

## ENGL 310 Modern Poetry

March 2, 2007

### Section: Eliot and Wordsworth

#### Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802<sup>1</sup>

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!

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<sup>1</sup> William Wordsworth, *Poems*, ed. John O. Hayden (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977), 1:574–575. First published in 1807.