



# 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 (1770-1850)*