ODE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS

OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

by

William Wordsworth

(1807)

(Extract from Stanza 5)

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Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home...

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