



And, coming to the church, stopp'd short  
Beside my Daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen  
The pride of all the vale;  
And then she sang! — she would have been 35  
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay,  
And yet I lov'd her more,  
For so it seem'd, than till that day  
I e'er had lov'd before. 40

And, turning from her grave, I met  
Beside the church-yard Yew  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare, 45  
Her brow was smooth and white,  
To see a Child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripp'd with foot so free, 50  
She seem'd as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine;  
I look'd at her and look'd again; 55  
— And did not wish her mine.

Matthew is in his grave, yet now  
Methinks I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with his bough  
Of wilding in his hand. 60

1799

(From *Lyrical Ballads*. Ed. R. L. Brett and A. R. Jones. The text of the 1798 edition, with the additional 1800 poems. London: Methuen, 1968)