

# I. A Volume of Stitched Lays

## The Human Seasons

*John Keats*

FOUR SEASONS fill the measure of the year;  
    There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
    Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
    Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminatè, and by such dreaming high  
    Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
    He furlèth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
    Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.



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# I. Spring

## (Cantrip) A Poet! He Hath Put His Heart to School!

*William Wordsworth*

A poet!—He hath put his heart to school,  
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff  
Which art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh  
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.  
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,  
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,  
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool  
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.  
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?  
Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;  
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree  
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,  
But from its own divine vitality.



# (Spring 1) The Bells

*Edgar Allan Poe (19 Jan 1809 - 7 Oct 1849)*

## I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
    Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
    How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
        In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
    With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
    In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells  
    From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.



## II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
     Golden bells!  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
     Through the balmy air of night  
     How they ring out their delight!  
         From the molten-golden notes,  
         And all in tune,  
         What a liquid ditty floats  
     To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
         On the moon!  
     Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
         How it swells!  
         How it dwells  
         On the Future! how it tells  
         Of the rapture that impels  
     To the swinging and the ringing  
         Of the bells, bells, bells,  
         Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
         Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III.

Hear the loud alarum bells— Brazen bells! What tale of  
terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the  
startled ear of night How they scream out their  
affright! Too much horrified to speak, They can  
only shriek, shriek, Out of tune, In a clamorous  
appealing to the mercy of the fire, In a mad  
expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher, With a  
desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor  
Now—now to sit or never, By the side of the  
pale-faced moon. Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells Of Despair! How  
they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror  
they outpour On the bosom of the palpitating  
air! Yet the ear it fully knows, By the  
twanging, And the clanging, How the danger  
ebbs and flows; Yet the ear distinctly tells, In  
the jangling, And the wrangling. How the  
danger sinks and swells, By the sinking or the  
swelling in the anger of the bells— Of the  
bells— Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells,  
bells, bells— In the clamor and the clangor of  
the bells!

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells— Iron bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels! In the silence of the night, How we shiver with affright At the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats Is a groan. And the people—ah, the people— They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone, And who tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone, Feel a glory in so rolling On the human heart a stone— They are neither man nor woman— They are neither brute nor human— They are Ghouls: And their king it is who tolls; And he rolls, rolls, rolls, Rolls A pæan from the bells! And his merry bosom swells With the pæan of the bells! And he dances, and he yells; Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the pæan of the bells— Of the bells: Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the throbbing of the bells— Of the bells, bells, bells— To the sobbing of the bells; Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells, In a happy Runic rhyme, To the rolling of the bells— Of the bells, bells, bells— To the tolling of the bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells— Bells, bells, bells— To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

(Spring 2) **The Lover: A Ballad XX**

(Spring 3) **The Sun Rising** XX

(Spring 4) **Heart and Service XX**

# (Spring 5) if everything happens that can't be done X

*e e cummings*

if everything happens that can't be done  
(and anything's righter  
than books  
could plan)  
the stupidest teacher will almost guess  
(with a run  
skip  
around we go yes)  
there's nothing as something as one

10        one hasn't a why or because or although  
          (and buds know better  
          than books  
          don't grow)  
          one's anything old being everything new  
          (with a what  
          which  
          around we come who)  
          one's everyanything so

20        so world is a leaf so a tree is a bough  
          (and birds sing sweeter  
          than books  
          tell how)  
          so here is away and so your is a my  
          (with a down  
          up  
          around again fly)  
          forever was never till now

30

now i love you and you love me  
(and books are shuter  
than books  
can be)  
and deep in the high that does nothing but fall  
(with a shout  
each  
around we go all)  
there's somebody calling who's we

40

we're anything brighter than even the sun  
(we're everything greater  
than books  
might mean)  
we're everyanything more than believe  
(with a spin  
leap  
alive we're alive)  
we're wonderful one times one



(Spring 6) *I Met a Fool* XX

## II. Summer

### (Cantrip) A Drinking Song

*William Butler Yeats*

Wine comes in at the mouth  
And love comes in at the eye;  
That's all we shall know for truth  
Before we grow old and die.  
I lift the glass to my mouth,  
I look at you, and I sigh.



(Summer 1) ***All Delights Are Vain*** XX

(Summer 2) **When I Heard the Learn'd  
Astronomer XX**

(Summer 3) **Love's Growth XX**

(Summer 4) **The Time I've Lost In Wooing**  
XX

(Summer 5) **Forget Not Yet The Tried Intent**  
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(Summer 6) **I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud**  
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### III. Autumn

(Cantrip) **The Road Not Taken**



(Autumn 1) ***All The World's a Stage*** XX

*Jaques, As You Like It (Shakespeare,*

(Autumn 2) **It Is Later Than You Think**

(Autumn 3) **A Lecture Upon the Shadow**  
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(Autumn 4) **Sailing to Byzantium XX**

(Autumn 5) **A Dream Within a Dream XX**



(Autumn 6) **Byzantium XX**

## IV. Winter

(Cantrip) <b>Ozymandias</b> XX
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(Winter 1) **Lines Written in Early Spring**  
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(Winter 2) **Time to Come XX**

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## (Winter 4) **The Conqueror Worm XX**

(Winter 5) **Do Not Go Gentle XX**



(Winter 6) *To Be or Not To Be* XX

## V. A Season Out Of Time

(Cantrip) **Romance**



(Epilogue 1) **The Ballad of God-Makers XX**

(Epilogue 2) **The World is Too Much With  
Us XX**

## (Epilogue 3) **Love's Deity** XX

(Epilogue 4) **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy  
Night XX**

(Epilogue 5) **The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock**  
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(Epilogue 6) **Desiderata XX**