

and I blush to be so taken up with them indeed I do) I allow it to run thus, "Fairyland &c. as I last wrote it, - "~~and did some wisard wand &c. as I last wrote it.~~" ~~Delightful up the semblance~~ &c. to the end as it now stands, for 'tis much as I first wrote it. For the 3<sup>rd</sup> you see I have rejected your beautiful lines, because yours, but mine I think you will allow to have a pretty simplicity in them: - you do not tell me how you like them, as they not, as they now stand contribute more to the unity of the piece. Am I not also right in leaving "O I could laugh" as it now stands a fragment? ending imperfectly at the word die with two lines of stars I detest the finishing couplet of a sonnet, when it begins with a "so might 'tis lame. I have one more alteration to insist on, but it is of a sonnet you did not admire in its beginning - In a word let the 3<sup>rd</sup> sonnet begin thus, & alter it I conjure you now lest you forget it" The Sun hath rais'd his glory-circled head, and gins to sprinkle on the earth below these rays that from his shaken locks do flow: meantime, &c. as it now runs. Admit & make this amendment I conjure you, it runs smoother than the 3 former written lines, - the imagery tho' is not newer, both are of about the same standing, but the lines I propose run more poetically off the tongue than those heavy common place lines "Fresh from his couch &c" - One word more, I agree to dethrone the usurping scabb'd Anne & acclimate the true sovereign "Maid" -

The fragments I now send you I want printed to get rid of 'em for while they stick burr-like to my memory they tempt me to go on with the idle trade of versifying, which I long, most sincerely I speak it, I long to leave off, for it is unprofitable to my soul, I feel it is, & these questions about words & debates about alterations take me off, I am conscious, from the proper business of my life. Take my sonnets once for all, & do not propose any re-amendments, or mention them again in any shape to me, I charge you, - I blush, that my mind can consider them as things of any work. And pray admit or reject these fragments as you like or dislike them, without ceremony. Call 'em sketches, fragments or what you will, & do not entitle any of my things love sonnets as I told you to call 'em, twill only make one.

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look little in my own eyes, for it is a passion of which I retain nothing: 'twas a weakness, concerning which I may say in the words of Petrarch, (whose life is now open before me) "if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues, filling me with the love of the creature, rather than the Creator, wh is the death of the Soul." Thank God, the folly has left me for ever, not even a review of my love verses renews one wayward wish in me, & if I am at all solicitous to trim em out in their best apparel it is because they are to make their appearance in good company: Now to my fragments - Lest you have lost my Grandam, she shall be one - 'Tis among the few verses I ever wrote, that to many is another, which profit me in the recollection. God love her, & may we two never love each other less.

These, Coleridge, are the few sketches I have thought worth preserving, - how will they relish, thus detached? Will you reject all or any of them? They are thine, do whatsoever thou listesth with them. My eyes ache with writing long & late, & I was wonderous sleepy; God bless you & yours, me and mine. Good night - C Lamb -

I will keep my eyes open reluctantly a minute longer to tell you, that I love you for those simple, tender, heart-flowing lines, with which you conclude your last, & in my eye best, sonnet, (so you call 'em) "So for the mother's sake the child was dear, & dearer was the mother for the child" - Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather I should say banish elaborateness, & let your poetry spring spontaneous from the heart, & carrys with it its own modest buds, & genuine sweet of expression. I allow no hot beds in the grasses - I am unwilling to go to bed, & leave you un-tilled, (a good piece of night work for an idle man) so will finish with begging you to send me the nature of your complaint, its progress, or (as I hope I shall be able to send me) the tale of your recovery & amendment - My tenderest remembrances to

once more good night.

I dedicate this portion of the volume to his date  
 your tender  
 letter

Nov. 8, 1796