

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

London, 1802

1Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
2England hath need of thee: she is a fen
3Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
4Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
5Have forfeited their ancient English dower
6Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
7Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
8And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
9Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
10Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
11Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
12So didst thou travel on life's common way,
13In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
14The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

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