

Celebrating the 250th Anniversary of the birth of

William Wordsworth

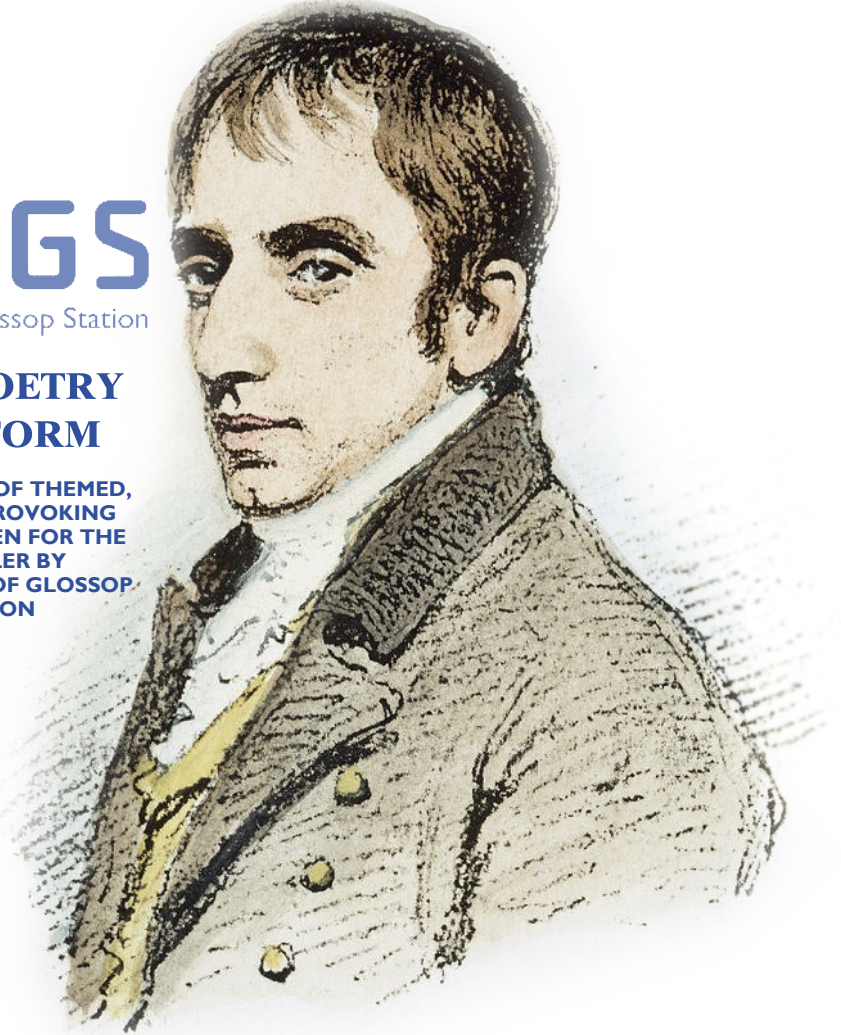
1770 - 1850

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Friends of Glossop Station

THE POETRY PLATFORM

**A SELECTION OF THEMED,
THOUGHT-PROVOKING
POEMS CHOSEN FOR THE
TRAVELLER BY
THE FRIENDS OF GLOSSOP
STATION**



*“There is a comfort in the strength of love;
’Twill make a thing endurable, which else
would upset the brain, or break the heart.”*

From the poem “Michael” (1800)

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
Out-did 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.

By the Sea

It is a beauteous evening,
calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration;
the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven
is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his
eternal motion make
A sound like thunder -
everlastingly.



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 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 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,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.



**Ode: Intimations of Immortality
from Recollections of Early
Childhood**

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.

The Rainbow comes 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.

**COMPOSED UPON
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
3 SEPTEMBER 1802**

**Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!**



William Wordsworth was one of the founders, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of English Romanticism and one its most central figures and important intellectuals. Remembered as a poet of spiritual and epistemological speculation, concerned with the human relationship to nature and a fierce advocate of using the vocabulary and speech patterns of common people in poetry.

Born on April 7, 1770 in Cockermouth, Cumberland, in the Lake District of England: an area that has become closely associated with Wordsworth for over two centuries after his death. He began writing poetry as a young boy in grammar school, and before graduating from college he went on a walking tour of Europe, which deepened his love for nature and his sympathy for the common man: both major themes in his poetry.

One of his most famous poems, “*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*”, was inspired by a bed of daffodils witnessed by William and his sister on a visit to Ullswater. Nature proved to be a pervasive theme throughout his literary career.

Wordsworth's magnum opus is generally considered to be *The Prelude*, a semi-autobiographical poem that he revised and expanded a number of times. Reflecting different stages of his life; youth, childhood, education and later years are divided into fourteen sections, using style, structure and form to enhance their impact reflecting his spiritual and personal growth. It was posthumously titled and published by his wife in the year of his death, before which it was generally known as "*the poem to Coleridge*".

Wordsworth's contribution to poetry was eventually recognised in 1843 when he became Poet Laureate, a post he held until his death from pleurisy on 23 April 1850