

For I have learned
To look on nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though ample power
To chasten and subdue. 88-93

But in this new consciousness of the world that includes man, Wordsworth mars the thesis he has been so far espousing and developing in the poem *And.* and will return to for the rest of the poem, in different ways. It is not a flaw in thinking, and in itself a positive view of the maturity of his perception and emotions, but a flaw because it turns from the developing statement on the curative powers of pure nature to a reference point that includes humanity. The phrase "sad music of humanity" is exceptionally vague and the reader has no idea what Wordsworth is trying to communicate. Is the "music" Wordsworth's mature view of himself, or a worldwide view of humanity existing in cosmic unity with nature, or a combination of these elements, or something entirely different? This may be a reversal or a crack in Wordsworth's ordering of emotions, but he is trying to communicate something bigger than the normal nature raptures he has experienced throughout his life, something that is bigger than his previous natural enlightenments. He cuts this description of the "something" to one sentence in lines 93-102, and leaves it as undeveloped as the "music" he introduces in the previous sentence. He is experiencing "something" that apparently the world has yet to coin a word for, and "something" that produces in him a deathly awe. Wordsworth is not comforted by this harmony of the spheres, or contentment of the universe in his mind, and from line 102 through the end of this stanza, returns to his less mature rapport with nature, although still one that is not a leaping childhood rapture. In lines 106 to the end of the stanza we find out why Wordsworth is known as a "nature Poet," and he reveals an ability to converse with nature.

The last stanza is a call to his sister Dorothy to enjoy and establish