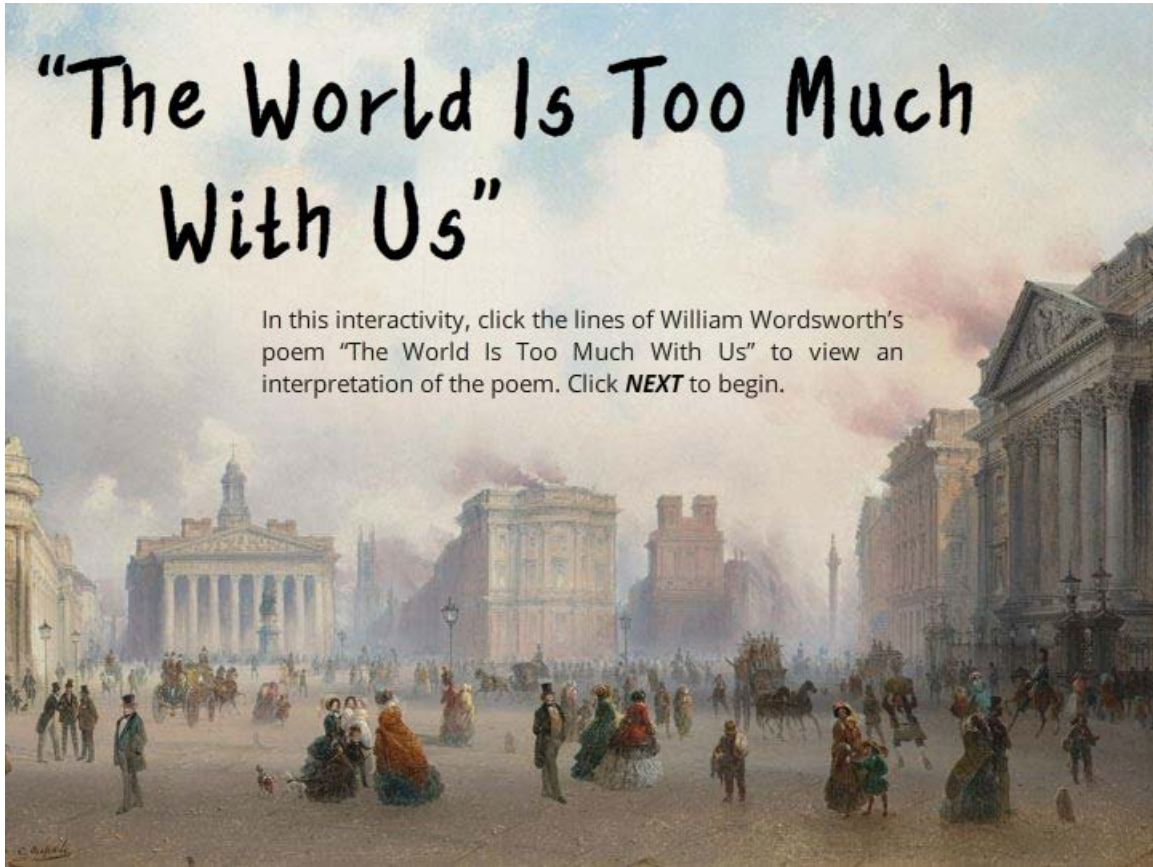


Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Introduction



In this interactivity, click the lines of William Wordsworth's poem "The World Is Too Much With Us" to view an interpretation of the poem. Click **NEXT** to begin.

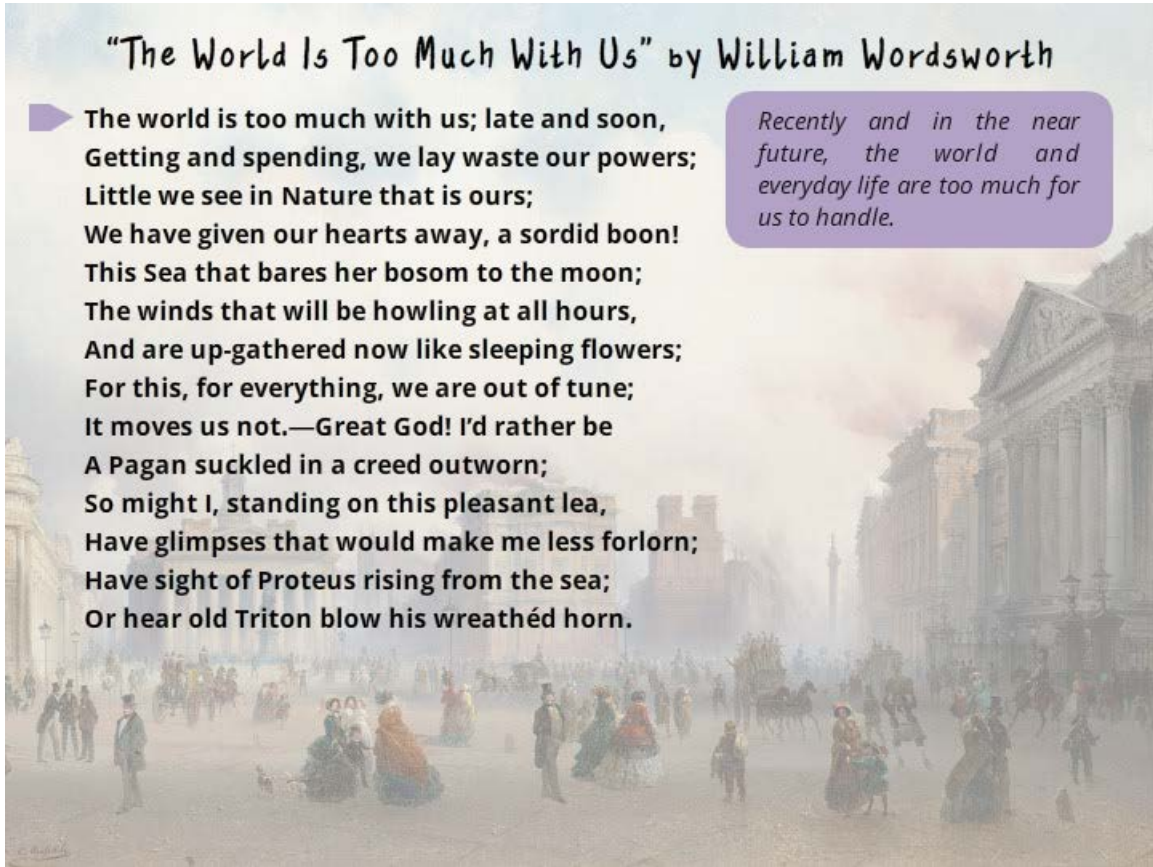
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 1

"The World Is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

▶ **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!
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
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 wreathéd horn.**

Recently and in the near future, the world and everyday life are too much for us to handle.



The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Recently and in the near future, the world and everyday life are too much for us to handle.

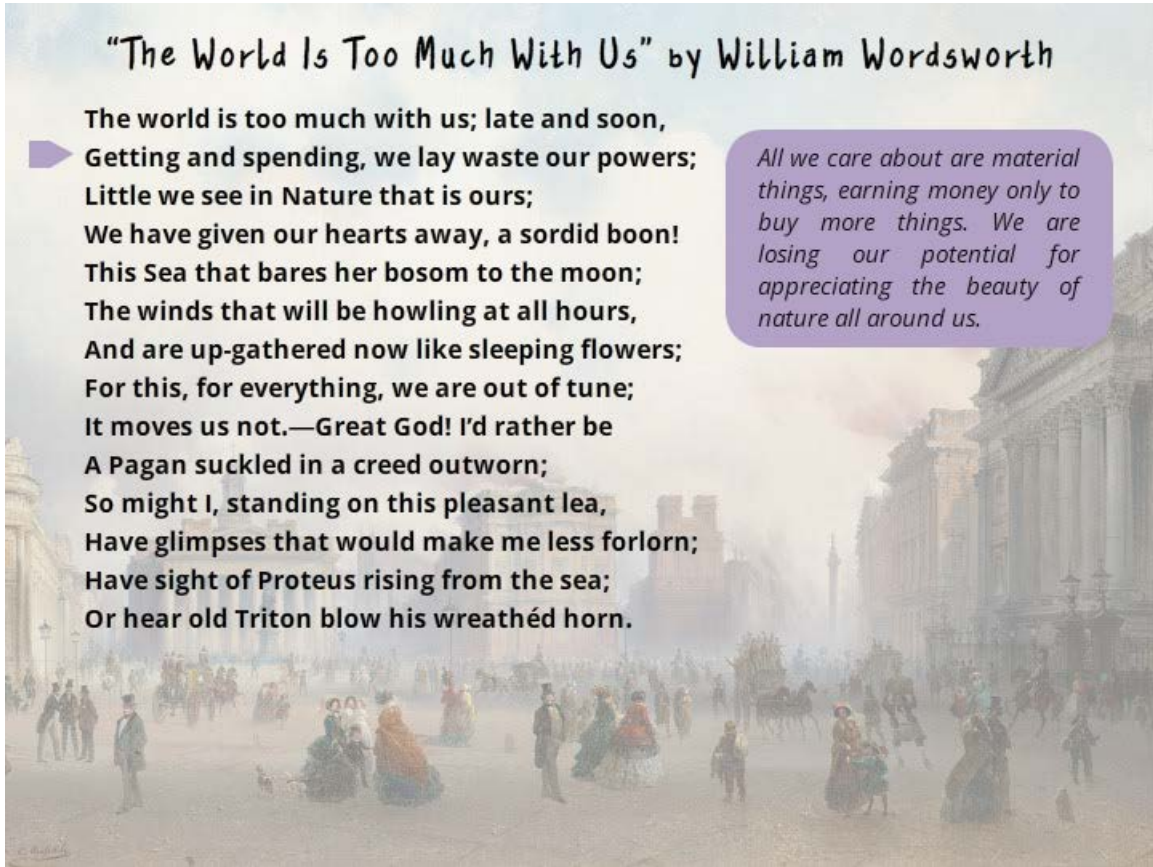
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 2

"The World Is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

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So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
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Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

All we care about are material things, earning money only to buy more things. We are losing our potential for appreciating the beauty of nature all around us.



Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;

All we care about are material things, earning money only to buy more things. We are losing our potential for appreciating the beauty of nature all around us.

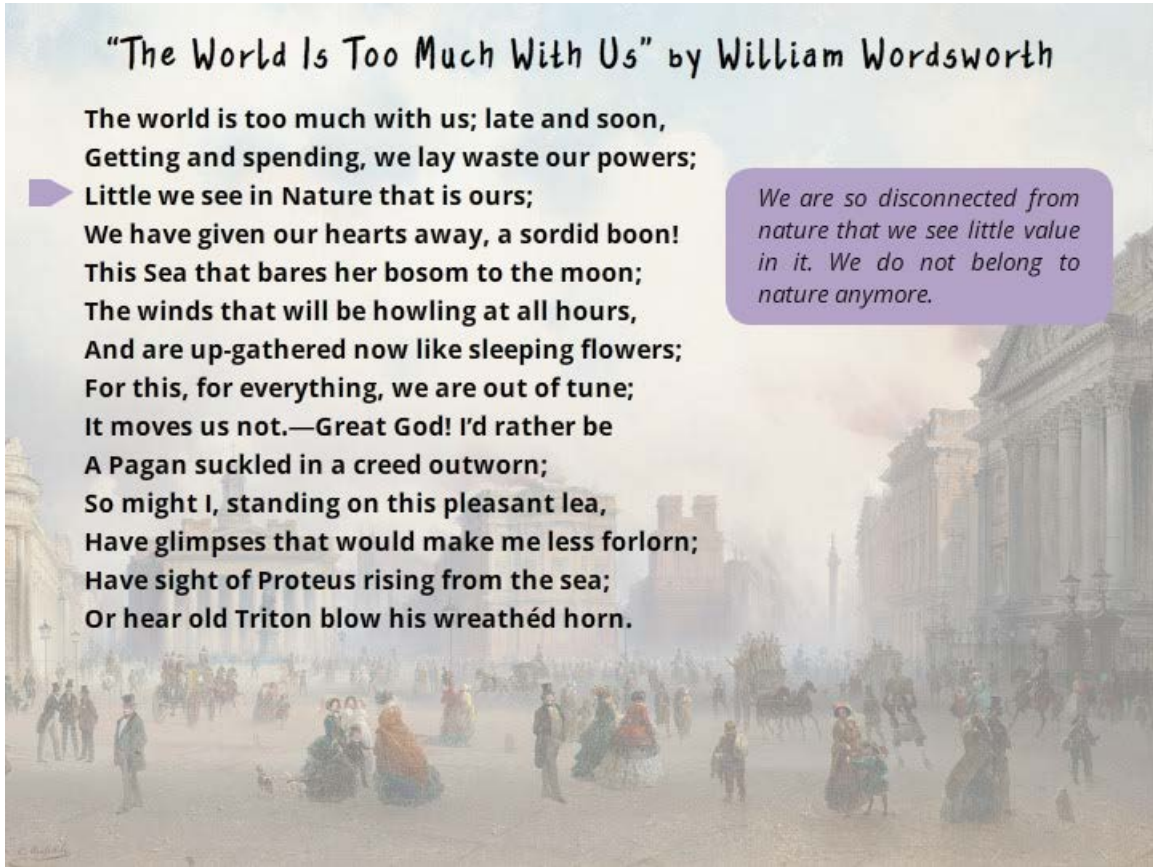
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 3

"The World Is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

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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 wreathéd horn.

We are so disconnected from nature that we see little value in it. We do not belong to nature anymore.



Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We are so disconnected from nature that we see little value in it. We do not belong to nature anymore.

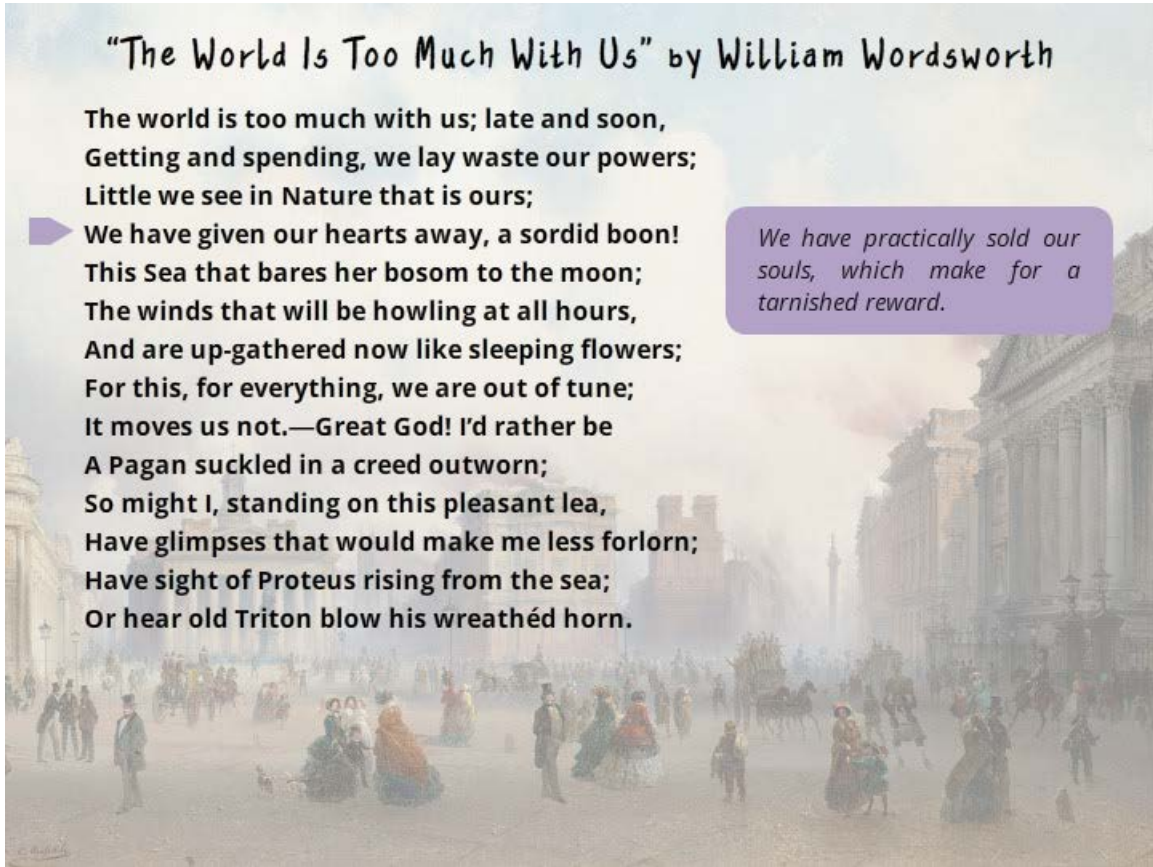
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 4

"The World Is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

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So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
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Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

We have practically sold our souls, which make for a tarnished reward.



We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

We have practically sold our souls, which make for a tarnished reward.

Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

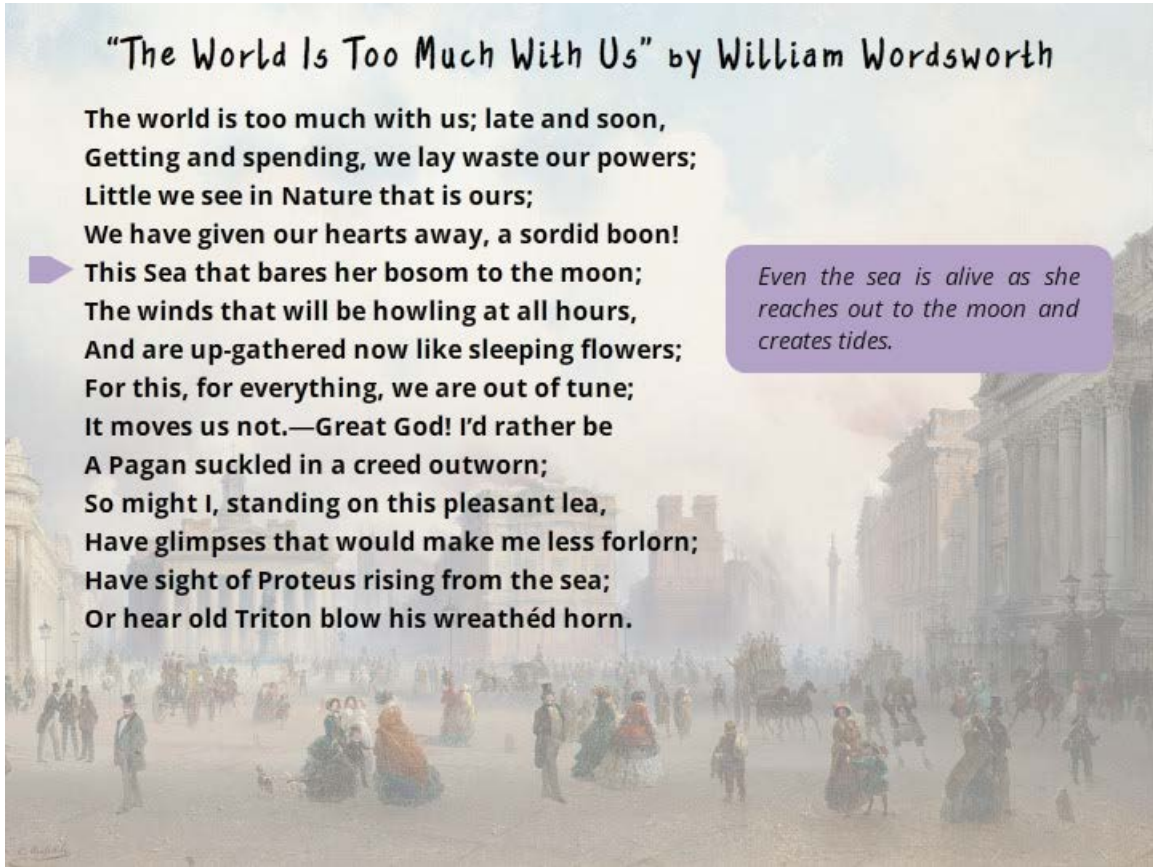
Line 5

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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 wreathéd horn.

Even the sea is alive as she reaches out to the moon and creates tides.



This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

Even the sea is alive as she reaches out to the moon and creates tides.

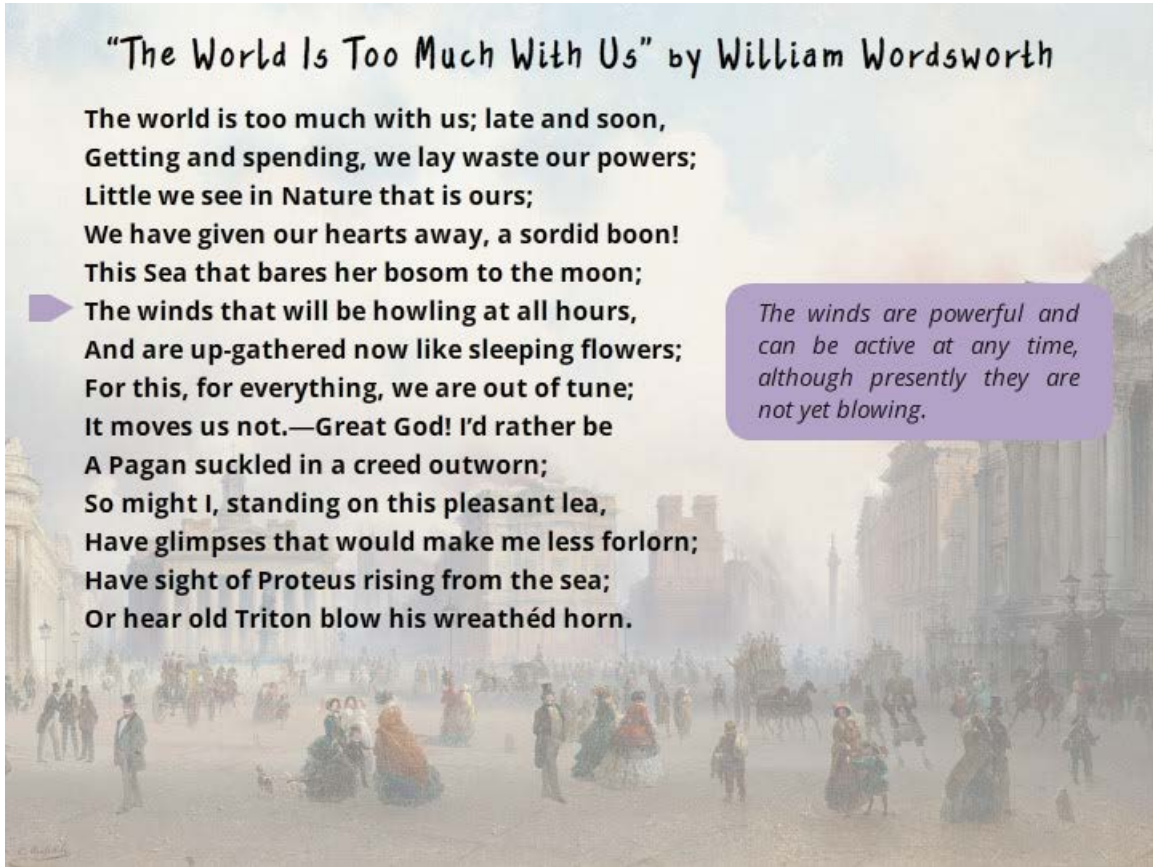
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 6

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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 wreathéd horn.

The winds are powerful and can be active at any time, although presently they are not yet blowing.



The winds that will be howling at all hours,

The winds are powerful and can be active at any time, although presently they are not yet blowing.

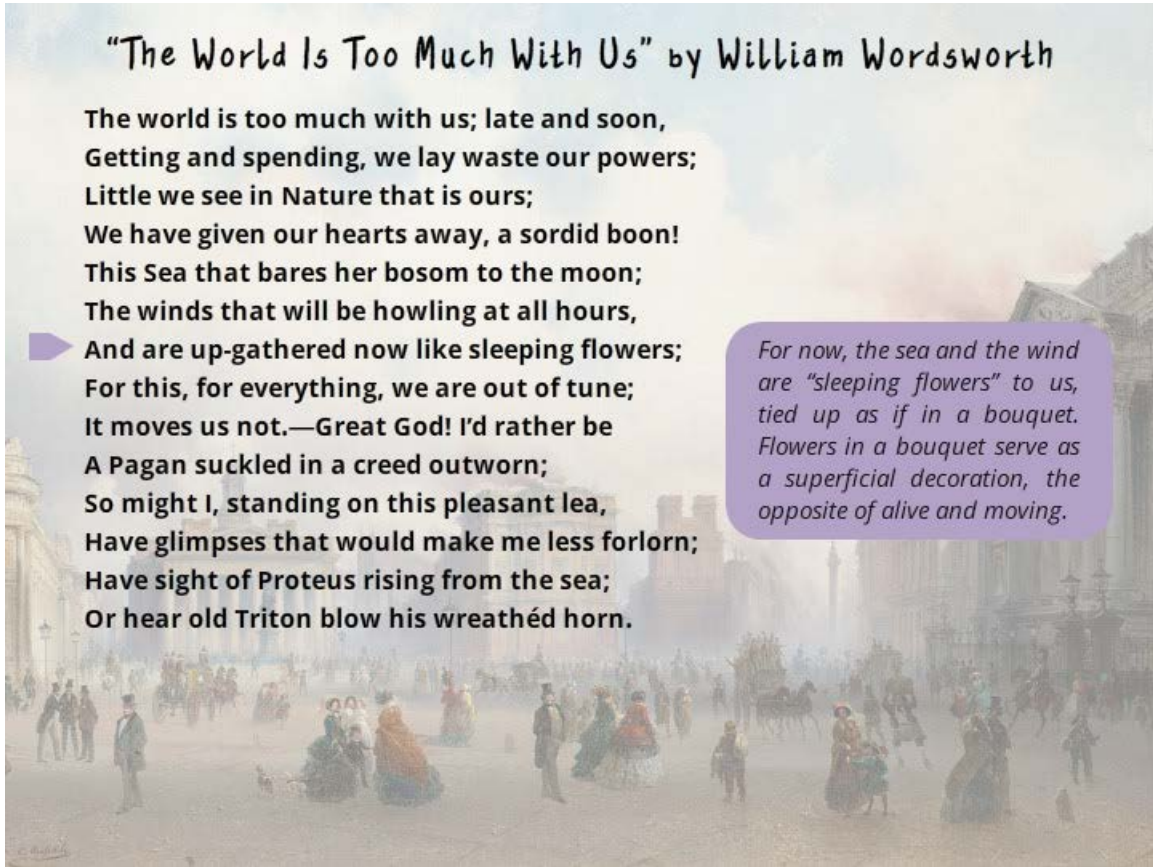
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 7

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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 wreathéd horn.

For now, the sea and the wind are "sleeping flowers" to us, tied up as if in a bouquet. Flowers in a bouquet serve as a superficial decoration, the opposite of alive and moving.



And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For now, the sea and the wind are "sleeping flowers" to us, tied up as if in a bouquet. Flowers in a bouquet serve as a superficial decoration, the opposite of alive and moving.

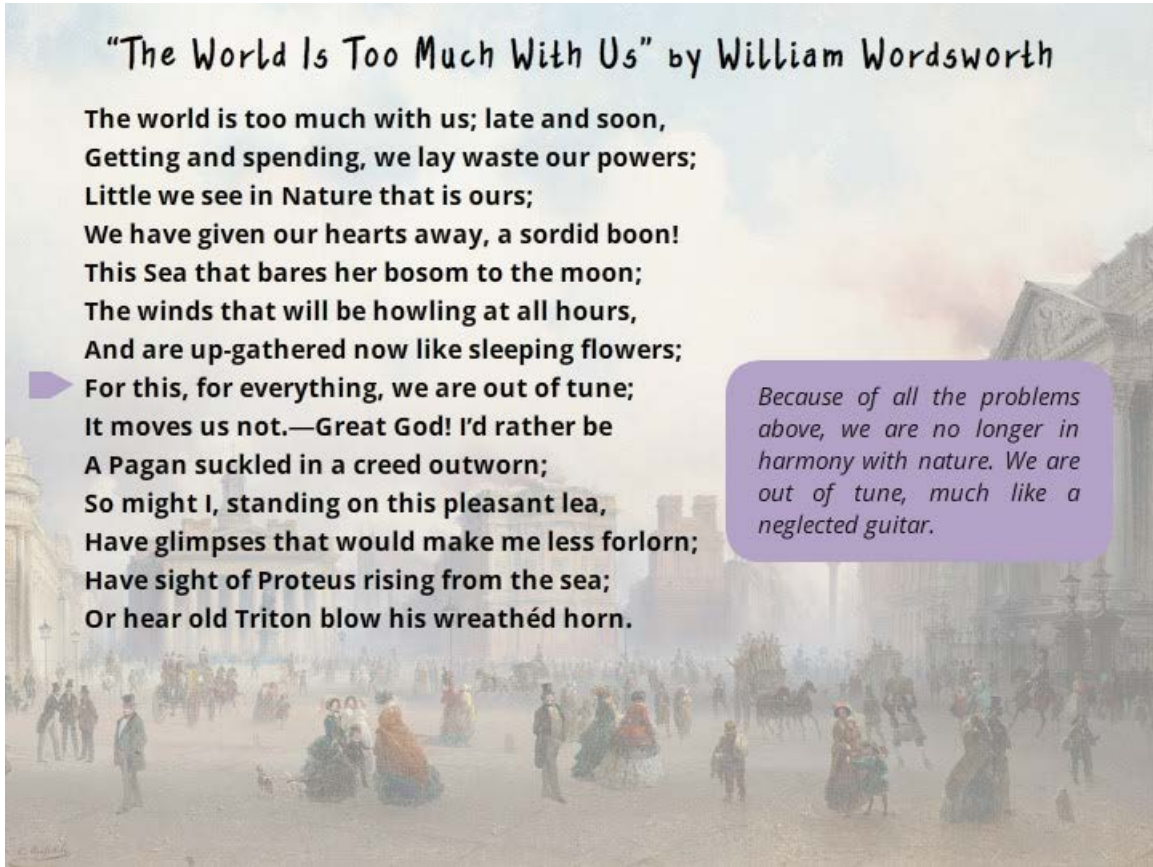
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Line 8

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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 wreathéd horn.

Because of all the problems above, we are no longer in harmony with nature. We are out of tune, much like a neglected guitar.

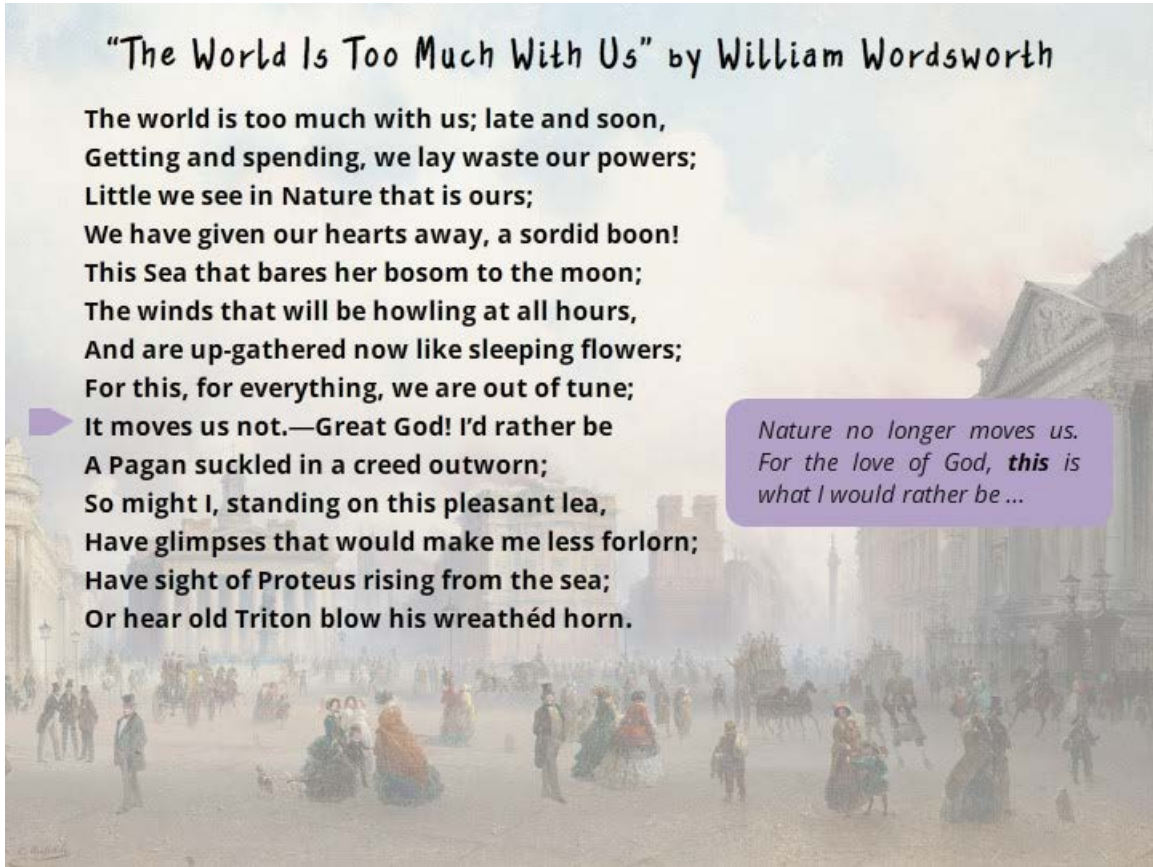


For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

Because of all the problems above, we are no longer in harmony with nature. We are out of tune, much like a neglected guitar.

Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 9



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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 wreathéd horn.

*Nature no longer moves us.
For the love of God, **this** is
what I would rather be ...*

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be

Nature no longer moves us. For the love of God, this is what I would rather be ...

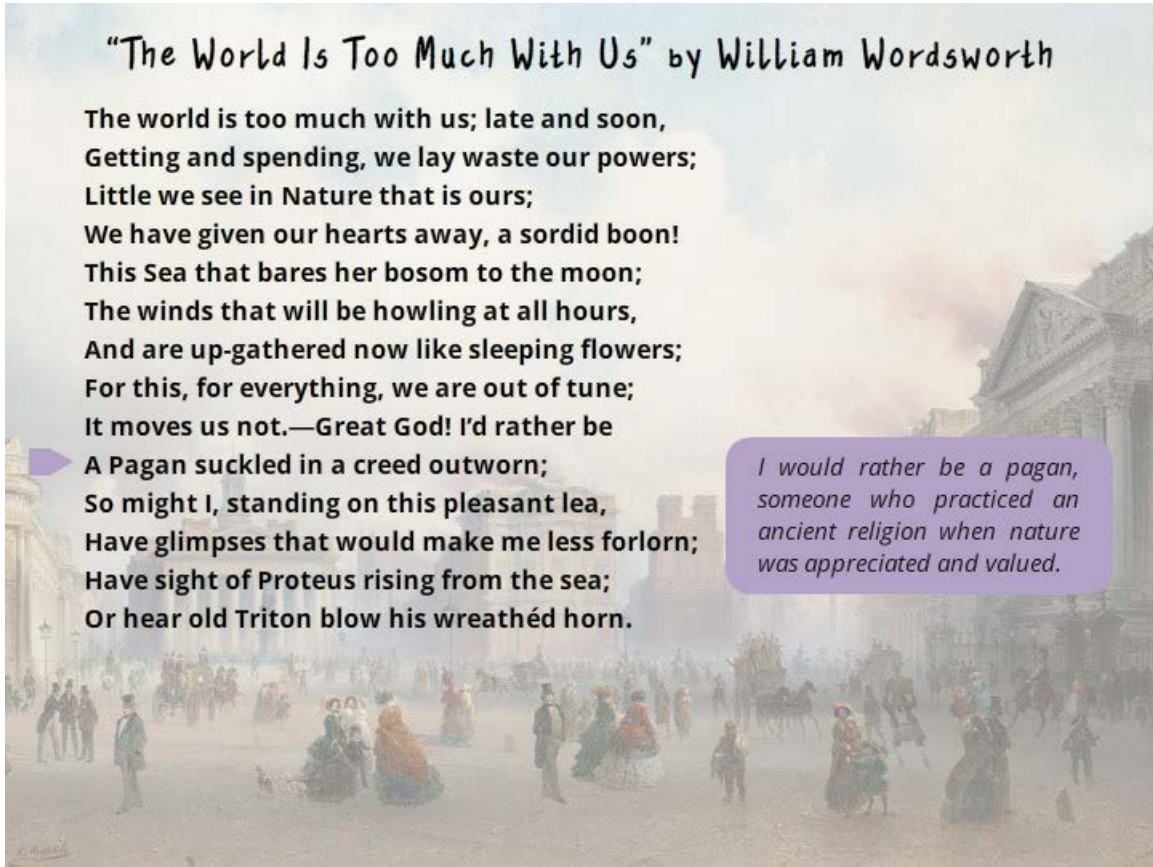
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

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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 wreathéd horn.

I would rather be a pagan, someone who practiced an ancient religion when nature was appreciated and valued.



A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

I would rather be a pagan, someone who practiced an ancient religion when nature was appreciated and valued.

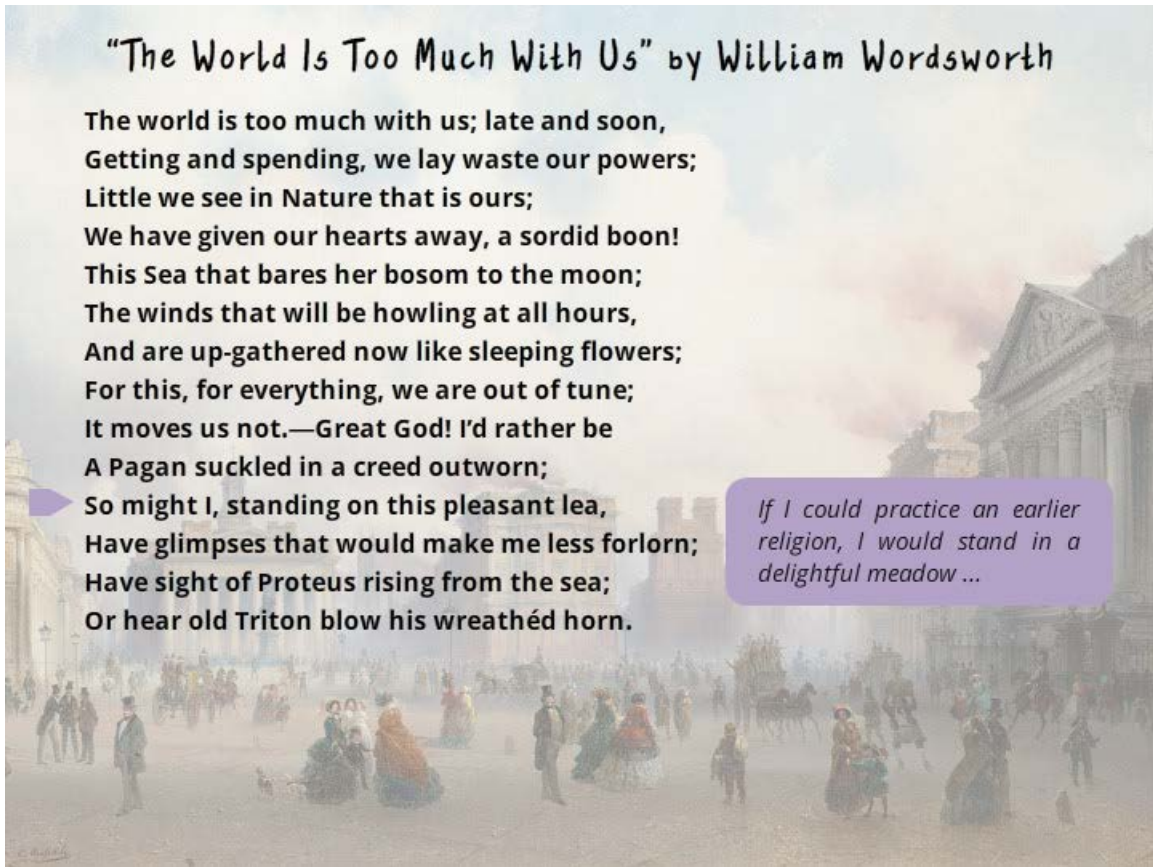
Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

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▶ 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 wreathéd horn.

If I could practice an earlier religion, I would stand in a delightful meadow ...

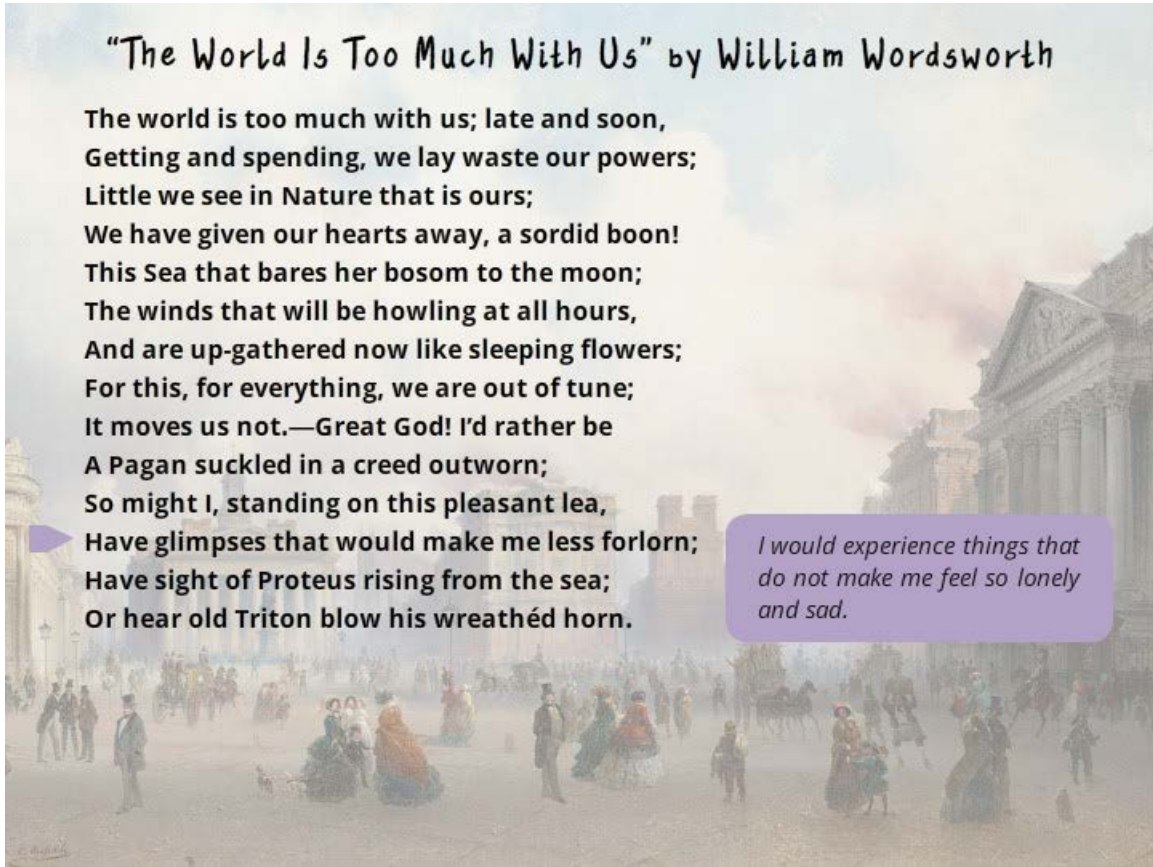


So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

If I could practice an earlier religion, I would stand in a delightful meadow ...

Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 12



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For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
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 wreathéd horn.**

I would experience things that do not make me feel so lonely and sad.

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

I would experience things that do not make me feel so lonely and sad.

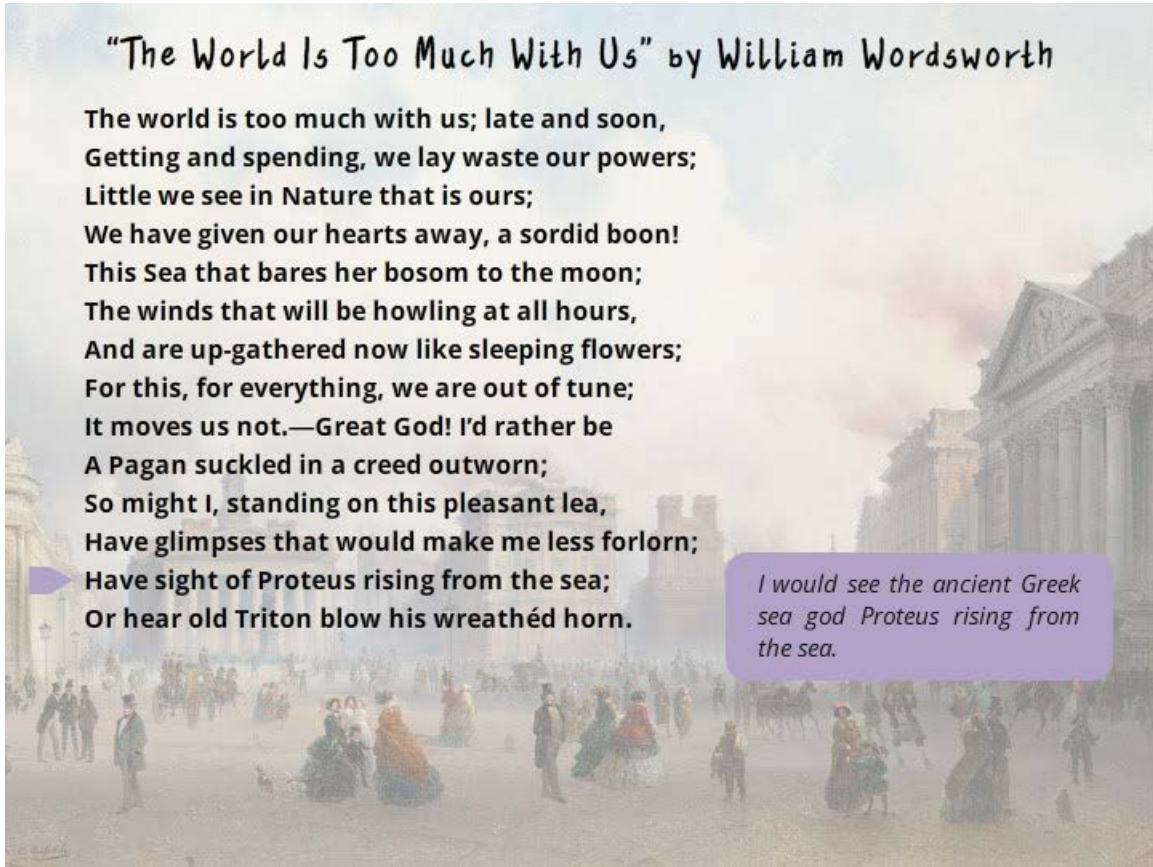
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It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
▶ Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

I would see the ancient Greek sea god Proteus rising from the sea.

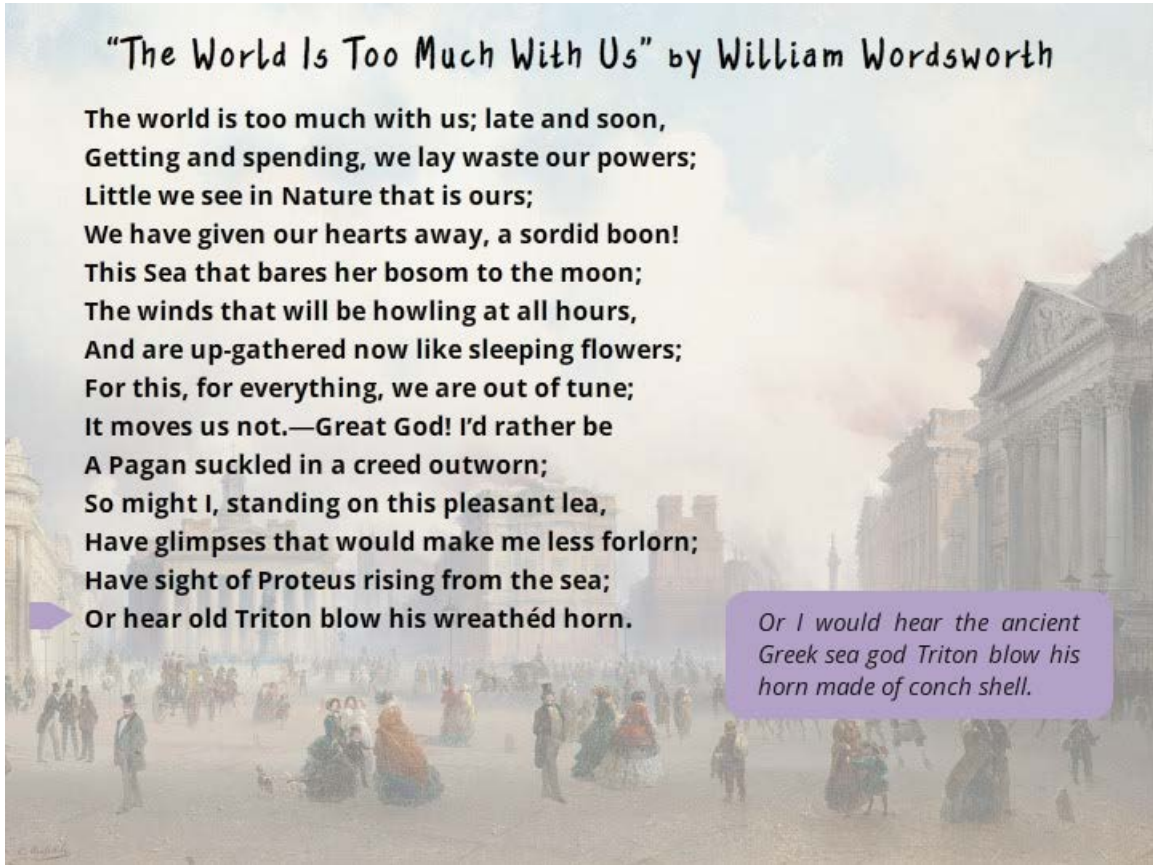


Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

I would see the ancient Greek sea god Proteus rising from the sea.

Module 6: Examining the World to Discover Truth
Topic 2 Content: "The World Is Too Much With Us"

Line 14



"The World Is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

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It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
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 wreathéd horn.

Or I would hear the ancient Greek sea god Triton blow his horn made of conch shell.

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

Or I would hear the ancient Greek sea god Triton blow his horn made of conch shell.