The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand
By William Wordsworth

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see--is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art--
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower--was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High
by William Wordsworth

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love
by William Wordsworth

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between--
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which
the Queen?