

# Sweetest Love, I do not go

*by John Donne*

Sweetest love, I do not go,  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me;  
But since that I  
Must die at last, 'tis best  
To use myself in jest  
Thus by feign'd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
And yet is here today;  
He hath no desire nor sense,  
Nor half so short a way:  
Then fear not me,  
But believe that I shall make  
Speedier journeys, since I take  
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,  
That if good fortune fall,  
Cannot add another hour,  
Nor a lost hour recall!  
But come bad chance,  
And we join to't our strength,  
And we teach it art and length,  
Itself o'er us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,  
But sigh'st my soul away;  
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
My life's blood doth decay.  
It cannot be  
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,  
If in thine my life thou waste,  
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart  
Forethink me any ill;  
Destiny may take thy part,  
And may thy fears fulfil;  
But think that we  
Are but turn'd aside to sleep;  
They who one another keep  
Alive, ne'er parted be.

# Go and Catch a Falling Star

*by John Donne*

Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
And swear,  
No where  
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,  
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;  
Yet do not, I would not go,  
Though at next door we might meet;  
Though she were true, when you met her,  
And last, till you write your letter,  
Yet she  
Will be  
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

# Arrow and the Song, The

*by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

# Kubla Khan

*by Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced :  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war !  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure

Floated midway on the waves ;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

# She Walks In Beauty

*by George Gordon, Lord Byron*

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 tender 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!

# Tear, The

*by George Gordon, Lord Byron*

When Friendship or Love  
Our sympathies move;  
When Truth, in a glance, should appear,  
The lips may beguile,  
With a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a Tear:

Too oft is a smile  
But the hypocrite's wile,  
To mask detestation, or fear;  
Give me the soft sigh,  
Whilst the soultelling eye  
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear:

Mild Charity's glow,  
To us mortals below,  
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;  
Compassion will melt,  
Where this virtue is felt,  
And its dew is diffused in a Tear:

The man, doom'd to sail  
With the blast of the gale,  
Through billows Atlantic to steer,  
As he bends o'er the wave  
Which may soon be his grave,  
The green sparkles bright with a Tear;

The Soldier braves death  
For a fanciful wreath  
In Glory's romantic career;  
But he raises the foe  
When in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,  
He return to his bride!  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;  
All his toils are repaid  
When, embracing the maid,  
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth!  
Seat of Friendship and Truth,  
Where Love chas'd each fast-fleeting year  
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,  
For a last look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear:

Though my vows I can pour,  
To my Mary no more,  
My Mary, to Love once so dear,  
In the shade of her bow'r,  
I remember the hour,  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest,  
May she live ever blest!  
Her name still my heart must revere:  
With a sigh I resign,  
What I once thought was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,  
Ere from you I depart,  
This hope to my breast is most near:  
If again we shall meet,  
In this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight  
To the regions of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier;  
As ye pass by the tomb,  
Where my ashes consume,  
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.



# A Bird Came Down

*by Emily Dickinson*

A bird came down the walk:  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad,—  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;  
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

# Because I could not stop for Death,

*by Emily Dickinson*

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

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,  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

# I cannot live with you,

*by Emily Dickinson*

I cannot live with you,  
It would be life,  
And life is over there  
Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to,  
Putting up  
Our life, his porcelain,  
Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife,  
Quaint or broken;  
A newer Sevres pleases,  
Old ones crack.

I could not die with you,  
For one must wait  
To shut the other's gaze down,—  
You could not.

And I, could I stand by  
And see you freeze,  
Without my right of frost,  
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise with you,  
Because your face  
Would put out Jesus'.  
That new grace

Glow plain and foreign  
On my homesick eye,

Except that you, than he  
Shone closer by.

They'd judge us--how?  
For you served Heaven, you know  
Or sought to;  
I could not,

Because you saturated sight,  
And I had no more eyes  
For sordid excellence  
As Paradise.

And were you lost, I would be,  
Though my name  
Rang loudest  
On the heavenly fame.

And were you saved,  
And I condemned to be  
Where you were not,  
That self were hell to me.

So we must keep apart,  
You there, I here,  
With just the door ajar  
That oceans are,  
And prayer,  
And that pale svustenance,  
Despair!

'T was just this time last year I died.

*by Emily Dickinson*

'T was just this time last year I died.  
I know I heard the corn,  
When I was carried by the farms,—  
It had the tassels on.

I thought how yellow it would look  
When Richard went to mill;  
And then I wanted to get out,  
But something held my will.

I thought just how red apples wedged  
The stubble's joints between;  
And carts went stooping round the fields  
To take the pumpkins in.

I wondered which would miss me least,  
And when Thanksgiving came,  
If father'd multiply the plates  
To make an even sum.

And if my stocking hung too high,  
Would it blur the Christmas glee,  
That not a Santa Claus could reach  
The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so  
I thought how it would be  
When just this time, some perfect year,  
Themselves should come to me.

# Camomile Tea

*by Katherine Mansfield*

Outside the sky is light with stars;  
There's a hollow roaring from the sea.  
And, alas! for the little almond flowers,  
The wind is shaking the almond tree.

How little I thought, a year ago,  
In the horrible cottage upon the Lee  
That he and I should be sitting so  
And sipping a cup of camomile tea.

Light as feathers the witches fly,  
The horn of the moon is plain to see;  
By a firefly under a jonquil flower  
A goblin toasts a bumble-bee.

We might be fifty, we might be five,  
So snug, so compact, so wise are we!  
Under the kitchen-table leg  
My knee is pressing against his knee.

Our shutters are shut, the fire is low,  
The tap is dripping peacefully;  
The saucepan shadows on the wall  
Are black and round and plain to see.

# A Dream

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

In visions of the dark night  
I have dreamed of joy departed—  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day  
To him whose eyes are cast  
On things around him with a ray  
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream— that holy dream,  
While all the world were chiding,  
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam  
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,  
So trembled from afar—  
What could there be more purely bright  
In Truth's day-star?

# A Dream Within A Dream

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow—  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep— while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?



# Alone

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then— in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life— was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

# Annabel Lee

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!— that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling— my darling— my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

# Without warning

*by Sappho*

Without warning

as a whirlwind

swoops on an oak

Love shakes my heart

# "I Am Not Yours"

*by Sarah Teasdale*

I am not yours, not lost in you,  
Not lost, although I long to be  
Lost as a candle lit at noon,  
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still  
A spirit beautiful and bright,  
Yet I am I, who long to be  
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love -- put out  
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,  
Swept by the tempest of your love,  
A taper in a rushing wind.

# "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 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.

# If

*by Rudyard Kipling*

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!

# Fire and Ice

*by Robert Lee Frost*

Some say the world will end in fire;  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To know that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

# Once by the Pacific

*by Robert Lee Frost*

The shattered water made a misty din.  
Great waves looked over others coming in,  
And thought of doing something to the shore  
That water never did to land before.  
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,  
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.  
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if  
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,  
The cliff in being backed by continent;  
It looked as if a night of dark intent  
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.  
Someone had better be prepared for rage.  
There would be more than ocean-water broken  
Before God's last \*Put out the Light\* was spoken.



# Road Not Taken, The

*by Robert Lee 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.

# Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

*by Robert Lee 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's 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's 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.

# 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.

Shall never be by Woman lov'd.  
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly  
Shall feel the Spider's enmity.  
He who torments the Chafer's sprite  
Weaves a Bower in endless Night.  
The Catterpillar on the Leaf  
Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.  
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly,  
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.  
He who shall train the Horse to War  
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.  
The Beggar's Dog & Widow's Cat,  
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat.  
The Gnat that sings his Summer's song  
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.  
The poison of the Snake & Newt  
Is the sweat of Envy's Foot.  
The poison of the Honey Bee  
Is the Artist's Jealousy.  
The Prince's Robes & Beggars' Rags  
Are Toadstools on the Miser's Bags.  
A truth that's told with bad intent  
Beats all the Lies you can invent.  
It is right it should be so;  
Man was made for Joy & Woe;  
And when this we rightly know  
Thro' the World we safely go.  
Joy & Woe are woven fine,  
A Clothing for the Soul divine;  
Under every grief & pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.  
The Babe is more than swadling Bands;  
Throughout all these Human Lands  
Tools were made, & born were hands,  
Every Farmer Understands.  
Every Tear from Every Eye

Becomes a Babe in Eternity.  
This is caught by Females bright  
And return'd to its own delight.  
The Bleat, the Bark, Bellow & Roar  
Are Waves that Beat on Heaven's Shore.  
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath  
Writes Revenge in realms of death.  
The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air,  
Does to Rags the Heavens tear.  
The Soldier arm'd with Sword & Gun,  
Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.  
The poor Man's Farthing is worth more  
Than all the Gold on Afric's Shore.  
One Mite wrung from the Labrer's hands  
Shall buy & sell the Miser's lands:  
Or, if protected from on high,  
Does that whole Nation sell & buy.  
He who mocks the Infant's Faith  
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death.  
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt  
The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.  
He who respects the Infant's faith  
Triumph's over Hell & Death.  
The Child's Toys & the Old Man's Reasons  
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.  
The Questioner, who sits so sly,  
Shall never know how to Reply.  
He who replies to words of Doubt  
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out.  
The Strongest Poison ever known  
Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.  
Nought can deform the Human Race  
Like the Armour's iron brace.  
When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow  
To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow.  
A Riddle or the Cricket's Cry

Is to Doubt a fit Reply.  
The Emmet's Inch & Eagle's Mile  
Make Lame Philosophy to smile.  
He who Doubts from what he sees  
Will ne'er believe, do what you Please.  
If the Sun & Moon should doubt  
They'd immediately Go out.  
To be in a Passion you Good may do,  
But no Good if a Passion is in you.  
The Whore & Gambler, by the State  
Licenc'd, build that Nation's Fate.  
The Harlot's cry from Street to Street  
Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.  
The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,  
Dance before dead England's Hearse.  
Every Night & every Morn  
Some to Misery are Born.  
Every Morn & every Night  
Some are Born to sweet Delight.  
Some ar Born to sweet Delight,  
Some are born to Endless Night.  
We are led to Believe a Lie  
When we see not Thro' the Eye  
Which was Born in a Night to Perish in a Night  
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.  
God Appears & God is Light  
To those poor Souls who dwell in the Night,  
But does a Human Form Display  
To those who Dwell in Realms of day.

# After Apple Picking

*by Robert Lee Frost*

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree  
Toward heaven still.

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill  
Beside it, and there may be two or three  
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.  
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,  
The scent of apples; I am drowsing off.

I cannot shake the shimmer from my sight  
I got from looking through a pane of glass  
I skimmed this morning from the water-trough,  
And held against the world of hoary grass.  
It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well  
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,  
And I could tell  
What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples appear and reappear,  
Stem end and blossom end,  
And every fleck of russet showing clear.  
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.

And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin  
That rumbling sound  
Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much  
Of apple-picking; I am overtired  
Of the great harvest I myself desired.  
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,  
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall,

For all  
That struck the earth,  
No matter if not bruised, or spiked with stubble,  
Went surely to the cider-apple heap  
As of no worth.

One can see what will trouble  
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.  
Were he not gone,  
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his  
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,  
Or just some human sleep.

# Rose Family, The

*by Robert Lee Frost*

The rose is a rose,  
And was always a rose.  
But now the theory goes  
That the apple's a rose,  
And the pear is, and so's  
The plum, I suppose.  
The dear only knows  
What will next prove a rose.  
You, of course, are a rose—  
But were always a rose.



# Sound of the Trees, The

*by Robert Lee Frost*

I wonder about the trees.  
Why do we wish to bear  
Forever the noise of these  
More than another noise  
So close to our dwelling place?  
We suffer them by the day  
Till we lose all measure of pace,  
And fixity in our joys,  
And acquire a listening air.  
They are that that talks of going  
But never gets away;  
And that talks no less for knowing,  
As it grows wiser and older,  
That now it means to stay.  
My feet tug at the floor  
And my head sways to my shoulder  
Sometimes when I watch trees sway,  
From the window or the door.  
I shall set forth for somewhere,  
I shall make the reckless choice  
Some day when they are in voice  
And tossing so as to scare  
The white clouds over them on.  
I shall have less to say,  
But I shall be gone.

# Jabberwocky

*by 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 a while in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing 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!  
Oh 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.

# I Heard an Angel

*by William Blake*

1 I heard an Angel singing

2 When the day was springing,

3 "Mercy, Pity, Peace

4 Is the world's release."

5 Thus he sung all day

6 Over the new mown hay,

7 Till the sun went down

8 And haycocks looked brown.

9 I heard a Devil curse

10 Over the heath and the furze,

11 "Mercy could be no more,

12 If there was nobody poor,

13 And pity no more could be,

14 If all were as happy as we."

15 At his curse the sun went down,

16 And the heavens gave a frown.

17 Down pour'd the heavy rain

18 Over the new reap'd grain ...

19 And Miseries' increase

20 Is Mercy, Pity, Peace.

# Sick Rose, The

*by William Blake*

O Rose, thou art sick!  
The invisible worm  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy:  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

# Auguries of Innocence

*by William Blake*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

A Robin Red breast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a Rage.  
A dove house fill'd with doves & Pigeons  
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.  
A dog starv'd at his Master's Gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State.  
A Horse misus'd upon the Road  
Calls to Heaven for Human blood.  
Each outcry of the hunted Hare  
A fibre from the Brain does tear.  
A Skylark wounded in the wing,  
A Cherubim does cease to sing.  
The Game Cock clipp'd and arm'd for fight  
Does the Rising Sun affright.  
Every Wolf's & Lion's howl  
Raises from Hell a Human Soul.  
The wild deer, wand'ring here & there,  
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.  
The Lamb misus'd breeds public strife  
And yet forgives the Butcher's Knife.  
The Bat that flits at close of Eve  
Has left the Brain that won't believe.  
The Owl that calls upon the Night  
Speaks the Unbeliever's fright.  
He who shall hurt the little Wren  
Shall never be belov'd by Men.  
He who the Ox to wrath has mov'd

# A Divine Image

*by William Blake*

Cruelty has a human heart,  
And Jealousy a human face;  
Terror the human form divine,  
And Secresy the human dress.

The human dress is forged iron,  
The human form a fiery forge,  
The human face a furnace sealed,  
The human heart its hungry gorge.

# A Dream

*by William Blake*

Once a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,  
Over many a tangle spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

"Oh my children! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear:  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied, "What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night?"

"I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round:  
Follow now the beetle's hum;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home!"

# A Little Boy Lost

*by William Blake*

"Nought loves another as itself,  
Nor venerates another so,  
Nor is it possible to thought  
A greater than itself to know.

"And, father, how can I love you  
Or any of my brothers more?  
I love you like the little bird  
That picks up crumbs around the door."

The Priest sat by and heard the child;  
In trembling zeal he seized his hair,  
He led him by his little coat,  
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,  
"Lo, what a fiend is here! said he:  
"One who sets reason up for judge  
Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,  
The weeping parents wept in vain:  
They stripped him to his little shirt,  
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place  
Where many had been burned before;  
The weeping parents wept in vain.  
Are such things done on Albion's shore?



# A Little Girl Lost

*by William Blake*

Children of the future age,  
Reading this indignant page,  
Know that in a former time  
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.

In the age of gold,  
Free from winter's cold,  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,  
Filled with softest care,  
Met in garden bright  
Where the holy light  
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, in rising day,  
On the grass they play;  
Parents were afar,  
Strangers came not near,  
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,  
They agree to meet  
When the silent sleep  
Waves o'er heaven's deep,  
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white  
Came the maiden bright;

But his loving look,  
Like the holy book  
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

“Ona, pale and weak,  
To thy father speak!  
Oh the trembling fear!  
Oh the dismal care  
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!”

# Human Abstract

*by William Blake*

Pity would be no more,  
If we did not make somebody Poor;  
And Mercy no more could be,  
If all were as happy as we;

And mutual fear brings peace,  
Till the selfish loves increase;  
Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears;  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head;  
And the Caterpillar and Fly  
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat;  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought through Nature to find this Tree,  
But their search was all in vain;  
There grows one in the Human Brain.

# London

*by William Blake*

I wandered through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
A mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

# Love's Secret

*by William Blake*

Never seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart;  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,  
Ah! she did depart!

Soon as she was gone from me,  
A traveler came by,  
Silently, invisibly  
He took her with a sigh.

# Angel, The

*by William Blake*

I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?  
And that I was a maiden Queen  
Guarded by an Angel mild:  
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled!

And I wept both night and day,  
And he wiped my tears away;  
And I wept both day and night,  
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled;  
Then the morn blushed rosy red.  
I dried my tears, and armed my fears  
With ten-thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again;  
I was armed, he came in vain;  
For the time of youth was fled,  
And grey hairs were on my head.

# Garden of Love, The

*by William Blake*

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Where Love lay sleeping;  
I heard among the rushes dank  
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,  
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;  
And they told me how they were beguiled,  
Driven out, and compelled to the chaste.

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen;  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut  
And "Thou shalt not," writ over the door;  
So I turned to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should be;  
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

# Lamb, The

*by William Blake*

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!



# Tiger, The

*by William Blake*

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forest 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 seize the fire?

And 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  
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?

# Marriage of Heaven and Hell, The

*by William Blake*

The Argument.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;  
Hungry clouds swag on the deep

Once meek, and in a perilous path,  
The just man kept his course along  
The vale of death.  
Roses are planted where thorns grow.  
And on the barren heath  
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted:  
And a river, and a spring  
On every cliff and tomb;  
And on the bleached bones  
Red clay brought forth.

Till the villain left the paths of ease,  
To walk in perilous paths, and drive  
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks  
In mild humility.  
And the just man rages in the wilds  
Where lions roam.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;  
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

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## PLATE 3

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent: the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb; his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise; see Isaiah XXXIV & XXXV Chap:  
Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.  
From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason[,] Evil is the active springing from Energy.  
Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

#### PLATE 4

##### The voice of the Devil

All Bibles or sacred codes. have been the causes of the following Errors.

That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a Soul.

That Energy. call'd Evil. is alone from the Body. & that Reason. call'd Good. is alone from the Soul.

That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are True

Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses. the chief inlets of Soul in this age

Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

Energy is Eternal Delight

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#### PLATE 5

Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.

And being restrain'd it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of desire.

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost. & the Governor or Reason is call'd Messiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the heavenly host, is call'd the Devil or Satan and his children are call'd Sin & Death

But in the Book of Job Miltons Messiah is call'd Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties

It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out. but the Devils account is, that the Messi[PL 6]ah fell. & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss

This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the comforter or Desire that Reason may have Ideas to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he, who dwells in flaming fire.

Know that after Christs death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, a Ratio of the five senses. & the Holy-ghost, Vacuum!

Note. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of

Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devils party without knowing it

A Memorable Fancy.

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius; which to Angels look like torment and insanity. I collected some of their Proverbs: thinking that as the sayings used in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell, shew the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home; on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock, with cor[PL 7]roding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,  
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell.

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.  
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.  
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

The cut worm forgives the plow.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.  
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.  
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.  
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.  
The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can measure.

All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.  
Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.  
No bird soars too high. if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body. revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise  
Folly is the cloke of knavery.

Shame is Prides cloke.

## PLATE 8

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of  
Religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the  
stormy sea, and the destructive sword. are portions of  
eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool. & the sullen frowning fool. shall be  
both thought wise. that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once, only imagin'd.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit; watch the roots, the  
lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows

One thought. fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid  
you.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submitted to learn  
of the crow.

## PLATE 9

The fox provides for himself. but God provides for the lion.  
Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep  
in the night.

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.  
As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction

Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than  
enough.

Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the  
beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.  
The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the  
lion. the horse; how he shall take his prey.  
The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish. we should be so.  
The soul of sweet delight. can never be defil'd,

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. lift up  
thy head!

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs  
on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn. braces: Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest. the best water the newest.  
Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!  
Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

## PLATE 10

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the  
hands & feet Proportion.  
As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the  
contemptible.  
The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that every thing  
was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox. he would be cunning.

Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement, are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires

Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.

Enough! or Too much

#### PLATE 11

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could perceive. And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country. placing it under its mental deity.

Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of & enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.

And at length they pronounced that the Gods had orderd such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

#### PLATE 12

A Memorable Fancy.

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert. that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer'd. I saw no God. nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in every thing, and as I was then perswaded. & remain confirm'd; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?

He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of

imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of any thing.

Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception some nations held one principle for the origin & some another, we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophesying that all Gods [PL 13] would at last be proved. to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius, it was this. that our great poet King David desired so fervently & invokes so pathetically, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God. that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled; from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.

This said he, like all firm persuasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews code and worship the jews god, and what greater subjection can be.

I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction. After dinner I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years? he answerd, the same that made our friend Diogenes the Grecian.

I then asked Ezekiel. why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answerd. the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite this the North American tribes practise. & is he honest who resists his genius or conscience. only for the sake of present ease or gratification?

---

## PLATE 14

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true. as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite. and holy whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment. But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul, is to be expunged; this I shall do, by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would



appear to man as it is: infinite.  
For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro'  
narrow chinks of his cavern.

#### PLATE 15 A Memorable Fancy

I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which  
knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.  
In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the  
rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were  
hollowing the cave,  
In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the  
cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious  
stones.  
In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of  
air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around were  
numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense  
cliffs.  
In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around  
& melting the metals into living fluids.  
In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals  
into the expanse.  
There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth  
chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in  
libraries.

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#### PLATE 16

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence  
and now seem to live in it in chains; are in truth. the causes  
of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are,  
the cunning of weak and tame minds. which have power to resist  
energy. according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong  
in cunning.  
Thus one portion of being, is the Prolific. the other, the  
Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in  
his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence  
and fancies that the whole.  
But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the  
Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.  
Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God  
only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.  
These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should  
be enemies; whoever tries [PL 17] to reconcile them seeks to  
destroy existence.  
Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.  
Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to seperate

them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

### A Memorable Fancy

An Angel came to me and said. O pitiable foolish young man!  
O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon  
thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art  
going in such career.

I said. perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal  
lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your  
lot or mine is most desirable

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into  
the church vault at the end of which was a mill: thro' the mill  
we went, and came to a cave. down the winding cavern we groped  
our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeard  
beneath us & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this  
immensity; but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves  
to this void, and see whether providence is here also, if you  
will not I will? but he answerd. do not presume O young-man but  
as we here remain behold thy lot which will soon appear when the  
darkness passes away

So I remaind with him sitting in the twisted [PL 18] root of  
an oak. he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head  
downward into the deep:

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke  
of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun,  
black but shining[;] round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd  
vast spiders, crawling after their prey; which flew or rather  
swum in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals  
sprung from corruption. & the air was full of them, & seemd  
composed of them; these are Devils. and are called Powers of the  
air, I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said,  
between the black & white spiders

But now, from between the black & white spiders a cloud and  
fire burst and rolled thro the deep blackning all beneath, so  
that the nether deep grew black as a sea & rolled with a terrible  
noise: beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest,  
till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a  
cataract of blood mixed with fire and not many stones throw from  
us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent.  
at last to the east, distant about three degrees appeard a fiery  
crest above the waves slowly it reared like a ridge of golden  
rocks till we discoverd two globes of crimson fire. from which  
the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw, it was the  
head of Leviathan. his forehead was divided into streaks of green

& purple like those on a tygers forehead: soon we saw his mouth & red gills hang just above the raging foam tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward [PL 19] us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill; I remain'd alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moon light hearing a harper who sung to the harp. & his theme was, The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

But I arose, and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel, who surprised asked me, how I escaped?

I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics: for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper, But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours? he laughd at my proposal: but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earths shadow: then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap'd into the void, between saturn & the fixed stars.

Here said I! is your lot, in this space, if space it may be calld, Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we enterd; in it were a [PL 20] number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species chaind by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but witheld by the shortness of their chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with & then devourd, by plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk. this after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness they devourd too; and here & there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoyd us both we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotles Analytics.

So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed upon me & thou oughtest to be ashamed.

I answerd: we impose on one another, & it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics.

Opposition is true Friendship.

## PLATE 21

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident

insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning:

Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books

A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious. & himself the single [PL 22] One on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth: Now hear another: he has written all the old falshoods. And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.

Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

Have now another plain fact: Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's.

and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

#### A Memorable Fancy

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire. who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud. and the Devil utterd these words.

The worship of God is. Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius. and loving the [PL 23] greatest men best, those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.

The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied,

Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?

The Devil answer'd; bray a fool in a mortar with wheat. yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him: if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he has given his sanction to the law of ten commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples, and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to

lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments: Jesus was all virtue and acted from impulse: not from rules.

When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fire & he was consumed and arose as Elijah.

Note. This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they behave well

I have also: The Bible of Hell: which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

## PLATE 25 A Song of Liberty

The Eternal Female groan! it was heard over all the Earth:  
Albion's coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint!  
Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers  
and mutter across the ocean! France rend down thy dungeon;  
Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;  
Cast thy keys O Rome into the deep down falling, even to  
eternity down falling,

And weep!

In her trembling hands she took the new, born terror howling;  
On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the  
atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!  
Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages the  
jealous wings wav'd over the deep.

The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield,  
forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and  
[PL 26]hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry night.

The fire, the fire, is falling!

Look up! look up! O citizen of London. enlarge thy  
countenance; O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and  
wine; O African! black African! (go. winged thought widen his  
forehead.)

The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun  
into the western sea.

Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary, element roaring  
fled away:

Down rush'd beating his wings in vain the jealous king: his  
grey brow'd councillors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans,  
among helms, and shields, and chariots horses, elephants:  
banners, castles, slings and rocks,

Falling, rushing, ruining! buried in the ruins, on Urthona's

dens.

All night beneath the ruins, then their sullen flames faded  
emerge round the gloomy king,  
With thunder and fire: leading his starry hosts thro' the  
waste wilderness [PL 27]he promulgates his ten commands,  
glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,  
Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the  
morning plumes her golden breast,  
Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony  
law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night,  
crying

Empire is no more! and now the lion & wolf shall cease.

Chorus

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn, no longer in deadly  
black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted  
brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free; lay the bound or build the  
roof. Nor pale religious letchery call that virginity, that  
wishes but acts not!

For every thing that lives is Holy



# Abort, Retry, Ignore?

*by Anonymous Works*

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,  
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,  
Longing for the warmth of bed sheets, still I sat there doing spreadsheets.  
Having reached the bottom line I took a floppy from the drawer,  
I then invoked the SAVE command and waited for the disk to store,  
Only this and nothing more.

Deep into the monitor peering, long I sat there wond'ring, fearing,  
Doubting, while the disk kept churning, turning yet to churn some more.  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.  
"Save!" I said, "You cursed mother! Save my data from before!"  
One thing did the phosphors answer, only this and nothing more,  
Just, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

Was this some occult illusion, some maniacal intrusion?  
These were choices undesired, ones I'd never faced before.  
Carefully I weighed the choices as the disk made impish noises.  
The cursor flashed, insistent, waiting, baiting me to type some more.  
Clearly I must press a key, choosing one and nothing more,  
From "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

With fingers pale and trembling, slowly toward the keyboard bending,  
Longing for a happy ending, hoping all would be restored,  
Praying for some guarantee, timidly, I pressed a key.  
But on the screen there still persisted words appearing as before.  
Ghastly grim they blinked and taunted, haunted, as my patience wore,  
Saying "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

I tried to catch the chips off guard, and pressed again, but twice as hard.  
I pleaded with the cursed machine: I begged and cried and then I swore.  
Now in mighty desperation, trying random combinations,  
Still there came the incantation, just as senseless as before.



Cursor blinking, angrily winking, blinking nonsense as before.

Reading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

There I sat, distraught, exhausted, by my own machine accosted.

Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.

And then I saw a dreadful sight: a lightning bolt cut through the night.

A gasp of horror overtook me, shook me to my very core.

The lightning zapped my previous data, lost and gone forevermore.

Not even, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

To this day I do not know the place to which lost data go.

What demonic nether world us wrought where lost data will be stored,

Beyond the reach of mortal souls, beyond the ether, into black holes?

But sure as there's C, Pascal, Lotus, Ashton-Tate and more,

You will be one day be left to wander, lost on some Plutonian shore,

Pleading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

# Nothing Gold Can Stay

*by Robert Lee Frost*

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.

# Weaver, The

*by Anonymous Works*

My life is but a weaving, between my God and me,  
I do not choose the colors, He worketh steadily.  
Ofttimes he weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper, and I the underside.  
Not till the loom is silent, and the shuttles cease to fly,  
Will God unroll the canvas, and explain the reasons why  
The dark threads are as needful in the skillful weaver's hand  
As threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

He knows, He loves, He cares,  
Nothing this truth can dim.  
He gives His very best to those  
Who leave the choice with Him.

# Out in the Fields with God

*by Anonymous Works*

The little cares that fretted me  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields, above the sea,  
Among the winds at play,  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,  
I cast them all away,  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay,  
Among the husking of the corn,  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—  
Out in the fields with God.

# The Rock of Rubies and the Quarry of Pearls

*by Robert Herrick*

Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew:

And nothing I did say,

But with my finger pointed to

The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where:

Then spoke I to my girl,

To part her lips, and shew me there

The quarrelets of Pearl.

# Dover Beach

*by Matthew Arnold*

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;--on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the {AE}gean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

# Poeta Fit, Non Nascitur

*by Lewis Carroll*

"How shall I be a poet?  
How shall I write in rhyme?  
You told me once 'the very wish  
Partook of the sublime.'  
The tell me how! Don't put me off  
With your 'another time'!"

The old man smiled to see him,  
To hear his sudden sally;  
He liked the lad to speak his mind  
Enthusiastically;  
And thought "There's no hum-drum in him,  
Nor any shilly-shally."

"And would you be a poet  
Before you've been to school?  
Ah, well! I hardly thought you  
So absolute a fool.  
First learn to be spasmodic --  
A very simple rule.

"For first you write a sentence,  
And then you chop it small;  
Then mix the bits, and sort them out  
Just as they chance to fall:  
The order of the phrases makes  
No difference at all.

'Then, if you'd be impressive,  
Remember what I say,  
That abstract qualities begin  
With capitals always:  
The True, the Good, the Beautiful --  
Those are the things that pay!

"Next, when we are describing  
A shape, or sound, or tint;  
Don't state the matter plainly,  
But put it in a hint;  
And learn to look at all things  
With a sort of mental squint."

"For instance, if I wished, Sir,  
Of mutton-pies to tell,  
Should I say 'dreams of fleecy flocks  
Pent in a wheaten cell'?"

"Why, yes," the old man said: "that phrase  
Would answer very well."

"Then fourthly, there are epithets  
That suit with any word --  
As well as Harvey's Reading Sauce  
With fish, or flesh, or bird --  
Of these, 'wild,' 'lonely,' 'weary,' 'strange,'  
Are much to be preferred."

"And will it do, O will it do  
To take them in a lump --  
As 'the wild man went his weary way  
To a strange and lonely pump'?"  
"Nay, nay! You must not hastily  
To such conclusions jump."



"Such epithets, like pepper,  
Give zest to what you write;  
And, if you strew them sparely,  
They whet the appetite:  
But if you lay them on too thick,  
You spoil the matter quite!

"Last, as to the arrangement:  
Your reader, you should show him,  
Must take what information he  
Can get, and look for no im-  
mature disclosure of the drift  
And purpose of your poem.

"Therefore to test his patience --  
How much he can endure --  
Mention no places, names, or dates,  
And evermore be sure  
Throughout the poem to be found  
Consistently obscure.

"First fix upon the limit  
To which it shall extend:  
Then fill it up with 'Padding'  
(Beg some of any friend)  
Your great SENSATION-STANZA  
You place towards the end."

"And what is a Sensation,  
Grandfather, tell me, pray?  
I think I never heard the word  
So used before to-day:  
Be kind enough to mention one  
'Exempli gratiâ'"

And the old man, looking sadly  
Across the garden-lawn,  
Where here and there a dew-drop  
Yet glittered in the dawn,  
Said "Go to the Adelphi,  
And see the 'Colleen Bawn.'

"The word is due to Boucicault --  
The theory is his,  
Where Life becomes a Spasm,  
And History a Whiz:  
If that is not Sensation,  
I don't know what it is,

"Now try your hand, ere Fancy  
Have lost its present glow --"  
"And then," his grandson added,  
"We'll publish it, you know:  
Green cloth -- gold-lettered at the back --  
In duodecimo!"

Then proudly smiled that old man  
To see the eager lad  
Rush madly for his pen and ink  
And for his blotting-pad --  
But, when he thought of publishing,  
His face grew stern and sad.