

THE CATARACT OF LODORE



1. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumults and wrath in,
It hastens along,
Conflicting strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

2. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
In turmoil delighting;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

3. Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

4. And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and crinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
Clattering and battering and clattering;

5. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling;
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Southey was one of the poets that stayed at Wordsworth's cottage.¹ He wrote this poem in answer to his little boy's question, "How does the water come down Lodore?" He has thought of an amazing variety of words to use in the description of this waterfall. I think he has made at least one of them up himself—have you ever heard the word "flumping" before? Read the poem **aloud** to yourself. How does the poet imitate the actual sound of a waterfall?

Try your hand at writing a sound or movement poem. Choose one of these titles:

"The Sheep Waiting to be Dipped"

"The Steam Engine"

"The Wind in the Trees"

Don't be afraid to make up a word yourself if you need to!

¹ See Geography Part 21 and Art Wordsworth's Cottage.