

sensation, and as he continues in this stanza calls these memories, Right  
"that blessed mood,/ In which the burthen of the mystery,/ ...Of all  
this unintelligible world,/ Is lightened." The pounding of his blood  
is not wholly animal and sensual, but affords him an escape through  
childhood nature memories into a state of detached enlightenment.  
It is not a complete primal urge either, but a type of power that allows  
the external world to take on a larger significance, and the power of  
nature allows him to "see into the life of things."

The next stanza is basically a restatement of the second, and  
he tells that his memory of nature as a curative process for a city  
weary spirit has worked for him for more than a single instance. To  
try to achieve the emotion that he is experiencing Wordsworth needs  
a type of Pantheism in personifying the Wye as a type of god that can  
be invoked to the extent of a classical god. Or this can be looked upon  
as an extension of the image of the river as a symbol of calm and  
continuancy.

We already know that a small dose of nature in childhood can be  
a comfort for the larger part of one's life from the rest of the poem  
so far, but apparently the soul can be recharged much like a rechargeable  
battery, as he tells us "in this moment [of spiritual reawakening to  
nature] there is life and food/ For future years." Although he is ??  
being rejuvenated by this visit in maturity to his childhood romp, there  
is a change. Wordsworth compares his early affiliation with nature to  
that of the roe in the forest; His childhood concept of nature was  
completely unintellectual and animalistic, only appetite: his childhood  
joys were "aching", his childhood raptures "dizzy." The loss of childhood  
perception and consciousness is not to Wordsworth something to be  
cherished as the absolute good either, because things of "abundant  
recompense" follow its loss and disappearance.