

30 "THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 35 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ; 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For these, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. —Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
 —William Wordsworth, 1806.

19 MEMORABILIA.

Ah ! did you see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again ?
 15 How strange it seems and new !

But you were living before that, 5
 And also you are living after ;
 And the memory I startled at—
 My startling moves your laughter !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own,
 And a certain use in the world, no doubt, 10
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about.

For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather ! 15
 Well, I forget the rest.

—Robert Browning.