

# THE WANDERER

by  
**William Wordsworth**



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William Wordsworth  
ISBN 1-60045-072-5

Excerpts from “The Excursion”

‘Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o’er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;  
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
With languid steps that by the slippery turf  
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,  
The wished-for port to which my course was bound.  
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom  
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked walls  
That stared upon each other!--I looked round,  
And to my wish and to my hope espied  
The Friend I sought; a Man of reverend age,  
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.  
There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,  
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;  
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

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