

Morning beads, as I write - above - along the
snowy yewdale falls, and the level mists
grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil
the ~~picture by the lake shore~~ ~~the woodland~~
the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns
by the lake shore, ~~but told me~~
oh that some one had ^{but} told me, in youth, when all my
heart seemed to be set on these ^{columns &} clouds.
that appear for a little time, and then vanish
away - how little my love of them would serve
me - when, for ~~all~~ the ^{silence} ~~appearance~~ of lawn and
wood in the dew of dawn should be completed -
and all my thoughts should be of them when
by neither - I should meet none.

Brantwood. 12th February 1878

Morning beads, as I write along the yewdale falls,
and the level mists, motionless, and grey beneath
the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods,
and the sleeping village, and the long lawns
by the lake-shore.
Oh, that some one had ^{but} told me, in my youth -
when all my heart seemed to be set on these
columns and clouds, that appear for a little while
and then vanish away, how little my love of them
would serve me, when the silence of lawn and
wood in the dew of morning should be completed;
and all my thoughts should be of them when
by neither, I was to meet none.

Brantwood 12th February. 1878