

Simon Lee
The Old Huntsman

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,
I've heard he once was tall.
Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a but-then weighty;
He says he is three score and ten,
But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,
That's fair behind, and fair before;
Yet, meet him where you will, you see
At once that he is poor.
Full five and twenty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And, though he has but one eye left.
His cheek is like a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound.
And no man was so full of glee;
To say the least, four counties round
Had heard of Simon Lee;
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

His hunting feats have him bereft
Of his right eye, as you may see:
And then, what limbs those feats have left
To poor old Simon Lee!
He has no son, he has no child,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall.
Upon the village common.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His little body's half awry;
His ancles they are swoln and thick:
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry or tillage;
And now he's forced to work, though weak,
▪ The weakest in the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And **often**, ere the race was done
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,
And does what Simon cannot do;
For she, not over stout of limb,
Is stouter of the two.
And though you with your utmost skill
From **labour** could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little, all
Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what avails the land to them,
Which they can till no longer?

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
His poor old ancles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,

And I'm afraid that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.

What more I have to say is short,
I hope you'll kindly take it;
It is no tale; but should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
About the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock totter'd in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

“You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool,” to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffer'd aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
▪ I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oft'ner left me mourning.

อธิบายโคลง

กวีพบ ชายชราผู้หนึ่งชื่อ Simon Lee ในอดีตชายชราผู้นี้เป็นคนล่าสัตว์ของ Squires ผู้หนึ่ง (Wordsworth พบชายชราผู้นี้ขณะที่ Wordsworth ไปพักที่ Somersetshire ในโคลงบทนี้ Wordsworth ย้ายเหตุการณ์ให้เกิดที่ Cardigan ซึ่งอยู่ในแคว้น Wales แทน) ชายชราผู้นี้อายุประมาณ 80 ปี แต่ถ้าใครถามเขาจะบอกว่าเขาอายุ 46 เมื่อชายผู้นี้อยู่ในวัยหนุ่มเขาเป็นชายหนุ่มแข็งแรง กระตือรือล้นที่จะออกล่าสัตว์ แต่ในปัจจุบันดาข้างขวาของเขาบอดจากการล่าสัตว์ ร่างกายก็ไม่แข็งแรง เขาไม่มีบุตร เขาอาศัยในกระท่อมเล็กๆ ใกล้หน้าต่างกับภรรยาแก่ผู้อ่อนแอ ถึงแม้เขาจะแก่และสภาพร่างกายทรุดโทรม เขาต้องทำงานหนัก ตัดไม้ ขุดดิน พันหญ้าปลูกข้าว ทำสวนเพื่อเลี้ยงชีวิตของเขาและภรรยา วันหนึ่งกวี พบ Simon Lee กำลังพยายามขุดตอไม้ต้นหนึ่งขึ้นจากดิน จอบที่อยู่ในมือเขานั้นสั้น แทบจะหลุดจากมือขณะที่เขาฟันลงที่รากของตอไม้ กวีจึงสงสารและช่วยขุดแทน และเสร็จในเวลาอันรวดเร็ว ชายชราน้ำตาคลอเสมือนกล่าวขอบคุณเขา

ความแก่ของ Simon Lee เป็นกฎของธรรมชาติ เมื่อแก่ตัวลงความอ่อนแอตามมาอย่างเลี่ยงไม่ได้ ทั้งต้นไม้ และ Simon Lee ต่างมีสภาพไม่แตกต่างกัน เมื่อมนุษย์อายุน้อย ร่างกายก็แข็งแรง สดชื่น แต่เมื่ออายุมากขึ้น ร่างกายก็อ่อนแอลงเช่นเดียวกับต้นไม้ เมื่ออายุน้อย ลำต้นแข็งแรงแต่เมื่อแก่มากขึ้นลำต้นก็แห้งเหี่ยวและผุพังรอเวลาโค่นล้ม ความอ่อนแอที่เกิดจากความแก่ ไม่ใช่เป็นสิ่งป้องกันได้ Wordsworth เขียนโคลงนี้เพื่อให้ผู้อ่านเกิดความเห็นใจ และช่วยเหลือคนที่อ่อนแอกว่า ความกตัญญูที่มีต่อผู้มีพระคุณ เป็นจริยธรรม ถึงแม้ว่าจะเป็นสิ่งธรรมดา แต่ก็เป็นที่ประทับใจ Wordsworth ปล่อย 2 บรรทัดสุดท้ายให้เป็น paradox

คำศัพท์

- | | | |
|----------------|---|----------------|
| 1. husbandry | = | งานในไร่ |
| 2. tillage | = | ขุดดิน พันหญ้า |
| 3. stone blind | = | ตาบอดสนิท |
| 4. mattack | = | จอบ |
| 5. totter | = | สั้น |
| 6. endeavour | = | พยายาม |

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare.
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair.
 Her eye-brows have a rusty stain,
 And she came far from over the main.
 She has a baby on her arm.
 Or else she, were alone;
 And underneath the hay-stack warm.
 And on the green-wood stone.
 She talked and sung the woods among:
 And it was in the English **tongue**.

“Sweet babel they say that I am mad.
 But nay, my heart is far too glad:
 And I am happy when I sing
 Full many a sad and doleful thing:
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
 I pray thee have no fear of me,
 But, safe as in a cradle, here
 My lovely baby! thou shalt be,
 To thee I know too much I owe;
 I cannot work thee any woe.

“A fire was once within my brain:
 And in my head a dull, dull pain;
 And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
 Hung at my breasts, and pulled at me.
 But then there came a sight of joy;
 It came at once to do me good;
 I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
 Oh joy for me that sight to see!
 For he was here, and only he.

“Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
 It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
 Thy lips I feel them baby! they
 Draw from my heart the pain away.
 Oh press me with thy little hand;
 It loosens something at my chest;
 About that tight and deadly band

I feel thy little fingers press'd.
The breeze I see is in the tree;
It comes to cool my babe and me.

“Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below.
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl!
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul:
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

“Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion I will be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

“Thy father cares **not** for my breast,
Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest:
Tis all thine own! and if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown;
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
Tis well for me thou **canst** not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

“Dread not their taunts, my little life!
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.

If his sweet boy he could forsake,
 With me he never would have stay'd:
 Form him no harm my babe can take,
 But he, poor man ! is wretched made,
 And every day we two will pray
 For him that's gone and far away.

“I'll teach my boy the sweetest things;
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
 My tittle babe! thy lips are still,
 And thou hast almost suck'd thy fill.

Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
 What wicked looks are those I see?
 Alas! alas! that look so wild,
 It never, never came from me:
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
 Then I must be for ever sad.

“Oh! smile on me, My little lamb!
 For I thy own dear mother am.
 My love for thee has well been tried:
 I've sought thy father far and wide.
 I know the poisons of the shade,
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food;
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
 We'll find thy father in the wood.
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye.

คำศัพท์

fiendish	=	น่าเกลียด น่ากลัว ชั่วร้าย
Torrent	=	ไหลทะลักอย่างรวดเร็ว
howl	=	เสียงดัง ยาว
Taunts	=	คำหยา
aye	=	ตลอดไป

อธิบายโคลง

โคลงนี้เป็นโคลงเศร้าโคลงหนึ่งของ Wordsworth เป็นเรื่องเศร้าของหญิงที่เสียสติคนหนึ่ง ความเศร้าของเธอเกิดขึ้นจากการที่สามีทิ้งเธอไป เธอซึ่งเหลือลูกน้อย ซึ่งเป็นความสุขอย่างเดียวในขณะนี้ เป็นโคลงที่บรรยายสภาวะจิตใจที่เศร้าเสียใจ

โคลงบรรยายภาพของหญิงคนหนึ่งที่ยังเสียสติ และมีเด็กน้อยอยู่ในวงแขนของเธอ เดินร่อนเร่เปะปะไปตามทุ่งหญ้า ป่าเขา พุดและร้องเพลงในเวลาเดียวกัน

เธอพรรณารักของเธอกับเด็กน้อย และความสำคัญของลูกที่มีต่อเธอ ความทุรนทุราย ความเจ็บปวดของเธอ จะหายไปทันทีเมื่อเธอมองดูสัมผัสหรือเมื่อลูกดูดีนมจากเธอ และกลายกลับเป็นความอ่อนโยน เย็นระรื่นเข้าแทนที่ เธอให้สัญญาแก่ลูกน้อยเธอจะปกป้องคุ้มครองให้ลูกน้อยปราศจากภัยอันตรายนานาประการ นางจะเลี้ยงดูลูกน้อยท่ามกลางธรรมชาติ และจะค้นพบบิดาของลูกน้อยให้กลับคืนมา

คำถาม

1. Describe her state of madness
2. Which line does it show her suffering?
3. Why is she suffering?
4. Where is the baby's father?
5. How much does she love the baby?
6. What does the baby mean to her?
7. What characteristic of Romantic you can get from this Ballad?

GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL

OH! , what's the **matter?** what's the matter'?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack.
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as be?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
I'll fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who pass'd her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas!'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.

This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill-side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.

'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day.
Then at her door the **canty** dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! when e'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And **scatter'd** many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile before-hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She **left** her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And **vow'd** that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And **oft** from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He **watch'd** to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble-land.
▪ He hears a noise ▪ he's all awake-
Again?-on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps-" Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull,
He stood behind a bush of elder.
Till she had tilled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The bye-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, 'I've caught you then at last!'
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd

To God that is the judge of all.
She pray'd her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm-
'God! who art never out of hearing,
'O may he never more be warm! '
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy-cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,

But not a whit the warmer he:
 Another was on Thursday brought.
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.
 'Twas all in vain, a useless matter.
 And blankets were about him pinn'd;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away;
 And all who see him say'tis plain,
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 A-bed or up, to young or old;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 'Poor Harry Gill is very cold.

คำศัพท์

1. ail	=	ป่วย ทรมาน
2. chatter	=	หนาวจนปากสั่น ฟันกระทบกัน
3. duffle	=	เสื้อคลุมกันหนาวตัวนอก มีที่คลุมศีรษะ ทำจากผ้าขนสัตว์
4. lusty	=	รื่นเริง สนุกสนาน
5. drover	=	คนต้อนฝูงสัตว์
6. hedge	=	ต้นไม้พุ่มชนิดหนึ่งนิยมปลูกเป็นรั้ว
7. trespass	=	บุกรุก
8. vengeance	=	แก้แค้น
9. stubble	=	ดอข้าวในนา

อธิบายโคลง

ballad บทนี้ Wordsworth คงได้เค้าโครงเรื่องมาจากหนังสือชื่อ “Zoonomia” ของ Erasmus Darwin มีเรื่องราวที่คล้ายกันใน Ballad บทนี้ Wordsworth กล่าวว่า เป็นเรื่องจริงที่เกิดขึ้นที่ Dorsetshire มีชายฐานะดีคนหนึ่งชื่อ Harry Gill เป็นโรคประหลาดคือ หนาวจนปากสั่น ฟันกระทบกันตลอดเวลา ไม่ว่าจะแต่งตัวและใส่เสื้อ coat คลุมด้วยผ้าห่มสักกี่ผืน ก็ไม่สามารถทำให้เขาอุ่น ได้เล่าขานกันว่า เหตุที่เขาเป็นเช่นนี้ เพราะเขาแสดงความใจร้าย ต่อหญิงชราที่ยากจนคนหนึ่งชื่อ Goody Blake Goody Blake เป็นคนขยัน แต่ก็ยากจนข้นแค้นมาก ไม่มีกระทั่งเงินที่จะซื้อเทียนไข เวลาฤดูร้อน อากาศอบอุ่น เธอจึงไม่ค่อยลำบากสักเท่าใด แต่ในฤดูหนาวเธอจะทรมาณมาก ความหนาวเย็น พุ่งทะลุผ่านเข้าไปในบ้านในที่นอน หนาวจัดเสียจนเธอนอนไม่หลับ แม้แต่ริบเดียว ไขข้อตามแขนขาปวดร้าวระบม เธอจึงต้องคอยหาฟืนมาก่อไฟให้คลายความหนาว ฟืนที่เธอเก็บมาเป็นกิ่งไม้แห้ง ๆ ตามกอ Hedge ในที่ของ Harry Gill ในคืนหนาวเย็นคืนหนึ่ง Harry Gill รู้ว่ามีคนบุกรุกเข้ามาเก็บฟืนในที่ของเขา ก็เผารอเพื่อจับขโมย ขณะที่ Goody Blake เก็บฟืนได้แล้ว Harry Gill ก็จู่โจมเข้าจับเธอ ในขณะที่ Harry Gill ข่มขู่เธอ เธอจึงแข่งให้เขาไม่รู้จักความอบอุ่นอีก วันรุ่งขึ้น Harry Gill จึงเกิดโรคหนาวสั่น ใส่เสื้อและห่มผ้าไม่ว่าจะกี่ผืน ก็ไม่สามารถทำให้เกิดความอบอุ่นได้ เขาเป็นเช่นนี้ไม่ว่าจะอยู่ในฤดูใบไม้ผลิ ฤดูร้อน ฤดูหนาวหรือได้แสงอาทิตย์เขาจะหนาวสั่น ฟันกระทบกันตลอดเวลา

คำถาม

1. What ails does Harry Gill get?
2. Who is Goody Blake?
3. What does the poet want to compare between Harry Gill and Goody Blake?
4. Where does she live?
5. Why did she get sticks from Harry Gill's hedge?
6. What did Harry Gill did to the Goody Blake when he fund her with sticks?
7. What was Goody Blake doing when she was caught?
8. What did she curse him?
9. What did happen to the Harry Gill on the next day?
10. Do you sympathy with Harry Gill?
11. Is this ail the punishment of Harry?
12. Is it psychosomatr c illness or a supernatural?

Resolution and Independence

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is fill'd with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops, on the moors
The Hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she **from** the plashy earth
Raises a mist; which, glittering in the sun
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the Hare that **rac'd** about with joy;
I heard the woods, and distant waters, roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes **chanceth**, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not nor could name.

I heard the Sky-lark singing in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful Hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare;
Far **from** the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me,
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have liv'd in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perish'd in its pride;
Of Him who walk'd in glory and in joy
Behind his plough, upon the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified;
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When up and down my fancy thus was driven,
And I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
I saw a man before me unawares:
The oldest Man he seem'd that ever wore grey hairs.

My course I stopped as soon as I espied
The Old Man in that naked wilderness:
Close by a Pond, upon the further side,
He stood alone: a miunte's space I guess
I watch'd him, he continuing motionless:
To the Pool's further margin then I drew;
He being all the while before me full in view.

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a Sea-beast crawl'd forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself.

Such seem'd this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep; in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in their pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propp'd, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Beside the little pond or moorish flood
Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond
Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conn'd,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now such freedom as I could I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the Old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What kind of work is that which you pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
He answer'd me with pleasure and surprize;
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
Yet each in solemn order follow'd each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest;
Choice word, and measured phrase; above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech!
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come
To gather Leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From Pond to Pond he roam'd from moor to moor.
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gain'd an honest maintenance.

The Old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole Body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a Man from some far region sent;
To give me human strength, and strong admonishment

My former thoughts return'd: the fear that kills;
The hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
And now, not knowing what the Old Man had said,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the Ponds where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old Man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seem'd to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with he other matter blended,
 Chearfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; **and**, when he ended,
 I could have laugh'd myself to scorn, to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I "be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor."

อธิบายโคลง

การอยู่ท่ามกลางธรรมชาติที่สวยงาม สัตว์อันน่ารัก แต่ก็ถูกรอบ
 คลุมด้วยความเศร้าของชีวิตที่ผ่านมา แต่ขณะที่เขาคิดคำนึงทบทวนอดีตของเขา
 เขาก็มองเห็นชายแก่คนหนึ่งอยู่ข้างหนองน้ำ เขาก็ทักทาย ได้ถาม ชายแก่เล่าว่า
 เขาเป็น Leeches gatherer เขาต้องเที่ยวไปตามหนองน้ำเรื่อย ๆ เพื่อจับ
 Leeches

การปรากฏตัวของชายแก่ ทำให้เกิดการเปลี่ยนแปลงอย่างไรกับกวี

คำศัพท์

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Magpie | - เป็นนกชนิดหนึ่ง |
| 2. dejection | - สภาพที่เศร้าหมอง |
| 3. genial | - พร้อมทั้งจะเจริญงอกงาม |
| 4. despondency | - การสูญเสียความหวัง |

คำถาม

1. Where is the poet walking to?
2. What is the time of the day when the poet is on the moor?
3. "Motionless as a cloud the old man stood"
 Why is the old man compared with the cloud?
4. Describe the character of the old man?
5. Describe the character of the old man. Is the character
 realistic or supernatural?
6. How did the poet change after he met the old man at the
 end of the poem?