

Thou once wast fixed where in the middle skies  
The Giant Mountain lifts his sovereign height  
Above a hemisphere: Where in the beam  
Of mid day suns, the unmelted ice transmits  
The cherid light, the deep blue light of heaven.  
The Arve & the Arveira rolled their waves  
Beneath thee & their troubled waters mixed.

Before the plains were peopled, long before  
The majesty of Nature was perceived  
By mortal eye, thy dwelling place was raised  
Amidst the monuments of elder time  
A birth princival of this nether world,  
When from the darkness of the deep, burst forth  
The renovating fire, & when the wreck  
And fragments of another world were raised  
In order & in beauty, to become  
A new creation.

Ages past away  
And thou wast still unchanged, no forms of life  
No sound, no motion haunted thy abode.  
The Eagle screamed below thee, & the force  
Of the wild whirlwind & the thunder storm

Shook not thy mighty resting place;  
Thy solitude was awful & sublime.

Hence a memorial, shall then be  
Of thine impact, destined to preserve  
The mind from slumber, felled to enable  
The love of that which cannot change or die,  
The inevitable in paper & in thought,  
Wisdom & knowledge; the aspiring flame  
Which kindles into immortality. —

Another humber meaning still is there,  
But yet a meaning not to be despised  
By those whose hearts are simple & whose life  
Is ruled by the impulse of the heart.  
The image that the groves hand has fixed  
Upon thy polished surface, shall recall  
Amidst the unmeaning bustle of the world  
And in the weariness of common life,  
Thoughts of sweet idace, & the memory  
Of days devoted to the woods & streams,  
Of vernal days, when all was hope & joy;  
When music rolled in every torrent's sound  
And balmy softness dwelt in every breeze,  
And every sunbeam ministered to life,  
When living myriads from the waters sprung,  
And glistening wings moved quickly in the light,  
And every mountain flower bedecked with dew

Mingled its sweetest in the genial air  
And every thicket ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>kind</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>into</sup> joyful sounds  
Of love & harmony, & from mid-heaven  
The unseen warbler sent her lofty notes  
To cheer its softness, to subdue the heart.

My powers are not exhausted while you  
Another tie shall bind me still to thee  
Another recollection. As a gift  
Of kindness, heart & feeling in its hour  
Of spring tune, & the opening of the bud,  
You shall be cherished long. For what is life  
Or living nature, all that gladdens the eye  
By tints of beauty, or that warms the ear  
By softest melody, without the glow  
The sacred glow of sympathy, the light,  
The golden sunshine, of our mortal day.  
Of living loveliness that eyes shall be  
A kind memorial, of a speaking eye  
Brilliant with all auspicious changeable lights,  
A mind by genius fired, by taste refined;  
A voice on whose sweet accents I can dwell  
With the same pleasure that the mother hears  
The first sweet music of her first-born child.

Sunday was a true April day, a day of  
sunshine, white mists, & bright clouds; I hoped

The slide moving in Mansa dale, I put on  
a nifty stone on the bank of the Wye  
& compared the lines which occupy this  
paper. They will prove to you that  
I am no poet, but they will prove  
to you that I am an honest man &

PAKED  
F.L.L.  
152

Mrs Apreece  
Berkeley Square  
London

9  
16

A  
1847  
1811

that I perform my promises. They are for your  
eye only; & my sheet will be increased if  
they amuse you for a minute. I shall be  
in town on Friday or Saturday. Our plan is  
altered while I am writing on Thursday evening.  
I shall find you shining in the brilliant world  
& do not envy you the world; but I envy the  
world you. I shall subscribe myself of no  
use should you have promised he to use  
your mine from  
H.D.

## Transcripts (sic) of Davy Letters

RI HD/26/H/5 – Humphry Davy to Mrs Jane Apreece

18<sup>th</sup> April 1811

Mrs Apreece  
16 Berkeley Square  
London

Thou once wert fixed where in the middle skies  
The Giant Mountain lifts his sovereign height  
Above a hemisphere. Where in the beam  
Of midday suns, the unmelted ice transmits  
The ethereal light, the deep blue light of heaven.  
The Arve & the Arveira rolled their waves  
Beneath thee & their troubled waters mixed.  
Before the plains were peopled, long before  
The majesty of Nature was perceived  
By mortal eye, thy dwelling place was raised  
Admist the monuments of elder time  
A birth primæval of this nether world.  
When from the darkness of the deep burst forth  
The renovating fire, & when the wreck  
And fragments of another world were raised  
In order & in beauty, to become  
A new creation.  
Ages past away  
And thou wert still unchanged, no forms of life  
No sound, no motion haunted thy abode.

The Eagle screamed below thee, & the force  
Of the wild whirlwind & the thunder storm  
Shook not thy mighty resting place;  
Thy solitude was awful & sublime.

Hence a memorial, noble, shalt thou be  
Of loftiest import, destined to preserve  
The mind from slumber, fitted to awake  
The love of that which cannot change or die,  
The immutable in passion & in thought,  
Wisdom & Knowledge; the aspiring flame  
Which Kindles into immortality. --

Another humbler meaning still is thine,  
But yet a meaning not to be despised  
By those whose hearts are simple & whose life  
Is molded by the impulse of the heart.

The image that the gravers hand has fixed  
Upon thy polished surface shall recall  
Amidst the unmeaning bustle of the world  
And in the weariness of common life,  
Thoughts of sweet solace, & the memory  
Of days devoted to the woods & streams,  
Of vernal days, when all was hope & joy:  
When music rolled in every torrents sound  
And balmy softness dwelt in every breeze,  
And every sunbeam ministered to life,  
When living myriads from the waters spring,

And glistening wings moved quickly in the light,  
And every mountain flower bedecked with dew  
Mingled its sweetness in the genial air  
And every thicket waken'd into sounds  
Of love & harmony, & from mid heaven  
The unseen warbler sent her lofty notes  
To cheer to soften to subdue the heart.  
The powers are not exhausted little gem  
Another tie shall bind me still to thee  
Another recollection. As a gift  
Of kindness, though a feeling in its hour  
Of spring time, & the opening of the bud,  
Thou shalt be cherished long. For what is life  
Or living nature, all that glads the eye  
By tints of beauty or that wakes the ear  
To softest melody, without the glow  
The sacred glow of sympathy, the light,  
The golden sunshine, of our mortal day.  
Of living loveliness these ages shalt be  
A kind memorial, of a speaking eye  
Brilliant with all expressions changeful light,  
A mind by genius fired, by taste refined;  
A voice on whose sweet accents I can dwell  
With the same pleasure that the mother hears  
The first sweet music of her first born child.

HD

Sunday was a true April day, a day of sunshine, white mists, & bright clouds. I passed the whole morning in Monsal dale, I sat on a mossy stone on the bank of the Wye & composed the lines which occupy this paper. They will prove to you that I am no poet; but they will prove to you that I am an honest man & that I perform my promises. They are for your eye *only*; & my object will be answered if they amuse you for a minute.. I shall be in Town on Friday or Saturday. Our plan is altered while I am writing on Thursday evening. I shall find you shining in the brilliant world I do not envy you the world; but I envy the world you.. I shall subscribe myself by the name which you have permitted me to use.

your sincere friend

H.D.