**Poetry Challenge**

**Objectives:** Students will be able to demonstrate understanding of multiple poetry styles of the American and British Tradition

-Students will create their own works in groups and individually using pre-existing work and multiple forms of media

-Students will create a portfolio of poetry as a team and present their final products to the combined classes

-Each class (Juniors and Senior Pd. 2, 6, and 7/8) will compete for “Class Champion”

**Schedule**: The following are some rough estimates

Review of select poems (2-3 days in class)

-Distribution of Poetry challenges (1 day)

-Team poetry creation days (2-3 days)

-Work outside of class (1-2 weeks)

-Final Presentation (2-3 days)

Ideally, this project will begin after Thanksgiving and conclude by Christmas

**Issues to Address**:

-Scheduling issue of the Period 7/8 group (in-school field trip on one or two days?)

-Judges (Us? Other Teachers? Administrators?)

-Challenges need parsing

- Final Product will need a clear rubric

- Use of the LGI room

- Number of poems needed per group

-Group Size

-Individually accountability

- Amount of new work vs. existing work (what should be the main focus)

- How much media should be required?

- How many days will classes be directly merged?

- How much poetry should be taught directly from this pack vs. How much should students find on their own?

**Procedure**: After learning/reviewing some poems in class, students will begin the poetry challenge. Students will be competing against the corresponding class (Juniors v. Seniors) as well as building their own grades. Students will be given a list of challenges to complete in class over several days. Challenges will be grade individually by the teachers and scores tallied towards the entire class score (similar to a medal count). The culminating project will be a series of small group presentations in which a poetry project is delivered in a multimedia manner in LGI. The final product will account for 50% of the groups score. The products will be graded by the teachers but judged by guests.

**Poetry Outline: Grade 12**

Renaissance Poetry

Shakespeare Sonnets- 18 and 29, 116, 130

Petrarch (Sonnet 292) and Donne (Holy Sonnet 10)-

Marlowe and Raleigh- Passionate Shepard and the Nymph’s Reply

Marvell Herrick- To His Coy Mistress, Make Much of Time

Restoration Poetry

William Blake

* 752)
* “The Lamb” (p.754)
* “The Tyger” (p.758)
* “The Chimney Sweeper” – Songs of Innocence (p.756)
* “The Chimney Sweeper” – Songs of Experience (p.760)

William Wordsworth

* Biography (p.782)
* “The World Is Too Much with Us” (p.791)
* “I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” (p.792)
* “Intimations on Immortality” (handout)

George Gordon, Lord Byron

* Biography (p.832)
* “She Walks in Beauty” (p.834)
* “When We Two Parted” (p.836)

Percy Bysshe Shelley-

* Biography (p.846)
* “Ozymandias” (p.848)

John Keats

* Biography (p.860)
* “When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be” (p.862)

**Poetry Outline: Grade 11**

Emily Dickinson

    “Because I could not stop for Death”

    "Heart! We Will Forget Him"

    “Success is counted sweetest”

    "The Soul Selects her own Society"  Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

    “The Tide, The Tide Falls”

    “The Cross of Snow” (*reprint)*

 Edgar Allen Poe

    “The Raven”

 Walt Whitman

    “I Hear America Singing”

 Stephen Crane

“War is Kind” *(reprint)*

 Edwin Arlington Robinson

    “Richard Cory”

 Langston Hughes

    “I, Too”

 Robert Frost      "Out, out"     "Nothing Gold Can Stay"  Carl Sandburg      "Chicago"

**Possible Challenges**

(Challenges are taken from <http://www.pw.org/content/poetry_challenge?cmnt_all=1> and may not all be applicable to this situation)

**2.**  Pause today and allow yourself at least fifteen uninterrupted minutes to write freely, using the first word or phrase that comes to mind to guide the entire exercise. If you come to a stopping point in the writing before time is up, revisit the initial word or words as you would a refrain.

**3.**  Choose a clichéd phrase ("fit as a fiddle," "think out of the box," "running on empty," etc.) and turn it around. Use the new meaning created by this reversal to fuel a poetic meditation.

**5.**  Choose a word or phrase you find yourself saying often (e.g. like, totally, hate, really, kind of) and write a poem using it as much as possible, turning it over and over, repositioning it, extending it, playing with its uses and the parts of speech into which it can be shaped.

**6.**  Open a book that you're reading to any page. On this page are the materials you have at your disposal to make a poem. Circle words and phrases that strike you, as well as words with which you're not familiar or are overly familiar. Use the words on this page to make a new literary object. Repeat words as you see fit, but do not add any other material.

**9.**  Print out a poem—yours or another writer’s—double spaced. Above each word write another word that is similar in spelling or meaning, until you have the makings of new lines above each existing line. Revise these into a finished poem.

**12.**Write a sonnet. For examples, visit the Poetry Foundation’s [Web site](http://poetryfoundation.org/archive/tool.poem.glossary.1.html?id=25).

**13.**  Choose an everyday object (e.g. subway car, elevator, paper napkin, coffee, highway, grass) and investigate the anatomy of that object, real or imagined. What are the specific names for its parts, its origins, its functions, who it touches, how it moves or is moved? Use these terms to fuel the writing of a poem.

**14.**  Flip through the dictionary randomly and choose ten words. Write a poem with each word in every other line.

**15.**  Find a map—of the Earth, the United States, or your home state or city—or visit [Google Maps](http://maps.google.com/), pick a town at random, and write a poem about daybreak in that specific location, inventing any pertinent details.

**16.**  Take any printed page—from your favorite magazine or book, today’s newspaper, an instruction manual, junk mail—and create an erasure poem. For a discussion of erasure poems and plenty of examples, read [Small Press Points](http://www.pw.org/content/small_press_points_29) or visit the Wave Books [Web site](http://www.wavepoetry.com/erasures/).

**17.** For one week, collect words and phrases you encounter throughout the day, from signs, advertisements, menus, overheard conversations, radio programs, television, etc. At the end of the week, write a found poem, using these snippets.

**19.**  Write a poem using the N+7 form, conceived of by the French poets of the Oulipo movement. Choose a text, such as Elizabeth Bishop’s ["One Art,"](http://poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15212) and replace each noun in that text with the noun occurring seven entries below it in your dictionary. Next, try the exercise with one of your own poems. For more on the poets of the Oulipo, read ["Oulipian Feats: Postcard From New York City."](http://www.pw.org/content/oulipian_feats_postcard_new_york_city)

**22.**  Select five objects from the room around you. Isolate those objects in a landscape and write a poem that investigates, insists upon, dissects, or contextualizes those objects. If the poem takes you away from those initial objects, and you find yourself stuck or lost in the landscape you’re creating, return to one of the objects.

**23.** Collect images from newspapers and magazines either by clipping them or making a list of the colors, things, people, objects, and their qualities that you notice as you look through them. If you’ve clipped images, create a collage with the clippings as an illustration of a poem not yet written, and then write that poem. If you’ve collected images as text, use the snippets to create a poem.

**24.**Transcribe a snippet of dialog overheard today and use that cue as the opening thought of a poem, like an epigraph.

**25.**Choose a line from those collected below, or a line from the book you’re reading, and embed that line in a work of your own, starting with or returning over and over to it.  “Oh, but it’s dirty!”  Elizabeth Bishop, “Filling Station”  “Somewhere someone is traveling furiously toward you,”  John Ashbery, “At North Farm”  “When I die, I want your hands on my eyes,”  Pablo Neruda, “Sonnet 89”  “Green, how I want you green.”  Federico García Lorca, “Romance Sonambulo”  “Such poisonous families / I startle,”  Cathy Park Hong, “Elegy”  “My quietness has a man in it, he is transparent,”  Frank O’Hara, “In Memory of My Feelings”

**28.**  Listen to an audio version of T. S. Eliot reading one of his poems. (On alon’s [Web site](http://www.salon.com/audio/2000/10/05/eliot/index.html) you can hear him read "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.") Internalize the music and rhythm of the poem, and freewrite for a page, interpreting those elements in your own language. Read what you’ve written, circle three to five phrases that you like, and use them to start a poem.

Renaissance Poetry

**Shakespeare Sonnet 18**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

**Shakespeare Sonnet 29**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone beweep my outcast state

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

**Shakespeare Sonnet 116**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved

**Shakespeare Sonnet 130**

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belied with false compare.

**Petrarch (Sonnet 292)**

The eyes I spoke of once in words that burn,

the arms and hands and feet and lovely face

that took me from myself for such a space

of time and marked me out from other men;

the waving hair of unmixed gold that shone,

the smile that flashed with the angelic rays

that used to make this earth a paradise,

are now a little dust, all feeling gone;

and yet I live, grief and disdain to me,

left where the light I cherished never shows,

in fragile bark on the tempestuous sea.

Here let my loving song come to a close;

the vein of my accustomed art is dry,

and this, my lyre, turned at last to tears.

**Donne (Holy Sonnet 10)**

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 picture[s] 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'rt 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.

**Marlowe- Passionate Shepard to His Love**

Come live with me and be my love,  And we will all the pleasures prove  That valleys, groves, hills, and fields  Woods or steepy mountain yields

And we will sit upon the rocks,  Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  By shallow rivers to whose falls  Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses  And a thousand fragrant posies,  A cap of flower, and a kirtle  Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool  Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  Fair lined slippers for the cold  With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  With coral clasps and amber studs;  And if these pleasures may thee move,  Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing  For thy delight each May morning:  If these delights thy mind may move,  Then live with me and be my love.

**Raleigh- The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd**

If all the world and love were young,  And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  These pretty pleasures might me move  To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  And Philomel becometh dumb;  The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  To wayward winter reckoning yields;  A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,  Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  All these in me no means can move  To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,  Had joys no date nor age no need,  Then these delights my mind might move  To live with thee and be thy love.

**Marvell- To His Coy Mistress**

Had we but world enough, and time,

This coyness, Lady, were no crime

We would sit down and think which way

To walk and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side

Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the Flood,

And you should, if you please, refuse

Till the conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires, and more slow;

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;

Two hundred to adore each breast,

But thirty thousand to the rest;

An age at least to every part,

And the last age should show your heart.

For, Lady, you deserve this state,

Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear

Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;

And yonder all before us lie

Deserts of vast eternity.

Thy beauty shall no more be found,

Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound

My echoing song: then worms shall try

That long preserved virginity,

And your quaint honour turn to dust,

And into ashes all my lust:

The grave's a fine and private place,

But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue

Sits on thy skin like morning dew,

And while thy willing soul transpires

At every pore with instant fires,

Now let us sport us while we may,

And now, like amorous birds of prey,

Rather at once our time devour

Than languish in his slow-chapt power.

Let us roll all our strength and all

Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife

Thorough the iron gates of life:

Thus, though we cannot make our sun

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

**Herrick- To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time**

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying;

And this same flower that smiles today

Tomorrow 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 forever tarry.

**Restoration Poetry**

**William Blake**

**“The Lamb” (p.754)**

Little Lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Gave thee life, and bid thee feed

By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing, woolly, bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:

He is called by thy name,

For he calls himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and he is mild;

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb.

We are called by his name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Little Lamb, God bless thee!

**“The Tyger” (p.758)**

Tyger! Tyger! 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 wings dare he aspire?

What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art.

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,

And watered heaven with their tears,

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright

In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**“The Chimney Sweeper” – Songs of Innocence (p.756)**

When my mother died I was very young,

And my father sold me while yet my tongue

Could scarcely cry 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!

So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,

That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved: so I said,

"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,

You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet; and that very night,

As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight, -

That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,

Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,

And he opened the coffins and set them all free;

Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,

And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,

They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;

And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,

He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,

And got with our bags and our brushes to work.

Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;

So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

“**The Chimney Sweeper” – Songs of Experience (p.760)**

A little black thing among the snow,

Crying! 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!

'Where are thy father and mother? Say!' -

'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,

And smiled among the winter's snow,

They clothed me in the clothes of death,

And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,

They think they have done me no injury,

And are gone to praise God and His priest and king,

Who made up a heaven of our misery.'

**William Wordsworth**

**“The World Is Too Much with Us” (p.791)**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. --Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

**“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” (p.792)**

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 but be 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.

**“Intimations on Immortality”**

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth, and every common sight

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;--

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,--

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng.

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday;--

Thou child of joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy

Shepherd-boy!

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel--I feel it all.

O evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning

This sweet May-morning;

And the children are culling

On every side

In a thousand valleys far and wide

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:--

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

--But there's a tree, of many, one,

A single field which I have look'd upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting

And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,

Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,

A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,--

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by;

To whom the grave

Is but a lonely bed, without the sense of sight

Of day or the warm light,

A place of thoughts where we in waiting lie;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

0 joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest,

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:--

--Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings,

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us--cherish--and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither--

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And 0, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway;

I love the brooks which down their channels fret

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

**Lord Byron**

**“She Walks in Beauty” (p.834)**

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 mellow'd to that tender light 5

Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

Had half impair'd the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face; 10

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, 15

But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

A heart whose love is innocent!

**“When We Two Parted” (p.836)**

WHEN we two parted

In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted

To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5

Colder thy kiss;

Truly that hour foretold

Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning

Sunk chill on my brow— 10

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, 15

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? 20

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— 25

In silence I grieve,

That thy heart could forget,

Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee

After long years, 30

How should I greet thee?

With silence and tears.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley**

“**Ozymandias” (p.848)**

I met a traveller from an antique land

Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desart. Near them, on the sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:

Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare

The lone and level sands stretch far away.[1]

**John Keats**

**“When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be” (p.862)**

When I have fears that I may cease to be

Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,

Before high grav'd books, in charact'ry,

Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And think that I may never live to trace

Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,

That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the faery power

Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think

Till Love and Fame to Nothingness do sink

**Grade 11**

**Emily Dickinson**

**“Because I could not stop for Death”**

Because I could not stop for Death—

He kindly stopped for me—

The Carriage held but just Ourselves—

And Immortality.

5 We slowly drove—He knew no haste

And I had put away

My labor and my leisure too,

For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children played

10 Their lessons scarcely; done

We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—

We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—

The Dews drew quivering and chill—

15 For only Gossamer, my Gown—

My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed

A Swelling of the Ground—

The Roof was scarcely visible—

20 The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet

Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses' Heads

Were toward Eternity—

**"Heart! We Will Forget Him"**

Heart, we will forget him!

You an I, tonight!

You may forget the warmth he gave,

I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me

That I my thoughts may dim;

Haste! lest while you're lagging.

I may remember him!

**“Success is counted sweetest”**

Success is counted sweetest

By those who ne'er succeed.

To comprehend a nectar

Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host

Who took the Flag today

Can tell the definition

So clear of Victory

As he defeated--dying--

On whose forbidden ear

The distant strains of triumph

Burst agonized and clear!

**"The Soul Selects her own Society"**

The Soul selects her own Society —

Then — shuts the Door —

To her divine Majority —

Present no more —

Unmoved — she notes the Chariots — pausing —

At her low Gate —

Unmoved — an Emperor be kneeling

Upon her Mat —

I’ve known her — from an ample nation —

Choose One —

Then — close the Valves of her attention —

Like Stone —

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

**“The Tide, The Tide Falls”**

The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;

Along the sea-sands damp and brown

The traveler hastens toward the town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,

But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;

The little waves, with their soft, white hands

Efface the footprints in the sands,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveler to the shore.

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

**“The Cross of Snow” (*reprint)***

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,

A gentle face--the face of one long dead--

Looks at me from the wall, where round its head

The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.

Here in this room she died, and soul more white

Never through martyrdom of fire was led

To its repose; nor can in books be read

The legend of a life more benedight.

There is a mountain in the distant West

That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines

Displays a cross of snow upon its side.

Such is the cross I wear upon my breast

These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes

And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

**Edgar Allen Poe**

**“The Raven”**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,.

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me---filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door;---

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,

Lenore?, This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,

"Lenore!" Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before,

"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window lattice.

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

" 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.

Tell me what the lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,---

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore

Of "Never---nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore --

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee -- by these angels he hath

Sent thee respite---respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted--

On this home by horror haunted--tell me truly, I implore:

Is there--is there balm in Gilead?--tell me--tell me I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil--prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us--by that God we both adore--

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore---

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting--

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! -- quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted---nevermore!

**Walt Whitman**

**“I Hear America Singing”**

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear;

Those of mechanics—each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;

The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,

The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;

The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat—the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck; 5

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench—the hatter singing as he stands;

The wood-cutter’s song—the ploughboy’s, on his way in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;

The delicious singing of the mother—or of the young wife at work—or of the girl sewing or washing—Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;

The day what belongs to the day—At night, the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,

Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

**Stephen Crane**

**“War is Kind” *(reprint)***

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind,

Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky

And the affrighted steed ran on alone,

Do not weep.

War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,

Little souls who thirst for fight,

These men were born to drill and die.

The unexplained glory flies above them.

Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom--

A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.

Because your father tumbles in the yellow trenches,

Raged at his breast, gulped and died,

Do not weep.

War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,

Eagle with crest of red and gold,

These men were born to drill and die.

Point for them the virtue of slaughter,

Make plain to them the excellence of killing

And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button

On the bright splendid shroud of your son,

Do not weep.

War is kind!

**Edwin Arlington Robinson**

**“Richard Cory”**

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,

We people on the pavement looked at him:

He was a gentleman from sole to crown,

Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,

And he was always human when he talked;

But still he fluttered pulses when he said,

"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich – yes, richer than a king –

And admirably schooled in every grace:

In fine, we thought that he was everything

To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,

And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,

Went home and put a bullet through his head.

**Langston Hughes**

“I, Too”

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

Say to me,

"Eat in the kitchen,"

Then.

Besides,

They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed--

I, too, am America.

**Robert Frost**

**"Out, out"**

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard

And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,

Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.

And from there those that lifted eyes could count

Five mountain ranges one behing the other

Under the sunset far into Vermont.

And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,

As it ran light, or had to bear a load.

And nothing happened: day was all but done.

Call it a day, I wish they might have said

To please the boy by giving him the half hour

That a boy counts so much when saved from work.

His sister stood beside him in her apron

To tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,

As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,

Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap -

He must have given the hand. However it was,

Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!

Half in appeal, but half as if to keep

The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all -

Since he was old enough to know, big boy

Doing a man's work, though a child at heart -

He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off -

The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"

So. The hand was gone already.

The doctor put him in the dark of ether.

He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.

And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.

No one believed. They listened to his heart.

Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it.

No more to build on there. And they, since they

Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

**"Nothing Gold Can Stay"**

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.

**Carl Sandburg**

**"Chicago"**

HOG Butcher for the World,

Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,

Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;

Stormy, husky, brawling,

City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I

have seen your painted women under the gas lamps

luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it

is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to

kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the

faces of women and children I have seen the marks

of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who

sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer

and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing

so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on

job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the

little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning

as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with

white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young

man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has

never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse.

and under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of

Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog

Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with

Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.