**William Wordsworth**

“Lines Composed a Few Miles Above 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 soft inland murmur](http://www.bartleby.com/145/ww1381.html).--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 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

 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

 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,

 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

 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--

 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,

 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

 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, 80

 That had no need of a remoter charm,

 By thought supplied, nor 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 recompence. 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 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 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

 [Of eye](http://www.bartleby.com/145/ww1382.html), 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.

 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, 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

 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;

 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,

 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 150

 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!

 1798.