

It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free Poem

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By William Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration;
The broad sun is sinking down
In its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods
O'er the Sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion
Make a sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.