## 14 The Two April Mornings

Uprose the morning sun, And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said,	
"The will of God be done!"	
A village Schoolmaster was he, With hair of glittering grey; As blithe a man as you could see	5
On a spring holiday.	
And on that morning, through the grass, And by the steaming rills, We travell'd merrily to pass A day among the hills.	10
"Our work," said I, "was well begun;	
Then, from thy breast what thought,	
Beneath so beautiful a sun, So sad a sigh has brought? ["]	15
A second time did Matthew stop,	
And fixing still his eye	
Upon the eastern mountain-top	20
To me he made reply.	20
Yon cloud with that long purple cleft	
Brings fresh into my mind	
A day like this which I have left	
Full thirty years behind.	
And on that slope of springing corn	25
The self-same crimson hue	
Fell from the sky that April morn,	
The same which now I view!	
With rod and line my silent sport	
I plied by Derwent's wave,	30

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,

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;

— 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.

## 1799

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