

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

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In all things, in all natures, in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,  
The moving waters and the invisible air.

WORDSWORTH.