

The Wild Swans at Coole
W.B. Yeats

THE trees are in their
autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are
dry,
Under the October twilight
the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water
among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty Swans.

The nineteenth autumn has
come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well
finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in
great broken rings
Upon their clamorous
wings.

I have looked upon those
brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I,

hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings
above my head,
Trode with a lighter tread.

Unwearing still, lover by
lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or
climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown
old;
Passion or conquest,
wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the
still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will
they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I
awake some day
To find they have flown
away?

God's Grandeur
Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; Bleared, smeared with
toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the
soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs
—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright
wings.

The Windhover
Gerard Manley Hopkins

To Christ our Lord
I caught this morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon,
in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and
striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the
hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, - the achieve of, the mastery of the
thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume,
here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a
billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold- vermilion.

Ode to a Nightingale
John Keats

My heart aches, and a
drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of
hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate
to the drains
One minute past, and
Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy
happy lot,
But being too happy in
thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged
Dryad of the trees
In some melodious
plot
Of beechen green, and
shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in
full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage!
that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the
deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the
country green,

Dance, and Provençal
song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the
warm South,
Full of the true, the
blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles
winking at the brim,
And purple-stained
mouth;
That I might drink, and
leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade
away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and
quite forget
What thou among the
leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever,
and the fret
Here, where men sit and
hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few,
sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale,
and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to
be full of sorrow

When You Are Old and

Gray
W.B. Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Porphyra's Lover

Robert Browning

The rain set early in to-night,
It tone the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break:
When glided in Porphyra, straight
And knelt and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And called me. When no voice replied,
And, last, she sat down by my side
Adieu! adieu! thy pliantive
anthem fades
Past the near meadows,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me — she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and valmer ties dissolve,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain,
Be sure I looked up at her eyes

Now more than ever

Charm'd magic
casements, opening on the
foam

While thou art pouring
fairy lands forthom,
Of perfidious seas, in
midnight with no pain,
Nor what soft incense
hangs upon the boughs,
I cannot see what flowers
are at my feet,
Where Beauty cannot
keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at
them beyond to-morrow.
Wherewith the seasonable
guess each sweet
Burr, in embalmed darkness,
Forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Fortorn! the very word is
like a bell
To toll me back from thee
to my sole self!
To thy high requiem
become a sod.
Thou wast not born for
cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do,
deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy pliantive
anthem fades
Past the near meadows,
The voice I hear this passing
might was heard
In ancient days by
emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song
that found a path
Through the sad heart of
Was it a vision, or a
waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do
I wake or sleep?

And leaden-eyed

despairs,
Where Beauty cannot
keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at
them beyond to-morrow.

Already with thee! tender is
the night,
And happy the Queen-
full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt
of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen: and, for
many a time
I have been half in love
with eager Death,
Call'd him soft names in
many a mus'd rhyme,
To take into the air my
quiet breath;

And leaden-eyed
glooms and winding mossy
ways.