



Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything 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

Vocabulary

Majesty impressive beauty or grandeur.

Doth an old form of “does”.

Steep to bathe or soak; here, to fill with sunlight.

Glideth an old form of “glides”; moves smoothly.