



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.

William Wordsworth

This is from a sonnet, one of several Wordsworth wrote criticising what he called "the decadent material cynicism of the time". We are publishing it to mark Earth Day, which on every 22nd April for the past 50 years has demonstrated support for environmental action.