



# The Works of William Wordsworth (Wordsworth Collection)

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## **The Works of William Wordsworth (Wordsworth Collection)** William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1771-1850) is the foremost of the English Romantic poets. He was much influenced by the events of the French Revolution in his youth, and he deliberately broke away from the artificial diction of the Augustan and neo-classical tradition of the eighteenth century. He sought to write in the language of ordinary men and women, of ordinary thoughts, sights and sounds, and his early poetry represents this fresh approach to his art. Wordsworth spent most of his adult life in the Lake District with his sister Dorothy and his wife Mary, by whom he had four children. His remarkable autobiographical poem *The Prelude* was completed in 1805, but was not published until after his death, and it is included in this full edition of Wordsworth's poetry.

## **The Works of William Wordsworth (Wordsworth Collection) Details**

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Author : William Wordsworth

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**William Wordsworth**

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## **From Reader Review The Works of William Wordsworth (Wordsworth Collection) for online ebook**

### **Seth says**

Wordsworth was a master. I don't really have much to add to that.

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### **Richard Epstein says**

The Old Sheep of the Lake District, Rumpole called him, and, as usual, Rumpole was right. There is great poetry here, salting an interminable field of twaddle.

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### **Mohamed says**

Wordsworth is the greatest of all the English Romantics ...He is notable especially for his lyricism and for his sensitive and simple style ... but he is not trivial at least when he is at his best in the greatest of his poems ...although he wrote a good deal of bad poetry ... yet he is still one of the most great and the most beautiful of all the poets of the English language

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### **ej cullen says**

The more I read about Wordsworth's life, the more I find him very odd. wouldn't be surprised if his sister wrote half of his stuff.

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### **Vikash Sagar says**

That is Amazing book! The works by Wordsworth are nothing lesser than epitomes of poetry!

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### **Joseph Ozias says**

Wordsworth is both a genius and a Rambler. Some poems are masterfully crafted, while others go on for far too long; while pioneering a form and style of poetry, Wordsworth also fails to capture the magic that Romanticism argues for in the minutia of everything. That said, "To a Child" is the epitome of power in succinctness.

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## **Kevin Schuster says**

Occasionally the English of the 1800s was beyond me.

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## **Lynda says**

"I wandered lonely as a cloud" was the first line of poetry that spoke to me personally. My first introduction to poetry were psalms: Bible and Shakespeare. Then I ran across this poem and it changed my reading life forever.

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## **Duckpondwithoutducks says**

Before I read this book, Daffodils was my favourite Wordsworth poem.  
Now, after reading 900 pages of Wordsworth, Daffodils is still my favourite of his poems!  
Though, now I have a second favourite. Here it is:

To A Butterfly

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little Butterfly! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless! - not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us on the bough!  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

About half of the poems are short, and half are longer epics.

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## **Alan says**

In the front of my book (it isn't this one, the one I had dates from 1970, but it was a 'works') I've put 'This

horrible book belongs to Alan Beard', so I obviously didn't like it at the time (read for 'O' level). However I've changed my mind since...

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### **Karen says**

"You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a postchaise and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!" ... "An idle voice the sabbath region fills of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills" ...

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### **Kathryn says**

One of my favorite poets of all time!

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### **Francine Juan says**

Wow, I just really like poetry and this reinforced that notion by a hundred times, I swear. Great read--full of classics.

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### **Chanad says**

Reading poetry always makes me happy and when it's a Wordsworth then I don't need any word to describe it.

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### **Lisa (Harmonybites) says**

I'm afraid I have to agree with this review on Goodreads: "There is great poetry here, salting an interminable field of twaddle." The great--well, it's so great it pulls the rating up to a three, "I liked it" and am glad I didn't miss it, and this is one of the great poets of the English language. In fact, Wordsworth wrote one of my favorite poems, "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge." It's short enough to quote in its entirety:

*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!*

Irony in a way this should be my favorite. Wordsworth is famous for his poetry about nature; it's one reason he's one of the avatars of Romanticism. And my favorite poem of his, as it was when I only knew a few of his, even after reading hundreds, happens to be one about a city. But then that is probably why it appeals--this could be as much about my own New York City as it is London. And I wouldn't have a problem lauding at least a dozen more. But then there are things like this--the first stanza of "Beggars:"

*She had a tall Man's height, or more;  
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat;  
A long drab-colour'd Cloak she wore,  
A Mantle reaching to her feet:  
What other dress she had I could not know;  
Only she wore a Cap that was as white as snow.*

Really Wordsworth? Did she have a little lamb that followed her? Not exactly the only line that reeked of cliché. Indeed, one poem is *famously* bad--so bad it shows up on worst works of poetry lists: "The Thorn:"

*There is a thorn; it looks so old,  
In truth you'd find it hard to say,  
How it could ever have been young,  
It looks so old and grey.  
Not higher than a two-year's child,  
It stands erect this aged thorn;  
No leaves it has, no thorny points;  
It is a mass of knotted joints,  
A wretched thing forlorn.  
It stands erect, and like a stone  
With lichens it is overgrown.*

That's just the first stanza--for its full awfulness, you need to read the whole thing--if you can make yourself. It's painful. I certainly never found anything like this kind of dross in Keats or Shakespeare (as much as I might not like Keats' *Endymion* or Shakespeare's "Lover's Complaint" or *Rape of Lucrece*--well, even *Endymion* has some gorgeous lines--and bad Shakespeare or Keats is a *rare* thing. Wordsworth not so much.

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