

Chapter 1 : William Wordsworth - Poet | Academy of American Poets

LOVE is a famous poem by William Wordsworth. All Thoughts, all Passions, all Delights, Whatever stirs this mortal Frame, All are but Ministers of Love, And feed his sacred flame. Oft in my waking dreams.

Hire Writer It does not merely abolish false practice, but It also Implies a desire to find a suitable engage for the new territory of human life, which he was bringing In for the poetic treatment, as Oliver Elton points out. The main points of the theory are: The language of poetry should be the real language of men. It should not have any artificiality about it. By men, Wordsworth meant the rustic folk and humble people. A selection of such language should be used; the language should be purified of coarseness or oddities. It should be the language of men in a state of vivid sensation. The language of poetry is not essentially different from that of prose. The Preface to Lyrical Ballads tells us that the poems were in the nature of an experiment. He had brought them out with the purpose of ascertaining how far the language of conversation In the humble classes of society, would be suitable for poetry. His purpose was to deal with Incidents and situations from common and rustic life. As such, It was but natural that he would seek to express himself in a suitably simple language. The language was to be selected I-e purified of its possible coarseness, any painfulness, or any disgusting aspect. The selection has to be made because the aim of a poet is to give pleasure, and such language without selection would distract from the pleasure. The emphasis is on the language which is really spoken by men. The same humble and rustic life is the source of his language. His reasons for the choice of rustic life are: The rustic language Is spoken by men in whose hearts the essential passions find a better soil to attain maturity In. The passions of these men are Incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature and the best part of their language Is derived from such communication with nature. It is bound to be noble and simply impassioned. They speak in an unrestrained manner, as they are uninhibited by social vanity. Their language is impassioned, and expresses emotional excitement in a better manner. Their language comes from the depth of their hearts; if it is the natural language of the passions. Through such a language the basic truths about human nature can be more easily reached, understood and communicated. The language of poetry should not be separated from the language of men in real life. Wordsworth reacted strongly against the use of elaborate figures of speech, metaphors, artificial devices such as personifications and circumlocution, which were not necessary to poetry. It is not as if Wordsworth spoke against metaphors and figures of speech altogether. He merely said that they should arise naturally from powerful emotions. He was against the use of elaborate and figurative language without the basic emotion to inspire that kind of language. The language should fit the situation or feeling to be expressed. Artificiality in diction should be avoided both when the poet is speaking in his own voice and when he is speaking through his characters. Meter, according to Wordsworth, should not be confused with poetic diction. He says that meter obeys certain rules, whereas poetic diction is arbitrary and capricious. He fends the use of meter for a number of reasons. Firstly, it adds to the pleasure of poetry. Secondly, it serves to control and check the emotions, and keep them within limits. Thirdly, it subscribes to a sense of illusion, and hence mitigates the effect of too painful subjects and descriptions. He succeeded in his proclaimed aim of dealing a blow to the artificial diction of the eighteenth century poets. The selection would see to it that there was no difference between the language of rustics and that of men in other spheres of life. He also objected on the meter that is allowed by Wordsworth and Coleridge says that the use of meter is as artificial as the use of certain other devices common in neo-classical poetry. Coleridge also says that it is not correct to stipulate the best parts of our language re derived from Nature. There are abstract nouns and concepts which are as good as any other part of language. And these come from the reflective acts of mind. It is only as man advances in thought that he acquires new concepts and ideas. These cannot be expressed through the language of rustics, which is undeveloped. It would be putting the clock back. On the whole, Wordsworth theory of language is not without faults. At the same time, its rewrite cannot be ignored. It has far reaching importance. It changed the tendency of having a very high-flown diction for poetry. Wordsworth does vindicate his theory in some of his poems at least, where he employs a stratum of words which would not between prose and poetry is getting less and less. What is his relationship to his own passions and violations,

what is relationship between his feelings and the goings on the universe? He is a man speaking to men, a man it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, ore enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature and more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind, a man pleased with his own passions and violations and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him, delighting to contemplate similar passions as manifested in the goings of on of the universe and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. Poet is who describes and imitate passions; his employment is in some degree mechanical compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and sufferings. He will depend this for removing that wood otherwise be painful and disgusting in the passion. He will feel there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate mature like other poet who elevate so much unnecessarily. Poet applies this Principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination an suggest, will be fit to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth. Poet is different from other man by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement and greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produces in him in that manner. The poem Discourse on the Logic of Language Essay He is the rock defense for human nature, and upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. The poet singing a song in which all humane beings Join with him. But those passions and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of man. He will follow where so ever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. The image under what restrictions a poet writs and what sort of information he expects his readers to posses? Wordsmith theory of poetry and his conception of the function of the poet id contains in the Preface to Lyrical Ballad of In his theory of poetry, he has set down the origin, nature and purpose of poetry. Following is the famous theory of poetry propounded by Wordsmith. L have said that poetry is the spontaneous over flow of powerful feelings: The sequence of events describe in the preface for the production of poetry seems to go some thing like this; I A notable experience; it Deep and long contemplation; iii A period of tranquility; v Sudden over flow of powerful feelings as the notable experience is recollected; v Pleasure in the poet; vi Pleasurable emotion as the experience is recaptured and recreated; vii Shaping of the poem hardly touched on in the preface, except as a transition in the pleasure of the poet; viii Pleasure for the deader, who enjoys the original experience in his experience of the created poem. The poet does not react to an impression immediately. He allows his sense impression of object perceived by him to sink into his mind along with the feelings which it has excited. Poetry is the matter of feeling and mood. It flows from the internal feelings of the poet. When the poetic mood is on the poet, he sings out rapture or sorrow spontaneously from the core of his heart. In such moments, his language of discourse becomes the language of poetical inspiration. Thus according to him deep emotion is the fundamental condition of the poetry. Wordsmith explains the role of calm thinking and deliberate contemplation in the composition of poetry. In this mood successful composition generally begins and in a mood similar to this it is carried on. The process of poetic composition is not an easy one. Wordsmith has mentioned six causes that led to poetic composition: Wordsmith felt strongly that there was no worthy pursued but the idea of doing some go or the world. He hoped that his pomes would operate in their degree to extent the domain of sensibility for the delight, the owner, and the benefit of human nature. Poetry impart moral lesson for the betterment of human life. Wordsmith precise and emphatic in stating that pleasure is the end of poetry. To conclude, Wordsmith follows his theory of poetry in practice. He hardly made present Joy attar of a song. He would not give poetic expression to an experience immediately but would carry the impression in his heart. After a long interval that experience will have poetic expression. He had a very sharp memory, and sometimes he would recall an impression and revive it. These poems are generally into past tense which signifies that the poet is recollecting impressions received in the past. Choose Type of service.

Chapter 2 : William Wordsworth - Short Poems

Famous Love Poetry is a compilation of some the worlds most famous love poetry. The best known works of Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Coleridge, Pushkin, Edgar Allen Poe and others are represented Famous Love Poetry cannot be complete without mention of William Wordsworth.

A simple child, dear brother Jim, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death? She had a rustic, woodland air, And she was wildly clad; Her eyes were fair, and very fair, Her beauty made me glad. Their spirits are in heaven! A day it was when I could bear To think, and think, and think again; With so much happiness to spare, I could not feel a pain. My boy was by my side, so slim And graceful in his rustic dress! And oftentimes I talked to him In very idleness. The young lambs ran a pretty race; The morning sun shone bright and warm; "Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place, And so is Liswyn farm. There surely must some reason be Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm, For Kilve by the green sea. It is the first mild day of March: Each minute sweeter than before, The red-breast sings from the tall larch That stands beside our door. There is a blessing in the air, Which seems a sense of joy to yield To the bare trees, and mountains bare, And grass in the green field. No joyless forms shall regulate Our living Calendar: We from to-day, my friend, will date The opening of the year. Love, now an universal birth, From heart to heart is stealing, From earth to man, from man to earth, It is the hour of feeling. One moment now may give us more Than fifty years of reason; Our minds shall drink at every pore The spirit of the season. Some silent laws our hearts may make, Which they shall long obey; We for the year to come may take Our temper from to-day. Lines Written In Early Spring I heard a thousand blended notes, While in a grove I sate reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind. To her fair works did Nature link The human soul that through me ran; And much it grieved my heart to think What man has made of man. The birds around me hopped and played, Their thoughts I cannot measure: The budding twigs spread out their fan, To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure there. Written In March The cock is crowing, The stream is flowing, The small birds twitter, The lake doth glitter The green field sleeps in the sun; The oldest and youngest Are at work with the strongest; The cattle are grazing, Their heads never raising; There are forty feeding like one! Like an army defeated The snow hath retreated, And now doth fare ill On the top of the bare hill; The plowboy is whooping anon-anon: England hath need of thee: We are selfish men; Oh! Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart: Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: Resolution And Independence I There was a roaring in the wind all night; The rain came heavily and fell in floods; But now the sun is rising calm and bright; The birds are singing in the distant woods; Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods; The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters; And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters. III I was a Traveller then upon the moor, I saw the hare that raced about with joy; I heard the woods and distant waters roar; Or heard them not, as happy as a boy: The pleasant season did my heart employ: My old remembrances went from me wholly; And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy. IV But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might Of joy in minds that can no further go, As high as we have mounted in delight In our dejection do we sink as low; To me that morning did it happen so; And fears and fancies thick upon me came; Dim sadness--and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name. V I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky; And I bethought me of the playful hare: Even such a happy Child of earth am I; Even as these blissful creatures do I fare; Far from the world I walk, and from all care; But there may come another day to me-- Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty. By our own spirits are we deified: We Poets in our youth begin in gladness; But thereof come in the end despondency and madness. VIII Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, A leading from above, a something given, Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place, When I with these untoward thoughts had striven, Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven I saw a Man before me unawares: The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs. IX As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie Couched on the bald top of an eminence; Wonder to all who do the same espy, By what means it could thither come, and whence; So that it seems a thing endued with sense: Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself; X Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead, Nor all asleep--in

his extreme old age: XI Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face, Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood: And, still as I drew near with gentle pace, Upon the margin of that moorish flood Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood, That heareth not the loud winds when they call And moveth all together, if it move at all. XII At length, himself unsettling, he the pond Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look Upon the muddy water, which he conned, As if he had been reading in a book: And him with further words I thus bespake, "What occupation do you there pursue? This is a lonesome place for one like you. XV He told, that to these waters he had come To gather leeches, being old and poor: Employment hazardous and wearisome! And he had many hardships to endure: XVI The old Man still stood talking by my side; But now his voice to me was like a stream Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide; And the whole body of the Man did seem Like one whom I had met with in a dream; Or like a man from some far region sent, To give me human strength, by apt admonishment. XVII My former thoughts returned: While I these thoughts within myself pursued, He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed. XX And soon with this he other matter blended, Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind, But stately in the main; and when he ended, I could have laughed myself to scorn to find In that decrepit Man so firm a mind. 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. The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Chapter 3 : Best Famous William Wordsworth Poems | Famous Poems

Search in the poems of William Wordsworth: Wordsworth, born in his beloved Lake District, was the son of an attorney. He went to school first at Penrith and then at Hawkshead Grammar school before studying, from , at St John's College, Cambridge - all of which periods were later to be described vividly in The Prelude.

Famous Love Poetry cannot be complete without mention of William Wordsworth. Wordsworth is the last English romantic poet on offer. If he was considered dull by Shelley, which contempt was also evident in Byron, Wordsworth, at least outlived his fellow romantics and even became an establishment icon when he was conferred the poet laureate in 1850. William Wordsworth developed a deep appreciation of nature, nurtured by his love of the signs and scenes of the Lake Country in which he spent most of his adult life. He virtually made a religion of nature and to him this was the chief impulse and theme of his verse. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey were referred to as the Lake Poets because they all lived there during their day. Whilst Coleridge and Wordsworth impacted on themselves earlier in their careers, Southey did not actually meet Wordsworth till much later. Much of the disdain Wordsworth earned from the second generation of Romantic poets, like Byron and Shelley was due to the fact that like them, he started out an anarchist and revolutionary, but a steady disillusionment with first, the reign of terror and then the despotic ascendancy of Napoleon in France, where much of his early inspiration came from all conspired to convert him full circle, to conservatism. A far cry from his early influences like Thomas Paine and William Godwin. His first major work was Lyrical Ballads in which was co-authored by Coleridge, whose "Ancient Mariner" was featured therein. Lyrical Ballads actually ushered in the age of the Romantics as a marked departure from the previous grandiloquent themes of ancient heroes which was the mainstay of poetry hitherto: Beside the springs of Dove, A Maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love: A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! Is shining in the sky. She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and, oh, The difference to me! Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not. William Wordsworth, in his famous love poetry, was a profound and earnest thinker. He exhibited deep seriousness tempered by a rare tenderness and love of simplicity: Surprised by Joy Surprised by joy - impatient as the wind I turned to share the transport - O! Love, faithful love, recalled thee thee to my mind - But how could I forget thee? Through what power, Even for the least division of an hour, Have I been so beguiled as to be blind To my most grievous loss! By the time Wordsworth died in 1850, he was widely considered the greatest poet in the world and a national institution. He wrote some 70, lines of verse, about 40, more than any other poet! Two beautiful anonymous love poems brings us to the close of this most fascinating journey into the world of famous love poetry. I hope once more to have given hours of deep pleasure to the host of love poetry lovers out there! Only this want I have, that being graced With one of them, the other straight I miss. Love, since thou canst do wonders, heap my blisses And grant her kissing words, or speaking kisses. When in mine arms enchained. She unto mine her lips did move, And so my heart had gained. For fear of being missed. And so again she kissed. So shall it always be in the world of snatched kisses and stolen moments captured so vividly by famous love poetry!

Chapter 4 : William Wordsworth - Wikipedia

Literature Network » *William Wordsworth* » *Love William Wordsworth. Poetry Books. Lyrical Ballads Lyrical Ballads with Other Poems, , Volume 1.*

His sister, the poet and diarist Dorothy Wordsworth, to whom he was close all his life, was born the following year, and the two were baptised together. They had three other siblings: Richard, the eldest, who became a lawyer; John, born after Dorothy, who went to sea and died in when the ship of which he was captain, the Earl of Abergavenny, was wrecked off the south coast of England; and Christopher, the youngest, who entered the Church and rose to be Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was frequently away from home on business, so the young William and his siblings had little involvement with him and remained distant from him until his death in . His hostile interactions with them distressed him to the point of contemplating suicide. Wordsworth was taught both the Bible and the Spectator, but little else. It was at the school in Penrith that he met the Hutchinsons, including Mary, who later became his wife. She and William did not meet again for another nine years. Wordsworth made his debut as a writer in when he published a sonnet in The European Magazine. He received his BA degree in . In he went on a walking tour of Europe, during which he toured the Alps extensively, and visited nearby areas of France, Switzerland, and Italy. He fell in love with a French woman, Annette Vallon, who in gave birth to their daughter Caroline. The Reign of Terror left Wordsworth thoroughly disillusioned with the French Revolution and the outbreak of armed hostilities between Britain and France prevented him from seeing Annette and his daughter for some years. The purpose of the visit was to prepare Annette for the fact of his forthcoming marriage to Mary Hutchinson. Mary was anxious that Wordsworth should do more for Caroline. In he received a legacy of pounds from Raisley Calvert and became able to pursue a career as a poet. It was also in that he met Samuel Taylor Coleridge in Somerset. The two poets quickly developed a close friendship. Together Wordsworth and Coleridge with insights from Dorothy produced Lyrical Ballads, an important work in the English Romantic movement. The second edition, published in , had only Wordsworth listed as the author, and included a preface to the poems. Wordsworth also gives his famous definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: A fourth and final edition of Lyrical Ballads was published in . He attempted to get the play staged in November, but it was rejected by Thomas Harris, the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, who proclaimed it "impossible that the play should succeed in the representation". The rebuff was not received lightly by Wordsworth and the play was not published until , after substantial revision. While Coleridge was intellectually stimulated by the journey, its main effect on Wordsworth was to produce homesickness. He wrote a number of other famous poems in Goslar, including "The Lucy poems". In the Autumn of , Wordsworth and his sister returned to England and visited the Hutchinson family at Sockburn. When Coleridge arrived back in England he travelled to the North with their publisher Joseph Cottle to meet Wordsworth and undertake a proposed tour of the Lake District. This was the immediate cause of the siblings settling at Dove Cottage in Grasmere in the Lake District, this time with another poet, Robert Southey nearby. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey came to be known as the "Lake Poets". On 4 October, following his visit with Dorothy to France to arrange matters with Annette, Wordsworth married his childhood friend Mary Hutchinson. The following year Mary gave birth to the first of five children, three of whom predeceased her and William: John Wordsworth 18 June 1792 Mary Ann Dolan d. Dora Wordsworth 16 August 1793 9 July Married Edward Quillinan in Thomas Wordsworth 15 June 1794 1 December Catherine Wordsworth 6 September 1794 4 June William "Willy" Wordsworth 12 May 1795 Married Fanny Graham and had four children: Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. April Learn how and when to remove this template message Wordsworth had for years been making plans to write a long philosophical poem in three parts, which he intended to call The Recluse. In 1799 he started an autobiographical poem, which he referred to as the "poem to Coleridge" and which he planned would serve as an appendix to a larger work called The Recluse. In he began expanding this autobiographical work, having decided to make it a prologue rather than an appendix. He completed this work, now generally referred to as the first version of The Prelude

, in , but refused to publish such a personal work until he had completed the whole of *The Recluse*. The death of his brother John, also in , affected him strongly and may have influenced his decisions about these works. In particular, while he was in revolutionary Paris in , the year-old Wordsworth made the acquaintance of the mysterious traveler John "Walking" Stewart " , [21] who was nearing the end of his thirty years of wandering, on foot, from Madras , India, through Persia and Arabia , across Africa and Europe, and up through the fledgling United States. *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood* ". Up to this point Wordsworth was known only for *Lyrical Ballads*, and he hoped that this new collection would cement his reputation. Its reception was lukewarm, however. Rydal Mount " home to Wordsworth " In , he and his family, including Dorothy, moved to Rydal Mount , Ambleside between Grasmere and Rydal Water , where he spent the rest of his life. He did, however, write a poetic Prospectus to "The Recluse" in which he laid out the structure and intention of the whole work. Following the death of his friend the painter William Green in , Wordsworth also mended his relations with Coleridge. Coleridge and Charles Lamb both died in , their loss being a difficult blow to Wordsworth. The following year saw the passing of James Hogg. Despite the death of many contemporaries, the popularity of his poetry ensured a steady stream of young friends and admirers to replace those he lost. He remarked in that he was willing to shed his blood for the established Church of England , reflected in the *Ecclesiastical Sketches* of This religious conservatism also colours *The Excursion* , a long poem that became extremely popular during the nineteenth century; it features three central characters, the Wanderer; the Solitary, who has experienced the hopes and miseries of the French Revolution ; and the Pastor, who dominates the last third of the poem. In , the Scottish poet and playwright Joanna Baillie reflected on her long acquaintance with Wordsworth. He initially refused the honour, saying that he was too old, but accepted when the Prime Minister, Robert Peel , assured him that "you shall have nothing required of you". Wordsworth thus became the only poet laureate to write no official verses. The sudden death of his daughter Dora in at the age of only 42 was difficult for the aging poet to take and in his depression, he completely gave up writing new material. His widow Mary published his lengthy autobiographical "poem to Coleridge" as *The Prelude* several months after his death. Though it failed to arouse much interest at that time, it has since come to be widely recognised as his masterpiece. In popular culture[edit] Wordsworth has appeared as a character in works of fiction, including: William Kinsolving " Mister Christian.

Chapter 5 : 10 Most Famous Poems by William Wordsworth | Learnodo Newtonic

Here is a collection of the all-time best famous William Wordsworth poems. This is a select list of the best famous William Wordsworth poetry. Reading, writing, and enjoying famous William Wordsworth poetry (as well as classical and contemporary poems) is a great past time. These top poems are the.

All manifestations of the natural world—from the highest mountain to the simplest flower—elicit noble, elevated thoughts and passionate emotions in the people who observe these manifestations. A good relationship with nature helps individuals connect to both the spiritual and the social worlds. As Wordsworth explains in *The Prelude*, a love of nature can lead to a love of humankind. In contrast, people who spend a lot of time in nature, such as laborers and farmers, retain the purity and nobility of their souls. *The Power of the Human Mind* Wordsworth praised the power of the human mind. Using memory and imagination, individuals could overcome difficulty and pain. This democratic view emphasizes individuality and uniqueness. Throughout his work, Wordsworth showed strong support for the political, religious, and artistic rights of the individual, including the power of his or her mind. In the preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth explained the relationship between the mind and poetry. Children form an intense bond with nature, so much so that they appear to be a part of the natural world, rather than a part of the human, social world. Their relationship to nature is passionate and extreme: In , Wordsworth wrote several poems about a girl named Lucy who died at a young age. In death, Lucy retains the innocence and splendor of childhood, unlike the children who grow up, lose their connection to nature, and lead unfulfilling lives. As children age and reach maturity, they lose this connection but gain an ability to feel emotions, both good and bad. Through the power of the human mind, particularly memory, adults can recollect the devoted connection to nature of their youth. Active wandering allows the characters to experience and participate in the vastness and beauty of the natural world. Moving from place to place also allows the wanderer to make discoveries about himself. The speaker of this poem takes comfort in a walk he once took after he has returned to the grit and desolation of city life. Recollecting his wanderings allows him to transcend his present circumstances. In this long poem, the speaker moves from idea to idea through digressions and distractions that mimic the natural progression of thought within the mind. Recollecting their childhoods gives adults a chance to reconnect with the visionary power and intense relationship they had with nature as children. In turn, these memories encourage adults to re-cultivate as close a relationship with nature as possible as an antidote to sadness, loneliness, and despair. The act of remembering also allows the poet to write: Wordsworth argued in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* that poetry sprang from the calm remembrance of passionate emotional experiences. Poems cannot be composed at the moment when emotion is first experienced. The poem produced by this time-consuming process will allow the poet to convey the essence of his emotional memory to his readers and will permit the readers to remember similar emotional experiences of their own. *Vision and Sight* Throughout his poems, Wordsworth fixates on vision and sight as the vehicles through which individuals are transformed. As speakers move through the world, they see visions of great natural loveliness, which they capture in their memories. In Book Fourteenth of *The Prelude*, climbing to the top of a mountain in Wales allows the speaker to have a prophetic vision of the workings of the mind as it thinks, reasons, and feels. *Symbols Light* Light often symbolizes truth and knowledge. Sunlight literally helps people see, and sunlight also helps speakers and characters begin to glimpse the wonders of the world. But the speaker also imagines his remembrances of the past as a kind of light, which illuminate his soul and give him the strength to live. As the poem begins, a wanderer travels along a moor, feeling elated and taking great pleasure in the sights of nature around him but also remembering that despair is the twin of happiness. Eventually he comes upon an old man looking for leeches, even though the work is dangerous and the leeches have become increasingly hard to find. As the speaker chats with the old man, he realizes the similarities between leech gathering and writing poetry. The speaker resolves to think of the leech gatherer whenever his enthusiasm for poetry or belief in himself begins to wane.

Chapter 6 : William Wordsworth Quotes (Author of Lyrical Ballads)

William Wordsworth, son of John and Ann Cookson Wordsworth, was born on 7 April in Cockermouth, Cumberland. The Wordsworth children—Richard, William, Dorothy, John, and Christopher—remained close throughout their lives, and the support Dorothy offered William during his long career has attained legendary status.

His avowed aim was to make poetry out of the commonest experiences of life and in the language of the common man. The essential part of his poetic work is almost entirely comprised in the period 1793–1800. He attempts to explain his theory of poetry and to defend it in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. Below are some extracts from this, but it would be worth your while to read the Preface for yourself to obtain a greater understanding of his work. Wordsworth was one of the earliest of the Romantic poets. He was one of a number of poets who composed in a new way and who treated subjects that had previously been shunned in poetry. The Romantic poets sought to reject artificiality; they appear to be sincere to themselves and to their readers. Wordsworth, unlike his predecessors, sought out his subject matter in the simplicity of rustic life, which he had grown to love as a child. Wordsworth rejected, therefore, the traditions of the Augustan poets that preceded him. Poets such as Alexander Pope had composed poetry with an emphasis on elegant expression and emotional restraint. For the Romantic poet, imagination rather than reason, became central in shaping poetry. The work met with critical hostility and so Wordsworth added his famous Preface to the second edition, which was published in 1802. He intended the Preface as a defense of his unconventional theory on poetry. The main assertion of the Preface was that the source of poetic truth was in the direct experience of the senses. This theory went completely against poetry of the day, which was very intellectual in approach and tended to shun personal emotion. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of our past feelings. His poetry makes no division between man and the world in which he lives. He thinks of all created things, human and inanimate, as part of one great whole, filling their appointed place, moving in their established order. He wanted to encourage people to look at nature, and at themselves, in a new way. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. However, there are passages of language in the poem that are nothing like that of ordinary men. Nonetheless, *Tintern Abbey* also includes conversational language and phrasing. If you read the poem aloud you should be able to hear the way his language moves in eddies, as it would in conversation—there are moments of certainty, moments of hesitancy, pauses to reflect or to doubt, backward reflections and forward glances. These are as much features of conversational language today as they were years ago. He often composed while walking, speaking the words aloud, but he rarely wrote as a tourist. He felt that he belonged to or lived in the places he describes and celebrates in his poetry and his poetry was startlingly original in its day. Wordsworth belongs to what is now known as the Romantic Age and the age preceding it was known as the Augustan Age. In Augustan England people wore wigs and dressed elaborately and social life centred on the city. The countryside was preferred when eventually it had been tamed, arranged, controlled, ordered; buildings were ornate and landscaped gardens were very popular. The Augustan poets favoured heroic couplets while Wordsworth frequently wrote in blank verse, as in *Tintern Abbey* and *The Prelude*. The Romantic poets focused on rugged, wild, untamed nature. The Augustans, on the other hand, preferred to view nature through their drawing room window! By and large his poetry can be described as Pastoral, a poetry celebrating the countryside and rural life. He writes about shepherds, beggars and ordinary people living ordinary lives in a fresh and original way. Nature, for him, is the great teacher. *Tintern Abbey* documents how his relationship with nature has grown and developed over time. He was more interested in the development of the adult mind, the adult moral sense. Thus the poet is an observer, a watcher and Wordsworth definitely fits this bill because he was a poet who kept his eyes open and he wanted to hear what people had to tell. In reading his poetry, it becomes apparent that he explored nature from a number of different perspectives. Certainly, he celebrates its beauty; it is often also a source of delight and joy. In other

poems, nature is presented as a great teacher. He also examines the way in which nature acts as a comforter. It also becomes a source of sustenance and comfort. In Tintern Abbey, he touches on several aspects of nature and his relationship with it. He seems convinced in this poem that a communion with nature can restore well-being and provide hope to those who have endured moments of despair and disillusionment. In the poem he proposes a deeply held conviction that nature and humankind can and should exist in a form of partnership, out of which inner peace and calm may be attained. While the poem opens with scenes of beautifully visualised landscape, it soon becomes clear that Wordsworth is keen to explore the effect of these surroundings upon his own inner well-being. He is often the solitary thinker, alive to his feelings and thoughts and sincere in his convictions. However, although the experiences he describes in his work are very local and arise from particular circumstances in his own life, the conclusions he draws from those experiences, feelings and thoughts are intended to have universal significance. In the poem the speaker calls on his sister to forego her chores and her studies. One childhood experience that shows the beginning of this development is recalled in his poem *The Stolen Boat*. Here, the slightly troubled boy rows from the shore in the stolen boat only to see the mountains loom before him, dark and threatening. Nature as moral guide is very evident in *Tintern Abbey*. It is very clear in this poem that nature is not merely an object of love; it has become an inspiration, a provider of moral and spiritual guidance. In the final section of *Tintern Abbey* the poet prays to nature to be a similar source of guidance to Dorothy, his sister. Wordsworth, therefore, presents nature from a number of perspectives. It is a comforter to those in despair, and it can enrich our physical well-being and restore mental health.

Chapter 7 : English Literature: Wordsworth: A Nature Poet

The Academy of American Poets is the largest membership-based nonprofit organization fostering an appreciation for contemporary poetry and supporting American poets. For over three generations, the Academy has connected millions of people to great poetry through programs such as National Poetry.

And so I won my Genevieve, My bright and beauteous Bride! Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, The sun has burnt her coal-black hair, Her eye-brows have a rusty stain, And she came far from over the main. She has a baby on her arm, Or else she were alone; And underneath the hay-stack warm, And on the green-wood stone, She talked and sung the woods among; And it was in the English tongue. Then, lovely baby, do not fear! I pray thee have no fear of me, But, safe as in a cradle, here My lovely baby! But then there came a sight of joy; It came at once to do me good; I waked, and saw my little boy, My little boy of flesh and blood; Oh joy for me that sight to see! For he was here, and only he. Suck, little babe, oh suck again! It cools my blood; it cools my brain; Thy lips I feel them, baby! The breeze I see is in the tree; It comes to cool my babe and me. Then do not fear, my boy! And if from me thou wilt not go. My beauty, little child, is flown; But thou will live with me in love, And what if my poor cheek be brown? Dread not their taunts, my little life! From him no harm my babe can take, But he, poor man! What wicked looks are those I see? If thou art mad, my pretty lad, Then I must be for ever sad. For I thy own dear mother am. My love for thee has well been tried: Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away! Poem by William Wordsworth.

Chapter 8 : William Wordsworth Poems - Poems of William Wordsworth - Poem Hunter

William Wordsworth - Poet - William Wordsworth, who rallied for "common speech" within poems and argued against the poetic biases of the period, wrote some of the most influential poetry in Western literature, including his most famous work, The Prelude, which is often considered to be the crowning achievement of English romanticism.

The God of Love—ah, benedicite! For he of low hearts can make high, of high He can make low, and unto death bring nigh; And hard-hearts he can make them kind and free. II Within a little time, as hath been found, He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound: Them who are whole in body and in mind, He can make sick, bind can he and unbind All that he will have bound, or have unbound. III To tell his might my wit may not suffice; Foolish men he can make them out of wise; For he may do all that he will devise; Loose livers he can make abate their vice, And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice. V For every true heart, gentle heart and free, That with him is, or thinketh so to be, Now against May shall have some stirring—whether To joy, or be it to some mourning; never At other time, methinks, in like degree. VII And of that longing heaviness doth come, Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home: Sick are they all for lack of their desire; And thus in May their hearts are set on fire, So that they burn forth in great martyrdom. XI And then I thought anon as it was day, I gladly would go somewhere to essay If I perchance a Nightingale might hear, For yet had I heard none, of all that year, And it was then the third night of the May. The ground was green, with daisy powdered over; Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover, All green and white; and nothing else was seen. XIV There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers, And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers, Where they had rested them all night; and they, Who were so joyful at the light of day, Began to honour May with all their powers. XV Well did they know that service all by rote, And there was many and many a lovely note, Some, singing loud, as if they had complained; Some with their notes another manner feigned; And some did sing all out with the full throat. XXII But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray; As long as in that swooning-fit I lay, Methought I wist right well what these birds meant, And had good knowing both of their intent, And of their speech, and all that they would say. XXV All men may understanding have of me, But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee; For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry: XXIX For lovers of all folk that be alive, The most disquiet have and least do thrive; Most feeling have of sorrow woe and care, And the least welfare cometh to their share; What need is there against the truth to strive? XXXV For thereof come all contraries to gladness! Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness, Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate, Dishonour, shame, envy importunate, Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness. The God of Love afflict thee with all teen, For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold; For many a one hath virtues manifold, Who had been nought, if Love had never been. XXXIX For evermore his servants Love amendeth, And he from every blemish them defendeth; And maketh them to burn, as in a fire, In loyalty, and worshipful desire, And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth. XLI With such a master would I never be; For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see, And knows not when he hurts and when he heals; Within this court full seldom Truth avails, So diverse in his wilfulness is he. Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I, For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe. XLIX Yea, hath it? L And mind always that thou be good and true, And I will sing one song, of many new, For love of thee, as loud as I may cry; And then did she begin this song full high, "Beshrew all them that are in love untrue. LII Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me; I pray to God with her always to be, And joy of love to send her evermore; And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore, For there is not so false a bird as she. LIII Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale, To all the Birds that lodged within that dale, And gathered each and all into one place; And them besought to hear her doleful case, And thus it was that she began her tale. LV Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave; This matter asketh counsel good as grave, For birds we are—all here together brought; And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not; And therefore we a Parliament will have. LVI And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord, And other Peers whose names are on record; A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent, And judgment there be given; or that intent Failing, we finally shall make accord. LVIII She thanked them; and then her leave she took, And flew into a hawthorn by that brook; And there she sate and sung—upon that tree—"For term of life Love shall

have hold of me"â€” So loudly, that I with that song awoke. Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know, For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence, Who did on thee the hardiness bestow To appear before my Lady? Luna by night, with heavenly influence Illumined! Since of all good, you are the best alive.

Chapter 9 : SparkNotes: Wordsworthâ€™s Poetry: Themes, Motifs & Symbols

Poem Hunter all poems of by William Wordsworth poems. poems of William Wordsworth. Still I Rise, The Road Not Taken, If You Forget Me, Dreams, Annabel Lee.