.  
 A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark  
 Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.  
 Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,  
 Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,  
 Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,  
 Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.  
 Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,  
 And soon the ventilated spirit finds  
 Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,  
 Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,  
 A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,  
 Think it God's message, and in humble pride  
 With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—  
 Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

? 1832.

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT<sup>3</sup>

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE

LIKE a lone Arab, old and blind,  
 Some caravan had left behind,

<sup>1</sup> First published in 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (Februarie):—  
 'Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,  
 But gently took that ungently came.'

<sup>3</sup> Lines 1-28 were first published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, signed and dated 'S. T. Coleridge, August 1833': included in *P. W.*, 1834. Lines 29-32 were first added as 'L'Envoy' in 1852. J. D. Campbell in a note to this poem (1893, p. 644) prints an expanded version of these lines, which were composed on April 24, 1824, 'as Coleridge says, "without taking my pen off the paper"'. The same lines were sent in a letter to Allsop, April 27, 1824 (*Letters, &c.*, 1836, ii. 174-5) with a single variant (line 3) 'uneclips'd' for 'unperturb'd'. In the draft of April 24, four lines were added, and of these an alternative version was published in *P. W.*, 1834, with the heading 'Desire' (vide *ante*, p. 485). For an earlier draft in S. T. C.'s handwriting vide Appendices of this edition.

*Forbearance*—Title] The heading 'Forbearance' appears first in 1893.

Who sits beside a ruin'd well,  
 Where the shy sand-asps bask and swell;  
 And now he hangs his agéd head aslant, 5  
 And listens for a human sound—in vain!  
 And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,  
 Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain;—  
 Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,  
 Resting my eye upon a drooping plant, 10  
 With brow low-bent, within my garden-bower,  
 I sate upon the couch of camomile;  
 And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,  
 Flitted across the idle brain, the while  
 I watch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope, 15  
 In my own heart; or that, indeed a trance,  
 Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,  
 Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,  
 Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,  
 With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim, 20  
 Lie lifeless at my feet!  
 And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,  
 And stood beside my seat;  
 She bent, and kiss'd her sister's lips,  
 As she was wont to do;— 25  
 Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath  
 Woke just enough of life in death  
 To make Hope die anew.

## L'ENVOY

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;  
 There is no resurrection for the Love 30  
 That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away  
 In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.  
 1833.

4 Where basking Dipsads\* hiss and swell *F. O.* 1834.

\* The Asps of the sand-desert, anciently named Dipsads.

7 And now] Anon *F. O.* 1834. 14 Flitting across the idle sense the  
 while *F. O.* 1834. 27 That woke enough *F. O.* 1834.

29-32 Idly we supplicate the Powers above:  
 There is no resurrection for a Love  
 That uneclips'd, unshadow'd, wanes away  
 In the chill'd heart by inward self-decay.  
 Poor mimic of the Past! the love is o'er  
 That must resolve to do what did itself of yore.

*Letter, April 27, 1824.*

THE TWO FOUNTS<sup>1</sup>

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH  
UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be  
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure;  
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he  
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look  
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game  
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book:  
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin  
Two Founts there are, of Suffering and of Cheer!  
That to let forth, and this to keep within!  
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense,  
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress  
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence  
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,  
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,  
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below  
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright;

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,  
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,  
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,  
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

<sup>1</sup> First published in the *Annual Register* for 1827: reprinted in the *Bijou* for 1828: included in 1828, 1829, 1834. 'In Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* (1863, i. 337) it is stated that this poem was addressed to Mrs. Aders, the daughter of the engraver Raphael Smith.' *P. W.*, 1892, p. 642.

Title] Stanzas addressed to a Lady on her Recovery from a Severe attack of Pain *Annual Register*.

<sup>11</sup> That—this] *That—this* 1828, 1829. <sup>14</sup> That] *That* 1828, 1829.  
16-17 In a MS. dated 1826, the following stanza precedes stanza 5 of the text:—

Was ne'er on earth seen beauty like to this,  
A concentrated satisfying sight!  
In its deep quiet, ask no further bliss—  
At once the form and substance of delight.

19-20 Looks forth upon the troubled air below  
Unmov'd, entire, inviolably bright. *MS.* 1826.

Even so, Eliza! on that face of thine,  
On that benignant face, whose look alone  
(The soul's translucence thro' her crystal shrine!)  
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,  
But with a silent charm compels the stern  
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring,  
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found  
In passion, spleen, or strife) the Fount of Pain  
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,  
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam  
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,  
Had passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,  
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream;

Till audibly at length I cried, as though  
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,  
O sweet, sweet sufferer; if the case be so,  
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less wise!

In every look a barbed arrow send,  
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live!  
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet friend!  
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!

1826.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT<sup>1</sup>

SINCE all that beat about in Nature's range,  
Or veer or vanish; why should'st thou remain  
The only constant in a world of change,  
O yearning Thought! that liv'st but in the brain?  
Call to the Hours, that in the distance play,  
The faery people of the future day—

<sup>1</sup> There is no evidence as to date of composition. J. D. Campbell (1893, p. 635) believed that it 'was written at Malta'. Line 18 seems to imply that the poem was not written in England. On the other hand a comparison of ll. 9, 10 with a passage in the *Allegoric Vision*, which was re-written with large additions, and first published in 1817, suggests a much later date. The editors of 1852 include these lines among 'Poems written in Later Life', but the date (? 1826) now assigned is purely conjectural. First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

<sup>31</sup> tort'ring] fost'ring *Annual Register, Bijou.* <sup>44</sup> less—less—less] less—less—less 1828, 1829. <sup>47</sup> any] any 1828, 1829.

Fond Thought! not one of all that shining swarm  
 Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,  
 Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!    10  
 Yet still thou haunt'st me; and though well I see,  
 She is not thou, and only thou art she,  
 Still, still as though some dear embodied Good,  
 Some living Love before my eyes there stood  
 With answering look a ready ear to lend,    15  
 I mourn to thee and say—'Ah! loveliest friend!  
 That this the meed of all my toils might be,  
 To have a home, an English home, and thee!'  
 Vain repetition! Home and Thou are one.  
 The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,    20  
 Lulled by the thrush and wakened by the lark,  
 Without thee were but a becalméd bark,  
 Whose Helmsman on an ocean waste and wide  
 Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when    25  
 The woodman winding westward up the glen  
 At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze  
 The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,  
 Sees full before him, gliding without tread,  
 An image<sup>2</sup> with a glory round its head;    30  
 The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,  
 Nor knows he makes the shadow, he pursues!

? 1826.

<sup>1</sup> With lines 9, 10 J. D. Campbell compares, 'After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death.' *Allegoric Vision* (1798-1817); vide Appendices of this edition.

<sup>2</sup> This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the *Manchester Philosophical Transactions*, is applied figuratively to the following passage in the *Aids to Reflection*:—

'Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of Music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius—as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognises it as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head, or recoils from it as a Spectre.'—*Aids to Reflection* [1825], p. 220.

8 thee] *thee* 1828, 1829.  
 14 living] *living* 1828, 1829.

13 embodied] *embodied* 1828, 1829.  
 32 makes] *makes* 1828, 1829.

THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL<sup>1</sup>

AN ALLEGORY

I

HE too has flitted from his secret nest,  
 Hope's last and dearest child without a name!—  
 Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,  
 That makes false promise of a place of rest  
 To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind;—    5  
 Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,  
 Who having won all guerdons in his sport,  
 Glides out of view, and whither none can find!

II

Yes! he hath flitted from me—with what aim,  
 Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss,    10  
 And he was innocent, as the pretty shame  
 Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,

<sup>1</sup> First published in 1834. With lines 36-43, and with the poem as a whole, compare the following fragments of uncertain date, which were first published in a note to the edition of 1893. Both the poem as completed and these fragments of earlier drafts seem to belong to the last decade of the poet's life. The water-mark of the scrap of paper on which these drafts are written is 1819, but the tone and workmanship of the verse suggest a much later date, possibly 1826.

— into my Heart  
 The magic Child as in a magic glass  
 Transfused, and ah! he left within my Heart  
 A loving Image and a counterpart.'

— into my Heart  
 As 'twere some magic Glass the magic child  
 Transfused his Image and full counterpart;  
 And then he left it like a Sylph beguiled  
 To live and yearn and languish incomplete!  
 Day following day, more rugged grows my path,  
 There dwells a cloud before my heavy eyes;  
 A Blank my Heart, and Hope is dead and buried,  
 Yet the deep yearning will not die; but Love  
 Clings on and clothes the marrowless remains,  
 Like the fresh moss that grows on dead men's bones,  
 Quaint mockery! and fills its scarlet cups  
 With the chill dewdamps of the Charnel House.  
 O ask not for my Heart! my Heart is but  
 The darksome vault where Hope lies dead and buried,  
 And Love with Asbest Lamp bewails the Corse.'

And seems a creature of the earth; but soon  
 More changeful than the Moon,  
 To wane fantastic his great orb submits,  
 Or cone or mow of fire: till sinking slowly  
 Even to a star at length he lessens wholly.

Abrupt, as Spirits vanish, he is sunk!  
 A soul-like breeze possesses all the wood.  
 The boughs, the sprays have stood  
 As motionless as stands the ancient trunk!  
 But every leaf through all the forest flutters,  
 And deep the cavern of the fountain mutters.

1805.

WHAT IS LIFE? <sup>1</sup>

RESEMBLES life what once was deem'd of light,  
 Too ample in itself for human sight?  
 An absolute self—an element ungrounded—  
 All that we see, all colours of all shade  
 By encroach of darkness made?—  
 Is very life by consciousness unbounded?  
 And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,  
 A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

1805.

books. The following note or comment is attached:—'These lines I wrote as nonsense verses merely to try a metre; but they are by no means contemptible; at least in reading them I am surprised at finding them so good. 16 Aug., 1805, Malta.

'Now will it be a more English music if the first and fourth are double rhymes and the 5th and 6th single? or all single, or the 2nd and 3rd double? Try.' They were afterwards sent to William Worship, Esq., Yarmouth, in a letter dated April 22, 1819, as an unpublished autograph.

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Literary Souvenir*, 1829: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 60. First collected in 1844. These lines, 'written in the same manner, and for the same purpose, but of course with more conscious effort than the two stanzas on the preceding leaf,' are dated '16 August, 1805, the day of the Valetta Horse-racing—bells jangling, and stupefying music playing all day'. Afterwards, in 1819, Coleridge maintained that they were written 'between the age of 15 and 16'.

4 the] this MS.      6 A distant Hiss of fire MS. *alternative reading*.  
 7 lessens] lessened MS.      12 flutters] fluttered MS.      13 mutters] muttered MS.

*What is Life?*—1 deem'd] held *Lit. Souvenir*, 1829.      2 ample] simple MS.  
 { per-se (in its own Nature)  
 6 { Is Life itself MS.

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY  
DATE-TREE <sup>1</sup>

## A LAMENT

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew writers, an apologue or Rabbinical tradition to the following purpose:

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last 5 words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: 'Nay, Lord; in thy justice, not so! for the man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to 10 the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise.' And the word of the Most High answered Satan: '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have 15 been inflicted on thyself.'

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnaeus, of a date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of 20 some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. 25 It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the Author at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre.

S. T. C.

<sup>1</sup> First published in 1828: included in 1829 and 1834.

5 stood] were yet standing 1828.      8 mediator] moderator 1828.  
 9 The words 'not so' are omitted in 1828.      11 remain here all the days  
 of his now mortal life, and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this  
 thy Paradise which thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every tree  
 pleasant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage. 1828.      13 foll.  
*Treacherous Fiend!* guilt deep as thine could not be, yet the love of kind  
 not extinguished. But if having done what thou hast done, thou hadst  
 yet the heart of man within thee, and the yearning of the soul for its  
 answering image and completing counterpart, O spirit, desperately  
 wicked! the sentence thou counsellest had been thy own! 1828  
 20 from a Date tree 1828, 1829.