

# The World Is Too Much With Us

By: William Wordsworth

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

- 1 The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
- 5 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
- 10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth, W. (1807). The world is too much with us. Modified by Fishtank Learning, Inc. The poem "The World Is Too Much With Us" by Wordsworth (1807) is in the public domain.

# When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

By: Walt Whitman

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

- 1 When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
- 5 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Whitman, W. (1865). When I heard the learn'd astronomer. Modified by Fishtank Learning, Inc. The poem "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer" by Whitman (1865) is in the public domain.