# Audio file – “The World Is Too Much with Us”

[13-Track-13-3.mp3](https://neagov-my.sharepoint.com/personal/travisd_arts_gov/Documents/Transcribed%20Files/13-Track-13-3.mp3)

Dana Gioia

Here, Angela Lansbury takes a poem that some might consider intellectual. Listen to how she imbues the poem with emotional anxiety and concern.

Angela Lansbury

This is a poem by William Wordsworth. It was the first poem that I ever learned at school. I guess I was about 9:00 or 10 years old, this was back in England when I was a kid. It's called “The World Is Too Much with Us.”

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 wreathèd horn.