

William Wordsworth

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

**XLIII. INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE**

With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—  
Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white robed Scholars only—this immense  
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely-calculated less or more;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,       10  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.