

## Wordsworth in Deutschland:

### Eine Liste der 1798/99 in Deutschland entstandenen oder mit dem Aufenthalt in Deutschland eng verbundenen Gedichte<sup>1</sup> von William Wordsworth

nach Mark L. Reed<sup>2</sup>, Jonathan Wordsworth<sup>3</sup> und Jared Curtis<sup>4</sup>

#### The Two-Part Prelude (1799), Part I

Wordsworth beginnt dieses zweiteilige Prelude nach seiner Ankunft in Goslar 6. Oktober 1798, und Teil I ist komplett, als Wordsworth am 23. Februar 1799 Goslar verlässt. Der erste Teil des Two-Part Prelude ist also in Deutschland entstanden, Teil II wurde ca. ein Jahr später in England vollendet.

Ausschnittsweise Übersetzungen, teils auch in späteren Fassungen (1805, 1850) des Prelude, siehe [hier](#).

#### [There was a Boy](#)

(später variiert in Prelude 1805, Buch V, Vers 389-422, Prelude 1850, Buch V, Vers 364-397)

#### [Nutting](#)

#### The Danish Boy

#### Ruth

#### To a Sexton

#### *Die Mathew Poems*<sup>5</sup>:

- Mathew
- The Two April Mornings
- The Fountain – A Conversation
- Address to the Scholars of the Village School of —

‘Could I the priest’s consent have gained’

‘Remembering how thou didst beguile’

= Elegy Written in the Same Place upon the Same Occasion

#### [Lucy Gray](#)

#### [Written in Germany on One of the Coldest Days of the Century](#)

#### A Poet’s Epitaph

#### Ellen Irwin

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<sup>1</sup> Um zu den auf dieser Website enthaltenen und von mir übertragenen Gedichten zu kommen, bediene man sich der ausführbaren Links.

<sup>2</sup> Mark L. Reed: Wordsworth - The Chronology of the Early Years 1770-1799. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 1967

<sup>3</sup> Jonathan Wordsworth: William Wordsworth - The Borders of Vision, Clarendon Press, Oxford 1988 und Jonathan Wordsworth

<sup>4</sup> Jared Curtis (ed.): The Fenwick Notes of William Wordsworth, Bristol Classical Press, 1993

<sup>5</sup> Vgl. den englischen [Wikipedia-Artikel](#) dazu

‘How sweet when crimson colours dart’ (Alcaeus to Sappho)

‘One day the darling of my heart’ (ein verlorengesangenes Gedicht!)

*The Lucy Poems:*

[‘A slumber did my spirit seal’](#)

[‘She dwelt among the untrodden ways’](#)

[‘Strange fits of passion have I known’](#)

[‘Three years she grew in sun and shower’](#)

The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale

Nach J. Curtis (S. 162) zwischen März 1797 und 18. Juli 1800 verfasst, aber **vielleicht** hauptsächlich in Goslar...

*Weitere dem Deutschlanaufenthalt zuzuordnende Gedichte*

[‘I travelled among unknown men’](#)

Dies Gedicht ist wahrscheinlich erst kurz vor 29. April 1801, also nicht in Deutschland entstanden, gehört aber zur Gruppe der sog. ‘Lucy-Gedichte’

[The Reverie of Poor Susan](#)

Möglicherweise ist dies Gedicht (ursprünglicher Titel ‘Poor Susan’) schon vor der Reise nach Deutschland entstanden, vgl. aber den Brief von Wordsworth aus Goslar an Coleridge Nov./Dez. 1798

Auf den folgenden Seiten werden die Texte von

*The Fountain*

*The Two April Mornings*

*A Poet’s Epitaph*

mit Varianten aufgeführt. Ferner folgt eine kurze Schilderung von Wordsworth zu seinem Aufenthalt in Goslar (1798/99).

*The Fountain*  
*A CONVERSATION*

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

‘Now, Matthew!’, said I, ‘let us match  
this water’s pleasant tune  
With some old border song or catch  
That suits a summer’s noon;

Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade,  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made!’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The grey-haired man of glee:

‘Down to the vale this water steers –      ‘No check, no stay this Streamlet fears;  
How merrily it goes!  
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain’s brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird in the summer trees,      The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
And quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free:

But we are pressed by heavy laws,  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household-hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me, but by none  
I am enough beloved.'

'Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains –

And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee!'  
At this he grasped his hands, and said      At this he grasped my hand, and said  
'Alas, that cannot be!'

We rose up from the fountain-side,  
And down the smooth descent  
of the green sheep-track did we glide,  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock  
And the bewildered chimes.

*The Two April Mornings*

We walked along while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun;  
And Matthew stopped – he looked, and said  
‘The will of God be done!’

A village schoolmaster was he  
With hair of glittering grey;  
As blithe a man as could you see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

‘Our work’, said I, ‘was well begun –  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh had brought?’

A second time did Matthew stop;  
And, fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply:

‘Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into the mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

And on that slope of springing corn  
The self-same crimson hue  
Fell from the sky that April morn –  
The same which now I view.

And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line my silent sport  
I plied by Derwent’s wave,  
And, coming to the church, stopped short  
Beside my daughter’s grave.

With rod and line I sued my sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And to the churchyard come, stopped short

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale!  
And then she sang – she would have been  
A very nightingale!

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

And turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the churchyard-yew,  
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;  
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 tripped with foot so free;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine;  
I looked at her, and looked 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.

*A Poet's Epitaph*

Art thou a Statesman, in the van  
Of public business trained and bred,  
- First learn to love one living man;  
*Then* may'st thou think upon the dead.

Art thou a Statist, in the van  
Of public conflicts trained and bred,

A Lawyer art thou? - draw not nigh!  
Go, carry to some other place  
The hardness of thy coward eye,  
The falsehood of thy sallow face.

The keenness of that practised eye,  
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
Approach; yet Doctor, not too near,  
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,  
A Soldier, and no man of chaff?  
Welcome! - but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapped closely in thy sensual fleece  
O turn aside, and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
Thy pin-point of a soul away!

Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

- A Moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small,  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual All-in-All!

Shut close the door! press down the latch:  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust,  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch,  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noonday grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart, –  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

– Come hither in thy hour of strength,  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

Wordsworth äußert sich 1843 in den Fenwick Notes erst zu *Lines Written in Germany*, dann auch speziell zu diesem Gedicht wie folgt:

“A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed by the side of my sister, in our lodgings, at a draper’s house, in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. In this town the German Emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage that was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night. With the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog’s-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, or on a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature that used to glance by me. I consequently became

„Es war ein bitterer Winter, als diese Verse verfasst wurden an der Seite meiner Schwester in unserer Mietwohnung, in eines Tuchwarenhändlers Haus in der romantischen Kaiserstadt Goslar am Rande des Harz. In dieser Stadt hielten gewöhnlich die Deutschen Kaiser der fränkischen Linie Hof, und es waren noch Spuren des alten Glanzes vorhanden. Die Kälte dieses Winters war so streng, dass, wenn wir das durch einen Ofen geheizte Wohnzimmer verließen, unsere Wangen von der Luft wie von kaltem Eisen getroffen wurden. Ich schlief in einem Raum über einer Passage, deren Decke nicht verputzt war. Die Leute im Haus pflegten wenig mitfühlend zu sagen, dass ich eines Nachts noch erfrieren würde. Mit dem Schutz eines mit Pelz gefütterten langen Mantels und einer Hundfellkappe, wie sie die Bauern trugen, ging ich täglich auf den Wällen oder in einer Art von öffentlicher Parkanlage, in der sich ein Teich befand, spazieren. Ich hatte

much attached to it. During these walks I composed the poem that follows, *The [sic!] Poet's Epitaph.*”

keinen Gefährten außer einem Eisvogel, eine wunderschöne Kreatur, die immer in meiner Nähe herüberschaute. So kam es, dass ich sehr an ihm hing. Während dieser Spaziergänge verfasste ich das Gedicht, das folgt, *Des[sic!] Dichters Grabinschrift.*“