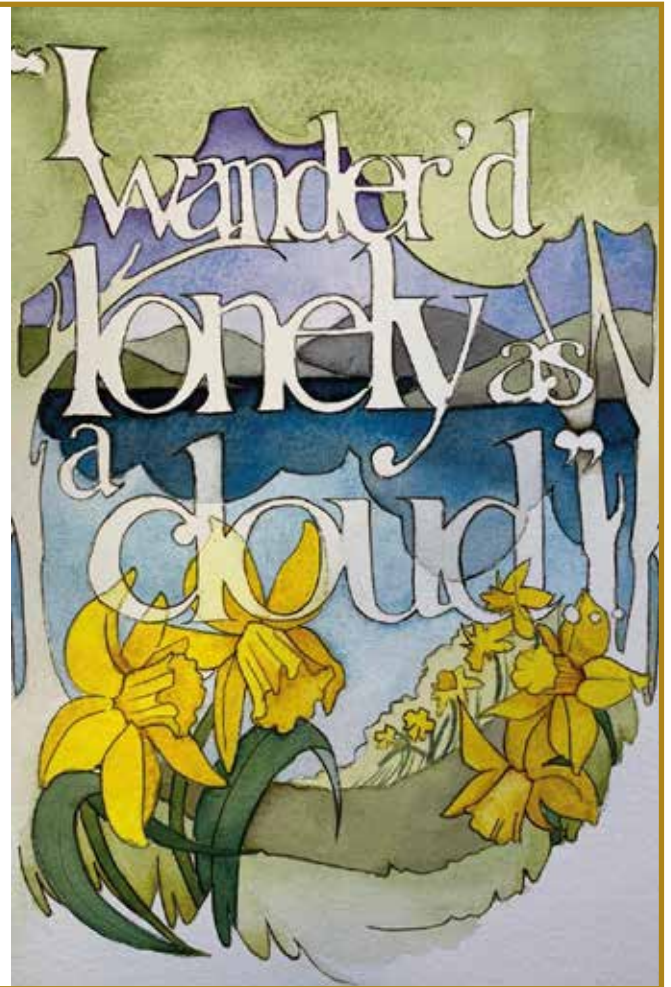


# REIMAGINING WORDSWORTH

A COLLECTION CELEBRATING  
ART POTTERY AND PROSE  
FOR WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S  
250 ANNIVERSARY

*Wordsworth*  
250

MOORCROFT



# REIMAGINING WORDSWORTH

To Wordsworth nature was a revelation. It had a profound, and even moral, meaning. It charmed and awed him and often took his poetry to a realm beyond his dreams. At times the humblest flower could bring him close to tears and he openly acknowledged that in nature he found “*a never-failing principle of joy*”, and that flowers even felt joy themselves. “*And ‘tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes.*” – Lines written in Early Spring

The prospect of life at Dove Cottage in Grasmere in the Lake District inspired him. He gazed on mountain, lake and wood as one who knows they are taking him to their heart and he thrilled to the wheeling, darting flight of a host of birds, as he and his sister were life-long bird enthusiasts. From the time when, as children, they found a sparrow’s nest in the hedge in the garden of their home in Cockermouth to their later life, when birds made Dorothy’s bedroom at Rydal Mount a sanctuary of solace and song, birds were their everyday companions, as much a part of surrounding life as the mountains, lakes, trees and flowers - all of them equally loved.



*W. Wordsworth*

*Wordsworth*

# ALFOXDEN

Senior Designer: Rachel Bishop BA (Hons)  
Open Editions

On a spring day in 1798, while sitting in a favourite spot, beside the brook which ran through the grounds of Alfoxden, an 18th century Somerset country house that Wordsworth resided at with his sister Dorothy between 1797 and 1798, he composed his *Lines Written in Early Spring*. They express the joy and music of life which belongs to each season. They show his firm belief that flowers and plants experienced pleasure as he looked at twigs, bursting into bud, and reaching out like a fan to catch the breeze.

*“Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.”*

Here in a trio of pieces by Rachel Bishop, golden primroses are entwined for life with cheerful, bright blue periwinkle. The juxtaposition of two primary colours, creates an unmissable splash of colour in this spring time design. An extra delight is to be found in an early adventuring bee on the Alfoxden clock, seeking out the nectar of these early garden flowers.

*Wordsworth*

250



# DOVE COTTAGE

Designer: Nicola Slaney

Numbered Edition

Wordsworth came to Dove Cottage just before Christmas in 1799, after years of restless wandering and uncertainty as he returned with his sister, Dorothy, to their native Lake District to make a home. They chose a humble cottage with whitewashed walls and Lakeland slate floors, in a hamlet, Town End, on the edge of Grasmere village. We know it today as Dove Cottage, the place where poetry changed forever.

Here they were able to indulge to the full their love of walking. They must have covered every inch of Westmorland and in their wanderings, from mountain and wood, from stream and lake, they carried flowers and plants to Dove Cottage, and made the garden-orchard a fragrant and colourful retreat.

*“Dear spot! which we have watched with tender heed,  
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown  
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed  
Which thou has taken to thee as thy own.” - A Farewell*

Wordsworth described his new home and the garden surrounding it as “the loveliest spot that man hath ever found”. It was a place that fed his inspiration, as here he wrote some of the world’s most famous poetry. It was also a bustling family home that in time housed Wordsworth’s wife and children. Nicola Slaney would agree, as it too was a great source of inspiration to her when creating her framed plaque of the property, with the lane outside the white-washed house overflowing with springtime daffodils and bluebells, while a flight of swallows swoop, and soar overhead.

Wordsworth  
250





# ULLSWATER CLOUD

Designer: Vicky Lovatt

Limited Editions of 50 each

The inspiration for the poem came from a walk Wordsworth took with his sister Dorothy around Glencoyne Bay, in the Lake District, in April 1802, which she described in her journal:

*“When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side, we fancied that the lake had floated the seed ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up – But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road.”* – Dorothy Wordsworth, The Grasmere Journal.

Wordsworth would draw on Dorothy’s words to compose *“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud”* in 1804, while living at Town End in Grasmere. The poem itself was placed in a section of Poems in Two Volumes entitled *“Moods of my Mind”* in which Wordsworth grouped together his most deeply felt lyrics. Eleven years later Wordsworth revised the poem in 1815 with the first stanza that we all know so well:

*“I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o’er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.”*

Wordsworth  
250



# GREEN LINNET

Designer: Kerry Goodwin

Limited Edition 40

Wordsworth

250

Wordsworth's charming poem The Green Linnet of 1802 refers to the greenfinch, rather than the bird that we now call the linnet. He composed his poem in the beauty of a May morning, when the orchard at Dove Cottage was bright with butterflies and flowers. An enraptured Wordsworth welcomed the birds, "*My last year's friends*," delightfully following their swift flash from tree to tree, and listened to their songs, from the bird he described as "*the happiest guest*."

*"One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all the covert of the blest:  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion.  
Thou, linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here today,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion."*

Wordsworth frequently coupled the linnet with the thrush, which too was usually singing, but for designer Kerry Goodwin, she has coupled her green linnet with a second companion. Both are to be found caught in different poses balancing amongst the May blossom of the orchard at Dove Cottage, with the soft, fragrant flowers, hiding the small green linnets among their boughs - "*Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed their snow-white blossoms on my head.*"



Back



Front

# MARDALE

Senior Designer: Rachel Bishop BA (Hons)  
Limited Edition 20

In 1811 Wordsworth wrote a poignant poem about his three-year-old daughter, Catherine, with a field filled with meadow flowers as his inspiration - *Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers.*"

Today the area of Mardale Mountain Meadow sees the fells around Haweswater, to the east of Wordsworth's home in Grasmere, have an abundance of alpine flowers returning to them. As the Lake District's highest lake, the area is unique and has rare plants such as mossy saxifrage, green spleenwort, juniper, bearberry and oak. All of these are found in this meadow inspired vase by Rachel Bishop, together with soft, purple coloured meadow cranesbill. Rachel has created a poignant bouquet of plants on this classic floral Moorcroft vase as a tribute to Wordsworth and his young daughter Catherine.

Wordsworth

250



# WATERLILY GLEAM

Senior Designer: Rachel Bishop BA (Hons)  
Limited Edition 15

In 1811 Wordsworth and his wife, Mary, took their children Catherine and Thomas to Bootle on the Cumbrian coast. Wordsworth described the high-spirited journey in a poem for his friend Sir George Beaumont. The journey was enchanting, with the sky, mountains, trees and cottages of the Lake District all mirrored in the still depths of the lakes.

*One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,  
Associate all in the calm pool beneath,  
And here and there a faint imperfect gleam  
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam –  
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,  
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,  
When nature's self, amid such blending, seems  
To render visible her own soft dreams.”*  
*Epistle, Miscellaneous Poems I*

Rachel Bishop too has been captivated by the charm of the waterlily and on this rare Moorcroft waisted shaped vase, has successfully woven a band of them in full bloom around the shoulders of the vase. The golden centres illuminate the pink and white petals to perfection, while far beneath the waters edge, the waterlily stems roam deeply in the tranquil waters of silent lake.

*Wordsworth*  
250





# DERWENTWATER

Designer: Emma Bossons FRSA      Limited Edition 40

Bordered by woods and towering crags, Derwentwater is hailed as 'Queen of the Lakes', and is surrounded by some of the most magnificent scenery in the Lake District. The lake is the third largest of the Cumbrian lakes with four islands - Derwent, Lord's, Rampsholme and St. Herbert's.

Derwent Island and its house, were considered by Wordsworth to be a blot on the landscape as he was not an admirer of buildings which seemed alien to their environment. During one walk when he encountered a heap of rough stones near a deserted quarry which had been intended to build *"a little dowe or pleasure house"*, he wrote an inscription with a slate pencil on one of the stones, urging those with similar ambitions to:

*"think again; and taught*

*By old Sir William and his quarry, leave*

*Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;*

*There let the vernal glow-worm sun himself,*

*And let the red-breast hop from stone to stone."*

Emma Bossons has heeded Wordsworth's words and no man-made buildings can be seen in her design of Derwentwater. Emma's vase creates the sense of the lake far below you, as seen from the viewpoint of Cats Bells, one of the surrounding fells that shield the lake from the elements. The linework has a stained glass feel to it, making it a most unusual piece, and one Wordsworth would have approved of as mother nature has been left untouched.

*Wordsworth*

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# WAYSIDE BELLS

Designer Vicky Lovatt

Limited Edition 35

Wordsworth loved to recall the days when his poetic faculty awakened and began to inspire him. In *The Prelude*, Book 8, he was captivated by the beauty of wild foxgloves, with their upward shooting stems and bell-shaped petals and how a drop of rain or dew could transform them into a sight to beholden.

*“When the foxglove, one by one,  
Upwards, through every stage of its tall stem,  
Had shed its bells, and stood by the wayside  
Dismantled, with a single one, perhaps,  
Left at the ladder’s top, with which the plant  
Appeared to stoop, as slender blades of grass  
Tipped with a bead of rain or dew, behold!”*

Foxgloves have for many years been a part of Moorcroft’s design history, and Vicky Lovatt has chosen a delightful pink variety, with petals tinged with a hint of burgundy, for her floral tribute vase. The spires of the foxgloves shoot into the sky, while the delicate bell-shaped petals merrily sway in the Lakeland breeze so that we can all admire the freehand painted dots in the inside of each flower which give the foxgloves their unique and distinctive appearance.

Wordsworth  
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# RYDAL WATER

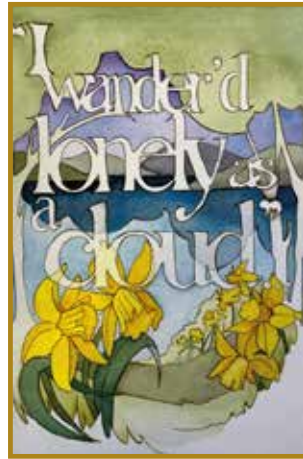
Senior Designer: Rachel Bishop BA (Hons)  
Limited Edition 25

Rydal Water is one of the smallest lakes but it is very popular partly because of its Wordsworth connections. Steps lead up from the western end of the lake to 'Wordsworth's Seat', a rocky outcrop - reputedly the poet's favourite viewpoint as it was only a two mile walk from his home at Dove Cottage. It is very easy to see why, as Rydal Water reflects a landscape of trees, lakes and mountains which so inspired Wordsworth.

The same can be said for Rachel Bishop, who chose another golden flower to frame her design of Rydal Water, other than the daffodil so synonymous with Wordsworth. This time yellow flag irises take centre stage, while pale white and pink tinged waterlilies can be seen floating near the shoreline in the still, quiet waters. The slopes of Loughrigg Fell rise up majestically behind Rydal Water, just as they did over two hundred years ago when Wordsworth sat and admired the view.

*Wordsworth*  
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## MOORCROFT

W. Moorcroft Ltd., Sandbach Road, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire ST6 2DQ, England.  
Telephone: +44 (0)1782 820515 Email: [enquiries@moorcroft.com](mailto:enquiries@moorcroft.com)

[www.moorcroft.com](http://www.moorcroft.com)