

## **Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle**

*William Wordsworth*

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
Poet! That, stricken as both are by years,  
We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,  
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
United us; when thou, in boyish play,  
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
Of light was there; and thus did I, thy Tutor,  
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;  
While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly  
Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,  
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.