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Lines composed tintern abbey quotes

This study guide consists of approximately 24 pages of chapter summary, quotes, character analysis, themes, and more - all you need to sharpen your knowledge lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey. This section contains 940 words (about 3 pages by 400 words per page) Five years have passed; five years, with a long/five long winters! - Speaker (1-2) Importance: These opening lines are important because they establish the fact that it is the setup that the speaker returns after visiting it earlier. This signals to the reader that the river has some emotional significance for the speaker if they decide to return to it. It also establishes a juxtaposition of the modern speaker and their past I that they explore later in the poem. These beautiful shapes, / Through a long absence, were not for me / As a landscape for the blind eye. - Speaker (23-25) Importance: These lines are significant because they more clearly communicate the communication the speaker feels towards the river. It wasn't just a trip they took and quickly forgot, but rather a trip they took and remembered... (More) This section contains 940 words (about 3 pages by 400 words per page) Author's lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey from BookRags. c) 2020 BookRags, Inc. All rights reserved. Lines Compiled a few miles above The Tintern Abbey by William Wordsworth 714 ratings, 3.95 average rating, 43 reviews of the Line Comprised a few miles above Tintern Abbey quotes Showing 1-7 of 7 I felt a presence that bothered me with the joy of heightened thoughts; feeling sublime is something much more deeply intertwined, whose dwelling is the light of the setting sun, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man ... and everything we see / From this green land; the whole mighty world / Eyes and ears like what they half create / And what they perceive; well nice to recognize / In nature and language of meaning, / Anchor my purest thoughts, nurse / Guide, keeper of my heart, and soul / Of all my moral being. - William Wordsworth, Lines Comprised a few miles above Tintern Abbey My Dear, Dear Friend; and in your voice I catchThe language of my former heart, and readMy former pleasures in shooting lightsOf your wild eyes. About! still a little whileMay I'm here in you that I was once ... - William Wordsworth, Lines drawn a few miles above Tintern Abbey For them I may have owed another gift, an aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, in which the burthen of mystery, in which the heavy and tired weight of it all is incomprehensible Lite: - this is a serene and blessed mood in which attachments gently lead us , - As long as the breath of this bodily frame and even the movement of our human blood is almost suspended, we will fit into the body, and we will not be a living soul: While with the eye, the faded power of harmony, and the deep force of joy, We see in the life of things. , Lines compiled a few miles above Tintern Abbey The sound of cataractsNented me as a passion: high stone, mountain, and deep and gloomy woods, their colors and their shapes, were then me Appetite; A sense and love that didn't need a more distant charm, according to thought supplied, nor any interest from the eyes. - William Wordsworth, Lines compiled a few miles above Tintern Abbey But oft, in lonely rooms, and in the middle of dinOf towns and towns, I owe them, In hours of fatigue, feeling sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart, and going even in my cleaner mindWith of quiet restoration;-feelings too Out of irreverent pleasures; such may not have made a trivial impact on this better part of a good man's life; His small, nameless, unmarked actionsOn kindness and love. - William Wordsworth, Lines drawn a few miles above Tyntern Abbey All quotes quotes by William Wordsworth 1Five years have passed; five years, with a long winter of 225! And again I hear these waters rolling from their mountain springs4S soft internal noise. - Once again I see these steep and high cliffs, 6It's on a wild secluded scene of more profound solitude; And connect8In the landscape with the silence of sky.9Nday day naya, when I rest again10Here, under this dark sycamore, and view11These patches of cottage-land, these gardens-tufts,12Which this season, with their immature fruits,13Are dressed in one green shade, and lose themselves14Mid Groves and cops. Once again I see15These hedge rows, unlikely hedge rows, little lines16Of sportswood wild: these pastoral farms, 17Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke18Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!19S some vague notice, as it may seem20In stray inhabitants in the unowned forests, 21Or caves of some hermits, where by his fire22The Hermit sits alone.23 These beautiful shapes, 24As long absence, were not for me25As landscape for a blind eye:26Butt, in lonely rooms, and the middle din27Of towns and villages, I owe them,28In hours of fatigue , feeling sweet,29Accessconces your heart, and felt along the heart;30I going even into my purer mind31With calm recovery;-feelings too32Reimly pleasure: such perhaps 33As have little or trivial effect Don't remember acting out of kindness and love. No less, I trust,37 For them I may have owed another gift,38Of aspect more sublime; That blessed the mood, 39In which burthen mysteries,40In which the heavy and tired weight41In all this incomprehensible world,42Is lightened:-is a serene and blessed mood, 43In which affection gently lead us on,-44Until, The breath of this bodily frame45I even the movement of our human blood46Almost suspended, we lay sleeping47B body, and become a living soul:48Thys with an eye made quietly power49In harmony, and the deep power of joy We see things in life.51 If it's 52Be, but vain faith, nevertheless, oh! as oft-53In darkness and among many forms54Nat joyless daylight; When the capricious stir55Babyl, and the fever of the world,56Have hung on the beatings of my heart-57As, in spirit, I turned to you,58O Sylvain Wye! you wanderer thro' forest,59 How often my spirit turned to you!60 And now, With glimpses of half-faded thought, 61C a lot of confessions dim and faint, and something grabs at the sad bewilderment,63Who comes to life again: I'm not only here with a sense of real pleasure, but also with pleasant thoughts. And so I dare to hope that I didn't change, no doubt, from what I was when first69I came among these hills; When, as roe70I is bounded by the o'er mountains, flanked by deep rivers, and lonely streams,72Whe nature has led: more like man73Flying from something he fears than one74Who was looking for what he loved. For nature then75 (Rough pleasures of my boyish days76I their joyful animal movements all gone)77What I was at all.- I can't draw what I was then. Sounding cataracts were like passion: a tall rock, an 80th mountain, and a deep and gloomy tree, 81The colors and their shapes, were then for me 82An appetite; Feeling and love, it wasn't necessary for a more distant charm, 84Be thought delivered, rather than any interest from his eyes. -It's time passed, and all his pain of joy is now no more than all his giddy delight. Neither for this I am, nor grieve, nor murmuring; Other gifts followed. For such a loss, I would have believed that I would have been compensated. For I learned to look at nature, not as in the hour92In thoughtless youth; But to hear oftentimes93 Still sad music of humanity, 94Nor harsh, nor grating, though enough power95Anthal to question and subdue.-And I felt 96A presence that bothered me with joy97Of elevated thoughts; The feeling of sublime98 Something much more deeply intertwined,99What dwelling light setting sun,100I round ocean and lively air,101I blue sky, in the human mind:102A the movement and spirit that induces things, all objects of all thought,104I rolls through all things. So I still105Loving meadows and forests106I mountains; and all we see107This this green land; the whole mighty world108O eye and ear, and what they half-create,109I what perceives; it's nice to recognize the nature and language of feeling111Sway my pure thoughts, nurse, 112Guid, keeper of my heart, and soul113The whole my moral being.114 Not a perch,115If I am thus not taught, I must more116Suffer my ingenious spirits of decay:117For you with the art here, on the shore118In this fair river. You are my dear friend, 119 My dear, dear friend; and in your voice I catch120S my former heart, and read121 My former pleasures in shooting lights122Of your wild eyes. About! Still a little while123Can I be here in you what I was once, 124That dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make, 125Thirty, that Nature never betrayed126 Hearts who loved her; it's her privilege, for all the years of this life, to lead128 Out of joy to joy; for she can so inform129Me, which is within us, so impress130In silence and beauty, and so feed131S high thoughts that neither evil tongues,132Rash judgments, nor ridicule of selfish men,133Thream greetings, where there is no kindness, no all134Inced communication of everyday life .135Shall e'er prevail over us, or disturb136This cheerful faith that's all we here!137Is are full of blessings. So let the moon138Shine on you in your solitary walk;139I let the misty mountain winds be free140What would be a blow to you: and, through the years, when these wild ecstasy ripen142B that sober pleasure; When your mind143Shall be detached for all the wonderful forms.144Thythy memory to be as a dwelling-place145For all the sweet sounds and harmonies; About! then,146If loneliness, or fear, or pain, or grief,147 There will be your portion, with which healing thoughts148Nst gentle joy fades you remember me,149I these are my exhortations! Also, permans-150If I have to be where I can no longer hear151Thy's voice, nor catch out of your wild eyes these glimpses152In past existence-Wilt you then forget153That on the shores of this delightful stream154 We stood together; and that I, for so long155Threat nature, came here156Ined in this service: rather say157S warm love-ol with a much deeper zeal158O is more sacred than love. Don't fade then you forget,159As after many wanderings, many years160Sofed, these steep forests and high cliffs,161I this green pastoral landscape, were for me162Poy dear, both for yourself and for your sake! For!