

William Wordsworth

'Glad sight wherever new with old'

Glad sight wherever new with old
Is joined with some dear homeborn tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove
Unless, when with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.

Selected Poems, ed. Stephen Gill
London, Penguin Books, 2004: 186