Valedictory Sonnet to the River Duddon
William Wordsworth

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being pass’d away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;

The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied

The elements, must vanish;—be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;

And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.