There once was fixed where in the middle skies
The giant mountain lifted his sovereign height
Above a hemisphere. Where is the beam
Of mid day suns, the unmelted ice transmit
The cheerful light, the deep blue light of heaven.
The surge of the oceans rolled their waves
Beneath thee, as their troubled waters mixed
Before the plains were filched, long before
The majesty of Nature was perceived
By mortal eye, they dwelled place was seen
Amidst the monuments of older time
A birth progeny of the hotter world.
When fear to darkness of the deep burst forth
The renovating fire, when the week
And fragments of another world was made
In order of its beauty, to become
A new creation.

Ages past away
And their vast state unchanging, no forms of life
As sand, as motion haunted they abode.
The eagle screamed below thee, at the force
Of the wild whirlwind or the thunder storm.
Shake not thy mighty acting place;
 Thy soul's stead was awful as outline.

Hence a memorial noble, shall then be
Of loveliest in part, destined to preserve
The mind from slumber, fleted to enable
The love of that which cannot change or die,
The immortality in science or in thought,
Wisdom & knowledge; the abiding flame
Which kindles into immortality.

Another hark! the meaning still is there,
But yet a meaning not to be defined
By him whose hearts are simple & close life
By him who knows not the instinct of the heart.
He who felt by the impalpable of the heart.
He wise that he grows kind & inspired
Upon thy polished surface, shall recall
What the unseen world & the unseen
And in the weariness of common life,
Thoughts of sweet place, 
Of days devoted to the woods & stream,
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Of days devoted to the woods & stream,
Of days devoted to the woods & stream,
Of days devoted to the woods & stream,
Of days devoted to the woods & stream,
Mingled its sweetness in the social air
And gay tinkled 声 sound.

Of love, of harmony, a dream mid heaven.
The warmest bosom sent her loftiest notes
To cheer its softer, to subdue its heart.

My是从 an old exhausted little pen
Whether he mide bind me stile to the
Another remission. As a gift
Of kindness, kept a feeling in its hour
Of spring tone, of the spring of the bud
That's left to cherished long. For what is life
Or living nature, all that fills the eye,
By tints, of beauty, or but echoes the ear,
No soflent melody, without the glow,
The sacred glow of reputation, the light,
The golden sunshine, of our mortal day.

Of living loves, of those days. Built up
A kind memorial. Of a speaking eye
Brilliant with an unfinished 행복 light,
A mind by genius fired, by taste refined;
A voice or whose sweet accents I can dare
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 mist, a bright cloud; I shaded
Mrs. Apreece
Berkley Square
London

16
18th 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.