

### **Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802**

Earth has not any thing 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!

### **To Toussaint L'Ouverture**

Toussaint – the most unhappy of men! –  
Whether the rural milkmaid by her cow  
Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now  
Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den,  
Oh miserable Chieftain, where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not! Do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort! Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee – air, earth, and skies –  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee! Thou hast great allies:  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

William Wordsworth (1802, 1803)

