

**1806**

**THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US**

**William Wordsworth**

**Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. The World is Too Much With Us (1806) - One of Wordsworth's best-known short poems. Opening lines: The world is too much with us: late and soon, / Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: ...**

**WORLD IS TOO MUCH**

THE world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon:  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.- Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

**THE END**

**1798**

**SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT**

**William Wordsworth**

**Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. She Was a Phantom of Delight (1798) - A poem written "from the heart." Opening lines: She was a phantom of delight / When first she gleam'd upon my sight; ...**

## PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
 A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

**THE END**

**1799**

**SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS**

**William Wordsworth**

**Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways (1799) - One of the "Lucy" poems, lyrics written for an unknown object of Wordsworth's affection. Opening lines: She dwelt among the untrodden ways / Beside the springs of Dove, ...**



**AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS**

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.  
A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.  
She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

**THE END**

**1807**

**ODE: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM  
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD**

**William Wordsworth**

**Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. Ode: Intimations of Immortality From Records of Early Childhood (1807) - Considered by many to be Wordsworth's greatest lyrical achievement. It opens with the motto: The Child is father of the Man; / And I could wish my days to be / Bound each to each by natural piety.**

## ODE:INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The Child is father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

### I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparelled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

### II.

The Rainbow come and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

### III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-  
 Boy!

**IV.**

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel- I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

**V.**

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

**VI.**

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

**VII.**

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;  
 A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral;  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song:  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

**VIII.**

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy Soul's immensity;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,  
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 [To whom the grave  
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight  
 Of day or the warm light,  
 A place of thought were we in waiting lie;]  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

**IX.**

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realised,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never:  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence in a season of calm weather  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

**X.**

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 And let the young Lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

**XI.**

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The Innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
 Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.



Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

**THE END**

**1802**

**MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD**

***William Wordsworth***

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold (1802) - One of Wordsworth's best-known short poems. Opening lines:

My heart leaps up when I behold / A rainbow in the sky: ...

**MY HEART LEAPS UP**

MY heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began; So is it now I am a man:

***So be it when I shall grow old, Or let me die!***

The child is father of the man; And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

**THE END**

**1798**

**LINES, COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR**

JULY 13, 1798

William Wordsworth

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. Lines, Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey (1798) - One of Wordsworth's best-known poems, first published in his collection, "Lyrical Ballads." Opening lines: Five years have past; five summers, with the length / Of five long winters! and again I hear ...

***TINTERN ABBEY***

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain  
springs With a sweet inland murmur.- Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-  
tufts, Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up in silence, from among the  
trees!

With some uncertain notice, as might seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms, Through a long absence,  
have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in

the blood, and felt along the heart; And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration:- feelings, too, Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lightened:- that serene and blessed mood, In which the affections gently lead us on, Until, the breath of this corporeal frame, And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul:

While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things.

If this Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft In darkness, and amid the many shapes Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the world, Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods, How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity,

The picture of the mind revives again:

While here I stand, not only with the sense Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope, Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills; when like a roe I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led: more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than one Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements all gone by) To me was all in all.- I cannot paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colours and their forms, were then to me An appetite: a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, or any interest

Unborrowed from the eye.- That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts Have followed, for such loss, I would believe, Abundant recompense. For I have learned To look

on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world Of eye and ear, both what they half create, And what perceive; well pleased to recognise In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me, here upon the banks Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend, My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make, Knowing that nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy: for she can so inform

The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain winds be free To blow against thee: and, in after years, When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling-place For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance If I should be where I no more can hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams Of past  
existence- wilt thou then forget That on the banks of this delightful  
stream We stood together; and that I, so long A worshipper of  
nature, hither came, Unwearied in that service: rather say With  
warmer love- oh! with far deeper zeal Of holier love. Nor wilt thou  
then forget, That after many wanderings, many years Of absence,  
these steep woods and lofty cliffs, And this green pastoral  
landscape, were to me More dear, both for themselves and for thy  
sake!

**THE END**

**1798**

**I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD**

William Wordsworth

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) - English poet who, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was an early leader of English Romanticism. He is best known for his worship of nature and his humanitarianism. I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud (1798) - One of Wordsworth's best-known nature poems. Opening lines: I wandered lonely as a cloud / That floats on high o'er vales and hills, ...

**I WANDERED LONELY**

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.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed- and gazed- but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**THE END**