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| Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1807–1882 |
|  |
| 59. **The Village Blacksmith** |
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|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| UNDER a spreading chestnut tree |  |
| The village smithy stands; |  |
| The smith, a mighty man is he, |  |
| With large and sinewy hands; |  |
| And the muscles of his brawny arms | *5* |
| Are strong as iron bands. |  |
|  |  |
| His hair is crisp, and black, and long, |  |
| His face is like the tan; |  |
| His brow is wet with honest sweat, |  |
| He earns whate'er he can, | *10* |
| And looks the whole world in the face, |  |
| For he owes not any man. |  |
|  |  |
| Week in, week out, from morn till night, |  |
| You can hear his bellows blow; |  |
| You can hear him swing his heavy sledge | *15* |
| With measured beat and slow, |  |
| Like a sexton ringing the village bell, |  |
| When the evening sun is low. |  |
|  |  |
| And children coming home from school |  |
| Look in at the open door; | *20* |
| They love to see the flaming forge, |  |
| And hear the bellows roar, |  |
| And watch the burning sparks that fly |  |
| Like chaff from a threshing-floor. |  |
|  |  |
| He goes on Sunday to the church, | *25* |
| And sits among his boys; |  |
| He hears the parson pray and preach, |  |
| He hears his daughter's voice, |  |
| Singing in the village choir, |  |
| And it makes his heart rejoice. | *30* |
|  |  |
| It sounds to him like her mother's voice, |  |
| Singing in Paradise! |  |
| He needs must think of her once more, |  |
| How in the grave she lies; |  |
| And with his hard, rough hand he wipes | *35* |
| A tear out of his eyes. |  |
|  |  |
| Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing, |  |
| Onward through life he goes; |  |
| Each morning sees some task begin, |  |
| Each evening sees it close; | *40* |
| Something attempted, something done, |  |
| Has earned a night's repose. |  |
|  |  |
| Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, |  |
| For the lesson thou hast taught! |  |
| Thus at the flaming forge of life | *45* |
| Our fortunes must be wrought; |  |
| Thus on its sounding anvil shaped |  |
| Each burning deed and thought! |  |

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|  |

Jabberwocky

BY [LEWIS CARROLL](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/lewis-carroll)

’Twas 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.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

      Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

      And the mome raths outgrabe.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

BY [ROBERT FROST](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/robert-frost)

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound’s the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

# Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud

BY [JOHN DONNE](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/john-donne)

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;

For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow

Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,

Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee do go,

Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,

And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well

And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally

And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

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| --- |
| Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1803–1882 |
|  |
| 672. **Brahma** |
|  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| IF the red slayer think he slays, |  |
| Or if the slain think he is slain, |  |
| They know not well the subtle ways |  |
| I keep, and pass, and turn again. |  |
|  |  |
| Far or forgot to me is near; | *5* |
| Shadow and sunlight are the same; |  |
| The vanish'd gods to me appear; |  |
| And one to me are shame and fame. |  |
|  |  |
| They reckon ill who leave me out; |  |
| When me they fly, I am the wings; | *10* |
| I am the doubter and the doubt, |  |
| And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. |  |
|  |  |
| The strong gods pine for my abode, |  |
| And pine in vain the sacred Seven; |  |
| But thou, meek lover of the good! | *15* |
| Find me, and turn thy back on heaven. |  |

# Break, Break, Break

Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809 - 1892

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman’s boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

## Alfred Lord Tennyson

[**←**](http://www.sparknotes.com/poetry/tennyson/section8.rhtml)

“The Charge of the Light Brigade”

[**→**](http://www.sparknotes.com/poetry/tennyson/section10.rhtml)

#### Complete Text

*Half a league, half a league,   
Half a league onward,   
All in the valley of Death   
   Rode the six hundred.   
‘Forward, the Light Brigade!   
Charge for the guns!’ he said:   
Into the valley of Death   
   Rode the six hundred.   
‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’   
Was there a man dismay’d?  
Not tho’ the soldier knew   
   Someone had blunder’d:   
Their’s not to make reply,   
Their’s not to reason why,   
Their’s but to do and die:   
Into the valley of Death   
   Rode the six hundred.   
Cannon to right of them,   
Cannon to left of them,   
Cannon in front of them   
   Volley’d and thunder’d;  
  
Storm’d at with shot and shell,   
Boldly they rode and well,   
Into the jaws of Death,   
Into the mouth of Hell   
   Rode the six hundred.   
Flash’d all their sabres bare,   
Flash’d as they turn’d in air   
Sabring the gunners there,   
Charging an army, while   
   All the world wonder’d:   
Plunged in the battery-smoke   
Right thro’ the line they broke;   
Cossack and Russian   
Reel’d from the sabre-stroke   
Shatter’d and sunder’d.   
Then they rode back, but not   
   Not the six hundred.   
Cannon to right of them,   
Cannon to left of them,   
Cannon behind them   
   Volley’d and thunder’d;   
Storm’d at with shot and shell,   
While horse and hero fell,   
They that had fought so well   
Came thro’ the jaws of Death,   
Back from the mouth of Hell,   
All that was left of them,   
   Left of six hundred.   
When can their glory fade ?   
O the wild charge they made!   
   All the world wonder’d.   
Honour the charge they made!   
Honour the Light Brigade,   
   Noble six hundred!*

**I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud by William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company!  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
  
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,  
And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

**Where the Sidewalk Ends by Shel Silverstein**

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
And before the street begins,  
And there the grass grows soft and white,  
And there the sun burns crimson bright,  
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
To cool in the peppermint wind.  
  
Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
And the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
To the place where the sidewalk ends.  
  
Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know  
The place where the sidewalk ends.

**Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night by Dylan Thomas**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
And you, my father, there on that sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**Brown Penny by William Butler Yeats**

I whispered, 'I am too young,'  
And then, 'I am old enough';  
Wherefore I threw a penny  
To find out if I might love.  
'Go and love, go and love, young man,  
If the lady be young and fair.'  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
I am looped in the loops of her hair.  
  
O love is the crooked thing,  
There is nobody wise enough  
To find out all that is in it,  
For he would be thinking of love  
Till the stars had run away  
And the shadows eaten the moon.  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
One cannot begin it too soon.

**Bear In There by Shel Silverstein**

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire--  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there--  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.

## How Do I Love Thee?

### by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.   
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height   
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight   
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.   
I love thee to the level of every day's   
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.   
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;   
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.   
I love with a passion put to use   
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.   
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose   
With my lost saints, I love thee with the breath,   
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,   
I shall but love thee better after death.

by Maya Angelou |  | Touched by An Angel

We, unaccustomed to courage

exiles from delight

live coiled in shells of loneliness

until love leaves its high holy temple

and comes into our sight to liberate us into life.

Love arrives

and in its train come ecstasies

old memories of pleasure

ancient histories of pain.

Yet if we are bold,

love strikes away the chains of fear

from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity

In the flush of love's light

we dare be brave

And suddenly we see

that love costs all we are

and will ever be.

Yet it is only love

which sets us free.

**Messy Room by Shel Silverstein**

Whosever room this is should be ashamed!  
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.  
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,  
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.  
His workbook is wedged in the window,  
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.  
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,  
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.  
His books are all jammed in the closet,  
His vest has been left in the hall.  
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,  
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.  
Whosever room this is should be ashamed!  
Donald or Robert or Willie or--  
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,  
I knew it looked familiar!

**I know why the caged bird sings by Maya Angelou**

A free bird leaps on the back  
Of the wind and floats downstream   
Till the current ends and dips his wing   
In the orange suns rays  
And dares to claim the sky.  
  
But a BIRD that stalks down his narrow cage  
Can seldom see through his bars of rage  
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
So he opens his throat to sing.  
  
The caged bird sings with a fearful trill  
Of things unknown but longed for still  
And his tune is heard on the distant hill for  
The caged bird sings of freedom.  
  
The free bird thinks of another breeze  
And the trade winds soft through  
The sighing trees  
And the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright  
Lawn and he names the sky his own.  
  
But a caged BIRD stands on the grave of dreams  
His shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
So he opens his throat to sing.  
  
The caged bird sings with  
A fearful trill of things unknown  
But longed for still and his  
Tune is heard on the distant hill  
For the caged bird sings of freedom.

**Dream Deferred by Langston Hughes**

What happens to a dream deferred?  
  
Does it dry up  
Like a raisin in the sun?  
  
Or fester like a sore--  
And then run?  
  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over--  
like a syrupy sweet?  
  
Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.  
  
Or does it explode?

# We’ll Go No More A-Roving by Lord Byron

So, we’ll go no more a-roving

So late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving,

And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,

And the soul wears out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe,

And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,

And the day returns too soon,

Yet we’ll go no more a-roving

By the light of the moon.

# Funeral Blues by W.H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message “He is Dead”.

Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,

My working week and my Sunday rest,

My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;

I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

# If by Rudyard Kipling

Published at 12:01AM, November 19 2011

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,

Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,

And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;

If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,

And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: “Hold on!”

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,

And — which is more — you’ll be a Man, my son!