

### Edgar Allen Poe Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my ANNABEL LEE—  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.  
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE,  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### Robert Graves A Child's Nightmare

THROUGH long nursery nights he stood  
By my bed unwearying,  
Loomed gigantic, formless, queer,  
Purring in my haunted ear  
That same hideous nightmare thing,  
Talking, as he lapped my blood,  
In a voice cruel and flat,  
Saying for ever, "Cat!... Cat!... Cat!..."

That one word was all he said,  
That one word through all my sleep,  
In monotonous mock despair.

Nonsense may be light as air,  
But there's Nonsense that can keep  
Horror bristling round the head,  
When a voice cruel and flat  
Says for ever, "Cat!... Cat!... Cat!..."

He had faded, he was gone  
Years ago with Nursery Land,  
When he leapt on me again  
From the clank of a night train,  
Overpowered me foot and head,  
Lapped my blood, while on and on  
The old voice cruel and flat  
Says for ever, "Cat!... Cat!... Cat!..."

Morphia drowsed, again I lay  
In a crater by High Wood:  
He was there with straddling legs,  
Staring eyes as big as eggs,  
Purring as he lapped my blood,  
His black bulk darkening the day,  
With a voice cruel and flat,  
"Cat!... Cat!... Cat!... Cat!..." he said, "Cat!... Cat!..."

When I'm shot through heart and head,  
And there's no choice but to die,  
The last word I'll hear, no doubt,  
Won't be "Charge!" or "Bomb them out!"  
Nor the stretcher-bearer's cry,  
"Let that body be, he's dead!"  
But a voice cruel and flat  
Saying for ever, "Cat!... Cat!... Cat!"

### **Paul Bwsher The Dawn Patrol**

SOMETIMES I fly at dawn above the sea,  
Where, underneath, the restless waters flow—  
Silver, and cold, and slow.  
Dim in the east there burns a new-born sun,  
Whose rosy gleams along the ripples run,  
Save where the mist droops low,  
Hiding the level loneliness from me.

And now appears beneath the milk-white haze  
A little fleet of anchored ships, which lie  
In clustered company,  
And seem as they are yet fast bound by sleep,  
Although the day has long begun to peep,  
With red-inflamed eye,  
Along the still, deserted ocean ways.

The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on my face  
As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,  
And watch the seas glide by.  
Scarce human seem I, moving through the skies,  
And far removed from warlike enterprise—  
Like some great gull on high  
Whose white and gleaming wings beat on through space.

Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone,  
High in the virgin morn, so white and still,  
And free from human ill:  
My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound plaints—

As though I sang among the happy Saints  
With many a holy thrill—  
As though the glowing sun were God's bright Throne.

My flight is done. I cross the line of foam  
That breaks around a town of grey and red,  
Whose streets and squares lie dead  
Beneath the silent dawn—then am I proud  
That England's peace to guard I am allowed;  
Then bow my humble head,  
In thanks to Him Who brings me safely home

**Thomas Edward Brown Dora**

SHE knelt upon her brother's grave,  
My little girl of six years old—  
He used to be so good and brave,  
The sweetest lamb of all our fold;  
He used to shout, he used to sing,  
Of all our tribe the little king—  
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,  
To hark if still in that dark place he play'd.  
No sound! no sound!  
Death's silence was profound;  
And horror crept  
Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.  
If this is as it ought to be,  
My God, I leave it unto Thee.

**Wordsworth. From lines composed a few miles above Tintern abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour. July 13, 1798**

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur.--Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration:--feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,

As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:--that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,--  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

    If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft--  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart--  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!  
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all.--I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.--That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompence. 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 of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,--both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance--  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence--wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love--oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

### Alfred Noyes The Highwayman

THE wind was a torrent of darkness upon the gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight looping the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding--  
Riding--riding--  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, and a bunch of lace at his chin;  
He'd a coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of fine doe-skin.  
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to his thigh!  
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle--  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle--  
His pistol butts a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,  
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred,  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter--  
Bess, the landlord's daughter--  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

Dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked  
Where Tim, the ostler listened--his face was white and peaked--  
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,  
But he loved the landlord's daughter--  
The landlord's black-eyed daughter;  
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say:

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm after a prize tonight,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light.  
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He stood upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,  
But she loosened her hair in the casement! His face burnt like a brand  
As the sweet black waves of perfume came tumbling o'er his breast,  
Then he kissed its waves in the moonlight  
(O sweet black waves in the moonlight!),  
And he tugged at his reins in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon.  
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of the moon,  
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon over the purple moor,  
The redcoat troops came marching--  
Marching--marching--  
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord; they drank his ale instead,  
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed.  
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets by their side;  
There was Death at every window,  
And Hell at one dark window,  
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had bound her up at attention, with many a sniggering jest!  
They had tied a rifle beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!

"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say,  
"Look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though Hell should bar the way."

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!  
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!  
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,  
Till, on the stroke of midnight,  
Cold on the stroke of midnight,  
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it, she strove no more for the rest;  
Up, she stood up at attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.  
She would not risk their hearing, she would not strive again,  
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,  
Blank and bare in the moonlight,  
And the blood in her veins, in the moonlight, throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot tlot, tlot tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hooves, ringing clear;  
Tlot tlot, tlot tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?  
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding--  
Riding--riding--  
The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up straight and still.

Tlot tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot tlot, in the echoing night!  
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment, she drew one last deep breath,  
Then her finger moved in the moonlight--  
Her musket shattered the moonlight--  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him--with her death.

He turned, he spurred to the West; he did not know who stood  
Bowed, with her head o'er the casement, drenched in her own red blood!  
Not till the dawn did he hear it, and his face grew grey to hear  
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,  
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!  
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon, wine-red was his velvet coat  
When they shot him down in the highway,  
Down like a dog in the highway,  
And he lay in his blood in the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still on a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
When the road is a gypsy's ribbon looping the purple moor,  
The highwayman comes riding--  
Riding--riding--  
The highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard,  
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred,  
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter--  
Bess, the landlord's daughter--  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

### **Emily Dickinson. I'm Nobody**

I 'M nobody! Who are you?

Are you nobody, too?  
Then there 's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They 'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

### **Lewis Carroll Jabberwocky**

'T WAS brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

### **Tennyson. The Lady of Shalot**

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott.'

## PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
The Lady of Shalott.

### PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
'The curse is come upon me!' cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—

Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
    Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
    She floated down to Camelot:  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
    Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
    Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, 'She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott.'

### **W B Yeats The Lake Isle of Innisfree**

WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
    And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
    And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
    I hear it in the deep heart's core.

### **William Blake The Lamb**

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Does thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

### **T S Eliot The Love Song of Alfred J Prufrock**

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse  
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,  
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.  
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo  
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,  
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

LET us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherised upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;

There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—  
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]  
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—  
[They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"]  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time  
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:—  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
[But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!]  
It is perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] brought in upon a platter,  
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—  
And this, and so much more?—  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

### **A E Housman Loveliest of Trees The Cherry Now**

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

### **Amy Lowell The Matrix**

Goaded and harassed in the factory  
That tears our life up into bits of days  
Ticked off upon a clock which never stays,  
Shredding our portion of Eternity,  
We break away at last, and steal the key  
Which hides a world empty of hours; ways  
Of space unroll, and Heaven overlays  
The leafy, sun-lit earth of Fantasy.  
Beyond the ilex shadow glares the sun,  
Scorching against the blue flame of the sky.  
Brown lily-pads lie heavy and supine  
Within a granite basin, under one  
The bronze-gold glimmer of a carp; and I  
Reach out my hand and pluck a nectarine.

### **Robert Burns Ode to Spring**

When maukin bucks, at early fucks,  
In dewy grass are seen, Sir,  
And birds, on boughs, take off their mows  
Among the leaves sae green, Sir;  
Latona's sun looks liquorish on  
Dame Nature's grand impetus  
Till his prick go rise, then westward flies  
To roger Madame Thetis.  
Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,  
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,  
Slides by a bower where many a flower  
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;  
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,  
To love they thought no crime, Sir:  
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,  
While Damons arse beat time, Sir. -  
First with the thrush, his thrust and push  
Had compass large and long, Sir;  
The blackbird next, his tuneful text,  
Was bolder, clear and strong, Sir:  
The linnet's lay then came in play,  
And the lark that soar'd aboon, Sir;  
Till Damon fierce, mistimed his arse,  
And fucked quite out of tune, Sir.

### **William Blake A Poison Tree**

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears

Night and morning with my tears,  
And I sunned it with smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine, -

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veiled the pole;  
In the morning, glad, I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

### **Thomas L Masson The Red Cross Nurses**

OUT where the line of battle cleaves  
The horizon of woe  
And sightless warriors clutch the leaves  
The Red Cross nurses go.  
In where the cots of agony  
Mark death's unmeasured tide—  
Bear up the battle's harvestry—  
The Red Cross nurses glide.

Look! Where the hell of steel has torn  
Its way through slumbering earth  
The orphaned urchins kneel forlorn  
And wonder at their birth.  
Until, above them, calm and wise  
With smile and guiding hand,  
God looking through their gentle eyes,  
The Red Cross nurses stand.

### **John Finley The Red Cross Spirit Speaks**

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,  
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,  
    There, too, go I;  
If earth in any quarter quakes  
Or pestilence its ravage makes,  
    Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,  
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,  
    The dead I mourn;  
I bear the stretcher and I bend  
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend  
    What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,  
I go wherever woman's care  
    And love can live,  
Wherever strength and skill can bring  
Surcease to human suffering,  
    Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;  
With Hospitaller Knights I bore  
    The first red cross;  
I was the Lady of the Lamp;  
I saw in Solferino's camp  
    The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;  
I am your bodies on their rounds  
Of pain afar;  
I am you, doing what you would  
If you were only where you could—  
Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,  
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,  
Is but the sign  
Of what you'd sacrifice for him  
Who suffers on the hellish rim  
Of war's red line.

### **Robert Graves The Shivering Beggar**

NEAR Clapham village, where fields began,  
Saint Edward met a beggar man.  
It was Christmas morning, the church bells tolled,  
The old man trembled for the fierce cold.

Saint Edward cried, "It is monstrous sin  
A beggar to lie in rags so thin!  
An old gray-beard and the frost so keen:  
I shall give him my fur-lined gaberdine."

He stripped off his gaberdine of scarlet  
And wrapped it round the aged varlet,  
Who clutched at the folds with a muttered curse,  
Quaking and chattering seven times worse.

Said Edward, "Sir, it would seem you freeze  
Most bitter at your extremities.  
Here are gloves and shoes and stockings also,  
That warm upon your way you may go."

The man took stocking and shoe and glove,  
Blaspheming Christ our Saviour's love,  
Yet seemed to find but little relief,  
Shaking and shivering like a leaf.

Said the saint again, "I have no great riches,  
Yet take this tunic, take these breeches,  
My shirt and my vest, take everything,  
And give due thanks to Jesus the King."

The saint stood naked upon the snow  
Long miles from where he was lodged at Bowe,  
Praying, "O God! my faith, it grows faint!  
This would try the temper of any saint.

"Make clean my heart, Almighty, I pray,  
And drive these sinful thoughts away.  
Make clean my heart if it be Thy will,  
This damned old rascal's shivering still!"

He stooped, he touched the beggar man's shoulder;  
He asked him did the frost nip colder?  
"Frost!" said the beggar, "no, stupid lad!  
'Tis the palsy makes me shiver so bad."

## **William Blake The Tiger**

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## **Lewis Carroll Walrus and the Carpenter**

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright --  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done --  
'It's very rude of him,' she said,  
'To come and spoil the fun!'

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead --  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand:  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
'If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, 'it would be grand.'

'If seven maids with seven mops

Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
'That they could get it clear?'  
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!  
The Walrus did beseech.  
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head --  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

Out four young Oysters hurried up.  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat --  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more --  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
'To talk of many things:  
Of shoes -- and ships -- and sealing wax --  
Of cabbages -- and kings --  
And why the sea is boiling hot --  
And whether pigs have wings.'

'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,  
'Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!'  
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,  
'Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed --  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.

'After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!  
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said,  
'Do you admire the view?'

'It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
'Cut us another slice-  
I wish you were not quite so deaf-  
I've had to ask you twice!'

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,  
'To play them such a trick.  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:  
'I deeply sympathize.'  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
'You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?'  
But answer came there none --  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.