

English Poet's Corner

She Walks in Beauty



She walks in beauty like the
night
Of cloudless climes and
starry skies,
And all that's best of dark
and bright
Meet in her aspect and her
eyes,

Thus mellowed to that render
light
Which heaven to gaudy day
denies.

One shade the more, one ray
the less
Had half-impaired the
nameless grace
Which waves in every raven
tress
Or softly lightens o'er her
face-
Where thoughts serenely sweet
express
How pure, how dear their
dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er
that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet
eloquent,
The smiles that win, the
tints that glow,

But tell of days in goodness
spent,
A mind at peace with all
below.
A heart whose love is
innocent.

by Lord Byron: Romantic English poet (1788-1824)

When we two parted
When we two parted



In silence and tears,
Half-broken hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss-
Truly that hour foretold

Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow-
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me-
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me-
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well;
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,

How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

We'll go no more a-roving
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.

Mutability

The flower that smiles today
Tomorrow dies;

All that we wish to stay
Tempt and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the
night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and
bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere
night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours
creep,
Dream thou and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.



By Percy Shelley, Romantic English poet, 1792-1822.

The Daffodils

By William Wordsworth, Romantic English poet, 1770-1850



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 waves
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.

Tiger Tiger

By William Blake, English Romantic poet, 1757-1827)

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 wing dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the
fire?

On 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`?
Done its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears
And water'd 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
Could frame thy fearful
symmetry?

Speak to me with your hands

(by John Smith)

Speak to me with your hands
Speak to me with your eyes;
White in the reeds the swan
sings

The hour before it dies.



Speak to me with your heart
And your simple breath;
The cactus blooms in the
desert
An hour before its death.

Over the dark water
Flies the returning dove

Holding the morning in its
 beak;
 Speak to me with your love.

Ballad of the Londoner (by J. E. Fletcher)

Evening falls on the smoky
 walls,
 And the railings drip with
 rain,
 And I will cross the old
 river

To see my girl again.



The great and solemn-gliding
tram,
Love's still-mysterious car,
Has many a light of gold and
white,
And a single dark red star.

I know a garden in a street
Which no one ever knew;
I know a rose beyond the
Thames,

Where flowers are pale and
few.

My love is like a red red rose



My love is like a red red
rose

That's newly sprung in June

My love is like the melody

That's sweetly play'd in
tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie
lass,

So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my
dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my
dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the
sun:
And I will love thee still,
my dear,
While the sands o' life shall
run.

And fare thee well, my only
love,
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my
love,
Tho' it were ten thousand
mile.

By Robert Burns, Scottish poet, 1759-1796