All That is Gold Does Not Glitter
J.R.R. Tolkien

All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

O Captain, My Captain
Walt Whitman

O Captain my Captain!
our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd
every rack, the prize we
sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I
hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the
steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of
red,
Where on the deck my
Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! my Captain!
rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag
is flung—for you the
bugle trills;
For you bouquets and
ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the
swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your
head;
It is some dream that on
the deck,
You've fallen cold and
dead.
My Captain does not
answer, his lips are pale
and still;
My father does not feel
my arm, he has no pulse
nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe
and sound, its voyage
closed and done;
From fearful trip, the
victor ship, comes in with
object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring,
O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain
lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer
Walt Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add,
divide, and
measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured
with much
applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time
Robert Herrick

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

Poema 20
Pablo Neruda

Tonight I can write the saddest
lines.
Write, for example, "The night
is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver
in the distance."
The night wind revolves in the
sky and sings.
Tonight I can write the saddest
lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she
loved me too.
Through nights like this one I
held her in my arms.
I kissed her again and again
under the endless sky.
She loved me, sometimes I
loved her too.
How could one not have loved
her great still eyes.
Tonight I can write the saddest
lines.
To think that I do not have her.
To feel that I have lost her.
To hear the immense night, still
more immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul
like dew to the pasture.
What does it matter that my
love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not
with me.
This is all. In the distance
someone is singing. In the
distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it
has lost her.
My sight tries to find her as
though to bring her closer.
My heart looks for her, and she
is not with me.
The same night whitening the
same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer
the same.
I no longer love her, that's
certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind
to touch her hearing.
Another's. She will be another's.
As she was before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her
infinite eyes.
I no longer love her, that's
certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so
long.
Because through nights like this
one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it
has lost her.
Though this be the last pain that
she makes me suffer
and these the last verses that I
write for her.

Excerpt from Aurora Leigh
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret-room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large,–where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, vicirious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!

The Hound of Heaven
Francis Thompson

I fled Him, down the nights and
down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of
the years;
I fled Him, down the
labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the
midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under
running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of
chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that
followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying
chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic
instancy,
They beat—and a Voice
beat
More instant than the
Feet—
'All things betray thee, who
betrayest Me'.
I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a heartéd casement,
curtained red,
Trellised with intervining
charities;
(For, though I knew His love
Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have
naught beside.)
But, if one little casement parted
wide,
The gust of His approach
would clash it to:
Fear wist not to evade, as
Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world
I fled,
And troubled the gold
gateway of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their
clanged bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale
ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to
Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossom
heap me over
From this tremendous
Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me,
lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but
to find
My own betrayal in their
constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness

Blow, Bugle, Blow
Alfred Lord Tennyson

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.