

**ODE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY  
FROM RECOLLECTIONS  
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD**

by

**William Wordsworth**

(1807)

(Extract from Stanza 5)

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Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home...

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