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| **Lines** |
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| **Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour July 13, 1798** |
|   |
| **William Wordsworth (1770–1850)** |
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|   |
| 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 soft inland murmur.—Once again |  |
| Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, | *5* |
| 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 | *10* |
| 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 hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines | *15* |
| 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, | *20* |
| 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: | *25* |
| 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, | *30* |
| 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 | *35* |
| 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 | *40* |
| 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 | *45* |
| 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. | *50* |
|         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, | *55* |
| Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, |  |
| How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, |  |
| O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro’ the woods, |  |
| How often has my spirit turned to thee! |  |
|   And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, | *60* |
| 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 | *65* |
| 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 | *70* |
| 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, | *75* |
| 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, | *80* |
| 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, nor any interest |  |
| Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past, | *85* |
| 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 recompence. For I have learned | *90* |
| 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 | *95* |
| 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, | *100* |
| 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, | *105* |
| 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, | *110* |
| 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 | *120* |
| 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 | *125* |
| 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 | *130* |
| 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 | *135* |
| 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, | *140* |
| 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, | *145* |
| 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 | *150* |
| Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes those 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 | *155* |
| 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, | *160* |
| And this green pastoral landscape, were to me |  |
| More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake! |  |

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