

Wm. Wordsworth, *The Poems*, Vol. 2. New Haven;
Yale UP, 1981.

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Failing impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common claim
Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
'What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
10 For *Books!*' Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at their
source!

A Poet to His Grandchild
Sequel to 'A Plea for Authors'

'Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand
Of culture, even to feel or understand
My simplest Lay that to their memory
May cling; - hard fate! which haply need not be
Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
10 Are high rewards; but bound they nature's claim
Or Reason's? No - hopes spun in timid line
From out the bosom of a modest home
Extend through unambitious years to come,
My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!'