

## Appendix 1

## 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, wiht the length  
Of five long wnters ! 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 cliffts, 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 skymore, 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 : -- feeling 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 heavy and 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 --

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55

O sylvan Wye ! thou wandered 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 thee 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 can not 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  
 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 itsaching joys are now 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 recompenss. For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often times  
 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 thought; 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

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  
 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 quitness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgements, 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 inthy 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 dwellings-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 remeber 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 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, 155  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliifs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !