

*Written with a Slate-pencil, on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb*

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs  
On this commodious Seat! for much remains  
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,  
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
A favourite spot of tournament and war!  
But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;  
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
From centre to circumference, unveiled!  
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
That, on the summit whither thou art bound,  
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,  
With books supplied and instruments of art,  
To measure height and distance; lonely task,  
Week after week pursued!—To him was given  
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
On timid man) of Nature's processes  
Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
That once, while there he plied his studious work  
Within that canvass Dwelling, suddenly  
The many-coloured map before his eyes  
Became invisible: for all around  
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—  
As if the golden day itself had been  
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,  
In which he sate alone with unclosed eyes  
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

William Wordsworth

