William Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798"

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 murmurOnce 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:	
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din	25
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	30
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,	35
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, 40 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 45 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--50 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--55 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, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60 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, 65 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 70 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 75 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	0.0
An appetite; a feeling and a love,	80
That had no need of a remoter charm,	
By thought supplied, nor any interest	
Unborrowed from the eyeThat time is past,	
And all its aching joys are now no more,	
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this	85
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	90
The still sad music of humanity,	
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power	
To chasten and subdueAnd I have felt	
A presence that disturbs me with the joy	
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime	95
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	100
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	105
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	110
Of all my moral being.	
5	
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,	115
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	
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Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while	
May I behold in thee what I was once,	120
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	125
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	130
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;	135
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,	140
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,	145
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 existencewilt thou then forget	
That on the banks of this delightful stream	150
We stood together; and that I, so long	
A worshipper of Nature, hither came	
Unwearied in that service: rather say	
With warmer loveoh! with far deeper zeal	
Of holier love,	155
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!	